

When I think about my childhood, bunk beds are the first thing that comes to mind. Everyone had a bunk bed growing up at one point or another - at least I hope they did. If you did not, I feel sorry for you. After all, as every kid knows, bunk beds are the best way to have a sleepover. Rather than making your friends go to sleep on the floor in a sleeping bag, you can have him or her doze directly above or below you. You can stay up all night talking, or slowly drift off to sleep having a good conversation.

My bunk bed was especially important to me. You see, when I was a kid my dad always talked about doing carpentry projects, but never got around to it. He simply didn't have the time for woodworking, and I could tell that he really missed doing it. We had been looking at bunk beds for me for a while when he decided that we should build one together. It was the first thing that we ever built together. On the surface, it looked like a pretty straightforward project, but when I asked my dad about it he said it was anything but easy. Apparently, it would be a lot of hard work to get it done. We had to cut all the pieces to size, file down grooves and slots for boards to fit into, and do other tasks too numerous to remember.

I had seen a lot of bunkbeds, but what I saw the pilot would on the floor, I really did not believe it could ever be turned into one. My dad, however, surprised me. We had looked at metal, plastic, and wood bunk beds in the store, but nothing looked quite as glamorous to me as the one that me and my dad built by hand. In truth, it was a pretty simple and straightforward affair, but I was so proud of it that I couldn't get over it. I had a friend over to show it off, and he loved it almost as much as I did.

Nowadays, that bed is long gone, but I still remember it. Sleepovers are a part of childhood, and bunk beds are every bit as important as forts made out of pillows and sheets. If you have not grown up with both of those things, you really haven't lived.