

Megan Scott

Covetousness

Kindergarten is a microcosm of the real world. You learn to interact socially, resolve conflicts, and, perhaps most importantly, how to barter. Kindergarten is, for many people, the place where you are introduced to the capitalistic society in which you will grow up and thrive, or fail. For many people, it's the first place you realize that what you have isn't good enough. Someone can arrive at this conclusion through his or her own perception or through those of colleagues. Kindergarten is the place where popularity is manifested by way of material objects for the first time.

At age five going onto six, you see new people with new things. Up until this point, you've watched your mother, who by the way is *the* most beautiful woman in the world, frequent her own wardrobe, all of which you've already seen. But on the first day of kindergarten, you see people your own age with backpacks and lunch boxes that are different than your own. Perhaps it is human nature to be inclined to make a choice between two items, preferring one over the other. Or perhaps the fact that there are no ties in life has been drilled into your head by the sports games your dad watches. *There is always a victor and there is always a loser.* So, naturally you're forced to consider whose backpack and lunch box and nap time sleeping bag is better.

I don't know about what your nap time sleeping bag looked like, but mine was decorated with the faces of Snow White and her seven dwarves. My mom managed to snake it before any other parents could. After she grabbed it on the day before the first day of school, she handed it to me and I held it in my arms, tightly. When nap time came the following afternoon, Sarah T. tried to switch her Barney themed sleeping bag with my Snow White clad sleeping bag.

Thankfully, though, my mom had written MEGAN SCOTT on both sides in big bold black letters. Although during the confrontation I was in distress, I was strangely satisfied by her interest in my sleeping bag. The fact that she wanted mine instead of her own meant that mine was better than hers and perhaps therefore my mom was better than her mom for being able to grab the victor in the nick of time.

But despite this seal of approval, I couldn't help but wonder if Madison K.'s sleeping bag was better than mine. She sure seemed to like it. There were roller bladders that raced on the mostly black background. There were spurts of neon pink and orange and green and even though my Snow White sleeping bag was a much more logical choice for me, seeing as I liked neither roller blading nor neon colors, I wanted hers.

As we move outside of the kindergarten classroom and into the English class of an eighth grade girl, though, the necessity for the best material items is matched with the desire for another person's thighs or abdomen or incoming chest. And this desire doesn't seem to budge even well after the tumultuous years of middle school. You see women in magazines, on television, walking down the street, and even if you are secure with your own physique, you still want her thighs and abdomen and abundant chest.

The thing that we too often forget though is that she may look at you and want your thighs and abdomen and abundant chest. It's a pretty crappy system.