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POD 1  
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Piano practice had just finished. My fingers started to cramp after the class was over. As I walked out of the studio, I felt a slight fall breeze blow across my body. I saw my car and I immediately hopped in. "Mike, we have to go to target, dad wants us to look at something." My mom said. "Alright" I replied. Alongside my mom was my sister. She had just finished with her drum lesson. On our way to Target I had been messing around with her. Playing with her backpack, teasing her, and even stealing her backpack saying "Yoink!" as I always do.

We arrive at Target, and while we were walking toward the back of the store to get a small Christmas tree my dad had wanted to get for his office. I had a slight feeling that something bad was going to happen. It felt like a small tingle in my stomach. I didn't notice it until we got closer and closer to the back of the store. We had just arrived at the technology isle, which is the isle before the festive isle. I did my usual teasing; touching her stomach, talking about her and more.

We came to the Christmas isle; we saw a plethora of different decorations which ranged from snoopy to generic brand Target decorations. My mom found the Christmas trees and started walking with passion. My mom walks with passion. We were looking at the different trees and thought that they weren't and good. We were about to leave when I grabbed my sister's water bottle. "Yoink" I said to her. "Michael, give it back!" she said. We ran down an entire isle until she got it back from me. Something in my mind said "Do it", so I pushed her while she was running away from me. I had no reason to do it, but I did it anyways. She fell straight on her

face. I thought It was the funniest thing of all time. Once I saw her after she fell, my thoughts, my emotions all started to change. Still to this day I had no idea why it was something I did. It wasn't out of anger, it wasn't out of sadness, I just did it. I help her get up, but once I saw her I noticed that both of her front teeth had been broken due to her falling. I think that walking her to the bathroom was the worst part of the night. Just walking her to the bathroom crying her eyes out was the worst experience for me.

Once we got home I slowly went up to my room and started to cry for hours on hours. I fully understood that I wasn't the one who got hurt, but I still felt like I was the one who got hurt. I value the relationships with my family and especially my sister because she's the one that I can connect with the most. So seeing her hurt is like seeing myself hurt. Everytime we would go to the dentist to see if they could fix her teeth, I would have the biggest urge to cry. Even to this day, just thinking about all the time when I hurt my sister starts to water up my eyes.

Month one was the hardest month for me. It was the month where we were struggling to keep it together. Everyone was angry, I was sad and my sister was in pain. I would constantly think about my actions and how it could have changed if I was just acting like a sane human. We all aren't perfect after all. It was even hard for me to look at her; I never thought I could look my sister in the eye after I did that to her. I never thought she would ever forgive me.