

I Am Sorry!

Written by Emily Cameron on June 24th 2009 (End of second grade)

"Come on, Alexander, let's go!" I shouted excitedly as I snatched my little brother off the ground and rocked him in my arms. He was only five months old, and I loved him very much. He was a cuddly bunch of sweet peas and loved me right back too. I finished cuddling him and carried him up to the third step. I set him down on my knees and started to cuddle and kiss him. He lifted up his hand and waved it around, gently slapping my face. I rested my head on his and felt a warm, cozy feeling.

After ten minutes of kissing and cuddling, I decided I wanted to play with my toys. I set my brother down, and walked up to my room.

My brother, still on the third step, wobbled, screamed, and tumbled down the steps and hit his head on the hard tile floor. My mom came rushing over to him. I ran downstairs and gaped. A large painful lump had formed on my brother's head. It was black and blue. I gulped.

"EMILY!!!" screamed my freaked out mom. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!!!!???" I felt guilty. If I had just brought my brother back to the living room and let him continue to play, then none of this would have happened. My mom slapped my bare leg and I felt a heart-breaking, knee-shaking pain rushing through my body.

I felt even more guilty than before. My brother was screaming with pain like a child that had a nail hammered into his leg. My mom was trying to calm him down, but he kept right on screaming. I tried to sing Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, but my voice was drowned by his screams. I tickled his tummy, but he waved his hand furiously and scratched me. Finally I sang at the top of my voice, "Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream! Merrily, merrily, merrily! Life is but a

dream!” My brother had started falling asleep. I smiled. My mom shot me a look that said, “You ought to be ashamed.” I still felt guilty, but only a little. Maybe I should have just continued cuddling and kissing him. Maybe I should’ve just put him on the ground and started to tickle him. But everything was alright now, and I felt relieved.

My mom carried Alexander up to his bed and let him sleep.

From that day on, I always made sure my brother was safe and secure. He still does hurt himself occasionally, but we get over it. Now Alexander is a tough boy. I’m sure he’ll protect me when we grow up.