

The Day I Realized That Maybe Children Movies Aren't Meant For Kids

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One of the hidden perks of being an Ate to a three year old is that parts of your childhood resurface every now and then. The bittersweet feeling of nostalgia spreads to your system, memories from way back then start playing a vague slideshow in your mind, and you also get the joy of seeing your baby sister enjoy some things the same way you did when you were younger.

The other day, when I was given the task to babysit while my mom did errands, my baby sister approached me with a CD in her hand, asking me to put it in the DVD player. I was busy writing my business plan so anything to keep her distracted was fine with me. I looked at the movie she chose, and saw that she wanted to watch *Ratatouille*, a film about the rat who can cook.

I was trying to write about our business concept and how it can appeal to our target markets, when my attention was slowly being taken away by the film in front of my sister and I. After awhile, I found myself completely ditching my work to watch the movie instead.

I ended up feeling really inspired by Remy and his passion towards cooking. He never gave up, kept going and going despite the numerous limits that appeared before him. There were a lot of obstacles that should've discouraged him enough to give up on his dreams but he didn't. He was a rat, seen as a scum on the streets, known as nothing but a rodent that steals and spreads diseases. However, he didn't let that define him and dared to be different. He took up the challenge to

chase his dreams and fortunately, he won the battle against all odds. He was even labeled as nothing less than the finest chef in France.

By the end of the movie, I was in tears while my baby sister remained the same— smiling and giggling at the little creatures in front of her. My heart was hurting while the credits were rolling, because I was moved. Since when were children movies this sad? Why did it feel like my childhood memories were trying to contact me— trying to break the walls I've created so hard for myself? Why did it feel like Pixar and Disney both gave me a hard slap on the face as well; as if to wake me up from something?

I realized one thing while I was composing myself after bawling beside my sister, and it's that maybe children movies aren't really for kids. The movie didn't do anything to my baby sister, she was okay by the end of it, unaffected by the story. She easily moved on to her toys when the screen went black while I was still reflecting on it minutes after.

The movie helped me to see another perspective on things, or more so on myself, and the kind-of-sad lifestyle I'm allowing myself to live in right now. It revealed to me of how sad I've become because I allowed the colorful world I've created as a child to turn into a monochrome place filled with just reality and practicality— leaving no room for fun, adventure and wonder. It's amazing to think that a simple movie who's target audience was probably 5-8 year olds helped me see what I've been looking for. It inspired me to begin again, that even those who come from the lowest of places still dream and never give up, and if they can beat the odds then

maybe I can too. If the little chef from the sewers who used to chew up used wrappers for dinner was able to cook for the top critics of France and get good recognition from them, then I, the normal girl from Metro Manila, can reach that level as well— maybe even higher. Who cares if I don't have the means right now? if I have passion then I know I'll be able to keep on going.

So maybe children movies aren't really meant for kids. Maybe they're there to touch the hearts of adults, to bring them back to who they once were before they were manipulated by the cruelty of society's evil side. They're there to show us that we should never stop dreaming and that the only thing stopping us from our goals is ourselves. They teach us that happy endings are possible, to never give up and that we shouldn't stop ourselves from believing that we all deserve good things and that everything is possible just as long as we have passion.

Children movies are there to help us in never losing sight of who we truly are, to remind us of the innocence and purity that we once had and how that drove us to dream big and to look at the world with open hearts.