

# Mini narrative

Business



Can't Care if it's Gone. There he goes, he is finally gone, no longer is he in the house taking up space, food, and oxygen, off to college he goes.

I couldn't be happier than a homeless person getting food. That may sound a little harsh but we have got into so many fights, to where he provoked me, taunted me, and made me say regretful things, I thought I was fine with him leaving. All until three weeks maybe after he left, after that, the house got very hushed and calm, as if you saw the dust gathered on the furniture and time stood still. If you live in my house, that is not normal, it was quiet, and gentle as if no one was there, or a certain person wasn't there. A lot of the time people ask, " Do you miss your brother," and I just kind of say in a careless voice, " Not really." I really did get tired of people asking me that same question over and over again.

But then again, some of those times they asked me I was lying. Whenever he left there was no one to talk to, there was no one to tell me what should I do in this situation, and all the attention was on me. I remember one quote he told me before he left, he told me in a comforting way " Don't be stupid while I'm gone." After that the last week he was home it was truly serene and tranquil. I always thought we could have more peaceful times, but I guess we were too busy to stop and slow down.

It was almost as if it was too short of a time that we bonded together. And just like that it was over, time to take my brother off to college, and in short hours we were leaving Baylor. While driving home I felt regretful that we didn't get more time to truly bond like I wanted to, and like a light bulb went off in my head, there he goes, he is finally gone, no longer in the house. And

I truly, finally learned to care for something as much as possible while the time you have it. And now when he comes home we do whatever we can as long as possible.

But with the occasional fight and argument.