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Música y Mi Hermanito

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Música y mi Hermanito

Luna Uch

Music reminds me of my baby. Thinking of him and listening to music makes my heart smile. Going home is something I enjoy because I am reunited with my papa bear and we can dance and sing with one another. I have many nicknames for my brother such as papa bear, papi, little man, my baby, cutie pie and I can go on and on. When I am home and we are in the car we like to sing along to a variety songs, in Spanish or English, and when we sing we shout at the top of our lungs and sway to the rhythm of the song. Or when I am cleaning and a song I enjoy dancing to starts playing, I say, "Come Mikey, let's dance!" That's when I grab his tiny hands and dance. But most of the time I pick him up and place him on my hips and our hips move to the beat of the music. My mom says that my baby brother reminds her so much of me when I was his age.

My baby brother is 5-years-old. I call him my baby because I helped raise him and I took care of him when my mom had to work real late. Unfortunately I am no longer physically present in his life, but I know that by me being here in college, I am being a wonderful role model to my papa bear. Although I am not there physically, I am definitely present through phone calls and Facetime. Every time I Facetime my mom, he wants to talk to me and he will place me down and ask me if I want to play with him. Of course I say yes and he puts his Joker Lego close to the screen and he tells me "This is you, and you're the bad guy." I am always the bad guy and he is the good guy. Then we play and I do the best I can from the other side of the screen. Sometimes he even sings to a song he is really digging, currently he is really into Smooth Criminal by Michael Jackson and we then sing along.

Then, when the call is over, I curl up on my bed hugging Gigi (my stuffed Giraffe), pour my heart out and bathe her in tears. I just want to go back home and be with my baby brother.