

I was advised not to write my own bio because I'm an atrocious speller. My actor bio is on the homepage where you found this link and linked on IMDB! That bio was written by writer director (Phil Mucci), and it's basically accurate!

The autobiography of me as a human not just as an actor, told by me, should start with birth, right? Cool, well, I was born in El Paso, Texas of the USA, to [REDACTED] and Ales Graeff. I wasn't born as Amanda Graeff but, eventually my name was legally changed when I was in grade school. I have four brothers and four sisters along with rotating step siblings and a lot of different types of people who would live with us for years at a time.

My biological father, [REDACTED] I hadn't known what he did for a living until recently, but I guess he was a lawyer. Before he disappeared for several years, one brother ([REDACTED]) and I would do the divorce parent kid lifestyle. For those of you who may not know what that's like, it just means during the school year we lived with our mother and her first daughter ([REDACTED]) from her 4th marriage or so. Then in the summer we would live with/ or visit our father and his first three kids ([REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]) from his previous marriage as well.

Growing up I spoke to him over the phone for the most anticipated and exciting phone call from dad and our family that a kid can get, once a year or so. We used to visit him in person but, around the time I was 8 he had habitual, out of the blue, car trouble. We had been stood up two summers in a row after driving six or more hours to meet him somewhere. We would wait for an hour or so then he would call and cancel. Every suggestion I offered to possibly get to him that I could think of, was rejected and countered.

In the earlier summers when we did get to see everyone, we lived in RV's. We traveled around for months eating nothing but candy. When we would go back to our mom again we would cry for real food, and typically be very ill. Our dad didn't really spend time with us when we visited like this though. He gave us kids our own mini popup campers to stay in. It was [REDACTED] and me in one popup, though [REDACTED] ran away so often it was mostly just [REDACTED] and me. Then D [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the other. I loved them all so much. Everybody fought with each other, except for me. I could go to any of them and they treated me with love, they were my everything. I felt in my heart and I called [REDACTED] dad, [REDACTED] Mom, [REDACTED] my big brother and [REDACTED] was my big sister. I felt like I fit in with them and not the rest of the world. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] became drug addicts in their early adolescence, but they tried to hide it from me. Even as a little kid, I didn't know what drugs were really, but I saw the change, and I could tell what they were doing was making them desperate.

We stopped trying to meet with them after a while. So, we made phone calls! Soon the most anticipated phone call of the year stopped ringing. He went MIA around the time I was in 3rd grade, and by that time my mother's new husband decided to adopt us and change our names.

Before the divorce I remember glimpses of things, computers lining the hallways and then moved overnight, hidden doors, [REDACTED] playing with knives at 7 years old or so, and lots of fights. My mother sent [REDACTED] to stay with her biological father for a while and then took [REDACTED]

and me and we ran in the middle of the night. It felt like we walked for days after that. I was probably three or four around the time we took off, so my sense of how long we were actually on the streets isn't clear. But, I remember hustling that whole night, and sitting outside of stores during the day. We ended up at a battered women's shelter, where the only man there was guarding the front door. It was like a massive hotel, massive to the sense of a young child who had trouble reaching light switches. There was a daycare that my mom sent us to, on the bottom floor.

When she dropped [REDACTED] (who I call D) and me off there the first day, it was during breakfast. They gave us bowls of cereal, I was so hungry I ate it as fast as I could and brought the bowl up to my face and slurped the milk. As I did so, I saw all the other kids at the little round table staring at me. I put my bowl down and maintained eye contact with the skinny little boy with dark hair and glasses. He then sat up proper and with his spoon sipped milk, one spoonful at a time, quick classy sips. I didn't belong there, I was a born savage who loved the mud from day one, I wasn't even going to try and fit in. Soon the teacher or babysitter or whatever she was, got our attention and told us all the rules. I made a mental note of every single one of them, I made it a mission to break them all and get kicked out of there. So, I did, in order, one by one. I don't know how they let me get through each one, but I sure did. I mostly remember the monkey bars, I didn't even know what monkey bar war was, until she told us not to do it. I'm glad she didn't mention murder. My mom was pissed. When she came and got us we took an elevator up to the rooms. D and I hid behind her legs as someone else was in the elevator, she told them that we had been bad, I felt proud of that.

Okay, this is way too much for a website. Let's get a little more vague here. What do you say? Sick of reading yet? I'll move it along.

