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Bridge Paper 1

Static Dreams

My early memories flood in like dreams. They are scattered, and I see fuzzy images of friends and strangers coming and going. I question whether or not the moments I remember have actually happened. Many times ask my mother if what I remember is true. She puts to rest all of my puzzling thoughts. Most of the instances that are engraved into my memory are marked by something that stands out to me. It usually is a strange and colorful illustration of an event that helps me to pinpoint a specific moment in my life. Every other moment in my life may have either been merely an observation of information that my mind already knew and accepted or an incident so traumatic that my brain has chosen to erase from existence completely. Photographs are something that help me recollect many of my early memories. They visually remind me of the situations that I have been through. The clothes that I was wearing, the people and objects in the pictures, and the place where the picture was taken are all triggers that help me place myself into the moment. Photographs help me differentiate between a dream and a memory. Most of these reflections have been frozen in photographs.

Shooting Stars

It is past my bed time. I want to sleep. Dad takes me outside. Flurries land on my cheeks and jacket. We are at the park. We climb a hill. There are other people there too. A crowd is staring up. Blankets are all on the grass. "Look at the sky! Do you see them?" says Dad. "I don't see stars!" I say. They are not stars; they are bright lines. The lines move so fast, then they are gone.

Hard Wood Floor

Running and scurrying across the hard wood floor. I am wearing my very soft socks. Mom tries to catch me. I don't want to go to bed! Will not stop giggling. I grab onto my doorknob to lock her in my room. She can go to bed while I stay up. Feet slide because of very soft socks. I no longer like very soft socks. They make me fall on my mouth. Giggling now stops, crying starts. Wet eyes. Mouth hurts. Teeth hurt. Smile! No more two front teeth.

Pink Underwear

Boys are gross and boys are mean. I wear pink underwear because I am a girl and I like pink. I also like to wear skirts. I do not like boys. A boy took my snack. He likes to run but so do I. I should not run in my nice new skirt but I want my snack. I grab it but he twists so hard. "Stop twisting!" The boy pushes hard. I can see my pink underwear. He can see it too. I should not run in my nice new skirt.

Puppies Bite

Such a tiny, white, fluffy puppy. She is so much fun to hold. She wiggles wildly while jumping up and down. Puppies are just baby dogs. Babies do not bite. "Pet the puppy, do nice to

the puppy and the puppy will do nice to you.” The puppy has something in her mouth. She is chewing it to bits. I must take it away. She does not want to let go or let me touch the toy. She growls real loud. I cry real loud. I get a a very bad bite. “Bad puppy! No bite!” Very sharp teeth poke holes. Baby dogs have sharp teeth.

Handle Bars

Look down, look straight, look down, look straight. I see hands through fly-away hairs. Small and tightly gripped around the cold metal. My eyebrows move closer together. I am focused and determined. I attempt to pedal. The big wheels start to move around on the grass. I cycle in a circle. Fear makes me turn quickly, back and forth. I crash to the floor. I yell. I am frustrated. I want to give up. Mom won’t let me, tells me to keep trying.

Catfish

Cats eat mice. Cats also eat fish. I climb across the bridge in the backyard. I look down into the pond. I spy the elusive glimmering goldfish. Three goldfish. No, two goldfish. There are supposed to be three, where is the third? I now spot a dark cat covered in dirt and he spots me. We do not own a cat. I will call the cat, Cat. Cat likes to play by the pond. Cat sees me, he stops and stares. He starts to walk again but does not stop staring. He walks on the bridge but stays away from me. Cat opens his mouth and spits out a goldfish. I yell at Cat. Wet eyes, I run inside.

Braces

The time has come to say goodbye to my vampire teeth. The teeth are not sharp they are just out of place. They make me look like I have extra vampire teeth. I remain quiet in a chair in a very clean room. I lay back and the lights are in my eyes. The doctor puts glasses on me. I do not want rubber bands or metal to shoot in my eyes. Bright blue rubber fingers move my lips around. Glue is scraped against my teeth. Now he pushes hard and it almost hurts. Everything tastes dry and salty. These things should not be in my mouth. My teeth aren't white anymore. My smile is now shiny and silver.

Sunshine and Numbered Signs

Class 711. I can not find class 711. I see 713 and 712 and all of the 6th grade and 8th grade students, but why can’t I find 711? I see some friends. They tell me they are not in the same number. I am on my own. The courtyard smells wet and like brand new pencils and backpacks. I look over the heads of kids taller than me. In one direction I see the sun. In the same direction there is a sign. It is too bright and the sign looks black. I walk closer and the numbers become clear. It is time to enter as I have found 711.

A Monster Under My Bed

Monsters hide under beds. Monsters make scratching sounds. Under my bed I can hear the scratching sounds. My eyes are wide open but I cannot see. It is night time. I call for Mom and Dad because I cannot sleep with monsters who keep me awake. They turn on the lights and tell me to quiet down. “It is just Ollie, silly cat.” Cats make scratching sounds. Cats are monsters.

Red Stringed Accomplishment

One end to the other. I must swim without touching the bottom. Afterwards I will have full access to open water at camp. I hold my breath, kick my legs and glide my arms. I struggle but I make it. Cheering and clapping fills my ears. The red string gets tied on my wrist. Now I am free to swim as I please.

Red and Green Stockings

Our names are on the stockings. They smell like cinnamon and glitter glue. Even the dogs get their own stockings. They are right next to the tree. We each have a turn. Pin them in a straight line, don't let them fall. Now we finish the decorating.

Scary Movie

The TV is turned on. I do not want to watch this movie. I have to or else my friends will think I am not fun anymore. The room feels haunted as the music is playing. The pillows protect me as i cover my eyes. This is not fun. I want to go home.

Sweaty Heavy Bodies

Loud thumping and echoes of screaming. The room is lit up and so are our faces. One person on stage strums on his stringed instrument. I am pushed and shoved as people attempt to dance on top of me. It is impossible to stand still even if you tried.

These memories that I have recalled do not help me remember one turning point in my life. Even though some may not be enjoyable, they are important and memorable to me. Some have caused just enough trauma that they stand out while others are moments of absolute bliss. My experiences are somewhat specific every person has experiences that they remember in the same way. My first encounters with animals and nature are documented in files that my brain has downloaded. Although these moments are filled with the fuzzy flashes of static from a broken television set, they make up the different parts of me that make me whole.