

# Bourne toWrite...

creative writing  
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## Thoughts

by Sho Botham

Before I was born, I would toss and turn. When I felt particularly energetic, I would tumble and run in my mother's womb. If seen through a window to her womb, this would have looked to my mother, as if I was running in circles as there was nowhere else for me to go. I know she picked up on my bouts of activity. She would pat her growing belly affectionately and send me thoughts directly from her brain to mine.

Time past and I began to suffer with frustrations. The tightening of my environment as the opportunity to spread out became more and more limited the longer I remained. My thoughts needed somewhere to call home. I had to get them out of my head and share them with others. Thoughts such as mine were not to be kept a secret. They were world changing thoughts. They needed to be shared.

The day I was born there was a lot of fuss. Needless fuss. My mother was doing what she knew naturally to do and paced up and down holding the weight of me underneath her belly, as if somehow, I might fall out. Why would I do such a thing? This wasn't unusual behaviour because she'd taken to doing this regularly, most evenings (I later discovered) when she felt tired. The squeezing of my already cramped space jolted me into alertness. I didn't like the feeling of this at all.

I could hear my father simpering on one side and unfamiliar sounds and voices coming at me from all angles. These made me feel uneasy as if something major was about to happen.

In no time I could feel my cosy home changing. The voices of my mother and father omitting stress and fear. Unknown voices, loud noises and whoop whoop sounds filled my ears and disturbed my thoughts. But the sensation of moving at speed fascinated my deliberations. And I knew it was time.

Apparently, the panic wasn't needed and we could all have stayed at home and relaxed for my arrival. But having got to the hospital, no one could agree whether it was safe to return home or not. So, we stayed. I arrived, looked around and thought what a way to come into this part of the universe. By the time, my mother and I had been cleaned up and my father stopped crying, the voices and sounds crept away leaving us alone for a few minutes of precious bonding time. It was good to see my mother's face after all this time. She had the deepest blue eyes you could imagine, A broad bridge to her nose and a smile as wide as her cheek bones. We didn't need to speak. She knew immediately I wanted to share my thoughts with her. Opening up her mind to mine, we began to communicate.

There was little need for me to formally speak as I matured into a toddler. My mother and I could share the complex thoughts produced from my brain to hers. She wrote down all of these thought transfers. She would send me thoughts about her writing and I would return any considerations. By the time I was five years old I had already read and digested philosophical texts beyond the comprehension of most undergraduates at university.

When I turned 10 years old. My brain was processing thoughts of a quality that had not been known before. Researchers didn't believe me when I told them my thoughts had always been with me from before I was born. They wanted to find elaborate reasons to explain the maturity of my thought processes. But I knew that it was just that I was unsuited to being a child.