

An object that matters the most to me

When I was in primary grade, I got a notebook from my father as a birthday gift. I received so many gifts including colored pencils and stationery objects but the notebook was my favorite one. The notebook is an off-white color simple notebook and the year 2009 is written on top of its cover. It is simple yet a significant part of my life.

At that time, I used to write in the notebook on special occasions with some colored pencils. I wrote about how my days were spent. Even when I was sad and someone scolded me, I wrote in the notebook. It was like I was sharing my emotions with someone. For me, it was more than just an object; it turned into my secret companion. Only those plain pages knew my sorrow as well as happiness. In the journal, I occasionally jotted down poems and quotations. I also kept my favorite artist's images which I collected from the newspaper cutting. To keep it safe and ensure that no one would find it, I used to hide it in a hidden place. I had no idea that it would turn out to be my favorite memory. Remembering how silly I was, crying about little things and other things, makes me smile.

Following that, again, after graduating from high school and college, I asked my classmates and friends to write something about me in that same notebook. It was a sort of convention to write good notes for one another before leaving school or college. Even I collected teachers' comments there. Some of them wrote good things about me. Some of them wrote their favorite memories with me, and even some wished me good luck for the future. A full notebook, with different handwriting, memories, and wishes.

On my bad days or whenever I feel low, or stressed, I go through my notebook. Reading those writings boost my energy and it feels good. I can recall all the memories and realize how far I have come. It gives me a feeling of gratitude toward those who help me in every phase of my life.

Even as an adult, I continue to write in my notebook. The subject of the writing has changed, though. Due to my tendency for forgetting things, I jot down critical deadlines and multiple passwords for my social media sites. Even now, I keep the petals or flowers that my favorite person gave me inside the pages of my notebook. A few more pages left to write. Perhaps, I will get a new notebook but this notebook has my whole heart. It is like a memory box for me. Whenever I open it, it gives me immense pleasure. A notebook or a little object has a great influence on my life and it matters to me the most. I will keep it with me forever.