

Bif Naked

"Obsessed W/ Childhood"

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I have to tell you I'm obsessed with my childhood. I never pooped! Im serious I hated pooping..i never did it. I refused to poo as a child; mostly I couldn't. It wasn't meat loaf, it wasn't chicken or rice, it wasn't 6 hotdogs at lunch with craft dinner on top, it wasn't sloppy joes, it wasn't inactivity, I just never ever pooped. My parents had this house on Milanockit Court that had a bathroom upstairs, and had a door in the hallway and the master bedroom, they use to close the hallway door, open the bedroom door. Sit me on the potty, and pull the TV in there, ya know so id sit and watch and wait. I mean hours, I must have been rotting inside. It would be like a week in-between. I discussed this at length with my mom, and she was concerned thinking she fed me to much meat and stuff. But you know what I say, my two sisters had no problem pooping, and they ate the same suppers, it was just me. I was sick as a child, I mean I was always sick! If I fell off my bike and got a scrape, it would be infected. When I had the chicken pox, I was hospitalized. Because each pox was infected, each one! In my eyelids, everywhere! The nurses had to dab each pox with a medicated cotton ball. My dad use to take us camping, one time I stepped on a dirty nail, ya know like rusty, bare foot, my whole heel became infected, it was huge!! My heel was the size of volleyball. I had to go to the doctor and get it drained. I was soo ticklish all the time, it 5 or 6 doctors and nurses to hold me down, and then the feeling of the lancid heel. I was screammng my older sister was laughing her head off, right there. I had Scarletina this one time, and was quarantined, I had a tonsillectomy, I even remember one time in the hospital, of course for you know the reason. A nurse was trying to put a repository in my rear end, and I was squirming and wiggling and giggling, ya know cause I was getting tickled. Then I'd cry cause I was all tense, ya know and it hurt, sooner or later I had to make a run for it, to the bathroom. BOY those nurses sure got mad at me for leaving a trail. Someone's always mad hey. Ya know I took lots of things as a kid, ballet and jazz, dance, soccer, piano, I was always in trouble, always being a

ham. When I was 5 we were all on the stage, with these cardboard clocks, like ya know 2 feet across, tied around us with string like a sandwich board. We were all moving our arms back and forth, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock. I was wearing red buckle shoes that I know. Well my string broke and the clock fell off, right there on stage and I just stood there..frozen and balling! The teacher had to walk right on to the stage and carry me off. Ya know I reacted the same way when that stage-diver-crowd-surfer kicked my microphone into my teeth. HEY, the more things change. I quit all of it eventually. Dance class cause I got lazy, soccer cause I grew boobs, and piano cause my teacher Mrs. Davis, got mad at me and called me a stupid girl and banged my hands on the keys. Ya know I was even a cheerleader. HEY, in grade 6 in Kentucky, it was a cool thing. S-U-C-C-E-S-S THAT'S THE WAY WE SPELL SUCCESS! I can't believe it, V-I-C-T-O-R-Y VICTORY VICTORY IS ARE CRY..GOTTA GOOO! That's how it went I really don't remember the hand movements, but ah I was never one of the popular cheerleaders. I remember this girl April, was very popular, and this other girl Jennifer was very popular, they were like we were all in grade 6 but they had bodies of 17-yr. old people. And they looked like Fara Faucet, ya know, all blond with feathered hair and endless teeth, I didn't look like that. I wonder if my dad didn't move us around so much, what if I would have turned out different? Ya know normal. Or am I? ahh im obsessed with my childhood, cause I don't think im fully grown up, are u? I mean really? I am my inner child, I had to search for my inner adult, and im still look'n. I still eat 6 hotdogs for lunch, there just vegetarian now.

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