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Socratic 12

Mrs. Martinez, Mrs. Frampton

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7 Years Old

When I was seventeen, I always imagined how I would be as an adult. I thought that the exact instant I was 18, my life would finally not be a mess. At midnight on my 18th birthday, I was bawling my eyes out in the kitchen, listening to nostalgic songs like Paradise by Coldplay, after everyone was asleep. I couldn't believe my "childhood" was over forever. Being 18 only felt different because I was non stop reminiscing about baby me, and feeling ripped off with the last years of my "childhood" taken by depression and COVID. After 18 years, I finally understood Peter Pan. My brother heard me cry that night, came to the kitchen, gave me a hug, and said, "You're not an aDuLT! You're too immature, and weird!" That was exactly what I needed. My childhood wasn't over. I was still a child, and 18 was just a number.

I'm eighteen, and I still live with my parents. I wake up, drive to school with my real driver's license that took 82.5 centuries to get, come home, and work on homework. I have voted, used a credit card, and pumped my own gas. Basically, I'm a pretty cool adult. But I'm not an adult, I'm not a child, I consider myself a *childadult* (One word). I got a baby yoda stuffed animal for christmas. I still passionately watch Disney princess movies. I like slinkies and slap bracelets, and I love kinetic sand. I have a strawberry squishy in my backpack. Most days I have an honest kids juice box in math class. Thank you Mrs. Steinhorst for letting me be a toddler in college algebra and trigonometry. I would say yes if I were proposed to with a ring pop. I still wish to get a sticker at the doctor's office and a toy at the dentist. Still the main purpose of going

to Costco in my mind is to try all the samples. I'm still looking for the little blue piece of paper that has my Webkinz account password on it. I'm so glad that I can still see the world from a child's perspective.

Being younger was easier, and I catch myself everyday wishing to be 7 again. My biggest issue back then was not having enough art materials for my brain exploding with ideas. But if 7 year old me was here today, what would she think about the 18 year old me? Wow! She knows what a square root is! Wow! She plays viola? What is that? Wow! She has been to cool places! Wow! She can drive a real car! How! She makes dresses with Gerber?! Wow! She's a SENiOr in high school! That's soooo old! Wow! She took physics with Mrs. Plott? WOW! She took the ACT? Wow! She's 5'7"? Wow! That's like taller than our house. Oof, she has learned some suspicious stuff in health class. Ok! She can eat mushrooms and onions? WOW! She applied to college! Wow! She has real earrings, not smiley face stickers? Wow! She has friends? Wow! She goes to Karl G. Maeser Pre-paw-raw-tory Academy?! Wow! I wanna be just like her!

Remember when you wanted what you now have? We tend to want to be who we aren't and want what we can't have. I want to be little again and have no responsibilities. But I'm sure 7 year old me would love to be 18 year old me.

Even if you feel like a burnt chicken nugget, remember that if your 7 year old self was sitting right next to you, right now in the bleachers, they would still love yourself. They would be utterly impressed with how cool you are, how far you have come, how much you have endured, and so happy and excited to grow up as you.

