

A Half Mile Walk and the Infamous Windowsill

By Kristen Neigebauer

Four and a half years old with a Popsicle in hand and a cute boy at my side, what more could a girl ask for?

My mom, in a hurry to get to work, unbuckled me from my seatbelt while I squirmed out from the handy tan van that took me everywhere. I loved this place, my babysitter's house. It was full of new endeavors each day, and packed with a herd of enormous dairy cows. Although JoAnn was my neighbor, and only about a half mile from my own house, her place still held much excitement. What great adventure would lay ahead for me this day? Dolls? GI Joes? Tag? House?

In no time, my tiny legs wandered from the sidewalk where my loving mom stood, and burst through the doors, showering JoAnn with a giant hug. Then, down from her entangling arms I went, off on a mission to find my favorite friend, Broc. I finally found the curious five year old downstairs, disappointed at the site of him playing monster cars with the other boys. Broc boldly looked up at me and smiled with his gleaming eyes, as if to welcome me to their monster car rally. Although he drew me in, the cars did not. I quickly scurried off to find other, more entertaining action.

No sooner was I involved in an intense game of tag, when JoAnn called for us. A herd of mini elephants came running into the kitchen, as if they had always been prepared for this moment. Breakfast time! Fruit Loops, Lucky Charms, S'more Pop Tarts, even chocolate milk! It was a feast! And indeed, here sat five little munchkins chowing down

a bundle of food. As soon as the excitement began, it ended, and we were off searching for more adventures.

“Wanna play house?” I questioned Broc innocently.

He replied cautiously, “Sure,” as if trying to hide it from the other guys. House is a complex game (or at least when you are four years old it is). It consists of a mother, father, children, and occasionally a pet dog or cat. Now, many times no one wants to be the parents because they are boring (they have to wash dishes, and fold clothes and stuff), and like always, this happened once again with Broc and I. After bickering a little bit, we finally came to the conclusion that our parents had both died and we, their two kids, were left behind to fend for ourselves. As the game went on, we found ourselves dreaming up bigger and brighter ideas.

“Oh no! The big Boogieman locked us in the dungeon. We can’t get out!” I screamed, as if fearing for my life. I could see him from here, his dark shaggy hair and furry beard, and that stern look on his face made him appear extra threatening.

“Shh,” Broc hushed me. “We have to wait and be quiet, then we’ll escape when he’s not looking.”

So fearfully, we sat in the corner, and, as we watched JoAnn’s husband smile and leave the room, an ignorant courage came about us. The Boogieman had left his post unguarded. We were free! We raced to the door, and although excited, were careful not to make too much noise on the way out. Before we knew it, our little legs became wheels of speed. Leaving my babysitter’s house behind, Broc and I started down the road unnoticed by either adult.

“We ‘scaped, Broc! What are prisoners ‘sposed to do after they escape?” I asked Broc, unable to think of a logical answer myself.

“Well, we’ve been trapped in a dungeon for a million hundred years, and didn’t get nothing to eat, so we have to find food or else we’ll starve,” my all-knowledgeable hero informed me.

“I have red Popsicles at my house, and I know where my mommy keeps them; let’s eat those!”

Broc agreed, and so down the road we went towards my house.

“Oh no, look!” In shock, Broc pointed at a large green monster with four gigantic wheels coming up the road. To our astonishment, we were not in the clear quite yet. The Boogiemán’s son was going to capture us in his big green monster! Maybe two and a half feet tall is too short to be able to see from the road, or maybe the Popsicle angel came down and made us invisible, but somehow we arrived at my house untouched by the Boogiemán, or his son for that matter.

Upon entering my all- to- familiar place of living, Broc and I approached another problem. I could envision where the Popsicles were located in the freezer, but getting to them was another story. Being four years old has its privileges but unfortunately, it also has its disadvantages. Our scrawny legs were too short to reach the freezer. As if he was born to do this, Broc triumphantly lifted a chair, and set it down by the freezer. Wow! Only a genius could brainstorm up that idea! And indeed, I admired Broc so much that I could convince myself of his (supposed) dazzling intellect. I was graciously handed a Popsicle from my magnificent king, and, as he stepped down from his pedestal to join me on the floor, we rewardingly opened our ruby red icicles. In no time, our lips were coated

with a seal of red.

We journeyed on with Popsicles in hand, from my kitchen to the back side of my house. Our previous game of “House” had lost interest to both of us, so Broc and I opted to start a new game of “hide and go seek.” Within a short amount of time, I found out how fun it is to play a game of “hide and go seek” when the people seeking you do not know that they are playing too.

Located around the back side of my house is a basement windowsill big enough to fit one four year old and one five year old perfectly. Our naive minds were inspired by this discreet windowsill and of course, had to try it out. Broc and I sat there in the windowsill contently, waiting for our enemies to capture us.

Needless to say, our Popsicles were far gone by the time JoAnn, her husband (the Boogieman), their sons, and my parents came to capture us from the trusty windowsill.

Looking back, I laugh at the illogical recollections of my early childhood, and envy them. For in growing up, it is almost as if I have lost the right to perform these unintelligent acts as in my beginning years for fear of the consequences they might entail. However, at this premature stage in life, one’s sense of the cause and effect relationship is not fully developed. At four years old it’s funny how naïve one can be and it not be a big deal, but once grown up (because broadened knowledge and possibly a fear of the consequences), that sense of adventure seems to get lost.