We are all ruled to some extent by subconscious misgivings. These are typically triggered by the memory of significant or traumatic events in our lives. In order to free oneself from such crippling limitations, one must first recall and examine one’s most personal and submerged experiences and consciously rationalize their implication. Only then can the subconscious make a parallel realization and cease its domineering fixation on the past.

The following is a personal inquiry into several psychological attributes I believe I possess. I have jotted down the majority of my personal memories as far back as I can remember.

**The events and details described below are of an extremely sensitive nature. If you are not the author of this document and happen to stumble across it, I would ask that you please consider your own private memories and hidden secrets. If you would not appreciate someone else prying into such things, please do me the favor of closing this document and deleting it from wherever it is that I have mistakenly placed a digital or physical copy.**

What do I remember?

-Victoria Kindergarten

-Good orange juice. Kinda tastes like Fruite (which is why I like it so much)

-Three friends, one girl

-Green rooms

-HKIS

-Rubber-tile playground

-I took the bus to school. This big fucking kid with not a lot of hair and a round face sat with me. Let me play this awesome fighter jet game on his Nokia. Made this weird joke – “you should never do this (index and thumb wrap) on your chin, you know why? You might shoot yourself (with your index and thumb like a gun)”

-Even five year old me knew it was a lame joke

-Told me to tell my dad, I smiled and shook my head. He told my dad. My dad gives an awkward smile.

-Was into fighter jets. Would pretend to fly one and shoot at stuff. Starfox 64. Book about fighter jets with a grey one pointing right at the reader on the cover. I would pretend the exhaust pipes were guns.

-Waist-height horizontal bar on wooden stand

-Pushing a kid down and kicking him in the chest?

-Spat on a kid/put boogers on him

-Got in trouble, “even as I did it, I knew I was going to be in trouble”

-Red gravel playground on rooftop

-Yellow jungle gym

-Bleachers and fenced area on the side, atop of everything else

-Blue walls

-Crush on Kelly; (Jackie? – triangle shaped head) did too

-Messing with the girls (Kelly?) and subsequently provoking big kid (James?)

-Fought often with James. Got kicked in the nuts next to the fenced area (on the ground though)

-Became official “friends” with James. He urges me to play soccer with him, “that’s what friends do, they play together”

-This is grade one I think

-Justin Kwan (other class) is told to make sure I don’t get into trouble

-We don’t hang out sometimes because he plays tag on the jungle gym

-I don’t want to join the gang; hang around and say “no” when asked to play

-Excluding Paul. Made him cry, teachers mandate us to include him. I feel it is not fair (should not be obligated).

-Pokémon Puzzle League – I was in awe at the way the computer chained things up. Never could do it myself though. Anthony once beat Gary in hard mode by button mashing. Dad played too. Gary was surprisingly hard for level 1.

-The school itself

-One ‘red’ classroom (Grade 1), one ‘blue’ classroom (Grade 2)

-Anna was in red classroom

-Showed her ghost impression “wooooo.” Hey, I thought it was pretty good.

-Friends with everyone

-Golden-brown hair. Ponytail, I think. Brown eyes. Nice

-Rainbow colored railway

-Do a lot of stupid shit

-Moon entire class (about forty kids) when they are gathered around me in a circle (red classroom) because teacher was gone for a moment

-When she came back my pants were still down (Mrs. Martin?)

-Got in trouble for that one

-Showed my table group my foreskin (blue classroom)

-Specifically to Samantha, who I thought was cute though I wouldn’t admit it even to myself

-Get scolded at home

-Get spanked by yellow plastic toy golf club

-Boys vs. girls chopstick contest – mom was volunteering as official

-James on my side; we lose

-Lots of mooning. Doing things for attention

-Mandarin classes – red folder with dark blue borders and letters

-Anthony

-His mom made good apple custard

-Chased me around with BB Gun

-The “cool” kid

-Jockey Club – “fun leng”

-Raiden 2 arcade game

-Some kind of fight with Jonathan Lai. Scratch on the face. At Wei Wei’s house

-Grade 1 and 2, (whole years) was in HKIS

-Grade 2 was Mrs. Murphy I think. Brown haired teacher

-*See Fung Sao*

-Made it to 7 stars

-Got 8 once at home

-Was damned disappointed. Saw the list of people who had gotten 8s, one of them was five years old, I was six

-They had a clear bowl of orange candies wrapped in some kind of reflective wrapping

-Good candies

-Mrs. Zimmerman. Games.

-Actually is counseling

-Connect 4? Something else? Sushi for lunch.

-Sandy bay and climbing the cliff. Instant noodles and eggs. Green popsicle with cream inside.

-Repulse bay – learning to swim. “One-little, two-little, three-little… (Indians?)” – dad. Swam to the platform with floaty wings

-Moved to Taiwan to begin Grade 3 (mid-term?). In TBS after not getting into TAS (cause, y’know…)

-Ray and his fat friend Lorry

-Ray: slightly brown hair, skinny, narrow eyes, ‘dark Asian’

-Lorry was alright

-Day 1: me, awkward as I am, watch their gang through the railing

-“He’s spying on us!”

-Get chased down the asphalt curve

-Fights happen

-Chasing Ray, he steps on my shoe, I trip. Him: “I still got it”

-He kicks me in stomach. Fly into berserker mode. Chase him up curve, cause ruckus in the line trying to hit him. Stays just out of the way.

-School calls home again. Trouble.

-Mom and dad both mad, a lot of tension and stress

-New library mandate: I must, from now on, spend recess only in the library, not to go outside

-I grudgingly obey

-Start reading a lot. I used to read quite a bit – magic tree house, but now I really get into it. 200 – 300 pages a day.

-Meet a kid called Jeremy in the library

-Talk with Jeremy about Mario 64. Have little idea what he is saying because he insists on using mandarin

-He is good friends with Jimmy Chen – Mr. Shephard’s class. Grade 3 (Year 4)

-Saw them experimenting once. They touched tongues. “mind your own business”

-Math competitions start in class. Who can finish the fastest, etc.

-Jimmy and Alfred main competitors

-I beat Ray – “doesn’t mean you got them right”

-Cafeteria fries soggy but good

-I start Musa germs with… Cosmas Grelon? Jeremy? Alfred Tsai? Patrick (came in Year 5)

-Mr. Shephard tells me Musa might find it offensive

-Patrick comes in Year 5, speaks with American accent

-In Year 5 it evolves into multiple germs and is a game we play, (me, Jimmy, Alfred, Cosmas)

-Because Lucy is hot, we name her the goddess of sex and pretend to be disgusted

-She takes offense in an IT class

-Germ meetings in library

-Also chess. I am the best. Alfred next, then Jimmy.

-Hope is an African girl. Very kind

-Remembered I was afraid of balloons (I think it came out in Year 4), and in a Year 5 science lab, made sure none popped

-Carpooled to school with a hired driver and this fat kid (went to his house once, he had Kirby 64 and played these secret levels I never even knew existed)

-I was an asshole

-Rude to the driver a lot. He was a good guy, bought me candy and shit.

-Some conflict started between me and the kid. I remember fashioning tin foil into a crude ‘knife’ and attacking/threatening him with it

-Dad made ‘Ray Jokes’ with koala bear

-Celebii.net

-I loved Star Wars

-I would play this never-ending movie in my head

-I was this great galactic emperor who wielded the lightsabre and the force

-Lucy Finnegan was my second in command/romantic partner

-I had an army at my control

-Would play out huge battle scenes in my head