

The Childhood Toy Assignment  
8th Grade

Write a paper in which you tell the reader about a childhood toy that was very important to you. Think of a paper that consists of three well-developed paragraphs. The first paragraph will give a history of the toy (who gave it to you, when did you first receive it, and memories associated with the toy). The second will describe the toy in its original condition. The third will tell us what happened to the toy. You have a week to write this paper; a rough draft is due in two days; we will write the final version in the computer lab and so there will be a chance to do some editing there.

Pre-Writing Exercise. Take out a sheet of paper and list the toys that might make a good subject for this paper. Circle the one that was most important to you and most interesting to write on. Then, on another sheet of paper, name the toy at the top and do the following: (1) Describe the toy as it originally looked. (Make sure you include everything so that the reader can picture this object: size, color, texture, material, noises, movable parts, scent, etc.) Often it will help to look at a picture or talk to your parents about this object. (2) When did you receive this toy? Who gave it to you? What are some memories of this toy (yours or your parents)? (3) What happened to this toy? Where is it now? Describe present conditions or condition of the toy when it was last seen. Use a third of your sheet to answer each of these questions. Bring it to class tomorrow

The teacher's attempt at this assignment:

On my fifth birthday, I received a stuffed dog from my next-door neighbor and best friend, Jimmy Donaven. I remember his gift was the largest package sitting on the kitchen table that day. This dog that I named Samuel became my favorite toy. I slept with him; I dragged him with on all vacations and trips; I took him to "show and tell" each year in school, and he sat on my bed in my college dorm for four years. I remember holding Sam when I was scared at night, and I also painfully recollect how my older brother Curt ripped off Sam's ear one time when we were fighting. I was heartbroken, but my mom sewed the ear back on, and Sam was good as new once again.

Sam was a beautiful, cuddly dog when I first received him some thirty years ago. He was made of light pink fur, and he had pink satin on the underside of his big, floppy ears. On the bottom, he was covered with a soft, plaid flannel. His nose was a black, fuzzy ball, which was always falling off, and his tail was a mound of pink fur. His eyes and mouth were lines just stitched in black on his face. Around his neck was a bow of pink satin, which of course soon untied and was lost forever. His four paws stuck out from his body, and I often carried him by his front left paw.

Sam is no longer with me. When I was in my senior year of college, I threw him out. By then, Sam and I had traveled many miles and many years together. His pink fur was faded, dirty, and matted. The satin on his ears was worn thin, and his front left paw was ripping, so that stuffing fell out of him every time I moved him. His little black nose had disappeared years ago, and in its place was a glob of dried-up Elmer's glue. His back left leg was stained a dark brown from spilled Coke. I realized at the age of 21 that Sam had lived a full life, and that I could go on without him. However, whenever I go back home and listen to the wind outside howling, I wish that Sam were still around.

Stephanie

My Smurf

It was a Friday afternoon when I was five, and my mom and I were out at the mall. My mom had said that if I was good, I could get a toy. So I got a smurf. I was so proud! First thing I did when I got home was show my family. My mom said that if I was good, I could get one every pay day. I was thrilled! So I went to my room to pick out a place where my collection would go. I finally cleared my top shelf and decided they'd go there. After a half hour of positioning my smurf just right, I took it down to sleep with it. I took that smurf everywhere: to school, to the sitters, and when my mom would let me I'd bring it to the grocery store. In fact, I remember the first pay day I didn't get to get my smurf. I recall putting up a fit and getting sent to my room. But I got one the next pay day!

My first smurf was about two and a half inches tall. They were actually two inches tall, but Smurfette was on roller skates. She had two big yellow pony tails with red bows in them, and she was wearing a white dress. My second one was clumsy brushing his teeth. He had a tube of toothpaste in one hand and a big red tooth brush in another, and with all over his mouth. I have about thirty of them now and they're all different. Some are playing sports like football, baseball, and soccer. Others are doing things like playing cards, swimming, picking berries, and all sorts of things.

I still have my smurfs. They are hanging on a shelf in my room. They don't sell miniature smurfs anymore. So when my mom sees one out at a garage sale or something she'll pick it up for me. Right now my smurfs are a little scuffed up from always falling off my shelf. Their little white hats and pants are now gray and on some of them paint is coming off. I am planning to keep my smurfs for a long time. They will be the first thing to be put in my hope chest.

Aaron

My Wagon

When I was three years old I got my first wagon. When I got it, I thought that I was the luckiest kid in the world. In the department store, where I got it, my brother was pulling me in the wagon up and down the aisles all around the store.

