

# My brother saved my life

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The truth is, there is an unlikely blessing that stems from being the only girl in a family of 5 children. Never have I had to worry about my clothes being stolen or someone borrowing a neckless without asking. Instead I had to deal with finding my Barbie's head popped off her body or skinning my knees on the pavement after a game of basketball. However my brothers always told me they were sorry when they broke my dolls or pushed me on the court and they always tried to protect me. Never in my life have I met someone as lucky as myself, four brothers who will do anything to make sure I'm alright.

In Vermont there are several things to do when the weather changes and the snow begins to fall, but my favorite thing has always been sledding. With my sled in hand and my body bundled to the point where you could only see my nose, I was ready to hit the slopes. With thick snow flakes smacking my face I set my sled on the ground. Pointing north I jumped in and down the hill I went, racing for a jump that was clearly twice my size. Or maybe it wasn't, In physics they say everything depends on your frame of reference and to a short eight year old girl that jump look like it was 8 feet tall. Soon my sled had hit head on and before I knew it I was soaring through the air.

What couldn't have been more than 5 seconds felt like hours, I was free. As my sled toppled towards the ground I stuck my hands out to protect myself, something I would soon regret. My stumpy little arms touched the ground first, however the excess amount of speed combined with my weight lead to disaster. On impact my arm broke. The pain was like none I had ever felt before.

It wasn't as if my brother had pushed me in the drive way, or pulled my hair in the back seat of the car. This was the, cry until someone comes and gets you, kind of pain. Luckily for me my brother came toppling down the hill after me, wrapping his arms around me and lifting me back up the hill. I could hear the taunting noises from every direction, snickering and laughing. However I was protected by the polyester on my brothers big puffy coat, and his arms held me tight as he carried me back up the hill. When I was eight years old my brother saved my life.