

I am who I am because....

I am a Christian. I am Ghanaian. I am a daughter. I am a sister. I am a cousin. I am a friend. I am a memory. **I am a story-teller.**

The story of how I was named is my favourite story of all times, not just because it's about me but because I love her hearing how much care is put into naming me and my brothers. My mum originally wanted me to be called Zoe and my dad wanted me to be called xxxxxxxx, my mum quickly disregarded this name and told everyone I was to be called Zoe. She was extremely excited about my conception even though I was to be her third because she had had a miscarriage with the pregnancy before me so was really looking forward to my birth. At the same time as my pregnancy three other extremely close family friends were pregnant and one of them who gave birth a month before my mother and named their child Zoe. My parents had always believed that a name is very powerful and can help determine a child's destiny so were really determined to give me a unique so that's when my father suggested xxxxxxxx again, which my mum dismissed again. Then my aunt Fiona, who was also pregnant at the time, told my mother of a friend of hers called xxx-xxxxxxx and my mum then decided to name me xxxxxxxx.

My full name is xxxxxxxx xxxxx xxx xxxxxxxxxx xxxxxx. xxxxxxxxxx being my Ghanaian name, where my father is from in Ghana you are named according to the day you were born because they feel this holds importance. I was born on a Thursday so named Yaa and my Grandmother is called xxxxxxxx so I was named after her. Although I have names 4 names, at home I am known as Korkor-b (meaning KorKor's daughter), Mamale (meaning Mother) and Yeiyo-b (meaning daughter's daughter) or just plain sister to my little brothers. Other nicknames I have are xxxxx, xxxxxx, xxxxxx-xx-xx or xxxx.

Another story I love to tell is the birth of my little brother xxxxxxx. He was the sixth child of my mum and the thought to be last, but that was all changed a year later. He was due to be delivered on the 20th January 2001 and in preparation for this my mum decided to paint the living room like she did before all of us were born so we would each have a different favourite colour. So the day before my brother was due my mum began re-decorating the downstairs whilst we were all at school. A couple of hours in my mum started her contractions but just thought it was a stomach ache so decided to have a bath. Whilst bathing she went into full blown labour and only managed to get to her bed when my dad got home and called the ambulance. We returned home from school to a new little brother and an exhausted mother. This story always puts a smile on my face because I wonder why my mum thought it a good idea to do decorating a day before her due date and if a woman who had been pregnant five times already didn't know when she was in labour then how is anybody else supposed to know.

I think my worst memory is the time when my little brother got run over. My parents had just bought us all new bikes which we set up as soon as we got back from school. It was winter quickly so at six o'clock when my younger brother, xxxxxxxx decided to test out his bike it was really dark out. While riding along our road a driver turned out of a side road knocking my brother off his bike and flat on his back. He had to stay in hospital overnight and was off school for a week. But, even in all of this my dad still managed to make me laugh. He called my eldest brother xxxxxxx who was at boarding school and told him xxxxx had been run over and had died; he then put it on speaker as xxxx started to cry. My dad then burst out laughing and told him he wasn't dead and it was just a joke. My brother then spent the next year trying to get my dad back.

My family and friends have helped mould me. My religion has given me my values and beliefs. I am who I am because of my memories and experiences.