

Essay on a favorite toy from your childhood

[Sociology](#), [Shopping](#)



I remember every time I used to go to my favorite toy shop, I used to stare at all the toys in the top shelf. My parents told me that I would get one of those toys once I grow up a little when in fact, they couldn't afford them. Before my seventh birthday, my father took me to that shop to buy me a small toy. However, something else grabbed my attention. On the top shelf was a car, which was gleaming as if inviting me to play with it. My father, who saw my awestruck face, decided to buy it for me.

After getting home, I hurriedly opened the box which my parents watched excitedly. I gently pulled out the car from the box and started observing its every cut. The toy car, which had been designed in red and black, made me feel like a sportsman. I remembered my favorite uncle, who often told me stories about racing cars, and decided to tell him about my gift. The car, which appeared like it was raring to go, was polished so beautifully that I could even see the reflection of my face in it. I had some special toys that I often kept hidden from my peers for the fear that they might break them. However, this one was going to be the most special one. Even its doors opened upwards, which I had also seen in one of the movies in those days. I could imagine myself sitting inside it and driving it. I could not wait to tell my best friend, who often boasted about the expensive toys that his parents bought him. I used to play with it every day while making up imaginary stories, always very careful not to damage it in any manner.