

I remember many things. I remember the time I lost a spelling bee with the easiest of words. I remember the day I tasted a tangible cuisine for the first time. I remember my 7th birthday, the one I may have gotten the most presents to date. The memory of this one is a bit foggy, but my 1st birthday was quite possibly the day I knew I existed somewhere. I remember the day I was born. I remember the day I started playing the Piano. I very well remember playing my first song on the Viola. The first time I sang happy birthday to a dear friend, to the embarrassing reception after. I remember the first time I rode a bike, and also falling off within a couple minutes. I remember the first time I made a perfect serve in tennis, my first half-court shot in basketball, and even my first goal in soccer. I remember my first A+ and my first F. I even remember the day I won the first time in a video game. I remember the days I used to laugh at the smallest things, such as the clock reading 11:11. Memories are the very foundation of life; and are also a large part in balancing the phenomenon we call the multiverse. Without them, no one can survive.