

Infancy years (Reception year 1 & 2)

Sunday 27 May 2019

My earliest memories go back to when I was around five years old; though I cannot recall any names of the boys and girls I had played games with during the weekdays at school or the long weekends out in the community. However, I can still recall the happy times of being included with the children I played with in the school playground and the village. I vaguely have only a patch of memory that I played games with my brother, sisters, and cousins. In terms of ever being bullied by any other children, I haven't any evidence that it ever occurred to me or any other pupils on the Island of St. Kitts. I only remember having a fantastic time as a youngster.

We boys fool around; we climb trees not owned by our families and throw stones at mango trees to knock them off the branches. Another game we played was getting a firm stick and a bicycle wheel recovered from the dump, and we removed the tyre and placed the bar in the groove of the bike wheel. And then, we would begin to push and run with the wheel along the ground. The moment the wheel became balanced, momentum built up, and the wheel span fast as we continued to shove the wheel with the stick in the groove of the bike wheel. So, we raced along the smooth road, lightly flurries with dirt dust, and the soil surface was hot, baked hard by the sun. If without foot ware anyone dares to thread the paths, their feet will get parched.

The roads leading out of the village had tarmac and some portions melted from the sun's heat. The surface would get sticky; we all obeyed our guardians' guidelines back then and were careful not to wander out of the village; otherwise, we were harshly disciplined. I followed my guardian and community way of life and did what they said kids did, namely, "go out and play." My curiosity led to learning outcomes. I would observe adults' behaviours and feel comfortable deep within myself by not performing to the way the adults' acted.

I think that from the moment I could finally stand upright and walk, I have had the overwhelming urge and excitement to explore the natural world around me and would be in constant amazement with what the adult world had achieved. I recall being fascinated first and foremost by ***flying machines. To my mind, the helicopter had been the first best invention ever made by adults,*** followed by trains, buses, cars, houses, and buildings with fantastic architecture.

I also grappled with numbers, symbols, and formulas; The method that proved ideas was challenging for me to replicate and correct, working out to everyone else's verifying that gives the affirmative answer; I used to get some errors in my calculation. But, nevertheless, my very young brain thought that mathematics was the *natural* and intelligible way to derive absolutes of truths even before seeing the material or the component of the thing in existence (or having the means to invent what the mind has abstracted and calculated is possible to make).

I was fascinated by all the things that inhabit the world with me, and the inventions produced by humans. The seemingly mundane habits that are part of behaviour for the species always looked exotic, and I was interested in observing them. Domesticated animals were idling around the neighbourhood while some were asleep curled beneath their owner's timber house mounted on splinter infected wood pillars. Yet others were balled roundly under the shaded area of their owner's marauder's canopy — special care would be given to the animals that were nourished to breed, mainly for value. Their products were harvested to make things like clothes or give milk to sustain

our human body, and some species were killed to be part of the food chain and for other species to eat.

I remember we owned a pig but no other domestic animals. I am not sure if we owned a donkey, but we did ride one to go up the mountain trails to carry equipment for exploring the mountain terrain. Our guardians were very kind and always made sure never to overload the animal and would walk the donkey down the tropical mountain. ***The beauty and fan-buoyancy display of species of birds and plant life were astonishing. I would watch the grace of the stillness in plants growth. As the season changed, they adapted to the conditions and continued flourishing and reproducing new plant life.***

I would stare at hummingbirds taking nectar from flowers for hours, and my child mind saw its first miracle lizards tail get chopped off and saw that it grew back in a few days stunned me and cheekiness of monkeys was funny until I saw adults sees than as a nuisance.

I would look and follow the trails of ants as they attacked creatures much more prominent than themselves, carrying objects like dead beetles, leaves more substantial than themselves that must be heavy for them and take it for long distances to the colonies. It looked effortless, non-exhausting, such that no ant died or collapsed from share exhaustion; I suspected the same ants were returning in their thousands to ravaged again.

I was intrigued, my child's brain was always trying to grow connections fast, but my child mind was still slowly developing. Time was moving slow, I waited long for another day, but still, I could not cram everything I wanted to know now into my memory cavity. I couldn't understand all the things that were jammed in the small space of my thinking mind.

