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Humanities

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### Falling Down

I have a pretty good relationship with my sister, she has autism, which makes our conversations **x10** better because she would say the most wacky things.

**(CUE IMAGE AUTISM PUZZLE)** Autism is a learning disability which impacts the nervous system in a way that makes it difficult for her to learn things. There are a lot of synapses or brain cell connections in her brain causing her to have this learning disability. We do typical sibling things like, make a hand shake, make fun of each other, fight over stuff. It was just an ordinary day- nothing could have foretold the events that were about to occur...

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, but I didn't notice it until we got to the back of the store. We had just

arrived at the technology aisle, which is the aisle before the festive aisle. I did my usual teasing; poking her stomach and talking about her.

**(CUE IMAGE TARGET CHRISTMAS ISLE)**We came to the Christmas aisle; 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 STRIDES WITH PASSIONATE FURY.!**

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 aisle 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. Back then I thought It was the funniest thing ever. I helped her get up, but once I saw her *I noticed that both of her front teeth had been broken due to her falling.* Walking her to the bathroom was the worst part of the night. I had to walk her to the bathroom which was at the front of the store, while she was crying her eyes out. She kept saying “**my teeth**”, every time I would hear those words, I would feel more sad. It’s like that feeling of sadness where your heart starts to feel dragged down.

Once we got home I to got to my room and grabbed all my stuff and brought it to my parents room because I thought I would get punished. I told my parents I

put my stuff in their room because of what I did. My mom said “Mike, this isn’t your fault” I stomped on the ground with frustration saying, “**I did this, so I’m responsible for all this**” I ran upstairs and started crying for about 3 hours. My sister came to my room with my mom, she said “Michael, I’m ok stop crying now. Let’s go eat dinner now.” I knew this was just another empty lie that I always received. I barely ate because of how sad that I felt. My mom kept saying things to me to try to make me feel better, like how I needed to eat so that I would gain more weight, I didn’t care. My mom would also try to make jokes to try and cheer me up. She would say things that would normally get me to laugh, but those words didn't even get me to smile.

I got back upstairs and I cried for another 30 mins, I eventually cried myself to sleep. When I woke up the next day, I felt my eyes felt super puffy. I felt bad about myself and I said to myself "*I'm good*". **I proceed to cry for another hour.**

My parents would constantly visit me to ask how I was doing but I didn't respond to them because of the way I was feeling. Once my sister tried to visit me I would always try to hide myself from her because I didn't want to show myself to her. I felt like I couldn't show myself to her after what I did.

The month after the accident 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. I couldn't even look at her

because it would remind me of what I did. I never thought I could look my sister in the eye after I did that to her. I thought she would never forgive me. Everyday I would refuse to get out of bed, I just wanted to sleep forever. As time went on I wanted to find a way to make things better.

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; I say this as an exaggeration. It's gotten so bad to the point where whenever I see her teeth it's a reminder of my actions as a person. 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. My sister came up to my

room and sat at the spot she always does, 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?”, everytime she would say that I would feel worse about myself.

There was a time where we would constantly go to the dentist (CUE IMAGE DENTIST OFFICE) to see what we could do to fix my sisters teeth. All the dentists gave us two options, she would either get a root canal or she would get sedated. We eventually came to the consensus that she would get sedated so that she wouldn’t feel much pain; but every dentist we went to, didn’t cover our insurance plan and they didn’t want to be held accountable *blah... blah... blah...*



we had to switch insurance and then they didn't accept our insura- to make a long story short, we got her to get an appointment.

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 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. I was surprised my sister was there too. She was pretty much sleeping in the back of the car. (CUE IMAGE SISTER SMILING) When I opened that door she woke up and smiled. I don't think that I could have been happier. Though she had her teeth fixed, I still can't forget the time where I broke my sisters teeth.

(CUE IMAGE CAR PICTURE) Nowadays, my relationship with my sister has grown a lot. I feel like, now that all this happened, we got closer. I started to be nicer to her just so that nothing happens to her. We act all wacky and crazy but we still have fun. I think I've started to feel worse about myself. I started off sad because the things I have done. On top of that I add my failures, my mistakes and my actions into account and I slowly felt like I was starting to fall. (CUE IMAGE

DRAWN PICTURE)