

28 - Journal OBJ

" How was your childhood?"

My childhood was great. Great as they come by. The word great is complicated, great; adverb. Excellently; very well. Which is funny because it's so simple on paper. But great is a feeling I'd never want to experience again.

Great were the days where I was fearful to go to school, scared that I wouldn't have any friends. Great were the days where I'd silently sob myself to sleep, because reading didn't help anymore. Great were the days where writing had stopped helping me cope, my words on pages became just that; words on pages. Great were the days I was quiet and sad, terrified and nervous, upset and angry. Great is a lie. Great hurt me. Great isn't great. It isn't excellent and it isn't very well. It isn't anything that's nice or kind. It isn't my non-existent mom's warm hugs as she nursed me back to life. It isn't my dead fathers glance of proudness. It isn't my happiness. It isn't what I am. a²

Great changed me. Ruined me. Great is a word you would describe your day, not your childhood. But the reality was, great was my childhood. And it would forever hold my childhood until it's last breath, by it's last memory. So yes, my childhood was great. a¹

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