

## *This iBelieve Essays*

---

### **I Believe in My Brother**

**by Adam Levinsohn**

Before my brother Ben went to college, I hated him. I wanted nothing to do with him. I used to dream about him going to college and having the TV all to myself and the Xbox and PlayStation. I used to dream about having his old bed, and to sleep right next to the air conditioner and right next to the heater. I dreamed of it all. His wise-cracking cockiness and physical empowerment had plagued me ever since my birth. So when we went to drop my brother off to college, I was ecstatic. I had all the feelings that most little brothers had when their older brother goes to college. We said our final goodbyes and walked away from his dorm and for a split second, I was happy. But then it hit me... I wasn't. Why wasn't I happy? I felt like I had just lost something big, or someone. I had wanted this for thirteen years, and now that I had finally got it, I wasn't pleased. I had the urge of running back into his dorm and saying, NO DON'T LEAVE, BEN, I'LL BE ALL ALONE, but I didn't and then he was gone. I would have no one to play videogames with, no one to ask life questions in the middle of the night, no one to guide me through the hell that is school... I wouldn't have my brother. The one person who really got me, the one person who had gone through the same things that I am going through. How did I not notice this before? I was too caught up in the TV and his flaws that I didn't think of all the good things that he produced. After the long drive home, I sat down on my couch. It felt like something was empty, something was missing, like there was a void that could not be filled. It was as if a part of me and a part of who I was just... Gone.

And then I realized, I realized that my brother was part of me and that he was a part of me for my entire life until now. I would have to adjust to my brother's absence and that I would have to live all alone and without a person who understood me and shared his experiences and similar interests. The thing that I had wanted so badly and the thing that would give freedom and peace ended up doing the exact opposite. So when my brother came back for a whole month during winter break, we didn't fight, we didn't argue. We were like best friends. My brother is not like most older siblings, at least from my experiences. My brother does not bully me, he does not hurt me. He respects me as a person and talks to me about issues I do not know how to address. I guess I did not notice this and took it for granted.

My brother leaving showed me that I should not take things for granted and that just because I don't like some inconveniences that someone may cause does not mean that I shouldn't like that person or that I want them out of my life. I realized that my brother was awesome and that my life would never be the same with him at college.

