

Poop and how it's Made (Christopher's Story)

What is poop made of and how does it get there? If you eat all your food groups then poop is made out of about four or five different things. When I think of home and the many homes I've had I think of the excretory system. In most cases you eat food, which is enjoyable, then your esophagus sends it to your stomach, where it is broken down by acids. It then proceeds to the large and small intestine where it is sucked of all nutrients, and you get the end product of, your feces. The only thing is that when I think of home I think of the excretory system in reverse. In my experiences I have received the feces, and then I had to go through the intestines, stomach, and esophagus.



Poop is made up of four or five different foods, likewise my poop (home experiences) are made up of four or five different experiences. As an infant I lived with my mother and her new husband. Their house was a pig sty, my mother was negligent, and her new husband was abusive. I was removed from my mother's when I was two or three, at which time I went into foster care for a period of time. When I was about five, I went and lived with my father. My father worked overnights and when he came home he was usually drunk and would be very violent towards me and my brother. My father was a heavy alcoholic. When I was six the state asked my father to relinquish parental custody of me, which he did, thus the state took over my life again. I then again was placed in foster care where I went to many unqualified foster homes. In one experience the foster parents already had two paternal children, which hated me, therefore they made my life hell.

The purpose of the intestines is to suck all the nutrients out of your food and to get rid of the liquid. Well this process in reverse is putting the nutrients back into the feces. When you are young you are taught many things, about half the things we know can't be learned through text books, but through experiences and what I like to refer to as acquired knowledge. As a infant the nutrition I received was dog food, that those you should trust most are your enemies, and that nails are toys. I should explain a little at this time. When I was young I spilt my food on the floor. So my step-father said if I did it again I would have to eat dog food out of a dog dish, which I ended up having to do. His logic was that I couldn't spill out of a dog dish, or something along those lines. My mother who is suppose to love me and protect me from all harm was blind to the way her new husband treated her children. She allowed them to be beat with a belt, so my trust had been broken before I even knew what trust was. About the nails, all children have playpens, mine was a wooden toy box with nails sticking all over on the inside. I would be placed in here to play and would get scratched and hurt from the nails. This caused me to think that pain was fun I guess, because when I was four or five I took a pair of scissors and sliced my face.

Acid can eat almost anything. In order to get to the esophagus you must go through the

churning of the stomach and the deadly acid. After I lived with my mother I was sent to many foster homes, then I went to live with my father for a short period of time, until he gave me up. To move from town to town and home to home is hard, especially when you are young. In each home there is a new set of rules and new authority figures to listen to. But, to endure police cruelty as a child that is where you wanna say forget life, and what's the use in living? As I mentioned earlier I went to one foster home where there were two paternal children already present. The father of this household was a police officer. Upon receiving information from his daughter, who hated me and was a big liar, he would take me downstairs and question me for hours about what I had said or what I had done. When in reality I didn't do anything or say anything. The only problem was that I had to tell him something. I didn't know what his daughter had said so I just finally said that I did whatever it might have been that she said I did. But, that wasn't good enough for him because he wanted me to confess to exactly what I had done. I couldn't do that because I didn't know.

The esophagus is made up of many muscles that are all forcing everything downward. In order to climb up the esophagus you must be strong and it is hard, but you know what is at the end. When I was eight I went to live with Marcia and Melvin. Here I had many obstacles to overcome. There were bullies in 3rd and 4th grade, then I dealt with depression and anger control management during middle school. My high school years were the hardest. There were many times when I was climbing and almost gave up and let myself fall, but I would always catch myself in time. Except in January of 2003 I gave up I said forget it, I had a 13 inch dagger and I wanted to end it, that's when I asked for help. I requested for M., my guardian mother, to take me to a psychiatric hospital, where I had been many times before. There they asked me "what do you want and where do you want to go?" I told them that I would like to go into an independent living program so that I could get out on my own. It took a lot of commitment on my part and I was rewarded when I finally saw the uvula, and I was in the home stretch.

In my experiences I have received the feces, then I had to go through the intestines, stomach and esophagus. My shit is made up of home experiences, not food, but it is the same concept. In the excretory process you start with something good and it gets turned into something that most people find repulsive. In my life I was given shit and I chose to turn it into something that may benefit me and others. Now I am food, still in the mouth and not whole, but its better then where I could be.

Christopher,

Written for an English Composition Class, September 8, 2004