My mom met her... I believe the 6th husband or so, while we were living at the battered shelter. We moved in with him shortly after in a cul de sac of Denver, Colorado. We stayed there until I was in first grade. The summer after visiting my dad from there we didn't go back to that house in Denver. No, we moved to the middle of nowhere Hoehne, Colorado. Where we stayed in a one room shack with no toilet or anything. We dug a hole and did our business outside as coyotes cackled just beyond the thick darkness. It got so dark there, but the stars were always bright and the milky way and constellations would clutter the sky.

After some months of school and repeating first grade for not being able to read, partially due to undiagnosed dyslexia; a double wide trailer home was put on the land and we finally had toilets, showers, and our own rooms! Well, for a little while, we had a flux of people living with us on and off so we habitually shared rooms with two or three other kids at a time.

We had horses, and pigs, and sheep, chickens, ducks, geese, turkey...turkey and chickens don't go well together by the way, chickens give turkey diseases, don't mix them if you plan on having a farm. We would butcher and eat our food, D and I helped a local butcher with many bloody jobs since we were in grade school.

My first official paid job was when I was 8 years old. I cleaned and mopped the school cafeteria before school started every day. Then I cleaned three law offices every week for \$10. Soon my parents sent me to their friends' houses to clean and do chores to pay off their debts or trades or whatever the deal was, I didn't get anything out of it. Well, that's not true, I spent time with adult women and they talked to me and showed me things and let me play their piano occasionally. Sometimes I would do chores every day for weeks at a time or so, so they would let me stay there. One of them would have me sleep on towels so she didn't have to change sheets haha!

My mother moved away with [redacted] to go to college with her around this same time as time the year I was in third grade or so. She left us with our step father and when she would come home on the weekend to visit, D and our adopted father would fight as they always did, but she couldn't handle it she said. So, after the first few months she stopped coming back except for holiday weekends and she would bring friends with her occasionally.

I ended up painting my nails black that year and became one of the only 'goth' kids in a public school in a farming community that hosted classes from kindergarten through 12th grade in a building with 300 people total at best. I was referred to as Punk Goth, and for some years, literally the only kid in my school who dressed in black the way I did. I got spit on, and asked questions about 'Passion of the Christ', a lot. I practiced witchcraft and studied satanism and even took a highschool/dual credit college class on world religion but the school wouldn't let me present on Lavey Satanism.

The summer my mother graduated college, I was probably 14 or 15 years old, she called for a divorce from the man that paid her way to go to college and took care of us. All though taking care of us he did get child labor laws called on him for having D and I dig over 200 holes to plant 200 trees during a drought and have us water them by hose every other morning, and asking to water for 15 minutes each before school... 200 trees, plus feeding and watering all the animals, shoveling out the horse manure of 7 horses and a donkey, collect eggs. clean cat litter, pull weeds by hand, I could go on and on haha. I actually find it all very funny and I appreciate it now looking back. The tree thing taught me that some people just aren't reasonable and you can't do everything perfectly but, we did our best. He made sure to keep us busy. He was a police officer and would stop by during his shift when we didn't have school and give us more chores to do. I was constantly grounded in my room for a variety of random things. Once for eating a brownie he wanted, after that most of the sweets were locked in a safe that we couldn't open and we didn't have much food. Sometimes I got grounded for wearing too much black or the dishwasher sometime would make the sink back up and we would get grounded because it wasn't clean, or a utensil with a spot on it was found when he was about to eat something, so we would have to remove all pots, pans, plates, cups, everything from all the cabinets and wash everything by hand then put them back. Again, I could go on, but this is already pretty long.

We had one neighbor who owned a junkyard, it wasn't a busy road. But the labor law was called because apparently we were digging over a water line right along the road. The neighbor Mr. Jolly, drove by and stopped just past us, dirt flew up and kept going forward with his

momentum as he abruptly stopped. He then backed up, and stopped in front of us, he made eye contact with each of us before speaking. He was old and had dirt in the creases of his face, his truck looked like it was probably as old as he was. He told us about the water line and to stop digging then drove off. In the wild west, still in the years of the 2000s, water was very important to everyone out there. It was like gold, a literal livelihood. Some people eventually moved in and hauled water from town and put it in a big tank they put on the land that they would hook up to their house and have running water. But, that method was nothing compared to the luxury of having a well on your land, or access to the split up ditch water for crops and livestock. Our own parents were obsessed with their water rights, and the town was vocal about shooting people who steal water. This note, this call, Mr. Jolly was what started a chain reaction of being called 'slaves' and learning that it wasn't normal to live like this. Even in the country.

