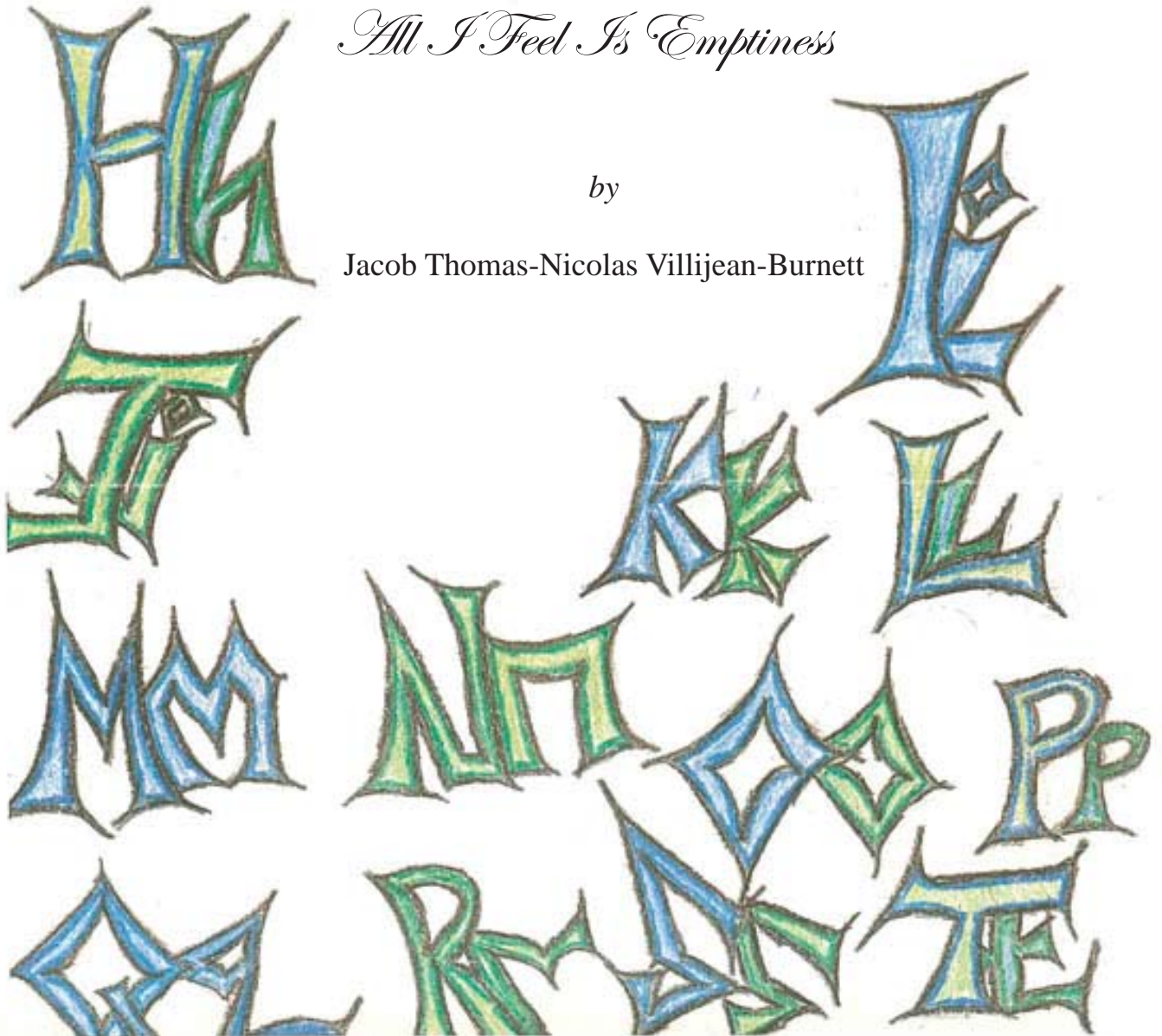
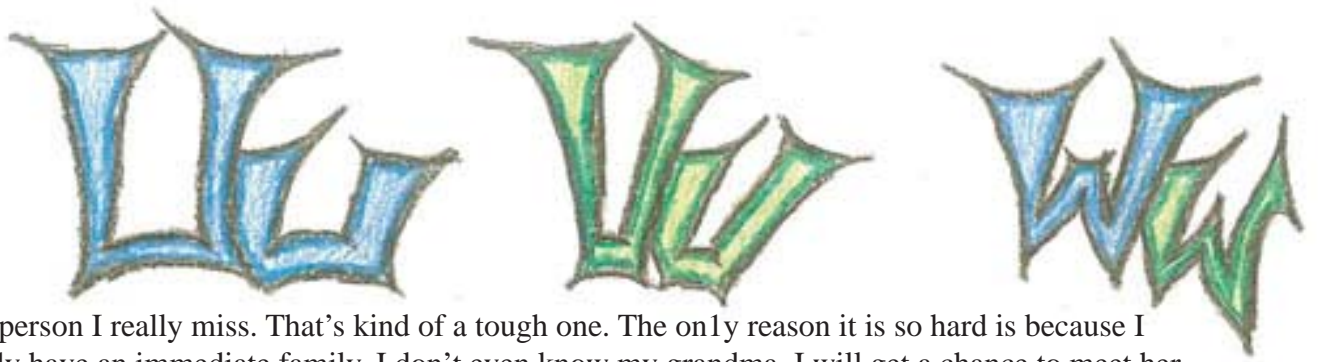


