My Favorite Watch

As the saying goes, time is money. And the items that measure and indicate time are equally important. Watch is indeed one of these items. Among my expensive and inexpensive watches, my favorite watch is a tiny, simple one, which I am wearing now.

This watch is not very attractive. It consists of a pure white watchband, a navy blue mechanical watch header, that's all. But to me, it is of special meaning. It was a present my father bought for me on my 13th birthday.

To be honest, I disliked wearing a watch when I was a child. The feeling of wearing something on my wrist made me uncomfortable. Also, it might be troublesome occasionally. Most importantly, it was unnecessary to wear a watch. I could learn the time from my mobile phone whenever I wanted. However, in order to show my gratitude to my father, I promised to wear this new watch every day on my birthday.

During the first few days since then, I was not quite accustomed to wearing the watch. I didn't believe I would form a habit of wearing it. But I had to say that it really helped me a lot. Every day I woke up in the morning, brushed my teeth, enjoyed my breakfast, and walked to school unhurriedly. I couldn't always find a clock along the way to school, therefore, I was sometimes late for school. Then with the watch on my wrist, I was able to know the time wherever I wanted. So my curiosity pushed me to check the time almost every minute. Of course, I would always find I was a little late. As a result, I nearly dashed to school every day and was never late for school for a long time.

Thus I changed my mind. It seemed that wearing a watch is sometimes necessary. Gradually, I found myself loving this watch more than before. I got used to learning time from the watch. No matter whether there's a clock in sight, I would first look at my watch. I didn't feel uncomfortable when wearing the watch anymore as well. So I kept my word and wore it almost every day. I would even feel nervous as if I would have lost something when I was not wearing it. It appears that the watch became a good friend of mine. Furthermore, it was my father who brought this friend to me. It always reminded me how much my father loved me.

Unfortunately, I nearly lost it about two years ago. I could remember one Sunday I went to play basketball with my friends. Providing that it may be dangerous to wear a watch when playing balls, I didn't take it with me and left it at home. A few hours later, however, I came home only to find my favorite watch missing. I believe I almost got mad at that time. I had never realized that I loved this watch so much. I desperately searched for it under my bed, on my bookshelf, in the bathroom, around the dining table, over the refrigerator... Seeing me so depressed, my mother offered to help me. We made every effort to look for it but in vain. I couldn't face the fact that I had lost my watch at home! Although my mother told me that it was no big deal, tears welled up in my eyes when I walked back to my bedroom. The next day I went to school listlessly, thinking about my watch all day. The same went for the third day. It was heartbreaking. I had to persuade myself to forget about it. But surprisingly, when I came home on the fourth day, my mother told me great news. She found my watch in the washing machine! I charged to the balcony and stuck my head in the washing machine. My mother came and pulled me out, showing me the watch in her hand. I sprang to my feet and put it on immediately. If it wasn't for my mother, I would never have found my watch again. How much I loved her!

But then I found the watch was a bit strange. The hands of the watch could not move. Obviously, a watch could never keep working after a three-day trip in the washing machine. My heart sank again. Even though I was satisfied since I could see my watch again, wearing one that would never work made me a little disappointed as well. So on the weekend, I got up early, heading for the workshop in a department store. I carefully handed my watch to the repairman and looked into his eyes expectantly. After what seemed like a century, he told me that there was nothing wrong with it except the battery. Then he took the old battery out, dried out the header, and put a new battery in. The hands of the watch started moving again! The ticking of the watch seemed to tell me the joy of reunion. With trembling hands, I calibrated the time of the watch myself. I could never describe how happy I was!

After this lost-and-found experience, I never leave my watch again. I love this watch. It was because of this watch that I developed a habit of wearing a watch, developed a habit of being on time. It is such a valuable present the watch my father bought for my birthday. It is such an invaluable memory that my mother looked for the watch with me. The watch witnesses the love in our family. Just by putting this watch on, all the happiness of our family floods into my mind. It is not only my favorite watch but my favorite thing in my life indeed.

I will always love the ticking of my favorite tiny, blue and white watch.