It's weird, thinking back I still believe more people live like this than not, and it wasn't that bad. However, I feel my shoulders tense, my forearms are cold, my neck lowers, and my teeth clench. I notice these things because I have been made aware of my body language very young, also I took multiple acting classes that call attention to body language that I continuously pay attention to now. My mind feels calm, but my body is reacting, slightly shaking. Just thought I'd make note of it. Children are so dramatic, my brain knows everything is fine but my body memory is in a physical memory or something. Moving on.

All that time D and I didn't see anything as wrong with working as much as we did. Well, at least I didn't. I just thought this was how everyone lived. Our now exStepdad would tell us all the time, kids are only alive to help parents with farm work and what they need, which was all the crap that he didn't want to do. We didn't pay rent so we had to earn our living other ways.

A science teacher told us about emancipation, divorcing a parent is actually a thing. We started looking into that but, then my mom graduated college and immediately divorced her husband but continued to be absent for the most part. I experienced freedom. What did I do with that freedom you ask? I got myself in a silly physically abusive obsessive relationship.

Within a year or less of that we moved to a different house, and my mom got a phone call that her new fiance, who happened to have been the lawyer picking up the child labor case, was shot and killed. I can not say exactly what happened, I wasn't there, I heard a couple different stories. But, the official story in the news paper was he was shot by his ex wife due to abuse as she came to visit since she got word he was planning to remarry and their divorce wasn't final yet. Also, my mother's now in the midst of divorcee husband, my adopted father, was also present and the only other person at the scene of the crime while it happened as a witness to his abuse and her self defense. Being a police officer of the town, the police cleaned it up and sent him on his way out of town.

This was in 2008, we had just moved to a new house and now my mother was in a serious depression and then went missing, wouldn't answer phone calls, text messages, nothing. I'm a sophomore in high school at this time. The bank is taking the house, I had nowhere to go and got help getting away from the physically abusive boyfriend, but didn't have anywhere to go.

So, I ended up walking several hours to town with a backpack and a few of my things in another bag. I avoided police because of curfews and slept at the top of the slide at my favorite park. Or tired too, it was pretty cold. I only did that for a few nights, until my best friend let me stay with her in her broken home. Then I couch surfed for a little while, sometimes I stayed at the art gallery where I worked as a janitor and had a key and a code to get in so I could patch walls after art shows whenever I was out of school and had time.

I loved the art gallery. I am so grateful they let me work there for the time they did. The art gallery was my home away from home starting at 13 years old or so. I was taking pottery classes and they would let me take a lot of classes for free, I would help out and just started cleaning things and working on my own because I didn't know how else to be, until they offered to start paying me for it. It was the first job I got on my own without my parents taking a cut or using my labor as the currency.

HAHA I know this probably sounds detailed, but believe me this is all surface level, there was a lot going on. Just like with everyone, I'm sure, but I'm trying to keep it minimum.

A professional theater company came down and decided to use the gallery for rehearsal spaces and classes for kids. This theater started for me around the time I was 8 years old as well. I was asked to audition and I got the part of Willy Wonka. I loved taking on another life, I loved being absorbed in a fantasy world that I could actually play out. I would read the play over and over and over. I got scholarships for it after auditioning, and didn't have to pay to attend. We did a few more plays and musicals the following years.

Then that sophomore year of highschool, I was asked to lead in the local college play. I believe I was the lead in every play until I left the theater. Kids weren't supposed to leave early from school for college classes or work until Jr. and/or senior year of highschool. But, I was the exception as the college called them directly and asked for me, and they would get me there and back. In the midst of all of that I was supposed to do high school plays as well, but eventually I just didn't practice those and really botched the performances and forgot lines. Except for the one with D [REDACTED] he was Jafar and I was Iago, I loved doing that one. I hated that he was a boss of me haha, but it was such a fun part and our chemistry worked so well, and I liked making my bird costume and every bit of it. The other ones, I didn't have heart for. I was more interested in the collected productions, the adult and deep messages and long dialogue, full plays. Highschool, it was more of scenes or one act, and they were baby type plays written lamely and printed, the whole class had to participate or most of it, most of them didn't care, so I didn't either. Yet when there was a performance, and I got to be on stage like that, I felt the best I ever felt. Even when I didn't know my lines, which has since become a literal nightmare of mine and I do my best to never let that happen again.

