

My childhood blank- kee

[Life](#), [Childhood](#)



Most people have something they treasure since childhood. For some, it may be their first baseball mitt or first basketball. As for me, it is my Chinese traditional blanket. It holds priceless memories of my (1) blissful childhood days when my only worry was how to avoid the vegetables my mother forced on me. It was my constant companion, my partner in crime, and my source of comfort.

I was born into a warm, financially stable family. As the youngest child, I was well-loved, so much so that my family (2) indulged me with everything I wanted. That's why I had the best toys and gadgets among my childhood friends. Although I was showered with these luxurious things, there is one thing that I will never forget—my beloved “blank-kee,” my priceless possession which I kept over the years.

I used to call my blanket a “blank-kee”, because I can't pronounce the “ket” in the word “blanket.” It was given by my godmother to my mother the day after my mother told her that she was pregnant with me. It is an authentic Chinese traditional blanket. Although others think it is (3) repugnant and in poor taste, it is classical in its own way.

It is sewn together with different shades of red, embossed with a traditional Chinese Dragon. According to the lunar calendar, I was born in the year of the dragon, and the Chinese tradition states that red is a symbol of happiness. Thus, this blanket was bestowed upon me for luck, (4) prosperity, and happiness.

Although it is a perfect gift for a person of Chinese decent, the blanket may seem ill-designed for others because it is an abomination to any design philosophies or principles I have encountered.

Plus, I don't particularly like the color red because I find it corny. However unsightly this blanket may seem, I still love it! When I was a child, every time I felt lonely, I used this blanket to feel more secure and at ease. It was like a magical blanket that gave me happy thoughts. That is why I have nurtured some sort of love-hate relationship with my blanket.

My unique blanket is approximately 3½ inches by 5 inches. It used to fit easily into it when I was a child. Now that I have considerably outgrown it, the blanket barely covers me. As it is made of silk cloth, its smooth sensation gives me an unfathomable feeling whenever I rub it against my skin.

The stains in it reflect its age and the moments that I have shared with it. Because of my clumsiness as a child, it was soiled by food spills and several accidents I had, leaving permanent stains. These stains, however, did not make it any less comfy.

As a child, my blank-kee was my constant companion. I was the youngest and my sister is 10 years older than me. The “generational-gap” between us made it a bit difficult to communicate with my sister and develop a good relationship with her. Nonetheless, my blanket never failed to provide me (5)relentless emotional support by giving me more comfort than its capacity to warm.

I have been through a lot with this blanket. That is why it was my “best-partner-in-crime”. I remember the days when my mother force-fed me with

veggies. Whenever my mother fed me with something that looks green or has an (6)uncanny smell (EWW!), I spat it out when she was not looking and covered it underneath my blanket.

I also have this vivid memory of my mother getting mad at me for my naughtiness. You see, I was a really chubby kid when I was young, so my mother wanted me to go on a diet. I had to cut down my sugar intake, but controlling my craving for sweets was proving more difficult than I thought.

When I can't hold it any longer, I stole from our refrigerator a can of Coke and a Snicker chocolate bar that was a left over from one of our dinner parties. I have not yet drunk the whole can when the doorbell rang, which was an (7)indication that my mom is back from a day of hell.

I hurriedly hid my can of Coke and the chocolate wrapper underneath the sofa out of (8)sheer panic, accidentally knocking over the can. With the adrenaline rush, a brilliant idea came to me and made me use my blanket to wipe off the Coke on the floor, leaving it flawless and sparkly clean. There was nothing to be found in the crime scene.

I thought that my partner in crime that saved me would remain to be my sole witness. Later that night, as everyone finished dinner and started approaching the family room to watch TV, my mother found the can and wrapper under the sofa! It was really stupid of me to forget the most important thing to do after a crime—(9)dispose of the evidence!

Since no one is willing to admit the misdeed, I stood up and confessed. My mother already knew it was me. My mother even saw my wet blanket and

she confiscated it from me. I was like a fish in an aquarium whose oxygen was removed.