It is a Friday evening, already dark outside. The cold of the winter is flowing through the narrow slits of the window. The disturbingly bright light is filling the room. The only sound in the room is silence, broken with the heavy breathing of a man. He is wearing no shirt, lying on a bed in the white room. On his chest, he has his hands wrapped around a small thing. He is happy, you can tell by the looks on his face. (Knock, knock). “Please step inside” he whispers. A woman enters the room, seemingly exhausted and sweaty like she just came back from a run. I feel warmth. I feel like I never did before. I am born.

This is not how the actions on the day I was born developed. He was not there and she was not seeing me the day I introduced myself to the world. It is November. I was not planned to be born yet. He is not in town, not even in the country. He had a meeting. A meeting he needed to attend. I am not disappointed; how could I be. I was impatient. The day for which my birth date was planned is in the future from now. Exactly said, in 2920 hours I was supposed to be born. Maybe hours are not the adequate unit of time measurement, let me try again. Exactly said, in 121 days or four months I was supposed to be born. The chances of survival when being born four months early are less than one percent. She, having had one miscarriage before was more than nervous when finding out she was pregnant and really did her best to ensure everything surrounding the birth going well. But, as I was at the time, very impatient, I couldn’t wait. I couldn’t wait four more months. I enter the world with just 935 grams and less than 30cm of body length.

She called the doctor saying she has a strange feeling and shocks with smaller getting intervals between them and received the response of directly heading to the hospital. He, at the moment in Italy hears the news and tries to get the next plane ticket to Hamburg. Of course, as unplanned as my birth, is the booking of a plane to Germany. He chartered a small plane and had a business friend fly him over to Munich, the closest airport allowed to fly to. During the flight, his best friend took his week-old car down to Munich, so that He could drive nearly 800km to Hamburg. It is the very night. Late, or early, but dark outside and the roads are wet and slippery. He jumps in the car and says, “If you want to arrive safe, get out and take the train.” “I didn’t drive here to take the train back”, a man answers calmly. The drive takes just four hours. Google maps suggests an average travel time of eight hours at legal speed limits. 12 speeding tickets were collected, endless cigarettes smoked out of the windows and driven was very fast. After all his son was about to be born any minute now.

The heart rate monitor alarm goes off. You can hear a heavily breathing woman. She seems to be in pain, though having been induced with more painkillers than in any way possible. “How is this possible?”, a second woman is asking in a distressed voice. “I don’t know”, is the response, given by an elderly man. The umbilical cord is wrapped around my limbs several times, making it impossible for the doctors to safely show me the light. “We have to perform a caesarean section”. Hours later, still on the road. Driving nearly two hundred kilometres per hour on a street where you would lose your driving license with less than half of the speed the car is travelling at. The barriers of a train passing are slowly closing. Already at halt, a car burst through them, just under a minute the train would have estimated to be at that spot. Only a few more minutes to drive to the end of the journey. Blue and red lights are illuminating the clear night sky behind the car, following it through town until it gets to a halt right in front of the Hospital. He jumps out of the car, sprinting into the hospital, whereas his best friend waits and explains to the police what just happened. He opened the door to the delivery room. A woman is lying on the bed, seemingly not moving at all. I was born, but taken away. She is lying on the bed, unconscious from the stress the procedure exposed her to. He runs over to the woman, fearing the worst, bursting into tears and beginning to cry. “She is alive, barely and unconscious” the elderly man calmly states, while entering the room. He claims that the birth procedure was successful, in the limits of the word allows it and that he could see his son if he wanted to. He waited by the bed until his wife woke up, minutes later. I was supposed to stay in the incubator for two weeks. My lungs were underdeveloped and I needed artificial respiration. Moments later, after starting the respiration machine, I took off the mask that was supposed to keep me alive. They told my parents, that I should not possibly have been able to physically take off that mask on my own, when my parents arrived to see me for the first time. This is the story of my birth. And it is not the usual story, just like the rest of my life is not the usual story. I was destined to die within the first week of my life, the doctors said. – I didn´t. It is a miracle he is even alive for now, they said. He will never be able to do sports, they said. –I was northern German champion in traditional boxing for three consecutive years and rowed for the national team. He will be mentally slow, they said. – Mensa offered me the best education possible after determining my mental abilities when I was fourteen. Every possible way that there could be disadvantages, they would likely arise. They called it a miracle. They called me a miracle.

I am a rather normal developed person, not having any consequences of my unusual birth today and never had. The only sign of an unusual beginning of life, is my slightly below average body height. As long as I can remember, I have felt as though I am wired differently to my peers. Perhaps this is due to my mixed German and Chinese heritage. The Chinese and German national Culture are rather different in some aspects, but very similar in others. Personally, I would not define or rather subordinate myself entirely to one of both, but rather as part of both.

My Name is Ty Yiu and I am the impossible child.