

Boyhood



What is the grandest thing of all to be?

It is to be a boy.

Nothing compares to the joy and freedom of boyhood.

The world is only as young as you are

And there is adventure around every corner.

You are full of vigour and the imagination runs wild.

Pirates, robbers and other fiends can be fought at every turn.

And it is you, you who win over every time,

To great (imaginative) glory as witness by others.

Bike races – and falling off your bike – not much fun in that!

The magical touch of a football – whatever code – will always be treasured.

Feeling the shape of the ball by sensitive fingers and hands is lovable; and a bat and ball?
Nothing better!

Sport is mere fun and not to be taken really seriously.

There is affinity with a special dog, which is your best mate.

Your voice is strong and rarely is one ill.

There's always mother to console you, and yes, to spoil – but let no one see.

And dad is there to ask him those difficult questions.

Girls are those strange creatures who always seem to be around; but some can be good friends as well.

Weekends and holidays are the best. Gone are the boring hours spent in the classroom with the sunlight streaming on to your desk. You hold your head in your hand and think of and escape to better times. Adventure awaits.

Yes, thinking of...

Ah, that pool full of frogs; that mud that awaits; the bush that invites and those cars flashing by – *‘I’m gonna own one of them sum day!’*

In the quiet times (and there are not many for there is always so much to do) thoughts wander to more imaginary things and happenings; there’s no shortage of them.

To be a boy, the greatest thrill of all; all so wonderful and yet all so short.

Nature has deemed it the best time of one’s life, but it is soon swept away. One can dream of those days, so long ago, but...it truly does seem just like yesterday;

Where running was no effort and panting was a sign of excitement, not of concern.

Where a grazed knee originated from pleasure and not because one stumbled resulting from age.

Give me back those days for I yearn for the freedom and what were concerns – or so I thought - pale into insignificance in the scheme of years.

Play until called in for tea by mother.

Gulp it down as quick as one can and out again – ‘playing’ – that sacred wondrous activity.

And toys! Toys galore. Metal model soldiers that actually spoke and gave commands; marbles that rolled, planes that soared and cars that raced. And teddies that were friends.

Cops & Robbers and Cowboys and Indians.

And to fight was to test one’s mettle. Sure there were plenty of cuts, bruises and grazes and even black eyes, but it was in the process of learning, to give and take and to compromise; and you were still friends afterwards.

A pox on the feminists who say boys should not be boys, but darling little angels. Show me a boy and I will see a naughty boy, but rarely a bad boy.

Learn to be, nonetheless, a gentleman, the greatest calling you can receive.

Oh, to be a boy again. Alas, it is all gone...but there are memories and dreams.

And through you, I shall live again!

Enjoy.

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