The insects, birds, and animal communication; My, oh my, what wonders! Life on the planet is magnificent; it was taking my breath, I gasped, the beauty of it all. I was amazed.

My wonders were even more heightened with blissful pleasures in my mind, which were more than equal to the excitement of opening a long-awaited present "that's all I ever want"! I looked at the beautiful patterns of the sky in the daytime, enjoyable, and the very first time I looked up into the night sky was excellently excellent. I had climbed out of bed and looked through the window, and it was a specular experience to have a focused gaze as the moon cascading its impressive gentle glowing shine upon the earth and the sparkling beauty of stars!!

I was wowed because ***my child's vocabulary had not yet formed a word or a way to describe what my child's brain was taking in. It took my child's mind beyond itself to experience a different sense outside his human feelings, with a physical body with extrarenal feels and emotional nature with talk.*** I discovered permeating energy within myself. The entire universe was full of this stuff, keeping living things alive and putting small and large things into existence. The smallest I know of were insects, ants, and the immense, vast sky. I felt connected to an invisible power source. The energy forced things to and fro, kept things from falling, kept the dead entirely dead, and brought life anew. The creatures that I knew about or had seen their furs or scaley skin during these early years, the snake, for one, gave me lasting chills. I got excessively stressed with fear and panicky if I was anywhere near them. My child's brain was experiencing the same feelings of "chills, " an uneasy uncomfortableness with bad adult habits and behaviours.

Adults intrigued me but were also puzzling, and I was even more puzzled that they had fights that sometimes turned to wars. The terrible, wickedness of our species that people's actions can be inhumane, worse than beastly instincts cruelty of wild animals. But this child's brain (me) thinks!!!

How can that be? We are human beings, born as human beings, and strive to be better and better. So, what is it that makes our species worse than wild animals? Were these people born without a conscience and a mindset lower in intuitive ideas and high in the beastly instinctual cruel wild animals' ability? ***From the cradle to the grave, they aren't indeed human beings unless they nurtured nature's qualities in themselves that made people empathic and humane.*** The wrong beastly instincts in people are an easy-to-use chaos disruption in the human being that interferes with getting accurate, genuine, and perfect human beings.

The best that people can be people ought to be. Therefore, people need to train, practise, and develop a moral "self". From the first few times, I witness drunken men staggering out of pubs or the off licence, better known as the liquor store, collapsing on the dusty road, and getting hoisted up by partners almost equally as drunk as they. One of my earlier childhood memories was tied to the shock from observing adult pleasures without the violence that getting drunk can have on people. I promised myself I would never stray to a state of drunkenness on alcohol when I grew up. The drunken man, with no sense of direction, swaying and mumbling muddled talk and continued to cling to the bottle, continually trying to drink from it, spilling the alcoholic liquid on his chest. The child assumed the drink had also spilt on the ground, and the man lost control of his mind.

The children had spread a rumour that the house on top of a bushy hill with dense knobbly forest trees and thick undergrowth that has a winey pathway to get to it. They would say that a crazy mad, and drunken older woman lived in that house who screamed and ran around the house naked. They also said that when the night became spooky, she turned into a witch. The children were scared to go there. I was not convinced to believe witchery and became suspicious and curious. I knew I was exceptionally different from my peers' group because I also had concerns about adults' awful and distressing behaviour. The other kids aren't concerned about the things on the radio news, stories in films shown on projectors of adult harshness, and our own children story picture book showing us destructive behaviours. ***And then the harsh, rough afflictions people commit to others and sufferers self-punished themselves on top of what had happened to them.*** The bad in adult people also harms everything on the earth and my peers' group, "go and play". None of us was in a place of harm, violence, abuse, or victimisation, but my child's mind knew there was a source in people that could turn them nasty, violent, and uncompassionate.

On the Island, I saw all nationalities and differences in a race getting along. The Indian, Chinese, Negros, and white people would get along. Still, I had a creepy feeling and an intense curiosity after hearing rumours, watching films, looking at pictures in books and moving up to a higher level in school classes, streamed as the pupil gets better at learning the core subjects. Each subject received tested for improved academic achievement; I passed to move up in class. It is not based on the pupils' age; if the student did not reach the standard of learning and failed the test, the child remains in that class, not suitable for their biological age.