

On Thursday nights in the summer, my dad and I spend time together. Riding bikes or maybe just a walk in the park I treasure those times when all we do is spend time together. On the weekend I am forgotten my dad and I go to the local shop to get a newspaper and then we come home we have breakfast and boom my dad is gone to the shop and doing things in the basement. We have lunch but as soon as it's done he's back down to the shop only to be seen at 6:00 again or maybe an acontional time. I go down to the shop but he's to absorbed in cutting wood for other people nerver cutting time for me only memories of when my mom ~~ad~~ and dad were still together only then I did have all the attention I needed and maybe a little too much. But now it's only Tues, Thurs, and every other Saterday. I wish it could all change back to when maybe I had just a little bit more attention then I really needed. Even sometimes on Tus. and Thurs, I have to go to the houses where he puts ~~me~~ the cabinets in for the people he made them for. When I ask him if I can stay home he says he needs me to help him in setting the cabinets in right.

Chris's notebook entry, "My Dad."