

Surely you want to be friends with me, I'm a millionaire! Paying for college, friends, food, and the car and house bills are as simple as baking a pie. Although I seem like some snobby kid from the family you envy, my riches that are too vast to count all came to me in ONE DAY!!!!

Sleeping in a trashcan, eating the scraps from people's meals, and wearing the same clothes for as long as a month in a row was my reality. In those days, I was as miserable as a cow in the desert lands. One word sums up my life, HELL! I lived in some small town of Texas during the year of 2003 and I was about 14 years old. Where I lived exactly is a mystery to me now, but the story of me winning the lottery will never fade away.

Hoping I had enough change to buy a Texas Lottery ticket, I slowly limped into a convenience store with the health of my grandma at the age of 102. Again, I felt like hell was pulling me down to spend eternity with it. The cashier harshly said these words "Get out of this store! Only shoppers allowed!" Fortunately, she let me stay for five minutes to look at the golden tickets and leave. Finally, the ticket was mine to cherish for the last two weeks of my life.

Surprisingly, I decided to buy a big Texas Lottery ticket and a small scratcher ticket. The scratcher ticket won me \$50, which was quite thrilling. Imagine you're a 16-year old who was given an outstanding Mustang for their birthday. Loudly, my dad celebrated just as much as I did. When I finally was down to 50 cents, I sadly went to the store to see what my mega fortune had to offer me then. I bought a newspaper. Reading a newspaper wasn't an ability of mine, so my dad read aloud what he was able to read.

Slowly and quietly, my father murmured the words on the paper. Suddenly, my father was completely silent. He looked as if he was about to explode, and I don't even know why. "Are you dying?" I shouted. "A little, due to what I'm reading." "It says that some extremely lucky fellow in this town has conquered the 1 to 2,500,000

odds of winning thirty million dollars." "Check your numbers, they look like yours."

Suddenly, I shouted the loudest scream I've ever made in my life. "I WON THE 30,000,000 DOLLAR PRIZE!!!!!!!" I also read some numbers with no help from dad.

Making great time, I dashed to the store lightning fast. In due time, my father and I would be living the dream in a mansion with exotic foods and superb health. When the money arrived, we received a grand total of \$20,000,000 after taxes and such. Finally, everything on earth was mine, which stopped anything that could destroy this contentment. I was an actual millionaire! First job on the list of what we needed to do was to discover where our gigantic house was. Off we went.

Although we gained all of the plunder, we couldn't just spend it all. First thing was first, find a house and then find a job for Father or something to invest in. "Which house do we purchase?" "Where do we live?" "Should we call for help or tack this massive job and lay it on our shoulders?" All of these questions were racing in my head and I hadn't gotten an answer. Finally, we both bought phones and called for help. Almost instantly, we had a wise plan explained to us.

First, we go out in open fields and have people work on a farm for us. Investing was most important because all of our money would suddenly vanish before our eyes if we weren't careful with our money. Second, we choose a place somewhat close to town for stores, restaurants, and jobs. Finally, we find a place where the weather is fantastic for parties, working, or even going out for a stroll.

For almost two weeks I had been living the dream with my father. I found some "friends" to party with. (Unfortunately, I didn't know they liked me for my money, but I at least learned to be social.) After the first weeks, my father was escorted to the hospital with absolutely terrible health. My one and only friend, dying after we had lived though such a happy time. While he was in the hospital, I remained by his side for five days... I finally heard him breathe his last.

Why couldn't the world just devour me and never let me be seen again? For over three months, I laid on my bed crying and moaning for my father. If I could've paid \$20,000,000 for my father to come back, I would've done it quicker than the speed of light. Unfortunately, that wasn't in my range of power. That was the only

thing I couldn't do, out of everything that I could possibly do, I couldn't bring Dad back to life. As most things that happen with me, the only thing on earth that I want, I can't have. Whether I am poor or rich, I almost never receive what I want.

