

GROWING OUT OF IT

By Rachel Loveday

*“The world’s a playground; you know that when you’re a kid, but somewhere along the way everyone forgets it.” (Zoey Deschanel as Allison in **Yes Man, 2008**).*

I’m twenty-three years old and I have officially and legally been an adult for the last five years. Even though I thoroughly enjoy the freedoms of adulthood such as possessing a driver’s licence, being able to drink alcohol (not that I’m much of a drinker), living away from home, having control of my finances and sex, there are times where I wish I could turn back the clock and return to my childhood.

The irony of this is, as a child I was constantly frustrated at time not going by quick enough and wanting nothing more than to become an adult so that I could do whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted. Now as an adult, I want nothing more than to eat my father’s spaghetti bolognese, be on the receiving end of my mother’s hugs, annoy my brother, sleep in my bed and play board games.

What I want to know is what is it exactly that makes me or any other adult feel this way?

I think what it is, is that as we transition from children to adults that we eventually lose our innocence bit by bit as we learn exactly what it means to be an adult.

For example, in my twenty-three years of life I have watched my beloved Nan (my paternal grandmother) quickly deteriorate and lose her life to cancer and even though I was still grieving, I had to deal with the death of my beloved Nanna (my maternal grandmother) a mere five months later. Five months after that I learnt that even the strongest marriages can be tested when my mother briefly left my father. However they managed to work their problems out, she returned home seven weeks later and they are still together today. At eighteen, I learnt how awkward sex can be, especially the first time. And for the last two years, I again faced the inevitability of death when I lost a close friend and my paternal grandfather in the same month and a year later I lost my Pop (my maternal grandfather).

During that time I also learnt how much betrayal stings, especially when its recurring and it's by the people who are suppose to love you no matter what.

It is these negative aspects of adulthood that make me want to turn back the clock and return to my happy and safe childhood. And I enjoy the aforementioned freedoms of adulthood purely because they are the positive aspects of it.

Whilst there is nothing wrong with enjoying the positive aspects of adulthood and hating the negative aspects of it—that's what makes us human and even though we can't turn back the clock and return to childhood and that we can't regain our innocence once it is lost, we should never forget what childhood and innocence felt like as it is what makes us the adults that we all are today.