

Changing My Life

There have been many events in my life that have changed it jurrastically. But, today I would like to pull aside a very important event. My most special event was when my sweet, little brother was born. Let's start when my mom was pregnant with Logan. I was as happy as a cat with endless catnip. I was very thrilled that I was finally going to have a precious, baby brother. As my mom started to get bigger I got more and more excited and sad. I was sad because my mom couldn't hold me anymore because, she was already carrying someone else! That made me furious. Fortunately, my loving father would carry me.

Then, it came time for him to be born! The day was September 16, 1999. I went with my Mimi on that day so mom and dad could hurry there. Later, I came to the hugantic hospital. We rushed inside to see my mom and how she was doing. I went to the hospital cafeteria and got some green, jiggly Jello. When I got back my mom was going into labor. I watched as I saw him being born. Suddenly, as he was coming out, he had the urge to pee on the doctor! Everyone laughed after that.

Later after all the excitement was done, I went with my Aunt DeeDee to pick up my cousins. Then, we got back to the hospital and I got a toy for my brother being born. It was a tiny, plastic doll that had snap on clothes. After that everyone kept asking me what it felt like to have a little brother and I just responded "Good." When all of our family was at our house I got to hold him. But, my mom kept telling me to raise his head, or make sure he didn't fall. I kind of got to help with him but, most of the time they did. That made me very jealous and angry! Sometimes my dad would carry him around and call him like Angel, Little man, Bubba and stuff like that. That made me even more furious! I would go up behind him and say "I thought I was your little angel."

As Logan started to grow he had to start walking and talking. Oh no I like babies until they can talk! For a long time Logan couldn't walk, so he had to go to therapy. He had a friend there but, I don't know her name. One time as he was attempting to walk he fell on his play seat and busted his lip! My dad had blood all over him! Also for a long time all he could say was yes. So, everytime that I did something, my mom would ask if I did it. So, I would say no and she would ask Logan and he would say yes, so he's get a big ol' spanking. That was kind of mean but hey, I was little. He learned to walk and talk then. Now he can open doors and that aggravates me!

As you probably already figured out, my brother affected my life in many ways. I love him and I always will. If it wasn't for Logan I would have not have gotten to do a bunch of things! So, sometimes he can be irritating he is a big part of my life! Right now he's in 2nd grade and very smart. I think he got that from me. He always been there for me although he's only eight. I love him and I'm sure he loves me! You can just ask him for yourself!