Me

Brandon Sparks

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My mother decided that with all the fighting I had going on, someone would need a doctor—Dr. Ken and Nurse Barbie. Ken never did do much. Barbie was always in some type of danger: kidnapped, dangling from over the edge of the kitchen counter, spending time under G.I. Joe. I didn’t know anything about sex other than there was kissing and you were probably naked. I figured a lot of that out when mom got the new Charlie Rich album and played “Behind Closed Doors” over and over. Joe and Barbie did it in front of the couch in the den, the couch being a mountain in the woods.

The living room was usually the desert with the sofa a mountain and the boomerang coffee table a ledge. I had zip lines everywhere from the Green Stamp bookshelf to the end table and from the piano/heliport/bad guys’ hideout to the other end table.

My toy room—that is a converted garage to hold toys for a child with no siblings in the house—had string hanging from the ceiling so Batman and Robin could swing from one end of the room to the other as the story dictated.

I would spend hours coming up with a storyline plotting out movements and directing the action. All the figures in their places.