Have you ever felt like there’s a missing piece of your hart?

Well I do it all started when I was first born June 9,1999 I had the same birthday as my papa. When I was one year old he would hold me in his arms then he would strap on the wagon to the lawn mower and put me in it and drive me around the hole yard and would not stop until I told him to. The next day was are birthday I was turning two years old and he was turning Fourty four. The very next day he toke me to the zoo. From that day until I was three he toke me to the zoo almost every day. My papa was cool and sweet. In two days it will be my are birthday again. But this time we didn’t have seapreat cakes we shared a cake.

The best cake in the would vanilla with vanilla icing now that was the best cake in the world. But then that year there was a lot of racing on so he didn’t take me to the zoo or anything. So almost every day until my next birthday I watched racing with him because he loved Kasey Kane. But then the big day was here it was are birthday I was turning five years old. But this time he toke me to the water park almost every day. Now that clearly was the best year ever. The big day came again are birthday. Once again I was turning six years old. But this year sence It was cold out we staded at home and drank hot coco all day that year. I was so exsited because my nanny told me when I turn seven we were going to do something awesome. Then it was the big and fun day again we staded at chucky chesses until twelve o’clock at night. So I was finally seven. This year was the second best because we went to chucky chesses every weekend. Then I said I never want to turn any older. Then the big day was here I said awww sucks I’m turning eight. Then I said yepie I get more presents. But I did not do any thing this except play with my toys all year. That’s what I did all year. Then I said I am almost ten tomorrow I turn nine . So the next day I turned nine. From that day on I spent every moment with my papa. Until this one very day. August 21,2008 my papa passed away. Then from that day on I never saw him but in my heart. That’s how I have a missing piece of my heart.