



pit. Nothing could give me a reason to be truly happy. It's hard to say now exactly when it happened but my life changed the day Mum agreed to take me out shopping. We wandered about the shops for forever looking for something and every time I found something that I liked Mum said no, 'I'll buy you anything you like, as long as it's not black.'

Colour? COLOUR? Was she mad? I hadn't worn anything that wasn't black in so long that I didn't remember how to dress in anything else. At this point I was feeling just terrible, I felt like a failure and my Mother was losing faith in me. I wanted to be the daughter she wanted, I wanted to be the person I used to be but I just couldn't remember who that was. The search pressed on and we soon came to a small skater shop in Kingston. It was ordinary, nothing special, a last resort, I was running out of hope. We walked through the door, nothing out of the ordinary. I turned to the window display and I saw it, a bright, pink, straw, cowboy hat. At first all I could suppose was that it was quite nice, it was okay, it would do I guess to make my Mother happy but as I looked on I fell in love and only now do I have the hindsight to know what with. Colour!

They say that out of the darkness comes light, but I'm not so sure. I'd say that out of the darkness comes pink, and green and blue and orange and purple and every other colour that I now adoringly worship. It is strange now to think that a pink hat started me on the road to loving colour which then led to me wearing colour, dying my hair different colours, walking with colour, talking with colour and for once in my teenage life feeling like people wanted to see my colours. And they did.

Amy Solman

MY PINK HAT