Care Bears vs. Sesame Street

From the very first moment I could actually understand TV, I was exposed to the Care Bears. The few memories I have of my TV childhood life have been of watching these cute critters rescue an uncaring child from a life of, in their standards, future teenage delinquency. As a small child, I made their chant of "I care" into my life-long pledge. I refused to think with my mind and did as Braveheart Lion suggested, I "felt with my heart."

Being the youngest child, I was constantly used as a punching bag by my older brothers. But I would never fight back because the Care Bears didn't believe in violence. Instead, I would sit there and cry and try to talk it over with the vicious older boys. They wouldn't listen and would try all the wrestling moves on their young sibling. I was very small at the time and I think I was the only thing they could lift with their scrawny arms without exerting too much force.

Once I got lost in a store because I wandered away from my mother. When she found me, the first thing she asked was "What were you thinking?" I wasn't

thinking, I answered. I felt Barbie needed my presence so I went to her. That wasn't a suitable explanation for my mom and I was punished.

It was like that for a long time in my childhood. Whenever I would feel an idea trying to come out, I would push it away and remember the Care Bears. They didn't think, they just felt. The only Care Bear who thought about things was Grumpy Bear (I think that's his name) and he was always grumpy. As a result I was a very spontaneous child. I never thought of the consequences of my actions. If was only when I was searching for the belt my dad would ask me to look for, that I would regret those actions. It was hard picking out my own tool of punishment because it gave me time to think.

Once I remember I was so mad I threw a temper tantrum in the middle of the street. Not only did I stop traffic, but I embarrassed my parents. When we got home, I was once again in the closet, looking at all the belts. But I didn't care. The Care Bears were my heroes. Up until the point that Sesame Street entered my life. Now, I was confused. My idols were telling me that they cared and helped kids in need. But now, my new friends were telling me to think. Whenever Bert yelled at Ernie without thinking, Ernie's feelings would get hurt and he would try to run away from home. And when Bert found him, he would say, "I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking about what I was doing." That's the point, I thought, you're not supposed to think. But I hated seeing Ernie get hurt and cry and all because Bert never thought about what he would say before he said it.

By now, you're probably thinking I was a stupid kid. I was modeling my life after TV shows. Well, at the time, this dilemma was the hardest thing in my life. Do I think or do I feel? That was the question.

After Sesame Street, I would try to overanalyze every situation. I couldn't go to the bakery without taking ten minutes trying to decide whether I wanted a chocolate or vanilla donut. Whenever my brothers hit me, I would debate on whether or not I felt enough pain to cry. Then I would usually forget what it was I was trying to decide and go on with my life. However, this caused a problem as well. Whereas before I was spontaneous, now I agonized over every little thing. My childhood crisis could have been stopped by simply turning off the TV but I was too enthralled by its message, my parents didn't understand it, and my brothers didn't care.

So I had to solve this problem

myself. I would watch both shows and compare them. I came to the conclusion that thinking too much and feeling too much weren't good. One couldn't override the other. I began to use both in equal measure. However, to this day, Sesame Street has left its psychological scar. I still overanalyze stuff and I'm hardly ever spontaneous.