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Mrs. Thomasen

English 12

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My Little Sister

When I was 6, **my parents dropped me off at my Oma and Opa’s house, jumped back into the car and sped out the cul-de-sac faster then I could process.** When I asked my Oma why they drove away with such urgency, she told me that my 9-month gift was on her way.

July 31st, 2008, I walked hand in hand with Oma towards the hospital room doors where my new little sister is waiting. Oma gently pushes on my shoulder to sit on the couch and hold out my arms. My mom, **looking exhausted yet radiant,** places the gift in my arms. Have you ever held something so perfect, so precious, and so dear that you could never imagine letting go? Holding this beautiful baby girl born with my mom’s big brown eyes, soft silky hair and an adorable button nose. I knew this was someone who I would protect. Holding her tight, **I wrap my arms around her like a blanket as she slept soundly.**

When I was 7, I could **hear the pitter-patter** of tiny hands and see her chubby little legs use all their force to take her first steps. **She’s four steps from me:** stumbling around like a drunk woman, she takes her first steps in my direction. **Three steps later:** a look of pure focus and determination crosses her features. **Two more steps:** her eyes light up and the most contagious laugh escapes, I couldn’t help myself and began to giggle as well. **One step from my reach**: she begins to lose balance. She reaches out for me, I race to catch her before she comes **crashing down and collides** with the hard linoleum floors and, not a moment too soon, I catch her. She holds on to me as though her life depends on it. Clenching her tiny fists around my wrists, she regains her balance and tries again.

When I was 8, the year was heavier; however, because she was still so young, far to young to understand the weight of the situation so I would hold her, play with her and shield her from our parents screaming about how “Things just aren’t working anymore.”. Tears streaming down my face while a smile glowed from hers. She became my anchor, holding me in place through the stormy sea with her innocence. Modelling her atrocious toddler fashion choices, singing Disney songs, reading Cat in The Hat and drawing art so abstract that even Picasso himself has competition, I just knew that everything would turn out ok. She will always brighten a dark day and **I will always be there to support her should the journey be overwhelming.**

When I was 14, we fought. All the time. Every moment with her was a war; my fears of a senseless, directionless and meaningless life took over. How was I supposed to have a future, have good grades, and be a good sister? The stress took the reins in my brain; if I couldn’t have a perfect life, I couldn’t be the best role model or the best sister. I’m someone she looks up to; I’m the example she follows and her most powerful influence. The weight of being an older sister hit me and every failure of mine or hers sparked a flame and lit the fuse. We fought all the time.

The final evening of summer I was laying on the trampoline looking at the sky, my sister jumps down onto the rough grass and climbs on top the trampoline to lay beside me. Only the crickets made noise; we simply laid on the trampoline looking at stars. My sister glances toward me. Her eyes are full of hope.

“You’re a good big sister,” she whispers. I knew everything would be ok.

When I was 17, I watched my sister walk across the old, scuffed and scratched gym floor, hear the click of her tiny heels as she walks to her principal to officially “graduate” elementary school. Certificate in hand, she looks towards me with pure pride and poses for a photo. She’s so young yet so ready to take on the world. I know now that she doesn’t need me to be the perfect role model or the perfect big sister. She’s smart, hard-working and more stubborn than myself. She’ll be just fine, and she will always know that I’ll be there, watching her carve her path in this world and **should the journey become overwhelming she’ll always have me.** Always.

**Rhetorical Devices**

1. Rule of three

“ **my parents dropped me off at my Oma and Opa’s house in an anxious hurry jumped back into the car and sped out the cul-de-sac faster then I could process.”**

1. Parallel Structure

“ **She’s four steps from me… Three steps later… Two more steps… One step from my reach….”**

1. Contrast

“ **My mom, looking exhausted yet radiant…”**

1. Circle Technique

“ **I will always be there to support her should the should the journey become overwhelming… should the journey be overwhelming she’ll always have me.”**