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Audio Final

I am 20 years old and I love my stuffed animal! He is a dog named Honey that's about a foot long and covered in white, soft, wool-like material that has been completely matted down from years of love. His eyes, nose and the outline of his little doggy mouth are all black, but unfortunately the left side of his mouth has disappeared from countless times in the wash. Over the years my friends have tried to convince me that he is actually a lamb, and that may be, but to me he will always be my little dog. Throughout Honey's life it has been his job to protect me and my room from whatever dangers may lurk. From the beginning I used Honey to rest against my back while I slept as sort of a guard, if you will. It has become aware to me that as a kid, I had a very active imagination and firmly believed in the existence of monsters. But as I may have outgrown that little belief of mine, I have certainly not outgrown Honey.

I didn't receive Honey as a gift, nor did I pick him out at a store; instead Honey is the result of my 5 year old rebel stage when I stole everything in sight; this ranged from little things like my dad's shoes, and went all the way up to a very good friend's watch, which sadly resulted in the end of that friendship. But, luckily no one was harmed in the taking of this fluffy animal. He originally belonged to my older sister of 4 years, but she, being 9 at the time, had outgrown the stuffed animal stage and declared herself too old and cool to associate with play toys. So, one day I walked into her room, opened her toy chest where Honey had been stuffed away for who knows how long, took him with me and never looked back.

To this day when I look at Honey I can't help but get a flood of memories rushing back to me. He was there for everything in my life and he knows all my secrets! When I was young and in time out for whatever mischievous thing I did on that occasion I would use him to wipe away my tears until finally my parents couldn't stand to hear my whimpers any longer. He was used as an alarm clock for which my dad thought it was cute to wake me up by making barking noises and giving me little doggy kisses. He was the thing I clutched onto while calling my best friend to tell her that my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. And he was who I snuggled with through that entire summer she laid in bed, too sick and too weak to move because of her chemo. I would even bring him into her bed with me to cheer her up as she did with me anytime I was feeling under the weather.

Honey even helped me through one of my toughest times to date, the inevitable high school boyfriend break up. Justin and I had been together for 2 and a half years and in that time he and Honey had spent quite a substantial amount of hours together sharing my bed, while Justin and I talked, laughed and maybe had a few secret sleepovers while my parents were out of town. And though I may have chosen the boyfriend over the stuffed animal on occasion, it is Honey who prevailed and still holds that special place in my life. He was the one left to cuddle with me every night for a year while I mended my broken heart.

When college rolled around it was a tough decision regarding whether or not to bring Honey with me. The thought of not having him protect my bed seemed strange, especially when sleeping in a new place so far from my home in California. But it didn't outweigh the even bigger thought of having my roommate think I was

some weirdo for still needing a stuffed animal. Ultimately, I chose to leave Honey behind in order to start a new, more adult life, in Boulder. Well, this separation only lasted about 2 weeks before I called my mom in desperation of needing my fluffy little protector. No matter how hard I tried to hide it, I was home sick and I needed to feel that dog against my back at night. A week after that phone call home, Honey arrived in a care package and took his rightful place atop my little twin bed.

Though Honey has always been there for me when I needed him, I can't say that I have been the best owner to him. I have dropped him when dancing around the house looking for attention, thrown him when I was upset, left him in countless hotel rooms while on vacations, and even thrown up on him when not having enough time to make it out of bed. But through all of that, he is still the best security blanket I could ask for. And he continues to watch over me and my room, even upgrading his throne to a full size bed. Without Honey I would just be a home sick girl with a broken heart who is still scared of the dark. I am 20 years old and I love my stuffed animal!