

# [An heart started to race. for a normal](https://assignbuster.com/an-heart-started-to-race-for-a-normal/)

An Endless CycleIt was a Saturday night during April, and my sister and I were atthe gym.

We had just finished a brutal ab workout, and we were trying to provewho had the better four pack. I pulled up my shirt showing her the two linesforming four muscular quadrants on my stomach. She pulled up hers. Everythingstopped as I stared at my little sister’s body. Red, random gashes, criss-crossed on her sixth grade stomach. So many thoughts raced through myhead.

I blurted out, “ What are those from?” She turned a shade of beet red andquickly pulled down her shirt. The image was locked in my brain just as mylittle sister was locked under my questioning eyes. She quietly murmured, “ Thecat.” Realization set in about the same time I processed the fact that our cathad died two years ago.

A couple of months later, my sister went on a bike ride. She leftaround 3: 00 in the afternoon. At 4: 28, my mom called to ask if my sister washome yet. That’s when my heart started to race.

For a normal family underregular circumstances this wouldn’t be a big deal, but we weren’t that idealfamily. My little sister struggles with depression and chooses self harm as away to relieve the stresses put on her by the world as a consequence of herbeing gay. Imagine feeling like a stranger in your own skin during a time inyour life where the only thing you should be concerned about is coming in firstin a game of tag. Many people struggle to define who they are; many morestruggle to become comfortable in their own skin. These things are hard at anyage, but when you are a gay 11 year old, the pressure is intense. My sisterreached her breaking point the night of her bike ride. With a few pills, shethought she could solve it all.

My little sister cried out for help through heractions she made that night. She realized taking pills was not the answer andcalled my parents for help. But everything had already started to change. She made it through that night, and I was happy that she did, butsomething inside of me felt different. I became aware of the gashescriss-crossing her porcelain skin. I noticed the bags beneath her eyessignifying another sleepless night.

I realized something in her eyes seemedempty, but when I looked in the mirror, I saw a twin of my sister staring backat me. Since that night, I’ve never truly been happy. I may have appearedhappy, but there was always that fear clawing at the back of my mind remindingme that it could possibly happen some day.

Anxiety was a term I becameacquainted with. Living in fear of the unknown became a normal occurrence forme. Things became better overtime, as they usually do. There was apoint when my sister hadn’t cut for around 80 days, a huge accomplishment forher. Although she seemed to be getting better, I wasn’t. I constantly worriedthat she would slip back into her old ways, and I’d find myself one sistershort. The stress from this situation and the multitude of activities Iparticipate in pushed me to a place I didn’t want to be. I found myself cryingat school over any little thing someone would say.

I felt my strong, confidentfacade wearing away. I didn’t want my reputation to slip away along with mysanity. Fortunately, I had learned from my sister that self harm wasn’t theanswer. I knew that I would need to see a therapist before things became evenworse. Part of me felt guilty. My problems were nowhere near as bad ashers were. I was supposed to be the “ easy child”; the one my parents relied onto have a plan, but soon that image wore away as well. I found myself drinkinghoping it would solve my problems, but I found it only made it worse.

When Iwas drunk one night at my first party, it only magnified my sadness. Iconfessed to my parents the next day because I felt horrible about what I haddone. It was crushing me like a ton of rocks. They were a little disappointedbut extremely proud that I had owned up to my mistakes, but that was just thebeginning of my downward spiral. A series of events followed that helped shapethe person I was becoming. My sister was still a constant concern for me. I always worriedwhat the future would hold for her.

One day on the way home from school shetold me she needed to confess something to me. What she told me that day mademy worst nightmare come to life. She explained to me how she almost gave it asecond try. She didn’t because of something I had told her earlier in the week.

She told me that if it wasn’t for me, she wouldn’t be here. Her girlfriend andher had gotten into a really big fight over something she had lied about. Icame home to find her sobbing and questioning if living was even worth itanymore. I screamed at her that there was more to life than her girlfriend. Somany more people cared, cherished and loved her besides her middle schoolcrush.