My brother used to pull me around the ice on the road. When my neighbors got a wagon, too, we used to have races down the dyke, and the winner, which use to be me, got a big slice of watermelon. I also remember when my older brother use to pull me around in my wagon by the bumper of my dads car.

Now my wagon is in the shed, its color is bleached to pink the body is all rusted out, the sides are almost gone, the wheels are broken, and the handle is off. It was fun when I had it.

Tiffany

My Blanket

My favorite toy when I was a kid wasn't really a toy. It was my blanket. I received my blanket when I was a baby, from my Great-Grandmother. I remember that that blanket never left my side until I was in kindergarten. Then of course I couldn't

have it with me all of the time.

My blanket had The Three Little Pigs design on one side and it was yellow on the other side. It also had little yellow yarn strings on it and the little pigs were brown with yellow cloths on them. It was about the size of a baby's blanket, but a bite bigger.

I remember when I was about four years old I dropped it in some orange paint so it had a big spot on it. I think if I ever saw my blanket again I would know it was mine.

When I was about seven years old I stayed at my cousins and forgot my blanket there and my aunt accidently gave my blanket to one of the kids she babysits and that was the last I have seen of my Three Little Pigs blanket.

Brad

#### My G. I. Joe Men

The toy I remember most is my G.I. Joe guys. I started collecting them in third grade. Some of the people who gave them to me were my mom, dad, sister, and cousin. One time I remember putting one of the guys in a parachute and throwing it up in the air, and it got caught in the wires. One other time, Nate was over at my house. We put the guys in our bike spokes and spun them really fast until they flew into the air and broke.

The G.I. Joe guys I usually got were camouflage and had little guns and backpacks and wore helmets. I had about fifteen guys. Some came with vehicles and each guy had a special name and back ground. Each guy had his own nationality. Some were from the United States and others were from different countrys.

A couple of my guys I lost or sold. The rest my mom put away in a box in our storage room about one year ago. Right now the guys are in pretty good condition. Some were missing arms or legs. Right now the guys are buried under about ten boxes and a whole lot of junk.

Carolyn

#### Baby Chrissy

When I first received Baby Chrissy was on a calm Christmas Eve. My brothers and sister were all excited to see what was in the humongous box, ~~that~~ also weighed a ton. When the time came for me to open it up, everyone came to help me out! Finally, we had all of the paper off, and I looked up and saw this doll that was the same size as me, look me eye to eye. After that day Chrissy was with me everywhere. The bathroom, my room, the basement and every other room in the house. I never took her outside of the house though, because I didn't want to get her dirty! I always had to keep my dolls cleaner than my sister Kayleen's, or else I would never ~~hear~~ the end of it!

Chrissy had long, brown-red hair, that also looked like it had copper wires in it. You could shorten her hair by pulling a string in her back, and you could lengthen it by just pulling her hair out. She also had eyebrows painted on, but her eyes were plastic balls, and her eyelashes were like soft straw. You could feel the outline of her nose, lips, and ears. I had pierced her ears, so she also wore earrings. She had a fat stomach, and chunky arms and legs. Her fingers were a little bit curved and so were her toes. Soon after that I was bored, so I painted her fingernails and toenails a kind pf purple-pink color.

When I was about 10 years old, I figured it was about time I got rid of her. But there was something inside of me that still wanted to keep her. So, I finally found out a way I could keep her, without being embarrassed about Chrissy when my friends came over. So, the next night I took Chrissy downstairs and put her in the closet. The only thing wrong with Chrissy is that her hair hasn't been combed in about 4 years and she probably has a whole bunch of dirt marks on her body. Sometimes I still wish I could have her with me, (But I'm a big girl now! I don't need those silly toys anymore, or do I?

Mike

[Untitled]

My first toy was a chalkboard/pegboard. IT was about 2 ft tall. THE color was blue and white. I had a wood hammer pound the little plastic pegs. Diffrent kind of colors of chalk.

My stepfather got i;t for me on Christmas. I really liked that toy. Every morning I would wake up. I wouldn't even bother to watch cartoons. I would go directly to my chalkboard/pegboard desk.

The last time I saw it, it was going to some cousin of mine. To tell you the truth, I really liked by chalkboard/pegboard a lot. I didn't talk to my mom or my stepdad for a long time than I got over it but there was no toy that could compare it to my toy.

Josh

My Pop Gun

A childhood toy that was extremely important and special to me was a Daisy brand pop gun.

