

Groovy Art Workshops

A Day in the life of a Good Hoody

I'm walking back from Westfield Shopping Centre carrying about five shopping bags, or four I'm not particularly sure. I was meant to be carrying about seven or eight but because of my lack of funds I resorted to buying the 'best', items which were written on my yellow post-it note. I reached into my pocket and raised it to eyelevel, only to be met with the *only* item that was not ticked off: Gucci Jeans. My body tensed, face and lips crumpled into a grimace. I glanced down for a second (at my clothes) to think about the lack of name-brand attire I was wearing, looked up to the sky; the 'Westfield' logo appeared as a brilliant halo of 'West' due to my hood partially flopping over my eyes and obscuring my vision. I started to roll my eyes and think about 'what could have been' on that Saturday if all had gone according to plan (that's another story) with the funds. Now, though, I felt my day had been ruined, which was not helped by weirdo pedestrians.

My Saturday started simply enough, I was walking along Shepherd's Bush Road only noticing the fast food outlets: Eroma, Wests Best and Texas Chicken. Not sure why, maybe it had something to do with the hunger pangs and having an empty pocket to console me. I carried on trudging along, slowly becoming aware of the facial expressions of other passing pedestrians. Many showed disgust - not sure why, so I returned the favour - and they hastily scurried off. One incident involved an old-aged woman who looked into my face with such distaste only for me to return it with a beaming smile, which made her hurry off as if the devil was after her.

Now anybody who is not of my generation would immediately jump to the conclusion and ask 'Why did he do that?' Well I ask myself the same question of others, 'Why do so many people (particularly those who wear high-waisted trousers with trainers and reminisce about the war) look at me as if I'm about to decapitate them, just because I'm wearing a hood?

I kid you not. I have a hood on my head and I'm welcomed with expressions of abhorrence and fear and I think, 'what have I done to deserve this?!' Yeah I have a hood on, but surely I should be able to get home without apprehensive, distasteful glances? So are my clothes that threatening you can't see the person. Uhhmn. Okay I get that there are some who wear my style of clothing to deliberately threaten others, but the majority wear it to express themselves.

The life of your average Hoody can be stressful at times. What with getting good exam grades; a part-time job; helping around the house with chores; after school sport activities and generally getting under the feet of ones parents. So I say those who are judging, see the whole person first, not just the hood.

Would the old lady in Shepherd's Bush please take note.

Article by Jay Simple
Resident Journo at [Groovy Art Workshops](#)