After the abusive relationship the boy who got me out of it ended up being outcast by the town as well. He was the only guy I had ever seen with a tall red mohawk, perfect for the little "goth girl" I was. He was outcast because it's a small town and my abusive boyfriend and I still to this day have a weird connection that isn't easy to explain, definitely a story for another bio, maybe

one that can be relieved after I'm dead HAHA. But, he was basically related to everyone in town and this guy who took me away, was an outsider from the city who had just come down to go to college. His first friend was my abusive boyfriend and that's a ... I think it's some kinda bros before hoes, bro code guy code rule thing.

At 16 years old I was legally emancipated from my parents. I didn't have to go to court though, my school counselor had sent the college some kind of statement about abandonment so that I could attend college without having a guardian signature. I was able to start my own bank account after that and do everything I need to do in order to survive without having to try and hunt down my mother who wasn't responsive to me.

This new boyfriend, the only person who stood up to my abusive boyfriend, had just been released from Juvenile prison. His first taste of freedom since he was 11 years old till this year he was enrolled in auto mechanics at the college at the age of 18 or 19. And one of the firsts things he does with HIS freedom, is stand face to face with my super tall abuser and physically look up at him, and said, "No, you can't do this to her. I won't let you anymore." I stayed in his dorm every so often, but typically Resident Advisors would kick me out, or try haha. After this boyfriend made another mistake, as he wasn't used to following normal law, he ended up going back to jail over and over. I would write letters and visit every week as I was able to. When he was relieved for school during the day he moved in with his auto teacher, and I ended up living with them for a short time as well. While I was there I worked at the college as the Yoga instructor's demo person and taught yoga to the summer highschool students, I taught recycled crafts and photoshop, I was a photographer and partial manager for a local photographer who moved from LA there. I would shoot family reunions, school photos, weddings and things like that with his camera. I also maintained my cleaning position at the art gallery.

Eventually, I got my own dorm room that the theater department paid for with a red carpet scholarship. I was assistant for the music department and [REDACTED] an opera singer and music department director, asked me to audition for an acting observatory in Los Angeles. I was hesitant, I wanted to drop out and go live in the woods. But, everything fell into place in such a profound way, I got a free ticket to fly out and had training for my monologue. When I arrived in Los Angeles I reconnected with my siblings [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They all happened to be there. [REDACTED] had become a super fun but wild tiny woman who recklessly drove me to that first audition. [REDACTED] let me stay at her place in Beverly Hills.

I auditioned at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts school. The auditioner gave me a cold read. They call it a cold read when they give you a monologue from a piece that you've never heard of before. They let you read it in front of them quietly by yourself and then perform it. I was a slow reader so just as she was about to tell me I had to start, she was tired of waiting, I started to perform the piece from "Our Town" it was a part where the girl realizes she has died. I cried while I performed it, it felt emotional to me. Because of that performance I was granted scholarships to attend the school. Upon returning to Colorado from that audition, my boyfriend had moved back to the city and was expecting me to join him. But we were fighting over the phone a lot, so he broke up with me, then I got drunk for the first time with my brother Daniel

and a couple close friends, and I gave everything I had away. I set everything I accumulated in big trash bags in front of a thrift store and got a ride from my estranged mother and her new husband to California. I guess she missed it there. After all, she lived there before and when she met my biological father. He then moved her to a remote area in Texas, and then we ran off, yeah remember the beginning of this bio? It's so long, I'm surprised if you made it this far and if you have, who knows if you remember the beginning haha.

I learned a lot from being in that acting school and struggled to survive with little to no money in LA. I started working for the prop and costume department of the school. I was a hard worker and reorganized everything, which made the people running the department like me a lot, we all became relatively close. I became obsessed with Parkour. I would visit my brother [REDACTED] every weekend, tried to stay away from [REDACTED] as she was kind of crazy, and [REDACTED] was all over the place and on meth leaving her five very young kids in random places. But I still loved them with everything in me and was basically always down to spend time with them.

Soon after graduation I got in a relationship with another man who just wouldn't leave me alone and knew I wanted to do stunts since I had been going to Tempest Freerunning Academy and religiously practicing parkour and dance. He introduced me to some of the top stunt people in the Hollywood scene, some I became friends with. I helped him make all of his first short films and feature films and so much stuff. He didn't want me to act, told me not to audition, but I did anyway. I submitted myself for auditions every day and had multiple auditions in a day and eight a week or more. Constant and I loved it. I would love to go into detail about that whole process, and booking Patient Seven, and all the shady things I learned about LA and the scene. But, this is already a very long online bio so unless someone asks about it, I am going to breeze past it and move on with the general life stuff. Never had an agent, or a car, I skateboarded and took busses and trains everywhere. I am really quick on a skateboard and LA has better than dirt roads! I booked every acting job I got on my own. And was run into the ground for work by the boyfriend and directors that I would help with art, sets, props, and whatever else I was able to do. But I loved every minute of the creativity.

