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A World In A Grain Of Sand

I've always wondered why good things happen to bad people and why bad things happen to good people. I've always wondered why the world works this way. I had started to think about this at the age of two and still haven't come up with a good answer. A part of me wants to close my eyes and have those memories wiped from my mind, to never have to re-live the tragedy over and over and over again, but I have to. A part of me *has to* remember, a part of *me wants* to keep the memories alive because I was the only one to witness it. I have to remember for my brother.

My mother was just starting out with her life, she had a job as a waitress and she had two beautiful children who she loved and adored. Life was perfect, until an unfortunate event led her to never work again.

The day was a normal day, my mother was working and my father was watching us. My baby brother was just six weeks old, brand new to the world and I already loved him. As a dutiful sister I promised my mother I would teach him the things I knew, I knew that he was going to be a bundle of trouble so I couldn't wait. I was in my room playing with my dolls that day, not having a care in the world. My brother had been fussy and had been crying all day. My father had grown tired of it and I could hear him yelling in frustration from my room. I continued to play with my dollies, shutting everything out. When the screaming and crying suddenly stopped, I realized something was wrong, a dark feeling of worry sat in the pit of my stomach and it felt as if my organs were tying into knots. I was nervous. I crept out into the living room, wanting to inspect

what was going on. While every two year old is a curious George by nature, I still feel regret for walking out of my room today. When I had reached the living room, I didn't see my father or my brother. I was worried and confused, but I kept walking through the house to solve the mystery. I pretended to be a detective, looking out for clues and inspecting the thick red liquid that was laying on our concrete floor. *Did Dad spill juice?* I thought to myself, wondering why he wouldn't clean up his mess. I proceeded to go through the house, listening for sounds and making my way towards the kitchen. I walked in into the kitchen and saw a horrific scene. I saw my brother on the kitchen table. I ran to him, climbing my way up a mahogany chair that led to the table. When I saw my brother my jaw dropped, he wasn't the laughing baby that was wiggling around his chair that I had seen just a few hours ago, he was different. He was slightly bruised on the head and I could see a halo of blood form around his body, his face was pale and his eyes were closed. He was limp and lifeless when I touched him, not making a sound or a move. I started to scream as loud as I could, hoping my cries for help would draw someone's attention, praying that anyone would help me. My dad walked into the kitchen, with a distraught look on his face, he proceeded to come towards me, taking long strides and not stopping for a breath. When he reached me, he had a cord in his hand and right then and there, I pieced everything together. He was frustrated that Tyler had been crying all day, he was sick of hearing the screaming and wailing so he decided to shut him up. What better way of doing that by shaking the poor baby, and dropping him on the concrete floor? The sight of my little brother on the table made me realize he was going to shut me up next. He didn't want anybody coming over to check up on us and finding out what had happened, so he was going to finish what he had started. He began to wrap the cord around my waist, wrapping it around me tightly while he held the rest of my fighting body down. Rage filled my two year old body and I began to thrash and scream with all of my might, conjuring whatever strength I had left in my body. My Dad began to pummel his fists into

me, whatever he could to get me to stop, I knew he was going to do. It was my job to keep fighting, for me and my brother. Looking back when my family talks about this, they say that we have fight in our blood and that is why I survived and saved my brother, and some people say it was pure adrenaline that saved me and my little brother. I like to think it was a little bit of both, I have been raised to never give up, to keep going when I think I can't go on anymore, I have been raised to defend my family even if it puts me in danger, I do it. I knew I was too young to die, especially in the hands of my own father, my own blood. I wasn't going to be a sad headline in a news story. I kept thrashing and kicking, I yelled for someone to help, and when I thought I couldn't do it anymore, I continued to fight. I did it until my body was numb and weak from the beating. Finally, a friendly face had come through the door and had saw what happened. That was when my father had stopped, he walked away. My mother's friend ran to me while another person I did not know was already in the process of calling 9-1-1. My brother was airlifted to a hospital. After a few surgeries and hours of trying to fix the mangled six week old, he was pronounced dead. Everyone's heart dropped and they thought that the fight was over. It wasn't. They resuscitated him, he was alive and he wasn't going to lose the war between life and death, it was in his blood. After a few more extensive surgeries, the doctor's told my mother that he would never be a normal boy, he would never be able to walk, talk, or do anything for himself. They told her that she was going to have him under twenty-four hour care. They said that he would never mature past the age of eleven. My mother's heart hung low. She was more than grateful to have her son alive and in recovery, but she knew that she wasn't going to have an easy life down the road, she could only imagine how difficult her sons life would be as well. Even though her daughter was okay, she would have to live with the haunting memory of her brother's almost death for a long time. *How can my life go from perfect to awful?* My mother said, lip quivering and teeth chattering. I believe in miracles, I believe that things happen for a reason,

good or bad. Something good will come out of it, whether it be the day of it happening or years later. After a long road of hard work and physical therapy, speech therapy, and countless amounts of other therapy's, my brother had beat the words of the doctor. Not only did he live through a severe traumatic head injury, he overcame the obstacles that many people did not think he would be able to cross. He did not lose the battle or the war. He overcame the odds and took another shot at life. At six weeks old he knew that he wasn't ready to die or give up. When I look at my brother today, I realize how far he has come and how far I have come. Love and affection from his family and other people in his life is what shaped my brother into the young man he is today. He is a hard worker, and incredibly intelligent, he is athletic and he has a lot of friends who love him and adore him. He also has a family that would die for him. My father only did six years of prison, he has a wife and children now, and he is doing good. What he doesn't realize is that at eighteen my brother can sue him for everything he's got and possibly put him back in prison. I also believe in karma, what goes around comes around. I can only imagine what will happen to him, nor can I wait for it to happen.