Through my uncontrollable sobs, I pointed out how selfish she was beingto think only of her own problems and ignore the ones she would create. Thiswas the only time being right about a situation wasn’t what I wanted. It onlyvalidated my fear of the unknown and of her instability. I was extremelygrateful that I was able to help her make the right choice, but it made mewonder how much she clings on to all the other stuff I say. It made me nervousthat our sisterly fights were a contributing factor to her sadness. I tried torefrain from relentlessly pestering her, but change is hard especially when thething you’re doing wrong was considered okay for so long. I try not to show the fact that I’m hurting on the inside becauseI don’t want her to feel worse about the situation. I don’t want her to feellike me and think she is the contributing factor to my sadness.

She already hasenough problems to worry about, and I don’t want to add to the sadness shealready feels. I try to stay out of the way and let her focus on herself andgetting better. A little less than a week ago, my sister actually attempted tocommit suicide a second time. This time it was no longer just a fleetingthought that crossed her mind but an actual plan. Last Tuesday she tried tohang herself.

She grabbed some rope and tied a couple knots putting her planinto action. This was the same night I spent two hours getting lectured by myparents for another one of my mistakes. My sister sat there quietly observing, standing up for me when she could.

Eventually their speech came to an end, butmy tears continued to stream down my face. I made my way upstairs with my redpuffy eyes and tried not to think about how awful my life had just become. Itrudged up to my room, and my sister stormed to hers. I should have checked onher to make sure she was alright, but I didn’t. I had enough to worry about, and this was a normal occurrence for her so I knew she’d be fine. I’ve neverbeen so wrong. It was that same night she decided to take her life. It wasn’tjust that conversation, but a mixture of things that pushed her to that point.

Everything seemed like it was getting so much better, but she had turned intome. She became an expert at hiding her feelings from the world. All of thishappened Tuesday, but I didn’t even find out until Thursday. If that doesn’tscream horrible sister, I don’t know what does. Wednesday was a blur, and Istruggled to keep my tears in due to the consequences from my mistake. After along night at work, I went to bed completely ignoring my sister. She was withher girlfriend, and I really didn’t have the energy to have another fakeconversation with her and try to act happy. Thursday night was the first time I saw her since the incident.

Iknew that it had happened because my parents had filled me in, but it wasn’t enoughto prepare me for what I saw that night. When she took the pills, I was awarethat it happened, but it didn’t leave any physical marks. This was completelydifferent. On Thursday night, I met her at the hospital where she was gettingtested for internal injuries. Severe rope burn circled around her neck, a freshshade of red. There was a thicker line towards the front where the majority ofthe pressure had been. Dressed up in the blue hospital clothes, she sat curledup in a ball resting on a stretcher in the emergency room.

When she saw me, herface lit up, and she quickly tried to hide the evidence. I had learned from my past experiences that it was better to avoidasking questions because she would usually answer with a lie. She seemed sohappy and excited which made the situation seem surreal. She filled me on howher day went and tried to distract me from the actual situation. I faked somesmiles, but on the inside I’ve never felt so numb. My smiles felt more and moreforced, and I soon ran out of the energy to try anymore. I was beyond ecstaticto find out that she was alright, but at the same time I’ve never been moresad.

A feeling of emptiness began to consume me. This cycle is never ending. I’ve learned that the shimmer of lightat the end of the tunnel is only the sun reflecting off of the blade my sisterdrags across her wrists. There is no end. I’m tired of being optimistic. Everytime there’s hope, it’s always taken away. My personality is slowly beingdrained out of me.

Most stories have an ending, usually a happy one at that. However, this one is still going. I don’t know how it will end, but at thispoint, I’m ready for anything. All of these experiences with my sister and myown mistakes have changed me, whether it’s for better or worse I don’t know. Ican’t remember the last time I was truly happy.

Everyone says that over timethings will get better, but I’m tired of waiting.