

My sister

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I was three years old sitting in my front yard when one of my older sisters friends frantically comes out of nowhere and starts screaming incredibly loud towards me. I was only three, and had no idea what she was talking about. All I remember is her being completely bitter. So I was hopelessly sitting there taking it all in. Which is where my older sister Brooke burst in front of me with extreme anger and starts screaming right back at her and tells her to get lost. I felt so protected and safe by my sister that day, I miss having her around.

It all started with this overwhelming feeling of being extremely claustrophobic. We arrived at the crowded airport at exactly five o'clock. Everyone crammed moving shoulder to shoulder. The plane was canceled so we had to stay shoulder to shoulder for two more long torturing hours. Finally, it was time for my big sister Brooke to get on her flight and leave for the extreme BMW (basic military training). After this I would not be seeing my sister for several months. My sister and I are very close; It was very hard letting her go.

As the plane flew miles away tears ran down my face like razor blades, my heart was cracking like someone had just hit it with a hammer and chisel , and I had that horrible throbbing pain in my throat where it hurts to swallow. After several torturous months of crying and praying for my sister, it was finally time to go see her graduate. Standing there in the excruciating sun on the curb waiting for all the airman to jog by chanting with their running cadences with their powerful booming voices.

Finally Brook's flight jogged by and seeing her for the first time after those long months gave me so much happiness and joy. The ceremony was pretty amazing. All that, Mitt's (military training instructors) gave long heart filled touching speeches which made my family and I cry. After all those tears and amazing speeches each airman got granted a United States Air Force coin. After the 2 hour ceremony we finally got to go see our graduated Airman. My family and I were overwhelmed with joy and couldn't stop crying.

After leaving the Air Force base we all went out to eat at a pizza parlor. After filling our stomachs with pizza and soda pop, Brooke told us all about BMW how it was hard and demanding but after a while she started to get used to it. Also how it was really good at times, because of all the new friends and people she had met. Brooke loved BMW and said it was a very good experience. After all the tears Brooke had cried, all the horrible pain she had suffered through, all the hard training she had to endure, all turned out to be worth it.

From the time she protected and stood up for me when I was three until now Brooke has never let me down. Brooke is, and always will be my sister, my airman, and my hero. My Sister By Nicknaming My sister and I are very close; it was very hard letting her go. As the plane flew pain in my throat where it hurts to swallow. After several torturous months of crying and praying for my sister, it was finally time to go see her graduate. Standing there in the ceremony was pretty amazing.

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