

# Bif Naked, Obsessed With Childhood

I have to tell you I am obsessed with my childhood. I never pooped. I'm serious, I hated pooing, I remember that chicken and rice, it wasn't six hot-dogs at lunch with kraft dinner on top, it wasn't sloppy joe's, it was that that had a bathroom upstairs. it had a door in the hallway and a door in the master bedroom. they were here you know, so I'd sit and watch and wait. I mean hours. I must have been rotting inside it would be concerned thinking she fed me too much meat and stuff. but you know what I say, my two sisters had a bathroom. 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. I dabbed each pock with a medicated cotton ball. my dad used to take us camping, and this one time I fell off (Ghs). it was huge! my heel was the size of a volleyball! I had to go to the doctor and get it drained. It felt like the lance of hell, and I was screaming. my older sister was laughing her head off, right there. Remember one time in the hospital, of course for you know the reason. a nurse was trying to put a suppository. Ticked. then I'd cry, cause I was all tense, you know, and it hurt. sooner or later, I had to make a run for it to the bathroom.

You know, I took lots of things as a kid; ballet and jazz, dance, soccer, piano. I was always in trouble, you know, two feet across, tied around us with string, like a sandwich board. we were all moving on stage. Know. well, my string broke and the clock fell off, night there on stage, I just stood there, frozen, and the same way when that stagedivin' crowd surfer kicked my microphone into my teeth. hey, the more you dance, and piano cause my teacher

Her, Mrs. Davies, got mad at me and called me a stupid girl and banged my hands on the keys. you know, it's the way we spell success!. I can't believe it. (laughs) v-i-c-t-o-r-y, victory, victory is our cry gotta be. I was never one of the popular cheerleaders. I remember this girl April was very popular, and this one was like E, bodies of 17 year old people. and, and hey looked like Farrah Fawcett, you know all blond with feathered hair. Us around so much, what if I woulda turned out different? you know, normal? or am I? i, I'm obsessed with my inner child. i

Had to search for my inner adult. and I'm still lookin'. I still eat 6 hot dogs for lunch, they're just veggie