

My Life

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This is the story of the adventure that life has taken me on since I was very young.

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Chapter 1 - How I came to Be

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1 - How I came to Be

My life began in a very violent place. I was originally born in Israel near Jerusalem. Oddly enough, a small china town was built there, and that's where I lived for the first years into life. I never knew my mother or father. I was told that my mother was alone when she gave birth to me, and then died a few months later of an upper respiratory disease. I was taken in by a chinese couple who had already seen their own children grow up. They treated me very well, and I loved them as if they were blood of my blood. They tried very hard to get me to learn Japanese, as that was my mothers background. I learned both Chinese and Japanese while I lived with them. I knew more kanji at age ten than most adults in Japan know.

We were very poor. My father, as I called him, went to work in a factory all day while mother stayed in china town and sold chickens and other produce. I usually went out and played with the other children; either exploring abandoned buildings or torturing cats (nothing real bad); what normal little boys did.

But in the spring of 2001, a group of palestinians attacked the areas around Jerusalem. This wasn't an unsusal occurance. Palestinians were constantly at war with Israel. But this time they attacked china town for some reason. It's still not clear to me why. It happened at night. I heard gun fire and shouting outside of my room. They stormed into our little house and grabbed me and my parents and drug us out back. They talked amongst themselves for a while. They held mom and dad by the back of their necks, shoving their faces against the back wall of the house. One man put his boot on top of my head against the ground to keep me from moving.

Then they shot my mom and dad, and left me in the mud. I was angry, I was torn and ripped, and all I could do was cry. I couldn't bring myself to touch them. The dead always scared me. Militia came by during sunrise and took away their bodies, then tried to question me, but I couldn't understand their language. I had only been taught Chinese and Japanese. They became fed up and then they too left me in the mud. I sat there for a good part of that day until I went inside and slept.

The next day I took the little savings that mom and dad had, along with a small suitcase of clothing and memories and left Israel for the United States, but unfortunately to get there you need a passport, something that I didn't have, so I had to settle for some country in Africa. I don't think I ever knew the name of that country. I just told the translator that I wanted out.

Ok, so as I had said I left for africa. At this time I was about 15. I lived on the streets of a small city wich didn't seem much different from china town, except it was alot hotter, and porrer. I got a job in a factory, or like you call it a "sweat shop." I met a man there named Jun that was part of a rebel gang. I didn't know that until after I met the men in the gang. Again I only knew Japanese or Chinese. But we didn't need to talk. I could understand Jun by the tone in his voice and the motions he made with his hands. Usually he complained. Im not sure what about all of the time, but I think most of the time Jun complained about the job.

Jun had me follow him after work one day and that's when I met with the gang. I was initiated, I think, or else they were just having fun. Either way I began hanging out with them whenever I wasnt at the

factory. They became my family. I helped them attack whoever it was that they were at war with, usually guys in green uniforms. I think they were the police. I never did any killing. I was a runner, if that sounds right. In exchange for my help they gave me a place to stay, clothing to wear, and began to teach me their language, which strangely turned out to be english. I learned the alphabet, how to shout "danger", or "run", and many useful nouns. After about six months I finally was able to carry on a conversation in english, although it wasn't anything like what I can do now.

The following year they had a victory over who they called "the man". There was much celebrating. I was told that it had lasted a long time. Then the leader of the group, a man named Chungo, arranged for me to get a passport so that I could return to my home country. He even offered to pay for my plane ticket, but I had already saved up enough to pay for it. He still gave me some to live off of in Japan once I arrived.

Landing in Japan was probably the scariest things that had happened to me. There were so many buildings so close together, and so many people everywhere. And they all wore westernized clothing. I had worn my best Chinese suit. I felt so out of place again. I had no clothing like them. And again, I was stuck to the streets. I wandered around looking at all of the giant lighted signs and all of the amazing things to buy. It was like... a giant bazaar that they would have once a year in china town, only this one seemed to last all the time.

I sat down outside of one of the shops to go to sleep. No one was out anymore. I had just about dozed off when a lady asked me what I was doing. This may sound strange, but I didn't see anything wrong with sleeping where I was. I do now, but not then. I told her that I was trying to sleep. She seemed confused and asked me where my family was. I told her that I didn't have one. I told her a little about where I came from, not as much as I have written. I didn't think she had any business where my family was anyways. But she was nice and told me to stay at her house for the night. So I did.

The next day she took me to this office building downtown. I think that it was like a child protection service. The lady there asked me a lot of questions like "how old are you" and "where is your family" and "why are you here". So I told them, a little. I was afraid to tell them that I was in a gang. Then I was told that until I am of age I have to live with an adult. The lady that found me said that she would take care of me. I wasn't formally adopted by her until last year when we both decided that it would be a good idea.

I was then enrolled into a school, I guess a pretty high standing school after taking a reasoning test to see where I stood. I guess I was pretty high on the chart. For the past two years I've taken remedial classes (including computing and english), and next year I'll begin on a two year high school course. After that who knows. Im content right now. But who knows about the future. Maybe I'll move to america, but with the way your dick president is running things, maybe not for a while.

Thats' my story.