

99 WRITING

Finding Out I Have a Brother

by Natalie, 826CHI

TYPE
NARRATIVE

I was five years old when I heard my mom and dad mention a name. “Carlos.” I wondered who they were talking about.

Four years later, when I was nine years old, I had a conversation with my mom.

“Mom!” I screamed across my room.

“Que paso? What happened?” my mom replied back.

“Ven siéntate aquí al lado de mi en mi cama. Come sit next to me in my bed,” I said nicely.

“OK,” my mom replied.

“Quién es carlos? Who’s Carlos?” I asked curiously.

“Nadie importante. No one important,” my mom replied nervously.

“Mami yo no tengo otro hermano o hermana? Mom, do I have another brother or sister?” I asked curiously.

“Si, pero es una larga historia ya llegara ese dia que te lo diga. Yes, but it’s a long story, and one day I’ll tell you,”

my mom replied back, with tears running down her face.

“Mami, porque lloras? Estas bien? Mom, why are you crying? Are you OK? I asked, worried.

“Si estoy bien. No es nada. Si estoy bien. Yes, I’m OK. It’s nothing. I’m OK,” my mom said, wiping her tears. My mom walked out of my room and I was by myself. I lay back on my bed, staring up at the ceiling. I closed my eyes.

What could my mom be hiding from me?

A few months passed. I heard a phone ring.

Ring... Ring... Ring

“Hola. Hello,” I said.

“Hola, si me pasas a mi mama? Hello, could you pass me to my mom?” the person responded back.

Yo me quedé en shock no conteste por un minuto. Porque dijo a “mi mama”? I was in shock. Why did he say “mi mama”?

“Lo siento quien eres y porque dijistes ‘mi mama’? I’m sorry... who are you and why did you say ‘my mom’?” I said with curiosity.

“Si mi mama, me llamo Carlos yo vivo en Mexico, tu eres Natalie mi hermana? Yes, my mom. My name is Carlos. I live in Mexico. Are you Natalie, my sister?” he answered.

“Si, entonces tu eres Caros, por eso mi mama nunca me kiso decir nada ahora ya entiendo todo. Yes. So you’re Carlos. That’s why Mom wouldn’t tell me. I understand everything,” I replied.

“Si yo soy tu hermano Carlos, no está ahí mi mamá? Yes, I’m your brother Carlos. Is my mom there?” Carlos asked.

My mom heard our conversation. I turned around to see her crying. I told my mom, “Esta bien, te perdono porque ahora ya entiendo todo. Ok, I forgive you because now I

understand everything,” I told my mom with tears of emotion.

“Gracias hija por entender porque no te dije todo este tiempo. Thank you, daughter, for understanding why I didn’t tell you all this time,” my mother answered happily.

Es una emoción saber que tengo un hermano. It is a thrill to know I have a brother.

Now, I am 14 years old and I talk with my brother more. I only know him by pictures, not in person. He’s 21 years old. He lives in Puebla, Mexico, and travels to Izucar Matamoros for school work. He’s graduating next year from university and is studying to be an architect.

One day, my mom was on the phone with him and I heard that he was coming either this year or next to stay for sixth months. When I heard that, I was so happy. My wish was coming true.

I can’t wait for that day to arrive and tell Carlos everything about me and ask him if he will help me with my homework. I would also like to teach him English since he only speaks Spanish.