



**Mi Universidad**

## **Ensayo**

*Nombre del Alumno: De la Cruz Villamil José Luis.*

*Nombre del tema: It's nice to meet you*

*Parcial: Único*

*Nombre de la Materia: inglés I*

*Nombre del profesor:*

*Nombre de la Licenciatura: Enfermería*

*Cuatrimestre: 1er*

It's nice to meet you.

Hello. My birth certificate states that my name is José Luis de la Cruz Villamil but I am better known as the devil trainer. I am a nineteen-year-old man. Born and raised in the municipality of Reforma, Chiapas.

I was fathered by José Luis de la Cruz Barberio and María Asunción Villamil Contreras and my brother is a certain Jesús Eduardo de la Cruz Villamil.

Like everyone else condemned to lead a life they didn't ask for, I had to forge myself academically as a child, starting in kindergarten. Villatoro was the name of the place where I had to serve my three-year sentence. The memories from that time are so nostalgic that I didn't even care to save them. Later I went to another reform school called primary whose name I don't remember, but here I had to serve a six-year sentence. In that place I understood the value of camaraderie, the value of being Mexican and... that's it.

High school was more of the same, a lot of homework and little desire to do it. I was only in high school for the first semester and from there came the two-year vacations, more or less as long as the pandemic lasted. They were increasingly annoyed with the subject of the university degree, so when I finished my degree I chose to study architecture. When I finished the race I realized that there was a problem, I hated making models. I only lasted approximately two and a half months. It must be frustrating that they even charge you to abandon the race. I didn't pay, right, but it must still be annoying.

It is not possible that most of my life I cannot fill an entire page. It is very boring to be a saint with a virgin heart in this life.

I can't think of what else to put to fill out the last lines of this sheet.

The balance no longer allows me to translate any more words, so I will continue tomorrow.

I finally reached the second page. It is very exhausting to depend on the translator for this task. Now I'm supposed to talk about my tastes...

I know that I don't seem like it but I once came to believe in the eternal love that marriage promised, therefore, my musical taste is closely related to the poetry that was used to be recited in the old songs, those songs that were sung acapella when The efforts of a gentleman and his promise of eternal love were still valued.

About food I can only say that I like everything that doesn't have liver, organ meats, fish or too much fat or oil. Currently I am focusing more on foods high in protein and calories. I won't complain if they only give me coffee all day.

I'm not very strict with movies, usually just making me laugh is enough. There was a time when I really liked to repeat Marvel movies. And I also saw Barbie.

Regarding books, I only know the Bible, I don't think it is mandatory to have read it to place it in this section. I'm going to pretend that books aren't listed as likes and move on to the sports section.

Since I was a child I always had a certain interest in bodybuilding-type topics. The discipline, the aesthetics of the human body and the consumption of anabolic steroids caught my attention. My parents, at that time, believed the lie that lifting weights caused a deterioration in the physical development of children; Until I was 18 I was allowed to do that type of activities, therefore, I entered other disciplines.

It was somewhat frustrating to learn some time later that lifting weights was not something harmful but rather an activity that favored the physical development of young people in full growth, accompanied by a good diet, whether in volume or definition, it would have been a good way to lose weight time.

I wonder if you are still reading this attempted essay or do you already consider that it is not worth giving me a good grade? If I manage to figure out how to upload a video to this platform I hope that you will at least feel sorry enough to give me a grade above ten.

Finally we have reached the third page. I'm glad this is done electronically, I really don't think it's worth wasting ink trying to summarize my miserable life. While it occurs to me what else to write, I give it a five-minute break. You can stretch, make a coffee, don't forget to drink and what's next.

After leaving college I took a year off to see what happens with my life. I always had a problem with school so I already got the idea that I was going to go to university every weekend. Now there was only one issue at hand to resolve. What career am I going to study? That question that has been following me for a long time wants to screw me again.

I stopped following the useless advice of studying something that you are passionate about and decided to opt for something that suited me, but I was already fed up with the plans so I didn't like civil engineering and I went for this career. In any case, I already spent most of my time surrounded by medications and sick people. Currently the idea I have is to finish my degree and finally be able to leave the place where I am working. There's nothing wrong with this, I just can't imagine in twenty years selling loose condoms or asking which company you're going to want your refills from.