

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

My mom takes a big sigh as she puts my outgrown clothes and old toys in a big garbage bag. I think to myself, "How did I once like all this stupid stuff?" For example, I used to have a pillow. I loved that pillow. I used to take it everywhere. I took it to the park, to the laundry and to sleepovers at my sister's house. You would never find me without my pillow. Now, I don't even know where it is.

I watch as she tosses all my Legos and know something has changed. I used to spend hours building castles for my toy soldiers, wagons to carry my Lego people and imaginary space stations that I imagined one day I'd travel to.

Recently, I've gotten into Playstation. If I came home from school and my mom said she sold my Playstation, I'd go crazy. But when I think about the future, maybe ten years from now, I'll be into different things and my addiction to Playstation will just be a fond memory.

When you're a kid, you outgrow things really quickly; even things you really loved and thought you'd never give up. But in life, things are constantly changing. You get older, and your interests change. You never think of your Legos or your pillow, only what you're interested in now. Maybe all we can do is be thankful that we had it then and keep the fond memories long after you toss the things.