

## **Steve The Suit**

*Steve:*

Good morning people, and welcome to the *Suit Yourself* podcast, coming to you straight from the closet! In this episode, I talk about my adventures while being worn by many different people. If you are tuning in for the first time, hello! My name is Steve, and I am a midnight blue wool suit. For many years now, I have been a second-hand suit. I travelled to quite a few countries, like Turkey, Malaysia, France and now I am in Singapore, where I have stayed with the Tan family for many years.

Today on *Suit Yourself*, I will tell you about my experience with Joseph Tan. He is the father of my current owner Axel Tan. I was Joseph Tan's suit for many years. I was with him on dates, meetings, presentations... you name it. Joseph was a different person when he wore me. He stood tall and walked with confidence. After putting me on, he would look at himself in the mirror and say "You're the man, Joseph. You're the man!" And then he would beat his chest.

I remember when Joseph first got me. He was scared to put me on and would shrink inside me. He wore me on his first date – Ah! That was a day to forget. His date actually said, "Why in the world are you wearing a suit to McDonald's?" Oh Joseph, really thought that a McSpicy was the way to a girl's heart. When she said that, I felt him shrink, his shoulders slouching. It's like I was eating him up. All the confidence left his body and I felt weaker, less grand. It didn't help that he ended the night by spilling garlic chilli sauce all over me. You think going to the dry cleaners is a fun experience? You're wrong! It's like being in an underwater rollercoaster. It just made me feel sick. It's like a shower that I never asked for. Yeah sure, I get clean, but it's no fun at all.

As the years went by, Joseph became more comfortable with me. I even became a sort of good luck charm for him. The garlic chilli days were long gone. He grew into me. He embraced me.

I still remember his third successful business pitch. He was looking for investors for his dog treat products, "Bone Appetit". He put me on and looked in the mirror. But he didn't beat his chest or shout "You're the man!" Instead, he straightened his tie. He looked at himself and then at me, brushing off some lint that he found. It felt like he was saying that we were a team, and we were in it together. And in it to win. After that he walked out the bathroom, into the boardroom and delivered his pitch. Man he killed it! He was sharp, articulate, every gesture calculated, his stance was assured. For the first time, I didn't feel like I was taking care of him. He was taking care of me. I felt light and free and strong. We were in perfect union.

Joseph and I enjoyed many successful years together. Partners in crime. Suit and human. I must say I was a little annoyed when he didn't pick me for his wedding. He bought Giovanni, a custom-made Italian stallion. All black and sexy and suave. With his stupid little breast pocket and his "I'm better than you" attitude --

*Giovanni:*

Hey Steve, I'm right here!

*Steve:*

Oops my bad. But that was the only time he wore Giovanni.

*Giovanni:*

I have feelings too, you know!

*Steve:*

Whatever man! Anyway the following Monday he had a presentation and out I came, reunited with Joseph. Back to taking on the world together. Oh it's such a rush. When the light shines in and he reaches into the closet and lifts you off the rack. Oh, it's surreal! Like it's your first day back at school when you're back with all your friends, ready for an awesome year ahead.

Soon, Joseph wore me less and less. I became more of an old acquaintance than a friend, and every time I was worn it was like I was back home. But even though Joseph stopped wearing me, it felt like he had retained my essence. In the same way that Joseph left stains and creases on my delicate body, I too, left a mark on him. And every time he put me on, as infrequent as those occasions were, his body remembered the shape of me. Every time he had that same glow and confidence that he had at that first pitch meeting, the same walk and talk. The person that he has become is a collection of all our memories together. Almost like an album of moods and experiences.

I'm glad I'm still in Joseph's closet, but I'll probably move into his son Axel's closet soon. He's already worn me for special occasions, and it's been interesting so far with him, he's so different from how Joseph was. He's not scared of me. But he's messier, more chaotic than Joseph. I went to his university prom with him. Let's just say it was a night I'll never forget. I saw some things no suit should ever see...

*(shudders)*

But I know I'm going to help him be the best that he can be, but I can only help if he helps himself. That's the catch. I only feel strong and great if my human feels the same way. Sure, I can help a little bit, but I am not solely in control of their fate.

Thanks everybody for tuning into another episode of *Suit Yourself*. I'll be back next week. Please share, like, and subscribe. This is Steve and remember to stay clothed!

Written by Krish Natarajan, and performed by Krish Natarajan and Dennis Sofian