

Personal Narrative- Playground Memory

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Personal Narrative- Playground Memory

Looking back on a childhood filled with events and memories, I find it rather difficult to pick on that leaves me with the fabled “warm and fuzzy feelings.” As the daughter of an Air Force Major, I had the pleasure of traveling across America in many moving trips. I have visited the monstrous trees of the Sequoia National Forest, stood on the edge of the Grande Canyon and have jumped on the [beds](#) at Caesar’s Palace in Lake Tahoe. However, I have discovered that when reflecting on my childhood, it is not the trips that come to mind, instead there are details from everyday doings; a deck of cards, a silver bank or an ice cream flavor.

One [memory](#) that comes to mind belongs to a day of no particular importance. It was late in the fall in Merced, California on the playground of my old elementary school; an overcast day with the wind blowing strong. I stood on the blacktop, pulling my hoodie over my ears. The wind was causing miniature tornados; we called them “dirt devils”, to swarm around me. I stood there, watching the leaves [kick](#) up and then settle. My friends called me over to the wooden playground surrounded by a sea of mulch chips. The bridge squeaked furiously under our weight. An unannounced game of tag started and we found

ourselves weaving in and out of the wooden fortress and the trees that surrounded it. My shoe became untied and I took a time out to tie it with a method that no one uses here. We heard an adult voice; it was time to go in. We lined up single file, supposedly in alphabetical order but no one ever does. I liked that, I never liked being in the back. While waiting for everyone to line up, I looked up at the trees that line the walkway.

Despite the time of year, I noticed sparse flowers growing on the trees.

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