

"Nooo please! Can't I go?" I plead.

My sister and I are going to be staying at my aunt's house. We had done this before when my sister had gone off to college. This time will be different. This time I will be crying instead of her.

It was already happening. My eyes stung. I tried to blink back the tears, but they were inevitable. Tears poured over my eyes. I ran to my brother. He hugged me. I was surprised at this. I didn't want to let go.

I knew he was moving on. My childhood with my brother would end this very moment. It wouldn't be the same when he comes back, because all the spaces and gaps that would be left when he was gone. Like our talks ~~and~~ about soccer games, our talks about school, and most importantly our talks about each other. These ~~and~~ all ways we would bond. It will only be a matter of time before he graduates from college and gets married and has kids.