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## My Little Sister

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## My Little Sister

*Dara Gurman*

As we sit talking on the floor of our shared bathroom, candles and incense burning, music softly playing in the background, I stare at her face. How could this tall, skinny girl with long, jet black hair be my baby sister? A girl I hated when she was born because her birth prevented me from seeing my mommy. A girl who, despite three years my junior, managed to scratch me every single day during our elementary school years. My little sister. Suddenly, she's all grown up.

Where did the past fourteen years go? What happened to the double stroller we used to share or the dolls we played house with? When did she stop annoying the c\*\*p out of me and start becoming my best friend. She is no longer a child. She is her own person, yet, I see so much of myself within her. Aside from the obvious – our high, apple-like cheekbones, the big, toothy smile, we have so much in common. She has soaked up pieces of me. My taste in music, my sense of humor, my quiriness – she adapted them, shaped them to fit her personality. I, too, have absorbed much of her; the nonchalance and ease with which she handles situations I would find stressful or difficult, her audacity in dealing with parents. And then, there are things that we have created together, almost a symbol of the relationship we've built. Our laugh. Our distinct, ridiculously loud laugh. When we laugh together, we become twins; our eyes squint s\*\*t with tears of happiness, our smiles, wide as oceans, simultaneously emit the strange, gulping noise that is our laughter. As similar as we are, there

still exist glaring differences between us, but that is what makes our relationship much better. As alike as we are, we are two different people; there is a clear distinction between her and me. Every day I am surprised by her. Every day I feel as if it is my first time seeing her this way, this old.

Now, we are laughing at our impressions of the movies we obsess over. She always loves when I do my Parker Posey character from *Waiting for Guffman*; she responds with a line from *We Hot American Summer* and then, we've worn ourselves out, tired with joy. We blow the candles and go to our rooms. A few minutes later I realize I forgot to say goodnight, but when I peek my head in, she is already asleep. No matter, I still say, "Goodnight Sami, I love you."