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## **Uniform, or Potato Sack?**

Uniforms. Unless you are blessed enough with going to a private school or one of those new liberal no uniform school, for most teenagers that word should send an unforgiving shiver of pure dread running down their spine. The pure misery and suffering caused by forcing our youth to wear these potato sacks should at this stage be considered child abuse. Not only are these potato sacks as fashionable as my grandmothers' wardrobe, they are also ridiculously expensive. For the price of over 100 Euro, I am expecting soft, luxurious satin, yet all we are getting from these so called "clothes" is an uncomfortable, itchy and painful experience, with colours so obnoxiously loud that they can make anyone's eyes bleed from a distance.

And let's not forget that moment that we have all experienced, when the summer days start getting shorter and the back to school ads start taunting your every waking moment, you unsuspectedly open your wardrobe only to witness the most hideous, ungodly and sickening piece of so called clothing to grace this God-forsaken world. There's a never-ending and nauseating pit in your stomach and you can feel your eyes start to burn just from the plain sight. The experience is enough to send anyone straight to therapy. It's the stuff of nightmares, that's what it is.

There might be some people wondering how clothing could ever cause such intense and tempestuous emotions. Sure, it might be uncomfortable, but so what? Well imagine the absolute misery of wearing these for several hours a day, five days a week, for six years in a row. The thought itself is enough to make my head spin. The jumpers are heavy and feel so harsh and rough that they are better suited as a scrubbing sponge rather than anywhere close to skin. The skirts are a whole other story, hanging so close to the ground that it's impossible to not feel like a nun, because even

daring to show anyone your knees is an act punishable by death. It really is a blast to the past, and I'm not sure if it's in a good way.

The uniform is perfectly and ironically, overbearingly scorching in the summer due to being made of cheap, fake and stuffy materials, while also somehow managing to offer no warmth during the winter. A trek to school with roaring winds while wearing a skirt and not losing your sanity is a task even Indiana Jones couldn't handle, and my dreams of riding a bike to school were forever ruined when I learned that a long skirt and a bicycle go together as well as oil and water. You would really think for a country so liberal as Ireland, they would make trousers an option in girls' schools.

And I know for a fact that the quality of uniforms isn't much better in other schools, after all, I have eyes. It deeply saddens me that so little thought and effort is made to ensure the comfort of those who pursue education. We pay a ton for sweaters that tear at the elbows and fade after several months, while teachers in their own clothes complain about our total disregard for the unreasonable rules. It makes me slightly sick to think that somewhere out there there's a whole load of men in probably comfortable suits who get truckloads of money from making cheap and low-quality uniforms. I think, why? Because no one cares enough to do anything about it. All adults are too busy with their own personal drama to even take a glance. It will always be this way, which is almost as sad as the length of my skirt.