

High School Essay Honorable Mention

My Lost Void

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You ever want someone in your life, but they aren't there. You ever want a relationship with someone, but that isn't the case. You ever want to pick up the phone and be the bigger person but then realize you shouldn't because if they wanted to be in your life they would be. It's like you're so tempted to bring this person back into your life at times, but the truth is if they wanted you back they would have never left, or if they left they would've come back on their own. You might be thinking of someone in your head right now. Might be a friend, a significant other, a cousin, a mother but mine is a father.

My so-called father hasn't been in my life since like forever, I don't even let him have that title. I remember one day of my freshman year of high school, my mom and I were stopped at a red light. I heard nonstop honking of the horn so I looked over. I looked at my mom because in my head I was thinking, *do you know them or something*. She just kept staring at them through my opened window. I looked over again and it was a bunch of guys waving at me, but only one of the faces stuck out to me. When I saw that face I saw me in him. Which then I knew it was him, my father after years and years. I burst into tears as we drove off.

I remember everything about that day—it just broke me into pieces knowing he's just living the life while leaving my mom, stepdad and grandparents to do all the work and provide for me when he should be a part of it. It's like, I was finally doing fine but then he shows up all in my face and ruins that for me. At that moment I just wanted to be one of those very lucky people that have both their mom and dad in their life. Instead of just one or the other.

As time went by I learned that people are going to come and they may leave but the people who stay are the ones worth it. As my father left my life, my stepdad came into the picture. Which means a lot because if it wasn't for him my lost void of having a father figure wouldn't have been filled. Through the years I learned that it doesn't matter if someone is blood or not because at the end of the day blood might make you related but what is more important is loyalty. Which is what makes you family.