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Humanities

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TPW Draft #2

I have a pretty good relationship with my sister. It's kind of like the typical sibling relationship, arguing, shoving, fighting, etc. I remember that she got butthurt from some smartass response I said to her so she kicked me straight on the face. I wouldn't stop bleeding, she's really scary. Something that is different between many sibling relationships, is the fact that my sister has autism. She doesn't really understand a lot of things, but she eventually learns... Eventually. The fact that she has autism makes our conversations a lot more impactful. She would say the funniest and weirdest things ever. That's probably where I got my atrocious humor from.

So, piano practice had just finished. My fingers started to cramp after the class was over. As I walked out of the studio. 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 and talking about her.

We came to the Christmas isle; we saw a plethora of different decorations which ranged from snooply to generic brand Target decorations. My mom found the Christmas trees and started walking with passion. Yes, my mom walks with passion. We were looking at the different trees and thought that they weren't good. We were about to leave when I grabbed my sister's water bottle. "Yoink" I said to her. "Give it back!" she said. We ran down an entire isle until she got it back from me. I had this really stupid idea to push her. In my head I thought "This is very harmless, absolutely nothing could ever go wrong!" So I pushed her and I saw her slowly fall.

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, and 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. As we were walking to the bathroom to clean her mouth, she kept saying "My teeth" in a way that I couldn't handle it. It was at that moment I started to notice the impact I had on others. This was the first time in a while where I felt sadness.

Once we got home I slowly went up to my room and started to cry for hours and hours. This might not feel like it's that serious, but try to picture this. You're in front of your favorite celebrity, you start talking and playing around until you (for whatever reason) randomly slam their face into the ground. That is my way of thinking about it. I fully understood that I wasn't

the one who got hurt, but I still felt like I was the one who was 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 an urge to cry.

The first month 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. Everyday I would refuse to get out of bed, I just wanted to stay and sleep.

Month after month I would start to feel a little better about myself, but every time I looked at my sister I felt the pain that I caused. It's like having PTSD; well in my eyes at least. You'll get it lost in your mind until you are reminded of it. It's gotten so bad to the point where whenever I see her teeth it's a reminder of my actions as a person. I saw it as a personal reflection of myself, that's when I knew how much I neglect my family, and that I don't value them as much as I should. Everyday I would tell her "I'm sorry" but I don't think that any words could mend the pain that I afflicted to her.

In June, there was a time where she would constantly go to the orthodontist to get her teeth fixed. My mom didn't want her to get a root canal. She actually was going to have to be sedated to get her broken teeth out and to get her replacements in. All of them said her insurance didn't cover their plan or whatever...there was one time where we actually stopped using her insurance so that it would fix the situation. The dentists gave all these excuses like "liability..."

blah blah..." and I kinda understand why, but that's besides the point. So we eventually got the insurance back and went to another place where she got her teeth fixed. At first I was scared because she's allergic to the sedation stuff and we were scared that she was going to get a seizure. In the end she got her teeth in and everyone was happy. I still get those moments of sadness because of the stuff I had done not just to her, but literally everyone. She started to show off her new teeth and she was happier than ever.

I think my power comes from my brain, more specifically the amygdala and the cerebrum. It's because the cerebrum controls the way that I do what I do, it controls my actions. It also controls how I remember things. It pretty much told me to do what I did. I also said the amygdala because it controls the way I feel about things. So it basically told me that I was a bad person and that I needed to pretty much rethink my life. My brain reminded me that