

If only i knew then what i know now essay sample

[Life](#)



In every turn of day into night, of light into shade, of joy into sorrow, almost unending lessons of various themes and consequences can be drawn from and throughout one's life journey. Anticipated or unexpected, such series of moments entail a following engagement of action-reaction discernment—analyzing whether what and which events may imply certain outcomes—what they mean or meant, and why they even matter. But through it all, they are those special cases where delayed realization thrusts in with, more often than not, deficient urgency with odd timing.

From a child's perspective, every thing's value and meaning is rather dismissible, dispensable. The meaning of necessity, sense of urgency, responsibility, and everything else in between holds no substantial meaning. Though in a child's eye almost everything seems magical and miraculously entertaining, a sense of judgment to differentiate true and authentic worth from what is initially perceived. It means to want something either with sheer gut of impulse or purely truthful sincerity. Maybe also to be valuing small things so greatly while taking great things to be of such small appeal and significance. It is somehow an ironic manifestation of one's life aspect. For me, it was when I was once a young child who, on one occasion, owned an abundance of action figures, plaything of sorts, and everything else that simulated the lives of action heroes and super beings that have become part of my culture as a child.

In retrospect, the plentiful number of action figures I have come to acquire, through my parents' gracious manner, were of various themed miniatures of what then I perceived to be my personal characters, allies, and sometimes enemies in own little realm of crossing imagination into reality. While

simulating events of mayhem and manic destruction, my choice of dashing, caped-crusaders, and marvelous, mutant-like beings would neutralize the so-called opposition by toppling their evil schemes, thus concluding with a day filled with missions accomplished and indeed an over-all super job well done. It was an everyday occurrence—just me, my league, and our everyday objective, duty, and passion to rescue, save mankind at every turn of disastrous event, every turn of exhilarating play, and every turn of creating life within simplicity and fun. At special times, there were even opportunities wherein exciting play dates were held with my cousins and friends. And with these, the league's alliances grew; the situations were more epically action-packed and wide-ranging, boundless imagination. For me, there was nothing more satisfying than expanding my thoughts in the gigantic ever-thinking bubble known as my mind. Those were the days.

But as time passed, interest in them seemed to deteriorate, but truly not of my own wanting. Priorities began to change, and I was no longer part of the league. Every action figure only seemed to stand for a memory that was once lived long ago, with joy and life. Our time together was short and concluded forlornly. I outgrew them; thus, some of them were given away, some due to wear and tear were deemed 'unplayable' and disposed of, and some of them I would never know where time really took them. But it was not till sometime, that such form of realization would end up in regret.

As time passed even further, I have come to learn that such prized possessions from my yesteryears were valued to be of true financial importance, were priced collectables due to their authenticity and rarity. This struck me even more because it truly stressed the naivety and carefree

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disposition I had while having them. It also made me realize just how much others valued them and shared the same sentiment I had, even willing to pay huge amounts to realize their value. If I only knew, I would have gladly remedied it all, but unfortunately, there was no way of knowing. In some way, it is just a simple regret I would always be carrying.