

## My Old jacket

Ian Gould 23 April 2013

Every fold is familiar. Each nook, each smell. Sure it isn't very clean and the smell is a bit dank and old, musty and full of the grim of life, but it's familiar. I've worn it for years. When I was younger; even then. When I was cold and alone it had kept me warm and dry. Well, truth to tell, not exactly warm, more warmish. And it did leak. With a little bit of rain it was great. Snug as a bug in a rug. But as the rain comes on, it gets sodden; Heavy and damp. It's a good jacket though. When I needed one, I had looked around and a friend had offered this one. At first it didn't seem to fit. It was uncomfortable and left me feeling a bit ... well, let's just say the jacket wasn't really me. But I kind of grew into it. And I suppose it grew into me. We were pretty much inseparable. Okay so the jacket had it's flaws, but I'd grown accustomed to them. It was a bit like driving a car with a sticky gearbox. You just work around the second gear. Or like playing guitar on an old Fender Stratocaster, you just play the B-string a little harder than the other 5 strings to compensate for it not being well balanced. Like an old pair of boots - the ones that someone keeps telling you that they don't suit you, that they are worn out and that they should be in the trash. But you like them and you don't really care that they don't suit you. Well my jacket is like that. I am used to it. And it works.

Or perhaps I should say it worked. Last weekend I tried on a new jacket. It was a whole other story. It felt like I was wearing nothing at all. I was waiting to be weighted down but this thing was light as a feather - unusual. But it was great. As soon as I put it on I knew it was better. Light as air. Totally breathable - you never sweat in it. Wear it anywhere and be protected from wind, rain and cold. You are aware of the weather but it doesn't affect you the same as it used to. It is sort of like being encased. It was really good to wear, some people even looked at me differently and thought it was more my real style .... But it smelled new and unfamiliar. You know what I mean? When I put it on it did not feel like my old jacket or shoes or jeans.... It was new and it felt different.

In any case I used it today instead of my old shabby one and it really held up. I did really feel that it could become my new favourite jacket, given time. I might even be persuaded to hang up my old one. You might think it's time to chuck it away altogether. The real thing is that no one else wants it, so it would end up outside in the dump. But I still like it - my old fond friend.

It's a bit of a dilemma. The old familiar, the new and slightly different. I think it's time for the new one, though. I may have to hang up the old one. On second thoughts, if I am serious, I should chuck it away - even burn it. It's time to move on. Freedom of movement, a new way, and new outlook. Yip, I think it's time. Off with the old and on with the new. Why hang onto what only kind of works, when there are other things that are more "you"? It will feel odd for a while, like when you stop having sugar in your tea, or when you get a very different haircut. But I am not fully satisfied with my current jacket in any case, so why not move on. Besides this new one has a full-life promise - satisfaction guaranteed. But wait there's more (they tell me), if you call now, you can get it totally free. Well, I have decided then. Time to move on. Look out world, here is the new me.