

Dramarama and Acid Wash Jeans

by Emily Smith-Miller

Listening to Dramarama, it's almost as good as the time you got felt up in the 8th grade by that guy who everyone wanted to make out with, but for some reason he had a thing for smart punky girls. So, he picked you, when you found each other wandering the school courtyard in an obvious attempt to skip class, but not daring enough to leave the campus. Don't tell anybody, he would say. And you spat back, like I would! But you know you will tell at least one person. Then you realize that he probably just wanted to feel a breast. That's not so bad though, your tits were hardly filling out but at least you had them! They were buried under a Clash t-shirt that you still have somewhere in your 'memory closet', a place that you've been revisiting lately because ten years ago is actually vintage now.

Flip. You know John Hughes moments, when Molly Ringwald is just the kind of girl you wish you didn't want to be, but her awkward Sixteen Candles obsession with Jake Ryan actually makes sense to you. When looked at a little closer you realize, however, that Jake is a total skeez and you and Molly were way cooler than him. Even if she was so forgettable, when she obviously wasn't, that her whole dumb family forgot about her birthday.

The Ironic Indie Days. Yes you are angsty and Robert Smith and Morrissey understand you so much. Probably because they're dudes singing about dudes and you like dudes, but feel like chick singers are just lame. No Robert Smith isn't a homosexual, I don't think, but some how he still sounds a little like one when he whines. You really loved that Meat is Murder shirt, so much that you cut it up and are wearing stylish wingtips with skinny acid wash jeans, to make yourself appear as a throw back to an era you never actually experienced.

I am so metal. Screaming at a show, you shove the guy who brought you just so you look like a bad ass. He thinks you're hard and grabs your ass. You make out for 2.5 songs before you start re-experiencing all the vodka you drank earlier. Minus 10 cool points for casually leaving to vomit in a trashy bathroom with band stickers on the toilet. Looking down you wonder, when did I eat pineapple? and Am I really this awesome or am I a facsimile of something that really sucks, even if it's that 'it's so bad it's good' kind of thing? Nope, it's just bad.

You don't fucking care. Thank god you didn't get that tattoo, and you might have slept with some guitar player from a band you were obsessed with as a 15-year-old, but at least you can accept that he's pathetic now. Hot, but pathetic. You don't have a definable style because everyone is going boho hippie and you fucking hate that shit. So you wear the clothes that were important in your past, but now they're just comfortable. Resurrecting sweatshirts just because it is cold and not because they have a visible label on them. Then you take a drink of a brandless beer that you bought because it's cheap, not to make a statement about wealth in America, but because you actually have no money, and think fuck, I was kind of a tool when I was younger.

