

Gisella G.

My Jealous Self

Hello my name is Aaron, i'm 5 years old and the only child well...that's what I thought until I found out my mom was pregnant. Its 2pm in London and I am in a hospital sitting outside of the room waiting and waiting to see my sibling hoping it will be a boy. Meanwhile, I was talking to my dad about how I can't wait for my sibling and saying that I want a brothe,r but my dad smiled and broke the news that I'm having a **sister instead of a brother**. I got confused and worried about me having a sister. Does it mean my room is going to be all pink that i'm going to have Barbie dolls in my room? I got mad, my sister is going to takeover of my room and might be the center of attention. I tried not to show the way I'm feeling about having a sister to my dad, so I tried to stay happy about it, but deep down I'm not. I want to be loved from my parents and only love me I guess that won't happen. My name was called to go to the room. As I'm walking there, I'm hoping that my dad was just kidding around. As I walked in the room I saw the baby. It's a girl... great I have a sister! A few months passed by and every night I have to hear my sister cry. I lost all the attention from parents, because they are focused more on the baby. I decided to try and grab their attention back by crying since that's what my baby sister was doing. My parent didn't try to make me feel better, the only thing they did was tell me to stop crying. I was in shock my plan didn't work and the worst thing is that my parents yelled at me saying that i'm making the situation worse. It's been 5 months and I just decided to give up. I want to be a good brother for my lil sister and help my parents with the baby. Jayla is finally sleeping. I went to my parents and I went to apologize to my parents for trying so hard to get them to pay attention to me, and that I didn't notice that taking care of a baby is a really hard job. My parents forgive me but they were so confused about me trying to get they're attention. I told my parents that I was afraid of losing them and won't care about me. They stood up and said that the will never forget about me no matter what. Right now I'm 20 years old and I have 2 sisters and a brother and i'm thankful for having them in my life.

By Gisela G.