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Humanities

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TPW Draft #3

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 snoopy 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. 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. 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 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 her baby voice that she always does. 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 started to go to my room and grab all my stuff and bring it to my parents room because I thought I would get punished. My parent called me downstairs "Mike, this isn't your fault" "I did this, so I'm responsible for all this" I ran upstairs and started crying for about 3 hours. I pretty much cried myself to sleep. When I woke up the next day, I felt my

eyes felt super dry. I proceed to cry for another hour. This was a huge deal for me because I hurt someone that I really care about.

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 (mostly an exaggeration) . 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.

I remember a specific time where I was in my room moping about my imperfections and my actions while I was playing games. She came up to my room and sat at the spot she always does when I play, right beside my desk to the left. She started to say "Hi Michael." I reply back saying "Hey." She asked me "Are you sad again?" I said back saying "No, I'm ok." She asked me "Am I ever going to get my teeth fixed?"

In June, there was a time where she would constantly go to the dentist to get her teeth checked. The orthodontist gave my parents two options, she would either get a root canal or they

sedated her and then fix her teeth while she was asleep. My mom didn't want her to get a root canal because of how painful it was. She actually was going to have to be sedated to get her broken teeth out, and to get her replacements in. All of the dentists that we went to said her insurance didn't cover their plan or whatever... The dentists gave all these excuses like "liability... blah blah..." and I kinda understand why, but that's besides the point.. At first I was scared because she's allergic to the sedation ingredients and we were scared that she was going to get a seizure half way through the procedure.

The day of her procedure I wanted to go with her, I wanted to know if everything would be ok. It was during school and my mom said "no more missing school", so I they eventually got me to go. Every 10 minutes or so I would either text or call my mom to ask if my sister was ok because I really want her to feel better. At the end of the day I would get picked up by both of my parents. Little did I know that my sister would join them. She was pretty much sleeping in the back of the car. When I opened that door she woke up and smiled. I don't think that I could have been happier in my life. I felt a sense of relief and joy though I can't help but think of the time when it happened.