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Childhood Memories

by Anna McDonald

I am going outside to play. My brother and his friend are already outside. They are fighting Goblins; I am their princess. I would have been out there sooner--I love playing with my brother ... most of the time--but I had to locate and put on my shoes. I finally tie my shoes and I am out the door before my mother can stop me. There are times when my brother, Ian, and Chris, his friend, don't want me playing with them. Sometimes when the boys don't want to play with me they tell my mother, and she tries to stop me by making up some reason for me to stay inside. But I always find some way to go outside.

I am traveling the well-used path that leads to the barn and the pasture. Along the way I pick up the stick that I discarded the day before. The stick has turned back into a sword, as it was yesterday. My torn jeans and short-sleeved shirt have turned into a princess' gown, and the land around me has turned into a battleground in a faraway land.

As I run toward my steady knights, I announce my presence. They barely give me a glance and continue with their fight. I join them and we fight the evil goblins side-by-side. A large mean ugly goblin knocks Chris to the ground, and he gets up quickly. I have never been hurt and can fight quite skillfully in a dress. We finally destroy our evil attackers and run to fly away upon our dragon-like tree. My two knights have to help me up because I am too small to climb up by myself.

The three of us fly away soaring high in the sky. This is my favorite part of our imaginary world, because if I have reached this far it means I get to play longer with my two knights. There are times when my knights become unfaithful and leave me to fight the goblins alone. Sometimes they turn me into a goblin myself. Sometimes I become a sacrifice to the goblins, but if I have made it this far, then I know they are in the mood to let me play. We will go back to our homeland and fight new evils. That is, until our Queen-mother calls from the castle, breaking into our world of princesses and knights.

As we travel the same path we descended on, our medieval clothes turn back into torn dirty jeans and muddy shirts. Our swords turn back into sticks to be discarded once again until another day. The scenery around us turns back into my back yard, and we become hungry children, anxious for lunch.