

My old pillow

When I was a little kid about 2 years old I had a red pillow. Boy did I love that pillow. I remember the times that I went to the park and I would jump on it then when my mom went to wash it I wouldn't give it to her. When finally she gets it from me I wash it in around and around in the washing machine. Then I'd go to sleep with it every night. Now that I'm older I don't do that any more. I just leave it on my shelf but every time I look at it it reminds me of when I did do that and how I loved that pillow. Sometimes I even go to sleep with it ~~when no one knows~~ ~~in a white~~ ~~when no one knows~~.

Jonathan's initial notebook entry.