



Growing up:

I miss it.

I miss feeling like I was going to stay little forever.

I miss when thoughts of Santa or the Easter Bunny would keep me up from excitement.

I miss when words weren't seen sexually, or when I used to love the girl in the mirror.

I miss when our biggest worry was what friend to play with,

And not who our next relationship was going to be with.

Somewhere in between six and fifteen giggles and jokes were replaced by tears and isolation.

Isolation: from myself and the unseemingly cruel world that had just flipped on me.

I miss when parents would receive "goodnights" and not teenage boys, whom held our precious, fragile, tiny hearts with such recklessness.

I hate that when we shed our skin to enter our teenage years the layers of innocence are torn with it.

I hated being little at eight, but now every shining star I wish,

Wish to go back.

Go back to when growing up was fun.

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