

Childhood memory



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

There is something about growing up that makes you yearn for the simplicity of your childhood. Memories of those glorious care free days come flooding back as i almost gasp at the intense rate everything has changed. Treasured forever are the memories of my childhood. My favorite childhood memory ? Let me think A trip to Nassa, dining with a world famous football player, swimming with the sharks maybe ? Nope, I've actually not encountered an experience close to that extravagance. However, i can without a doubt say that the memories i hold from my childhood are far more significant than any of those would ever be.

At the tender age of five, my parents spontaneously decided on moving to a remote, farm like area. At first i wasn't in the least bit pleased. However, upon close inspection of the much unusual surroundings, i happened to stumble upon a little hidden away tree house. Dark brown planks have been carelessly hammered together, still creating the perfect hide away. I hadn't a clue who this secluded tree house belonged too, but i had suddenly felt an attachment to it, the sort of attachment a mother feels toward her newborn baby. I couldn't help but feel a strong sense of adventure overtake me.

From that moment on, i just knew that this was the start of amazing memories. I almost instantly proceeded to explore this little inhabitable. Inside was a little wooden table with two matching wooden stools. A tattered green teddy bear lay neglected in a corner. It was not much, but i had felt cosy and safe after a very long time. I did feel a little uneasy though, thinking about the rightful owner kicking me out of my new " home ". But i promised myself and the little teddy that i would do everything i my power to stay. As

expected, a little person showed up a few hours later with a thankfully friendly face.

As it turns out, that was the beginning of the greatest friendship imaginable as she extended a warm welcome into her little wooden tree house. I had found not only the most magical hide away to help escape civilization, but also the best friend i refer to as the other half of my soul. Everyday i would rush to our little secret tree house, and meet her and our little green teddy. This was soon a place of friendship, growth, secrets, laughter, and adventure. Years went by, we both had matured into young adults, but one thing that hadn't changed was our regular meetings at our tree house.

I couldn't imagine this little wooden tree house not being a part of my life, neither can i live without the friend it brought to me. I can proudly say that i would forever recall this tree house as my childhood happiness, my serenity. The tree house was not extraordinary, the adventures were not out of this world, but the memories shared with it, i wouldn't trade for the world. Therefore, my favorite childhood memory was the little careless five year old me stumbling upon a secluded treehouse, and meeting my life long mate.