

My little brother

I am the only child on my mother's side of the family, because my father did not want me as his son. I have no idea why, but at this point in my life I don't care. I don't want anything to do with him. I have brothers and sisters I never seen except one, Isaiah. He is the only piece of my father I have ever endured. The reason he came to live with my mother and I, I'm not for sure. I just woke up and there was a short, chubby boy, about four foot eleven in my house. My mother stated, "This is your little brother and he's come to stay for a while." I didn't know what to think. As I looked in his sad eyes, it seemed like I saw him before. He looks like the man in the old picture my mother keeps in her mirror. I realized that he was my father's son.

At first I didn't want to be around him because he favored that man, my father. It was hard to even show any type of emotion to him. Isaiah was a total stranger to me. One day I was going outside to see if my friends were out, and my mother wanted me to take Isaiah with me. I had to do it because my mother is not a person to play with. When she says do something you better do it or else, she is a crazy woman when you get her mad. So I took him outside, and I looked around, I didn't see any of my friends out there. It was hard, but I made a choice to open up and ask Isaiah if he wanted to play basketball with me, he said yes. That was the first time I really heard his voice. His voice resembled a lonely puppy in a pet shop looking for an owner.

As we were on the court playing, I started to think to myself, "we have the same father and he didn't want us. Could Isaiah feel as hurt as I felt? Who is going to teach us to be men? My mother couldn't do it because, she has enough problems trying to pay the bills and clean. so I took it upon myself to help us to grow into be men, and also be able to make good decisions and not make mistakes like our father did." So I helped him with his homework every day after school. We would sit down and go over math problems, because he really doesn't like math.

Even though he showed lack of interest in his homework I still insisted we should work until he understood the concept. I showed him responsibility by doing my chores and helping my mother with what ever she needed done.

After a while Isaiah became a friend, and a real little brother. We played outside until the street lights came on. Then we played Playstation until my mother screamed her head off , "Y'all need to STOP playing that damn game and go to sleep." Those were some of the best days of my life. Being with him and showing him how to make the right decision in life really makes me proud to be his big brother. I can see him growing up to be a great person. He clearly looks up to me because he does everything I do. My mother called us little monkeys on the count of the saying, "monkey see, monkey do."

For example when we were playing N.B.A. Live on the Playstation, I would react by saying "BANG BANG BOOM BABY!" every time I would make a point. He would say the same thing even though he would lose. In conclusion even though I didn't know how to be a man, I tried my hardest to be a good example to my little brother. So if I go to college and lead a good life, I want him to follow my footsteps." Monkey see Monkey do."