Lookin back on childhood

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This is something I wrote years ago and I still feel it is true. This is a somewhat joking summery of my thoughts on growing up and how people idalize their teenage years, when in fact true youth is captured in childhood.

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The best years of my life

Many people live out their lives and put their teenage years on a pedestal, as the â greatest years of their lives" â I personally donâ t see how someone at the age of 30 can say that their 16-18 year old self was the highlight of their entire life! but then again my view on the subject is not the popular one. I look into the future and long for the past - I see my life spread ahead of me with many twists and turns but at the end of none of which do I see joyful and un-burdened playfulness quartered by an un-worried bliss. Yes, I long for youth but not that of a pimpled teenager who has problems with boys and canâ t do shots â Iâ m talking about **true** youth â our childhood is a once in a lifetime experience.

Childhoods differ from one to another in many minuet ways but in my personal experience it is an era un to itâ s self, never to be repeated again. Laughter with out means or end and energy that could drive â energizerâ out of business. Play was our job and asking tedious questions was our hobby. The world is never so truly grand as it is when seen threw a childâ s eyes. We lived with out restraints, except for the whole crossing the road thing, but who needs to see whatâ s on the other side of the road when you can see the magic in one grain of sand. We truly valued the wonder of nature - show me a grown up who can slide down sand dunes all day long and never loose their awe and Iâ ll show you a free spirit.

The naevness is unimaginable to us nowadays. Yes, TVs spoils much but a childâ s outlook is not so obscured with doâ s and donâ ts of proper behavior as a grownup's is. Sometimes that might go awry â for example in a few too many doctor-patient games, but on the whole this is a time in our lives in which we express ourselves freely with little, or no, restraint.

All the wonders I have mentioned dwindle down, stifled by adulthood, I don't know exactly when. â Growing upâ is a process which shortens daily but no matter how â fastâ or â slowâ we mature we canâ t turn back the clock. Once were through were through, no matter how lazy you are or how long you live in your parents house you are not a child - you already have a weight on your shoulders sporned by that tiny voice telling you what you should be doing now youâ ve grown older. At some point we must own up to, and answer, the question that prods and pushes us to the brink of our youth: â what do you want to be when you grow up?

I pesonally believe the question should rather be â whoâ and not â *what*â , but thus or thus there comes a time when you must face â the final curtainâ - there is no going back through the looking glass for grownups (pardon the pun).

Mayhap your parents will always treat you as a baby, or they wonâ t. Maybe youâ ll keep having sleepovers until your 80, and you might wet your pants from time to time - but there is no going back. Oneâ s childhood is brief and sweet - like most things in life are, if there werenâ t a time limit how could we appreciate what weâ ve got?

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