My childhood is crowded with the memory of toys. From small stuffed friends to large plastic dolls with actual closing eyes, I had it all. But, I do have one special object from my growing up years that I remember above all others. My small, nameless white bear that was totted around so much by it’s little arm that I believe I can still the my small little girl hand imprinted in his fur.

 My bear and I were best friends, we went everywhere together, and we shared every detail of my tiny, but dramatic life. Because life is always dramatic when you are three years old. My bear’s big, glassy blue eyes always understood what I was going through when my mom told me I had to go to bed, or if I had fallen off my bike and was nursing an aching knee and a bruised ego. He was small enough that he could fit comfortably into my arms with little effort on my part. I loved his soft white fur covering his entire body that I could bury my head into. But most of all I loved his tiny white silk bow that tied around his neck and gave him a suitable, elegant appearance. Or so I believed.

 As I became older, I outgrew my bear. He now solemnly sits next to the rest of my abandoned stuffed animals on a high shelf in the toy room, keeping watch over the rest of my dolls, Barbies and other childhood games. However, regardless of where he now stands, he will always have a warm place in my heart and every time I pass him, I can’t help but share a small smile of conspiracy over all the secrets we shared.