

Like a Brother

Frank and I met in the third grade. He was the type of brother that would be there for me when I got bullied, hurt, and would always make sure I was okay. He reminds me of a mother hen, someone who is always looking out for his baby chicks. We would play on the now rusty swing sets that squeaked if you swung to high and the muddy dirt you would fall in if you jumped off. I would climb onto the peeling painted playground and trying not to get tagged by Frank who is a fast runner. He wasn't the first person I met at Nye Elementary, but I'm glad I did because he's one of my closest friends.

I didn't realize Frank would go to the same middle school as me. At first, it didn't really affect me much, until we started hanging out more. I felt like a child that would always act silly yet somehow managed to get hurt. An example would be the time I was laughing as I tripped and he patted me on the head. "Are you okay?", Frank would ask me a few times. I would nod and smile. He would cheer me up when I got sad like a brother should.

I started thinking of him as a brother in the eighth grade because he helped me get through tough times. In these tough times I grew to love him as a brother and he felt vice versa. We grew a strong bond that day. Toward the end of the year, I felt really sad when realizing we were graduating and going to high school. We were competitive when it came to running toward the white chalked line. I watched him as he read the letter I wrote then hugged me as I almost cried. When we graduated I said "see you later," we hugged one last time. I will never forget him because he's like a brother to me and will be forever.