Eventually that relationship also fell off. My brother [REDACTED] committed suicide and my brother D, who had previously been living with [REDACTED] moved in with me for a while. We struggled and then he lost his job and had to move away from California all together. I was unable to get another apartment, this last boyfriend got me into a timeshare that ruined my credit so badly it apparently looked like I had renters fraud from it, and even with a co-signer no one wanted to take me. A director I had worked with who had a controlling infatuation with me pressured me to move into his studio with him, but I declined and ended up moving with my mother's first daughter, my sister Kendra back to Colorado. But this time, in Denver, not the small town.

I reconnected with my former jailbird boyfriend and it seemed he had grown up a lot since the olden days. We are currently back together and living in my camper in my sister's backyard and have been for several years now. I have started my own production company here, we mostly do music videos, and short films that I write, or a friend writes and wants to see come to life. I do many video auditions, and fly around for gigs still. Or drive because now I have a car that

my mom came through and helped co-sign for. She's out of my life and then when she's in randomly, she becomes helpful in a way that I couldn't go on without her. I'm glad she always stayed close to [redacted], now I'm close to [redacted] to and she's one of my best friends and my sister and I love her family and everything they do for us. I help take her daughter, my niece to and from school a couple times a week, and play with her son. I bought a conversion van that I plan on using often and I love living in my camper. I own it, it's my home and it's beautiful! I have a dog, she's a little terrier that I named Friend. I have penpals, and before all the lockdowns of 2020 I was a projectionist for a movie theater and a waitress for another fancy movie theater. I'm making my own films and I continue to audition and book local and far gigs such as Finding Love Through Female Domination and that sword play music video by Palberta, song Sound Of The Beat.

Inbetween moving in with my sister and after leaving LA and now, I lived in Brooklyn, New York for a few months because the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in the New York area offered me a full scholarship to attend there. I didn't want to pass that up and I loved New York more than LA. Although I still consider LA my home in many ways. I spent the better part of my adult life there for about seven years away from anything I knew. But, New York was better because people were smarter. By that I mean, when I skate around and people would hear my wheels clap and tap the sidewalks and streets, NY people wouldn't even look, they would just move over and give me space. Whereas in LA people would jump in front of me and try to get me to hit them so they could try and sew me or something crazy. Multiple times with random men that happened. But, I was quick, so I didn't hit anyone, one guy there shoulder checked me off my board and I thought he was going to beat my ass, but he just shoved me around for a while screaming at me. I had many odd issues in LA, and people trying to prostitute me offering me money and hahah I could go on and on about the fun corruption of LA, but I wasn't in NY long enough to really get absorbed in it. I just loved the gritty city and the respect from people I got was such a positive difference from LA. The people I stayed with in NY were really wonderful as well.

Also, I just wanted to note, on the acting sites I use to find auditions, the minute I changed my address to Colorado, I wouldn't get any audition invites. None. I couldn't get anything beyond local student films, auditions went dry. So, I changed my address back to my former LA address and that day, I started swimming in auditions again. So, I don't care what they say, people do care where you are when they consider letting someone act or film for them. Even with a decent demo reel, even though they say they will pay for travel and lodge, even though they say it's a nation wide or world wide audition search. For some reason the casting people still seem to care if you're central to NY or LA. They think I'm not a serious actor if I don't live there, I guess. But I am, and I don't need to be in LA, NY, or Atlanta to do it. I just need my wheels or wings, and we can make it happen. I love acting, I love filmmaking, and I love my freedom. If I hadn't left LA I would still be working for everyone else instead of making my own films. I love working for other people and helping them create and make a vision come to life, but I also enjoy doing whatever I want aside from that HAHA!

Since my brother [REDACTED] passing I met three more of my father's kids and have visited him for Thanksgiving one year. Other than that, I don't hear from him or any of them much, but I have always been very close with D [REDACTED] and now with [REDACTED], and doing decently.

Well, that's the skinny of my life so far. If you made it to this point I am surprised and, thank you for taking the time to read about me. I really appreciate it. Feel free to tell me your story or ask me questions. I love hearing about people's lives. Actually one of our newer projects coming up might be to interview people about their lives with an old highschool friend and pen pal of mine Arianna! She's a filmmaker in Albuquerque, NM. Only a few hours and a phone call away.

Until then, I hope you have a wonderful rest of your day, evening, life, and I hope to hear from you.