

Reflection: Built Different – The Plight of 80s Kids

You know, sometimes I wonder how any of us 80s kids made it out alive. We were built a little differently. Seatbelts? Optional. Helmets? Rarely. Sunscreen? What's that? Half of us rode in the back of pickup trucks going 60 down the highway, and the other half were left at the mall with a quarter for the payphone.

We drank water straight from the garden hose, ate cereal that was 90% sugar, and survived playgrounds made of solid steel, concrete, and—if we were lucky—rusted chains. No soft foam padding, no safety labels, just “good luck, kid, try not to break an arm.”

And let's not forget Saturday mornings—when cartoons raised us and commercials convinced us we needed everything from G.I. Joes to neon slap bracelets. Somehow, those neon shoelaces gave us strength.

Sure, the world calls us reckless, but maybe we were just resourceful. We knew how to entertain ourselves with a stick, a cassette tape, and a bike with no brakes. We knew what it meant to scrape a knee, brush it off, and keep pedaling.

The plight of the 80s kid wasn't easy—but hey, it made us strong, scrappy, and maybe just a little feral. And let's be honest: we wouldn't trade it for anything."