

The Wild Child

Hey, this is the story of how I became the richest man in America by the age of 24. It all started with the business my dad started. I'm just kidding, I'm just an immature, broke, and wild teenager, but this story isn't about my life, and about how it is as of right now. My name is Andy Hochinyavong, and this is the story of my childhood, and how it led me to be the person I am today. Let's get started shall we. It all started with my birth, on May 7th, 2003 I was an addition to a family of eight, plus my parents, making it 11 people in a very less fortunate family. I'm the youngest of all my brothers and sisters, with the closest sister being born two years ahead of me. I barely know anything from when I was born until I was 3. I was born in Gastonia, North Carolina, but my family moved to Murfreesboro when I was three. We moved into a small house by the Oakland Mansion, and it was a three-bedroom house with one bathroom, and we had 7 people in the house. My two brothers who had a different mom stayed with her in North Carolina, and my older brother and sister were grown.

At this new house I lived across the street literally from a park, beside the Oakland Mansion. I went to this park a lot and got along with all the kids there. They were cool, and we went to the community center close to there a few times. This house was just the start to my life in Murfreesboro, we stayed there for about 2 years, and moved to my next house. It was a duplex in the middle of town. This was my favorite house we've been in. It wasn't very big, but neither was I, so it was huge because I was so small. I was at this house from second to third grade. I had a lot of friends in the neighborhood, and I'd be out with them every day just riding our bikes or just doing things kids do. My best friend, Xavier, and I would always hangout almost every day I could. I had an Xbox 360, and played a bunch of games. At night I slept with

my parents, and my mom would hold me so tight when we slept. One thing I didn't like about living here were the thieves, someone stole my new mongoose bike. I really loved that bike and someone just took it. My mom and dad tried to help me find who did it, but we couldn't find them.

My older sisters, Mylissa and Anny, would always take care of me and my sister, Mickey, whenever my parents would be at work. I was young and I don't know what my mom did, but I know where she worked, it was some building in Lavergne, and my dad is a mechanic. He used to work for someone, now he has his own shop. I've always been so close with him, he used to bring me to work and I'd hangout with his boss' son. One day while my parents were out, my dad was at work, and my mom was working out at the gym. My sisters wanted to go to Nashville shores, the whole family was at my house ready to leave. I had my brother, Andrew, and my older sisters, and we were all going to go swimming.

It was a hot summer day, July 16th, 2011, to be specific. The mood was nice, no one in the family was arguing. We were all about to get into the cars and head out, and I remember my sister telling everyone to go back inside while being on the phone. I listened closely as she said that, she sounded teary, and Andrew and Anny were talking with her while Mickey and I were inside on the couch just waiting to go. I didn't know what was going on, everyone came back inside, and I remember Andrew punching three different holes in the wall. One was just a wall in his room, another was the bathroom wall, and the other one being in the living room. I was scared and I had seen that all three of my older siblings were very upset. Then Mylissa had told us, that my mother has died of an aneurysm, a blood vessel popping in her brain. I didn't start crying like I thought I would've, I instead started chewing on a dog toy. From my house all

the way to Vanderbilt, I had this dog toy in my mouth, not making a sound, just biting it harder every time I got mad. Not until I walked in the room and saw my mother there, eyes closed, not making a sound, and seeing my dad beside her bed, with his head down, that I started pouring out. It was the saddest moment of my life, and I wish it wouldn't have happened. I would do anything to have a day to spend with her. We had a Buddhist funeral for her which required me and all my brothers to become monks and bless her to heaven. After that life was weird for a long time, I had people look at me weird. My friends had known about it and they acted weird around me too. I was put into school counseling, trying to keep me happy, it just made me cry every day in that office. It was weird all of third grade, but then in the summer of third grade, I moved into the house that I now call home. This changed everything, it was a new home away from all those memories, it was a new start for me. It was a start for me to meet new friends and make new memories.

It's been a long ride, and I'm still growing. If I wanted to put out a message for anyone reading, it would be to seriously cherish, and be grateful for your loved ones. Even though at times they may seem mean, or you don't get along with them, they will always love you no matter what. Just remember that the next time your parent wants to hang out with you or if you get into an argument. You never know when the last time you'll see them is.