While I was mourning over the death of my father, I had a vision. When I received it, I assumed it was real but everyone today criticizes me of being a lunatic. I think it was real, but it saved my life either way. In my vision, I saw all the riches in the world in front of me with a heroic man standing on it, guarding it from pesky thieves. Suddenly, this man was floating in a dreamy way directly in front of me. "Remember me, I will always be with you, but you must make me proud and work hard, show me what you can do". I realized this man was my father, the only person whom I actually loved and cared for. From that point on, I worked vigorously to display my affection for my father. I labored proud like Marines.

When I work for something, I'm as focused as Albert Einstein! Nothing entered my mind to distract me from my work. Amazingly, my farm contained 10 more baby animals within one week. I started working in a fancy college so that I could earn a job. Surprisingly, I was able to learn everything even with no history of any education. I felt like a million bucks!

After college, I received my degree and searched for my job. Shockingly, I earned a job searching for animals that have been beaten and abandoned. How ironic that I was one of those beaten and abandoned animals, and now I fight for others and bring them home to a cozy, loving family. Now that I have a job, I hired people to work on the farm and my profits are vast. At this rate, I'm going to be able to afford buying businesses like McDonalds. Even if I lose my fortune, I'm going to become a billionaire!

I sometimes look through pictures and five years ago, I felt like these were my friends. Then I was punched by a load of common sense. Living in such a huge mansion makes me terribly lonesome. From every animal in the barn to all pictures on the wall, nothing compares to a real friend for me. I make friends with people I donate to, but I see them no more than once a year. Can't I discover someone,

something, or really anything to call my pal? I guess I should just keep my thoughts on work and hopefully I should make a bond with a creature like the one I had with my dad.

During one of my cases where I searched for an animal, I glimpsed some shady man at the corner of two streets. Suddenly, I was being attacked! Bullet after bullet kept on dashing towards me, but every single one missed. With the volume of a NASA rocket, an extremely large and skinny dog burst out of nowhere. Viciously, this enormous dog was beating every living breath out of this evil man. While I was gazing at this epic war scene, I realized I was RESCUING this dog. How on earth does this dog need to be rescued? It is big, strong, and vicious. Quickly after that silly thought, I realized that the man was the dog's owner and I remembered how skinny the dog was. The man was hurt badly. Quick as a flash, I put the dog in a kennel and took the man to the hospital.

Unfortunately, this lunatic was so badly injured that he never healed. On the bright side, the boxer dog that saved my life recovered so quickly that he didn't even need to stay with the veterinarians for more than one day. Luckily, the vets gave me the privilege of keeping the dog if I was willing to take it. YES!!!!!!!!!! Of course I took the dog. If I hadn't taken the dog, who know where the dog would've gone? Plus, I'm as lonely as Lassie the dog being the only one living at my house. My sweet crib has everything for Rover: a pool, huge backyard, animals to have friends with, it's own room, and a wide variety of couches to lie on. Such an outrageously insane person as the previous owner might not take him, but I'm as sure as the earth is round that this is an opportunity I could never pass up.

Ever since then, I've been living life to the fullest, knowing that no matter where I am, what time it is, or how hard things become, Dad is always watching me. About seven years later, I found an absolutely gorgeous wife named Anita. From head to toe, she makes me drool in front of her. Not only is she beautiful, her personality shines above anyone else's that I've ever seen. Obviously, I found my dream girl. 18 months later, I discovered that Anita was pregnant with our first

child. It's a girl! Our next child (hopefully a boy) will be born in 7 weeks. His name is

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Fredward, which happens to be the name of my father. The girl is Victoria. She got her name from her mom's grandma. When we eat dinner as a family (Anita's family and me), we always argue on what food to eat because her family is Hispanic and I'm American. Typically, we her food but it really does become disgusting to even think about. She gets her food; I choose our home's lifestyle. It's American. Our fortune is gone but we still are buried in bucks from the investments. Now you can envy me if you want, or you can become friends with me who stick with me through the good and bad times. If you do so, you will feel the nice air-conditioning when you step off that mat into our house. Watch out for the step!

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