

As I viewed these once-familiar surroundings, images of myself as a child there came to mind. However, what I saw and what I remembered were not the same. I sadly realized that the best memories are those left undisturbed.

2. As I remember my old apartment building, it was bright and alive. When I was a child, the apartment building was more than just a place to live. It was a medieval¹ castle, a pirate's den, a space station, or whatever my young mind could imagine. I would steal away with my friends and play in the basement. This was always exciting because it was so cool and dark, and there were so many things there to hide among. Our favorite place to play was the coal bin. We would always use it as our rocket ship because the coal chute could be used as an escape hatch out of the basement into "outer space."
3. All of my memories were not confined to the apartment building, however. I have memories of many adventures outside of the building, also. My mother restricted how far we could go from the apartment building, but this placed no restrictions on our exploring instinct. There was a small branch² in back of the building where my friends and I would play. We enjoyed it there because honeysuckles grew there. We would go there to lie in the shade and suck the sweet-smelling honeysuckles.³ Our biggest thrill in the branch was the day the police caught an alligator there. I did not see the alligator, and I was not there when they caught it, but just the thought of an alligator in the branch was exciting.
4. This is how I remembered the old neighborhood; however, as I said, this is not how it was when I saw it again.



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¹medieval: related to the years 450 to 1450 A.D.

²branch: stream or small river

³honeysuckle: a sweet-smelling flower that grows on a vine