

I used to love legos. I used to make big castles and think that I was the king. I used to make space ships and pretend I was in space landing on the moon. I used to build wagons and have wars against other wagons. Unfortunately I don't have my legos any more. They have all been given away to my sister. Even though I act like I don't like my legos I go into my sister's room and I pretend that I'm being a good brother and I play with my legos that way. Even though I have a little girl with me when I'm a king and a little girl's with me when I'm flying through space I still get to play with my legos.

Jonathan gathering more on his topic.

I love my playstation. When I come home from school I play my playstation and I forget about my home work, and I forget about getting in trouble at school, and everything is calm. When I play with my playstation something seems to change. Will I care about other things and will I have time for playstation? I don't know. Will I give my playstation to my sister? I don't know. Lots of things change in someones life. I used to like legos. I used to play with them every chance I got. Now I almost never play with them. I used to have a pillow. I loved that pillow. I took it every where. Now I don't know where it is. Will my adiction to playstation do the same thing I guess we could just be thankful that we had them then. ∞