

Alexis Torres

Professor Wood

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Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

We did everything together. From learning to walk, to learning how to eat on our own. I shared bond that no other child has held with her father. I can still picture his features and that big smile he had every time he took care of me. His smile was what stood out the most—he could make anybody's day in just a matter of seconds. I looked up to him, he was my inspiration to be the best I can be in life. I remember as a young girl I wanted to look and be exactly like him. He taught me to be the best, and was the best father a girl can ask for. You can say I was daddy's little girl.

The days I spent with him were the best times I remember as a child. I constantly followed him around wondering what I could do to help just so I could spend more time with him. I had daddy wrapped around my little pinkie, but that's what daddy's girls do. When he was around I felt invincible; I could do anything that was possible. I was very girly and was very interested in toys that consisted jewelry and makeup. At the time, I was just four years old. At that age everything seemed so fascinating, and I wanted it all. That even meant those shining twinkle lights that laid against his earlobe.

My dad didn't take those earrings off for anything but his showers. I constantly fixed my eyes on the earrings every time my dad left them on his brown old wooden dresser. I specifically remember the time my sticky fingers took them off the dresser. It was the first time I actually got to hold them. I gazed deeply at them for a few seconds, noticing they weighed nothing on my tiny hand. My eyes were so fascinated with the silver that shone, with a light rust that stuck between the back that held the earring on his ear and the earring itself. I noticed an engraved number and letter that said 4K, indicating how much silver it was worth. Also an initial of two letters, E.T. "Ernesto

Torres” I said whispering to myself. Those diamond earrings were so much more than a piece of fine jewelry. They were a girl’s best friend. The studs twinkled as I moved them around the light that came in through the window from his room. The back that holds the earring in place was an old-fashioned screw on and a bit brown, meaning they were an old pair of diamond earrings. To my dad they weren’t just an old pair they were his identification—everyone who knew him knew he would be wearing his favorite pair of earrings. To him they represented hard work, accomplishment, and his style. Although they weren’t brand new from a jewelry store, I didn’t care. I still wanted them. I heard the shower turn off and quickly but them back. I ran past the bathroom as he opened the door, “what are you doing my little Lexy?” he questioned knowing that I was up to something. I looked deeply into his eyes and right away he knew I wanted something, I grabbed his finger because my hand couldn’t grip his big hands and I walked toward the diamond earrings. I pointed at them and he looked at me with a smile. He pulled my hair back and started putting the earrings on me. I can still remember the smell of his presence and his movements as he was putting his diamond earrings on me. I looked at myself in the mirror and I felt like a princess.

There’s not one day that passes by that I don’t think of my dad. I was just a young girl trying to figure out the world. He held a big part of my life. He taught me many lessons in just a matter of my four years of existence with him. He convinced me that there is so much more value in life. Just like my father, who wore his earrings with his head held up high, I learned a few lessons those days he wore them. I saw how happy he was and how those diamond earrings stood out the most which bought the best out in him. I wanted nothing but that same smile he held on his face, and as a young child who thought something that shines so bright would make a person happy, I found out that’s what those studs did for me; they made me happy.

It’s been fifteen years and I only own one diamond earring; my younger sister has the other one. When our dad left this world and left nothing but those earrings and the two of us, I knew he

would want us to each have a piece of him. The diamond earrings isn't as shiny as it used to be and a bit dusty because I only wear it on special occasions. However, I remember how my dad kept his head up even in rough times and always let those earrings shine. I knew that one day they would be mine and every time I wear them, I can feel a sense of my dad's presence and it lifts me up and I feel like him. Those earrings grew to be a girl's best friend.