The Older Sibling

My role in my family is the first thing that I want anybody who cares to know about me. Being an older brother is one of the most important parts of my identity and I couldn’t be more thankful for my little sister, Sarah, who is 10 years old, and towers at a unimpressive 4’ 2”, she loves to play videogames, crack jokes, and I couldn’t be happier to tend to her needs; not like taking care of her is the only part. Having a sister who always wants to be with me and even BE ME at times is one of the best self confidence boosters I can ever get from anyone in my life.

Company is one of the best things I derive from being an older brother. Maybe it’s the simple things such as doing my math homework as she sits in my lap and stares mindlessly as the idea of “OH MY GOD I’M GOING TO HAVE TO DO THIS SOMEDAY” roams in her small puddle of thoughts. Sometimes it’s when we cuddle on my bed and scroll youtube for hours and hours or rewatch an old episode of SpongeBob, which is our favorite show by the way. Many of my hours after school are with Sarah, even if that time is as simple as scrolling through instagram on my phone while she sits beside me and plays Roblox. Her existence always adds an important feel and a sense of being an older brother, whether she’s there or not.

It’s not always about being cooler or the fact that she looks up to me. Sometimes it’s the most humbling moments that define my role. There was the time when she gazed with a confused mixture of fear and respect from the battle scars on my face as I wondered, “Why I was lying on the floor in the first place?” *Oh yeah, my skis and I took off of the 10-foot drop that I probably wasn’t supposed to ski off of,* and the next thing I knew was that my mind went blank*.* She stood beside me in silence as we waited for the staff to come help me while the snow that intruded my clothes had already started to prickle through my ears and the smell of watery cold air rushed into my lungs. As humbling as it may seem, moments like those have always defined me as an older brother.

A real nail in the coffin that defined me as a true older sibling was when I let Sarah ride my skateboard for the first time. It occured on a late afternoon, while the sun cast it’s final golden rays before beginning to fall asleep; I was assigned the task of picking up Sarah from a friend’s house and I couldn’t be more eager to accept the task. Fast forward 30 minutes and I was strolling through the middle of the streets and Sarah was running to catch up behind me. The wind brushed through my hair and my hoodie sleeves fluttered around; tossed by the wind. The houses around us had a bright orange light centered on them and moving in slow motion while the trees around us had just finished growing beautiful papery leaves. The bright unforgiving orange light blocked my weak eyes from seeing farther ahead. With a tired but frustrated expression, Sarah cried “Wait up! You’re going too fast and I’m tired!”

“You want a turn on the board?” *Yeah if you don’t mind road rash with those short sleeves*

“Yeah!”

Sarah was never eager to try riding, obviously due to the fear of falling, something I’m in the process of overcoming. I couldn’t be more excited to let her try. Who knows? Maybe she’ll become as passionate as me.

*Highly unlikely, but worth a shot.*

I held her tight as she put her feet on the board, her arms were out wide like she was trying to balance on a tightrope. I let her roll naturally down the hill to our house which was only a couple blocks away. Maybe it’s because I don’t put too much thought into anything I do, whether it was important or not, but by the time I realized this was a bad idea, it was definitely too late. Immediately the board started to gather speed, the fidget-spinner quality bearings started to spin faster and faster, the board started to speed wobble back and forth. I eventually came to my senses and started running out to her; the wind pushing me from behind yelling out to me “GO SAVE HER YOU FOOL!” The board wobbled side to side, side to side, until one of the wheels hit a death-causing pebble, and the board instantaneously decelerated to a stunning 0 miles per hour; unfortunately, this was not the case for her body, which continued at the velocity of over 20 miles per hour as she flew off the board and landed onto the hard pavement; shoulders first and rolling away for a solid 5 seconds, halting to a stop while the board came back to her and padded her back as it came to an definite stop. I pushed past the flashing sunlight and went to her body. Miraculously, ZERO and I mean ZERO scratches, but she was crying helplessly as I helped her onto my back.

With two feet on my board, two hands on her legs, and one Sarah on my back, I carried her like I carry my backpack and skated the rest of the way home, where no one else was to ever know of what happened.

I would say many things define me as an older sibling which defines me as a person in general, whether it was when the words thoughtlessly come out of my mouth as I explain her math homework, or when I am cuddling with her on the couch as we watch the same episode of SpongeBob for the fifth time, or even turning my mind into a blank mush as my stupidity drove me off a cliff, literally.

And I could not be more grateful to be blessed with this role.