

My Big Brother

by Tyler P. Fick

When I make my wish for tomorrow, I will wish for another yesterday. Another moment that is now locked in the past. Not even I can open it. It's the history that makes today so intense. He wasn't always like this. He used to be difficult, stubborn, and scared. But now, well now he is difficult, stubborn, and still scared but he doesn't hide anymore. Control is a big part of his life. Things need to and should work out as far as he is concerned. Things should work out, they should, but sometimes they do not. The yesterdays do not seem so far away to me. I knew he wasn't like me. He wasn't as perfect as I was, he didn't make mom and dad happy very often, and he certainly didn't know how to light up the room as I had perfected. Only three years younger than him, I watched him. I watched every move he made. My big brother. He was the essence of everything I found fascinating in life. He was a rebel. Everything I dreamed my six, seven, ten year old body could be. But I surely wasn't him, and he definitely wasn't me. I wanted to teach him to fight like me, I wanted to give him my smile, I wanted to give him my spirit or at least half of it. His pain made me wither. I thought if I could just give him these things everything would be better, everything would seem less scary to him, everything would be bright. No dark unstable turns, no furious tempers, no pain in his heart. I thought all he need was a chance. Why didn't mommy and daddy see that? All he needed was one chance. After the 30th or 40th chance, it came time to say goodbye. I remember just sitting there as the police officer sat him down and asked him questions. I wanted to bust in and lie for him, even though I knew he had indeed done what this officer was accusing him of. I just wanted to protect him. He seemed so fragile. I realize now, it was a wall that I couldn't break. It was a wall built by him and only he could break its barrier. His eyes spoke the truth and his jitters shook the fear of a depression that was indescribable. Oh enough with the shaking Jason, just stop it! But he didn't.

It wasn't like I was going to miss him, after all, I was a big tough fourth grader and he was that mean older brother. Good riddance, have fun in that boarding school and I hope they just, I mean I hope they, I hope that school breaks you! The house without him wasn't anything I liked at all. But I wasn't about to admit that. I stayed up all night long the night before he left. No, I didn't like it at all. All I wanted to do was go in and shake him. Snap out of it Jason, stop the act. But he wasn't acting and he left the next day. I resented him, I despised him, but most of all I hated my mom and dad for shipping him away. All he needed was

another chance. Just one more, just one more. They never saw that like I did. If they would have let me, I could have fixed him. I could have.

We used to get letters from him, cursing at us, basically it was hate mail. Mail that sentenced us to an eternity in hell and promises of running away because we sent him to this place so far away from his home. Then one day we got a letter that read: doing fine. The years rushed by after that, one after another, another after one. I wouldn't say he changed, but I saw him grow taller, I saw him grow facial hair, I saw him steal the spotlight from me. When he graduated I have never seen my parents more proud. Everyone around him glowed. Glowed just because they knew. They knew his struggle. His struggle to be. His struggle to live. I glowed because he was my big brother and that was his light, bright enough for everyone around him to glow.

Today I quite enjoy sitting down and watching him shine. He has a unique glow. It is often too bright for just anyone to see. The yesterdays bring me smiles as I think of us as a duo. When I was very young I remember sneaking into his bedroom at night so I could sleep in his room. With him in the other bed, for some reason I was a happy little girl, some reason I cannot explain. He had these ways to make me feel safer than anyone ever had. My big brother. I am his little sister and he has never let me down, his pedestal I place him on has never swayed, and he still makes me feel safe. Now, he makes me want to cry with all the beauty he creates. He is a fighter, and I do not even think he knows all the fights he has survived. I do. I marked them, I predicted he would win, and I always knew that a home is dark and lonely without him. I watched him yesterday, I watch him today. I watch my big brother. He has faced his fears and now listen to the magic in his soul coming from his fingertips. Look at how he lights up the room. Just look.