



Joseba Martinez

an autobiography

Autobiography

Hello! I'm Joseba Melchor Martinez. I'm going to tell you all about my life until Junior 5. I was born the 14th of October 1983 at 3.50 a.m. in the Metropolitan polidinic in the State of Miranda, County of Petare, Caracas, Venezuela. I was born by a natural ^{birth} part and my Father, my Mother, a doctor and obviously we were in the room. I was born with a height of 53 cm. and a weight of 3 kg - 195 g. I was born with grey eyes and brown hair. I behaved very well. After I had been washed and dressed I didn't separate from my Mum and my Dad. I got the name of Joseba Melchor after my Great Grand Mother Josefa and Great-Grand Father Melchor. My Mother never got to know my Great Grand Father for he was killed in the Spanish Civil War. I always ate very well and didn't like sucking my thumb but I always liked sucking my dummy. When I was nine months old I already ate alone and already had said my first word which was mis (milk). Also when I was nine months old my Dad left for Sweden. When he came back I didn't know him until he called me. I went up to a mountain called Avila in Venezuela several times on my father's back. I loved playing with my brother and was always very happy.



When I was one year old I started talking and walking. My hair started turning blond curly and blond. My relatives started calling me "ricitos de oro" which in English means Goldlocks. My favourite meal was spaghetti and I filled the floor with it. At this age I lived in Venezuela.



Eating spaghetti.

At the age of two I moved to Sweden. Even though the winters were bitter I loved Stockholm. My house wasn't very big but it had apple plum and cherry trees. Also it grew wild strawberries. The neighbours were wonderful. I had lots of friends to play with. I played a lot. One day my Mom wanted to take me to a church school. Guess what I answered? ~~NI~~ I was two years and a half by then. My brother, who is three years older than me, had already started school. The school was close to our house so we walked there. And because I walked ~~on~~ my own I had the liberty to do what I wanted. And guess what I did? I threw myself to the ground and said that I didn't want to walk anymore. This was it. This was one of those very bitter winters at six degrees below zero. So because of this I didn't want to walk anymore. I had already learnt how to ~~talk~~ ^{speak} Swedish. I learnt by watching t.v. programs. At the age of three years and ten months, I started school.

The school was called "Tanto School". It was a very nice school even though it wasn't very big. We ate and in Kindergarten slept there. The meals were quite good. My first teacher was Mrs. Halldene and she was Scottish. She was very good. Each month we celebrated at least one birthday.

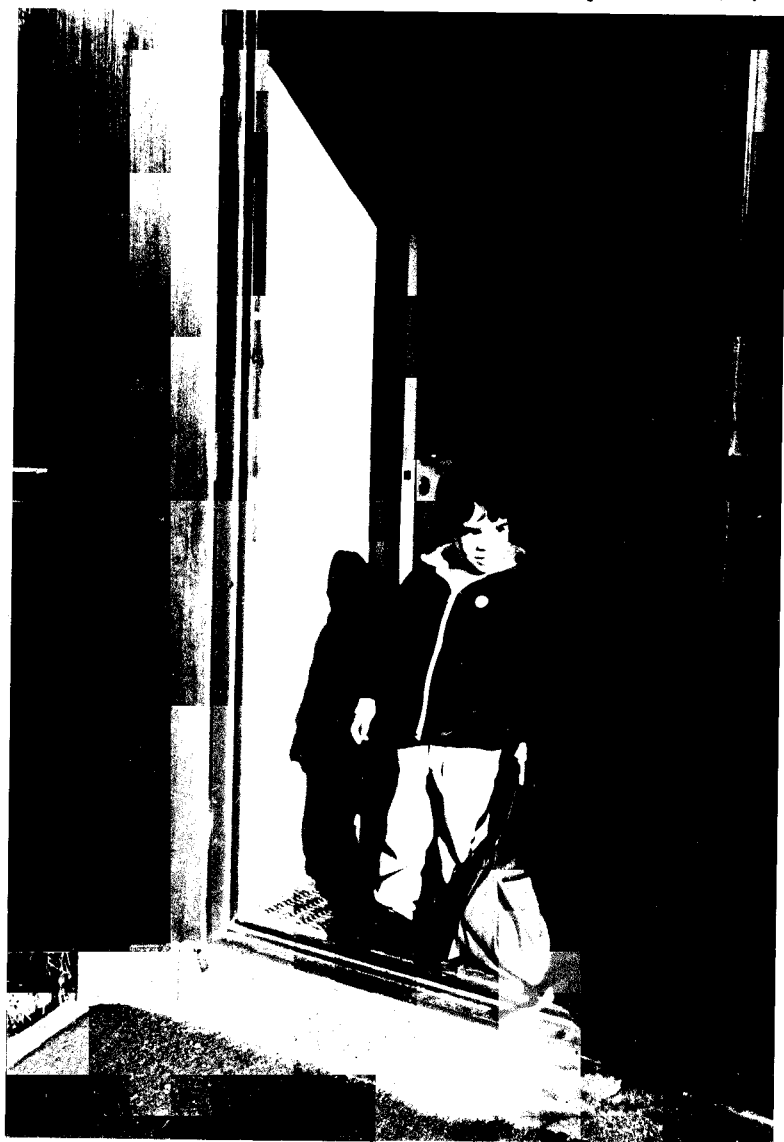
in school. We got candies, toys, cake, chips and sandwiches. We had two breaks. But instead of having a patio we went to a park. There the teachers would let us go wherever we wanted. When break was over they sounded a ~~whistle~~ whistle and everyone went to the teachers. They counted us and then we left. The second break was in a smaller park. That one only had a screen.

I started junior school in this school also. My first teacher was Miss Brown. This school was separated into two parts. Mrs. Hallock's class was in one part of the school and the junior school was in another. The junior school was in front of the little park. We had lots of Spelling tests. The teacher was good. She gave us lots of little presents.

In this school there was one bathroom for boys and another for girls per class. We had to go into the classrooms without shoes.

The next grade teacher was Mrs. Webb. I don't remember much from her.

Things didn't change very much in that school. This year we started having gym classes. We also had swimming classes in a local swimming pool. I liked it very much. At the age of seven I came to Mexico and started third grade at Cuernavaca school. My teacher was Mrs. Blake. It was very different ~~to~~ ^{from} Tinto School. It was harder. Mrs. Blake was quite strict. Also it was harder because of Spanish classes. My Spanish teacher Mrs. Rocio was also quite strict. But I liked it. Fourth grade seemed easier. Probably this was because I was adapted. My Spanish teacher was also Mrs. Rocio but my English teacher was Mrs. Ashton. This year was quite easy and I passed



My first day at Tinto school.

with quite good grades. On this year I made my first communion. ~~Right~~
Fifth grade has been the most exciting of all grades ^{to} ~~right~~ know.

I have new teachers, new friends and new and very interesting subjects.