

## My 1980 Dream by Gary Ellis

Last night I dreamt I was back in the 1980s. I was walking down the street when I saw a rainbow of fluorescent leg warmers, fishnet gloves and tights and ladies with big hair, poofy shoulder pads and wearing big hoop earrings, wide enough for a parrot to perch on! Suddenly, I could hear some of my favourite tunes belting out of a passing ghetto blaster as a sweaty-looking man bounced around me on his plastic ridged space hopper to the lyrics of Wham, UB40 and Adam and the Ants. When I went home, I sat on the smooth leather sofa and treated myself to a golden, meaty smelling fungus crispy pancake. Followed by a sweet, tangy mushy push pop. On the tv. The news showed the Berlin wall crumbling and the miners strikes with protesters shouting "scabs" at those crossing the picket lines. It made me think that I couldn't smell smoky coal in the air anymore. I poured myself a yeasty pint. The beer felt smooth, cold and refreshing as it touched my lips. Just at that moment, I woke up and was disappointed to realise I was back in 2024 with a bump