

What is the size of my palm and sounds like a wave hitting a rough rock in the ocean? It's my splendid hacky sack!

Even though it is a ball of rice it is very sentimental to me, I got it when I was six years old, my great grandfather said it was mine to love and cherish now.

The colors were elegant and bright as a new day in summer. It had the colors of a brilliant rainbow, I loved that ball of excitement so much that I put it away in a private box as blue as a clear sky and put it on my desk.

Every day I would open that petite box and play with the sack to my heart's content. I would play with it so much I would either run out of breath or fall! Splendid!

Four years later my great grandfather started to get very ill. On the depressing New Years day he passed away on the saddening day of New Years. On this day that brilliant blue sky trunk is on my desk in my room. If the hacky sack would ever tear I would be so dismayed. I hope that the sack never dissolves into dust in!

the wind.

Although it may be the size of my palm, I love it so much.

Some day I will give the aged hockey sock to my son. I hope he will admire it as much as I do.