**1: I was an awesome baby…**

**2: Childhood, a time for learning**

**3: The morphing years (School)**

**4: What did I do in these years?**

**5: Adolescence final years of innocence.**

**I was an awesome baby…**

May 12th 2002, something very special happened, I was born and a new era of incredible awesomeness and peace was brought around, nah I’m just messing with ya, all that truly happened is that I was born in the Grande Prairie Hospital. I was brought home and for the first few months of me being a child I was pretty quiet. We moved down from Northern BC into the house I now live in with my father and I have been there for as long as I can remember. I never cried loudly as a baby and I generally kept my mouth shut. As my mother says, I, was perfect.

**Me as Alex**

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**Childhood a time for learning**

When I was three I was once playing with a beautiful toy convertible, seriously thou if you’re squeamish then skip the next part. As I was playing with this toy car in our sunroom at my father’s I fell. As I fell I landed with my forehead onto the windshield of the car and bruised my forehead. As I sat there crying my mother was sitting beside me and saw the bruise begin to swell. It swelled until it split and blood drained down my face. My mother quickly hustled me into her car and we took off to the old medical clinic in Sexsmith. There my mother asked the standing doctor what she should do to my fore head. His response was “if only we had some glue…” And you know what the best part was. With my mother being a vet she had some on hand and glued me back together herself. After that I only had one other injury and I’ll tell you about that one to. A couple months after the car incident, still don’t trust convertibles to this day, I was feeling little kid stupid again. At this time my parents were setting up their clinic and they had a pamphlet shelf leaning against the wall. I walked up to it and began playing around and somehow managed to kick, punch or use some extremity to hit it, anyway the shelf began to fall with me underneath it. I stayed still and had the bookshelf land on my head. My mother again drove me to the local medical center and once again was told that I was not too seriously injured. So remember people of all ages, don’t trust convertibles and heavy objects are not meant to land on your head.

**The morphing years (School)**

At age four I was a brilliant Homo sapien, I knew how to sing my abc’s and I did multiplication and other math problems. As well at this time I did my first scientific experiment, I was sitting on the ground with a board and dowels to hammer through it. I was hammering and all of a sudden accidentally hit myself in the head with the mallet, I began to cry and crawled away. Later I came back and began hammering again, I hit a few times looked at the mallet and whacked myself in the head, I again cried and crawled away. I came back a third time and before I even hit the dowels, I looked at the mallet whacked myself in the head, cried and crawled away. That was the day I learned, it wasn’t hitting the dowel that hurt it was when the hammer hit me that it hurt. In September of that year I began preschool near Robert W. Zeharah. As a preschooler I was more generally a loner and preferred actions without other children. After This I began my first years in St.Marys and have stayed there since then.

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**Adolescence final years of innocence**

In these last five years I have done more things than every other year put together. Two years ago I visited my family in Germany. We ran around Germany for a few weeks and met with our family and then took a bus to Paris to run around there for a bit, you know, Eiffel tower, arc de triumph and the louvre. After that I have done as many sports as possible and have even done mini chariots at TeePee creek stampede. But soon my years of adolescence will begin and I will have to add another part to my memoir, but for now I will enjoy my young innoce

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