*All I Feel Is Emptiness*

by

Jacob Thomas-Nicolas Villijean-Burnett





A person I really miss. That's kind of a tough one. The only reason it is so hard is because I don't really have an immediate family. I don't even know my grandma. I will get a chance to meet her on Thanksgiving. If I had to choose someone I miss it would have to be my dad. Why? Well even though we don't get along that well I would still give almost anything I have to get back with him. I do miss him because even though we had some bad times we also had a lot of good times. My dad is the one who showed me how to make almost any kind of food from using what you have. We also grew up in the ghetto and then he forced himself to move up here to Washington, from California, just so that I didn't have to grow up in the same kind of lifestyle that he did.

I would like to get back with my dad because even though we disagreed about a lot of things we also had a lot of things in common. I wouldn't care if someone told me to either choose between a million dollars and living with my dad. I would choose living with my dad. It pains me to have got torn away from him. I hope that we could've established some sort of grounds for living in the same house together.

We, meaning my dad and I, had some pretty rough times, but we also had our good times. Sometimes when I was little my dad would drive my little brother, Nicolas, and I to the Sierra Nevada mountain range. We would explore places like waterfalls and also go to places like Dinky Creek and the Giant's hot springs. I can vaguely remember once managing to collect a jar full of broken arrowheads made of obsidian. My dad and I had spent that whole day looking for arrowheads and I was the only one who managed to find any. I felt so proud of myself at the end of that day. I was about six or seven when that happened.

My dad also taught me not to be picky about what I eat. He would always try and teach me about our cultures and stuff like that but I was only interested in eating the food. He also taught me how to cook numerous mexican dishes. One time when I was about eight years old, right when we moved to Washington, he was teaching me how to make enchiladas and I managed to remember all of the ingredients my dad told me something and I felt so good about myself again. He would also teach me how to make do with what you have and would show me that if I was ever poor then I could just throw some things together and it would be the best tasting thing you had ever eaten. For example, When we didn't have a lot of food and no money my dad would throw some potatoes in frying pan throw in some tortillas and onion with a little bit of butter and hey you got yourself a really good tasting breakfast.

I also appreciate the fact that my dad forced himself to move away from all of his friends and family down in California so that I could live a better life. So that we both could better ourselves. I guess it didn't work because I am sitting here in an orange jumpsuit writing about my life. Well I still appreciate that my dad tried. I only wish that I could have bettered my life instead of always coming in here or being out on the streets cold and getting drunk or high every day. I hope that someday I can prove to my dad that I can do stuff in tried. Well that's all I have to say. If I kept writing about my dad I would never be done.

