

The 90s- they don't make decades like that anymore

It's summer 1990. Somewhere in Wales, the father of my future children is being born. But I don't care, because I am three years old. Playdays is showing on our brick of a TV that we don't own, but rent, from Radio Rentals. Children's TV isn't on for long, then I play. All while drinking sugary, caffeinated tea from a sippy cup.

Christmas 1992. I am six. A few days before Christmas we go and buy a tree. Mum untangles the fairy lights, but they don't switch on- one of the bulbs needs replacing. Which bulb? Who knows. When the tree is decorated and looking beautiful, we cover the entire thing in a substance called angel hair, which makes it look like something from Miss Haversham's house and brings me out in a rash.



Summer 1993. I play outside with all the kids in the close until dusk. Hide and seek, 40-40, water fights. My neighbour and best friend Ellie and I play with our My Little Ponies, all the while sucking on fluorescent-coloured ice-pops which are almost pure sugar and E-numbers. We run into each other's houses without telling our parents, who don't really care, as long as we are home before dark.



1996, Ellie has a new Tamagotchi. I do not, and I am almost green with envy, because it is the most space-age amazing thing I have ever seen. I console myself by playing Pokémon Blue on my Gameboy, my charmeleon is already level 27.

In 1999, life was all about trying to get rubbery aliens in putty-filled eggs to have babies. We tried rubbing their backs together, nothing. In the freezer? Still nothing. One child obviously got frustrated and discarded their alien in a train station, which then made the local news- someone called 999 thinking it was a human foetus.

New Years Eve 1999. We are at the village millennium party wearing 'Year 2000' headbands and a lot of body glitter. I got a crimper for Christmas, I feel like a mermaid rockstar. Will the world end at midnight due to the millennium bug? Only time will tell.

It is 2026. The world did not end at midnight, and I am 40 this year. Today, my husband and I took our two kids to the 90s exhibition. They weren't hugely interested and I don't blame them; you sort of had to be there. We all tried the magic eye book, none of us could see the images. My tween is baffled by the purpose of a pog. Little does she know that she is destined to inherit the box full of them currently treasured away in our loft.

I tell Ellie all about the exhibition and we reminisce, almost 40 years of friendship going strong. The clothes we wore are vintage (even my top with Ronan Keating's face on?), our music is retro and 90s Butlins weekends are a thing. But that's OK, the 90s SHOULD be celebrated- they don't make decades like that anymore.

By Laura Draulans.