This pop gun was shiny black steel with a smooth wooden stock. The gun was about two and a half to three feet long. The lever used to cock the gun was nice, and had a very strong pull. The trigger was sort of loose, so every time you would shoot, you would pinch your finger. When you pulled the trigger, it would make a loud "BANG!" sound. It had aiming sights just like a real gun!

I remember the day that I got it. I was about four. I remember my parents were outside and I was in the porch. Then the UPS truck drove up. I opened the quickly door and ran outside. The driver opened the back and got a box. He had my parents sign something. They gave it to me. I opened the box and inside was my gun! I spent long hours playing "Cowboys and Indians", "Hunting" and my favorite game "the Dukes of Hazzard" with my brother because he also had a gun. We had a lot of fun together.

The last time I saw it, was about five years ago. A lot of the sniny black paint was chipped away revealing patches of rusty metal. The lever used to cock the gun was even harder to pull, and the rusty trigger still pinched your finger. The barrel was bent and even rustier than the trigger. The wooden stock was no longer smooth, but it was scratched and scarred from many hours of play in the field.

My gun still popped! Right now I bet my gun is laying in the junkyard in back of the church, across from my house.

Kaylen

My Cabbage Patch Kid

When I was about a third grader, I received a Cabbage Patch kid. I know I got it for my birthday, and it must have been when I turned about 8 or 9. I got it from my parents. My sister and I used to play ship with them. We have beds directly across from each other and we said the floor between us was the "water". We said the walls next to us had shelves full of food and candy. Anyway, we had lots of fun with that. Another thing we did was play house. The dolls were the babies and we were the mommies. The last thing we did was to take them for bike rides. We put them in our bike baskets and then went for bike rides. We had a lot of fun with that when we were little.

My Cabbage Patch Kid was really neat. Her name was Marilyn Vera. It came in a yellow jogging suit. The pants were baggy at the top but they got tight at the bottom. The shirt was yellow with white on the cuffs of the sleeves. Her shoes were little white tennis shoes. She also had little white socks. Her hair was light brown and curly on the top and her ponytails were just straight. On her ponytails there were white ribbons. She was soft and squishy and really cute.

Right now she is in fairly good condition. She and her sweatsuit and socks got kind of pilly, but otherwise she looks basically the same. I still have everything she came in. Right now she is on top of my curtains, above my window. So I still know where she is.

Shelly

My blanket

My blanket was my most loved toy. I don't really remember how I got it. I think my mom made it for me. I use to lug it around everywhere with me. Whenever I forgot it somewhere I would cry until one of my parents went to get it for me. It went through alot, being dragged around everywhere through rain, snow, and mud. It was washed so many times.

It was a very cute blanket. It was white with purple, yellow, blue, and pink clouds on it. It had a silky border around it, it smelled like baby powder.

It was a very sad night, when my mom said I had to say goodbye to my blanket. It was Christmas Eve I was 3 or 4 my mom put my blanket under the tree, so Santa could take it to a kid less fortunate then me. Then a halfa year later I found it in my moms chest. I got really mad!! So I went and really got mad at her, but when I got done spazing I decided that I lived with out it this long and I really don't need it anymore. Well thats the story behind my blanket.

Kristina

My Favorite Blankey

I got my blanket from my mom's godmother at my mom's baby shower. One of the memories of my blanket is I always slept with it. Also I always would drag it where ever I would go. Another one of those speicail memories is that I always had my thumb in my mouth and in my other hand, I had my blanket. My final and favorite memory is that I always called my blankent, "Blankey."

When I got my blanket, it was small and white with little duckies. The female duckies had blue and pink dresses and is holding a little basket with flowers in them. The male duckies had black and white suits on. My blanket also had pale white satin around the edges and also was very soft.

My blanket is now in the bottom of our storage closset. The blanket is now torn in one corner and is faded into a grayish color and you can still see the duckies. The blankent is now out of shape some of the cotton bading is coming out.

Cory

G.I.Joe

G.I.Joe were little army men that I got for my birthday in second grade. I really liked it! So with my birthday money that year, I went out and bought some more of it. Then before I knew it I had a collection. I kept collecting it until fifth grade. I usually got them for gifts. One of the memories I have is setting a base up in the laundry room. Another one is playing with them outside and loosing stuff. The last memory is always forgeting to pick them up, then someone might step on them.

They were about three inches tall, the color was variable, they had movable arms, waists, legs, knees, and elbows. They were plastic and they came with little guns, helmets, and backpacks. You could buy tanks, planes, vehicles, choppers, and etc.

I gave all of my collection of G.I.Joe to my brother Brent, he doesn't use them very much any more, they mostly sit in the basement under the stairs.