

Who Am I? DRAFT #1

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Part A: All About Me

I was born on November 2, 2005 at Taos Holy Cross Hospital. I had managed to wrap my neck in the umbilical cord such that I had to be removed from my mother's stomach by c-section. Part of my conceptualization involved a custody battle between my mother and father. This custody battle forced my father to sell a 1968 Chevrolet Camaro Super Sport in order to pay for his lawyer, I would be driving it around today had he not sold it. Long story short, my father won custody over me and I have lived out the first fifteen years of my life in a large house next to the [Taos Country Club](#) with him.

I bear crawled before I crawled normally and, according to my father, ran before I walked. In the courtroom where my parents allowed their lawyers to fight for the right of raising me, it was the first time I'd been able to see my father in months; I heard his voice and ran down the courtroom walkway to him as soon as I was out of my mother's hold, I was three years old. The reason for this custody battle boils down to the fact that my mother "kidnapped" me in the attempt to extricate me from the "abusive" hands of my father (the exact details of this don't have the need to be related here, but know that all is fine with my situation now). My mother obtained possession of me without the legal authority to do so a handful of times, the exact chronological order of these events is vague at best and the only way to decide if it exactly would be to scrounge through court transcripts and other documents, an endeavor that I don't want to partake in as I have exerted enough mental energy throughout my lifetime being concerned with my early childhood.

The initial arrangement of my custody situation was one that most kids in a situation similar to mine have had, shared custody; my father would have me for a week, then my mother would have me for a week (perhaps it was some other period of time, I can't remember). Of the time spent with my father I have quite literally no recollection, they were spent either with my father's ex wife, a woman whom I've grown to know as my grandma or playing video games; I don't remember going to school, it must have been before I was enrolled in anything beyond a daycare, again my memories overlap quite a bit chronologically. Come

to think of it my mother and father have never married.

A woman named Dawn (I believe "Dawn" is short for "Dawna," I know, quite the truncation) at one point was my mother's landlord. Dawn had a treehouse in the backyard on an old tree, I believe it's a Chinese elm, the treehouse was removed the last time I saw the property, but I didn't get the best view so I may have just not seen it. One time inside of the treehouse, on my own, there was a wasp, and I guess the wasp sensed my fear of it because it stung me square on the nose, it was the first time I remember being stung; I descended the latter with a blister on the tip of my nose to my mother and Dawn, when I entered the threshold of the door with tears dripping down my face my mother and Dawn got honey and put it on my nose. For some reason I associate this memory with bears I believe I asked about why bears like honey or something, this association likely came from [Winnie The Pooh](#).