

99 WRITING

A New Life

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

Summer makes me think of surprises and mysteries and fun.

It was a hot day in July 2012, and I was about to enter my apartment building that reminded me of an old king owl because it was so old. I walked up the stairs to the apartment and knocked on the door. My sister's grandma opened it. I looked inside. Nothing had really changed in the living room. I walked towards the bedroom, and I opened the door. I saw my mom and my sister. They looked like two deer hibernating in the winter. My sister was asleep, but I didn't even realize that until later because was lost in thought.

I felt really anxious, nervous, happy, and a teensie, tiny bit jealous and sad because I was an only child, and I knew things were going to change. I felt kind of ashamed for thinking and feeling this. I was like a three-flavored ice cream, you never know which flavor you like best and which one you hate the most.

I finally lost my thoughts because I heard my TV turn on. I put my stuff down and walked towards the bed. When I got there, my sister opened her little baby eyes that looked like two puddles of ice water. I remember that my negative feelings were gone exactly in that moment. I knew that my sister was going to be the best sister in the world. I lifted my head to look at my mom. She was smiling, and I asked, “Can I carry her?”

My mom answered, “No! You’re not ready to carry her. You’re too young.”

I rolled my eyes and thought: It’s not fair that whenever my mom wants to make me do something she always tells me, “I don’t know why you don’t want to do it when you’re old enough,” but whenever I want to do something, then I’m never old enough. Despite that, I love my sister.

Now my sister is four and a half years old, and I try my best to protect her, prepare her for life, and love her to all my ability.