



REVISION  
EXTRA CREDIT  
in orange!

English 11, Period 2

29 May 2012

Fourth Assignment

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We were only an hour into the ride, when I started regretting my decision to stay with my father for a semester. It was a brisk day in Fresno, California. The sky was blue <sup>a cloudless</sup> with no clouds

~~for miles.~~ The grass on the ground swayed back and fourth in the wind and the smell of summer was now becoming fall. My mother thought driving to Nevada would be an exciting adventure. <sup>since I would be gone for a couple months with my father, she wanted to spend some time with me. She never really wanted to spend time with me before, she was always busy with the new baby and Jack, her husband.</sup>

“bonding” time in before I was gone for a couple months. Not like she would even notice though; she was always too busy with Jack to even bother to see if I was even alive. Jack was what I liked to call her *Man Candy*. He was well built, ashy blonde hair, and facial features to die for. He was older than my mother by a couple years. He was a nice guy and I’m very happy for my mom but the way he runs my mom’s life really ticks me off. My mother was only 34 years old. You see, she had me at a young age, seventeen. She was young and in love with my father, <sup>and don't get me wrong</sup> Joseph. My mother and him got married at an early age, <sup>he tries to act like my father, and he's not. My real father</sup> seventeen.

Joseph, and like everyone else who believed in those cheesy happily ever afters. She thought they would be together forever. <sup>they got married so young also because she was pregnant with me. She thought that she would be living in her dream house with her dream family, but instead she was stuck with a divorce and a love child.</sup> That they would be living in her dream house with her dream family but instead she ended up with a divorce. <sup>explain a Las Vegas, like what she sees when she enters Nev.</sup>

Only five more hours until I reach my final destination in Las Vegas, Nevada. I know what you’re thinking... Las Vegas changes people. Drugs. Alcohol. Partying. All things in which Vegas is known for and people live and die for everyday. Not me though. I’m going strictly ~~only~~ to see my father and to visit him for ~~the~~ semester. My mother said it would be a wonderful idea if I spent some “quality” time with him. This is complete and ~~other~~ bullshit to

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why if he wasn't a very good father?

I think most teenage families are like this, good job painting the picture  
not para 2  
how you explain Vegas, some people have no clue what happens there.

Praise, I absolutely love this sentence! Its really good onthym and funny at the same time.

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