

Essay On “Kids! They’re Nothing but Stomachs Surrounded by Noise and Dirt!”

How Have You and Your Friends Changed Since You Were Ten?

There is much truth in the above statement. I was once an archetype of the perpetually hungry kid who was noisy and dirty and with the inborn ability to drive my parents “up the wall” as they say. With my next-door friends of about the same age, we would run wild around the neighborhood, climbing trees, stepping on flower beds, disturbing people and on the whole enjoying ourselves tremendously.

Those were the days where we were ‘damn nuisance” to everyone older than us.

The years seem to have passed very quickly, I am now pushing eighteen and on the verge of leaving school, I really wonder sometimes how did we grow up so fast. It would be just wonderful to remain kids forever, like Peter Pan and his friends, but then again it may not be such a good idea. Anyway, the reality is that I am no longer ten. When thinking back and compare what I was then with what I am now I can see vast differences, much like that between a tadpole and a frog.

The first thing noticed is that I no longer have the energy to run continuously. In those younger days, we did not walk. We ran, jumped and skipped all over the place. We had boundless energy and never knew what tiredness meant. Now my friends and I hardly ever run, unless it is in the school field when we have to run or face the wrath of the P.E. teacher. Even then it is always more a fast walk than a proper run, much to the teacher’s indignation. I can never understand how we have become so unwilling to run. Maybe it is because we have used up our quota of running when we were young kids.

Anyway, you will never catch me running for the fun of it. All those middle-age joggers I see puffing and groaning on the road look more like jokers to me. I prefer the slow mode of moving. My friends share the same feeling.

Noise and dirt have been replaced by music and neatness: I admit we were once screaming little clouds of dirt who messed up and deafened everyone we met. Now we do not mess up anyone. Some of my friends are definitely very clean. This is the time when fashion and style seem very important. How can we look? good in our clothes if we remain dirty? Ah, we ever wash our hands before and after meals. I am sure each of my friends brushes his teeth every day. Otherwise, he would not remain a friend for very long.

God bless those who invented the portable tape-player. Now we can listen to our favorite songs without disturbing anyone else, gone are the times when we have to turn the volume down on the hi-fi set because my grandmother got mad at the too-loud music. With the earphones covering our ears now, we disturb no one and no one disturbs us.

Physically too, we have changed tremendously. would say on the average, we are about twice the size we once were at ten. I also discovered we can no longer sing those children songs, firstly because we feel a bit embarrassed singing them and mostly because we cannot sing in the key that we once sang in. A lion cannot squeak like a mouse. That is the difference in our voices. The once angelic voice of a child had turned into the grows of an adolescent boy.

Mentally we have obviously changed. We can no longer play the games we used to play with the girls of our age. When we were young it made no difference whether our playmates were boys or girls. Now it makes a tremendous difference. We are so conscious of our sex differences.

We only play among members of our own sex. The girls prefer to indulge in softer games on their own. We boys are more robust. I also detect a very great tendency for us to show off wherever there are girls around. I do not really know why, but we definitely play harder when the girls are watching.

Soon we will leave school to make our way in the real world of adults. We will definitely change some more. suppose things will get more serious and we will have less and less time to play. Physical activity will take a back seat except for those fitness freaks. Run? I think I will just sit down and watch the ten-year-old do it.