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It has been nearly twenty years since the birth of my son, a moment that had changed my life forever. After looking back through such a vast period of time that seemed to pass by in the blink of an eye, I find myself dumbfounded by how much has happened since I thought I had finally fell in love. My former love, whose name I will never forget but do not wish to recall, was soon to be the mother of my illegitimate son. I hired Dr. David McCoy, my ambitious college friend who was yearning for patients, to deliver the baby in absolute secrecy. Not only was I afraid of my stringent parents' disparagement, I was also fearful of losing my perfect reputation. Dreaming of eventually becoming the President of France, the country I had studied law in as well as met my first love, it was necessary for my records to be unsoiled. For that reason, I never married after the birth of my son, who also took the name Lawrence. Although my love and I happily cared for my son throughout his childhood, I worked many long days as a lawyer in New York City to attain political acclaim and never told anyone of my lifelong goal. However, after I allowed my nationalistic son enter the Columbia Military Academy, a startling discovery soon transformed the family life I had grown to love. Throughout the time I was working so hard, I had failed to notice how my partner was utilizing her degree in French politics. After stumbling upon a letter from my love to her father, I discovered her supposed family visits in France were attempts to publicize her political views in an effort to follow in her father's footsteps by becoming President of France. Furious, I immediately confronted the woman I was living with for over ten years and to make a long story short, we eventually went our separate ways. My son flip-flopped between

living with my former wife and I while I continued to make appearances in the international political arena. With a large scholarship from the Columbia Military Academy, I managed to send my son to Stanford University to study politics. Two years after Lawrence Jr. left New York, I learned that my former love was planning on running to be President of France the same year I had planned to do the same. I knew I was in no position to defeat her in the upcoming election and I contacted the elusive Daisy Windsor. A few years ago, I successfully defended this woman's innocence in a case in which she was accused of assassination, but I knew she was guilty. When I visited Ms. Windsor she agreed to do a certain task I outlined for her in exchange for a hefty sum of money. I may feel guilty for what I did, but I do not regret it because I now am as close as I can possibly be to realizing my dreams. I am going to France tomorrow.