

Memories narrative essay

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We sit around in a circle. I lay down in the middle, staring up at the upside down faces grinning back at me. We laugh and make jokes.

We relax. This is home. This is family. Suddenly the conversation stops. A weight hits.

We all feel it. I look around. I see the faces. I say the names in my head. “Remember when Doug took over the booth?” A round of smiles.

“Remember the time we blasted In The Air Tonight as we drove home at 1 in the morning with the windows down and rain streaming in?” “Remember when Fulton left?” The faces fall. “Hey, at least he’s happy now.” Everyone cheers up again. “Remember when Doug and Nick couldn’t measure and cut a board to save their lives? Dude, they’re in charge now.” A hug between the two mentioned boys as they remember the struggle and the frustration. We think we’re different.

We think we’re the weird ones that are gonna do it differently, gonna change how it’s done. Of course we’re wrong. But it’s good. It’s okay. We’re kids. We’re teenagers.

We’re kids that are growing up too quickly and getting scared. The future is coming. Changes are happening. It’s scaring us. Yet things stay. Things remain.

People may move away, life may move on, but friendships stay. Memories last. We tell each other these stories because we were there. We tell our families because they weren’t. Eventually we will tell our children. “I

remember this stupid time that...” Everything will eventually become a memory.

Everything will be a story we tell each other. I’m planning my future. I’m telling people my plans. I’m excited. And I’m scared.

Scared to leave. Scared to change. It’s time to enjoy what’s here while I’ve got it. Time to love the people I can love while I have a chance. The smiles return. We begin messing around again.

We make jokes. The cycle comes around again. This may be superficial. This may be normal. This may be teenager-hood. But to me, this is my story.

This is my family. This is what I will remember.