

Narrative essay – How Well Do You Get Along with Your Siblings?

American author Mitch Albom once wrote that “A sibling is not just family, but a partner in the journey of life.” I was born the second oldest child in my family, and my journey of life consists of three other partners. As siblings grow up together, you learn how to talk to each other, you learn to share your food and in my brother Johnny’s case, you have the best crash dummies to practice all your wrestling moves (I’m still scared walking down empty corridors.) Above all this, you learn about genuine and unflappable love.

The oldest of us all is Johnny, although we were born two years apart, you would’ve thought he and I were attached at the hip. We spent every minute of the day together, we share the same interest, as kids we were both obsessed with Spiderman, Power Rangers SPD, and Doctor Who. In secondary school, our love of music strengthened our bond with us exchanging different albums to listen to and our first concert together being the Kendrick Lamar D.A.M.N Tour. Growing up, Johnny was my mentor and my confidante, He’s still the one I go to when I don’t know what to listen to, what to watch, what lies to tell my parents when I’ve messed up and even when I just need to rant. Johnny was not without his mischievous moments; constantly getting me into trouble without even trying!

As we’ve grown older, we slowly drifted as siblings do, our priorities were no longer watching cartoon marathons in secret till three in the morning and fighting about who was player one on Wii, Johnny got a beautiful girlfriend, a full time job and a band which is determined to put out amazing music. I moved away for my studies and the dream of working in the film industry. But no matter the distance, no matter the time spent apart. When are together we are always the same little kids we were before.

I had just turned 6 years old when my little brother Ben was born. The relationship between my younger brother and I, is one of fierce sibling rivalry yet unwavering love and protection. Ben’s birth was extremely difficult on my family, my mother developed severe postpartum depression and I made it my mission to step up and care for Ben. As a baby, I bathed him, fed him, eventually teaching him to crawl and walk. As years went by and Ben started school, I would help him with homework and I would turn up to events at school when my parents couldn’t.

Despite all this, Ben has the tendency to be my fiercest rival. Growing up we consistently butted heads, even going as far as throwing a punch or two at each other, there truly wasn’t a day that I didn’t want to spin his jaw. Like Johnny, Ben inherited a ridiculous tendency to cause trouble, his most frequent gimmick as an infant was spilling oil. Eid 2009, Mum had just dressed Ben in the cutest outfit ready for the day and she asked Johnny and I to watch him while she got ready herself. Not even four seconds later, Ben was smearing oil all over the floor in his Sunday best. Safe to say, Mum was fuming! Safe to say, he had succeeded in wreaking absolute havoc in our household (but he was adorable so we just kept him.)

Fast forward and Ben is well into his teen years, that cheeky and devious little boy is now hidden away and been replaced with a moody teenager. Despite this, Ben is in my opinion, The funniest sibling in our family, dare I say he might be the funniest person I know. His dark and sarcastic sense of humour slips of in the most random moments and I can't help but burst out laughing. There are still times I still multiple times a day where he annoys me so much, I could scrap him, but he's a lot stronger and taller now. That would be a losing battle for me and we can't have that.

The youngest and final sibling in the Kurtolli saga is Anisa. Born three years after Ben, Anisa became our little princess. When we visited mum in the hospital, I was the first one to hold her in the hospital, she opened her wide blue eyes and stared at me with a beauty and curiosity that I couldn't comprehend. Like Ben, I was unbelievably overprotective of Anisa in the very same way (at this point, I think it's an actual crime I wasn't being paid for this!).

My first ever pay cheque, and nearly every pay cheque after, went absolutely to waste on them. I began spoiling my siblings rotten, especially Anisa. The girl could look at something once, and before she could look away, I was already at the counter.

Growing up in a working class immigrant household was difficult. We struggled many hardships in our young lives and we could never afford the luxuries our classmates boasted, so when given the chance to finally give my siblings the things they always wanted, I jumped at the opportunity. Despite the niceties Anisa is blessed with, she still continues to be the most generous young lady ever and the pride I feel for her is indescribable.

These partners I have been blessed with have both taken and given me so much of my personality. Johnny has made me exponentially smarter, although those years of desperately trying to overtake his intelligence have remained fruitless. Ben is my harshest critic when it comes to my humour, I know if he doesn't laugh at something I say, I don't bother saying it to anyone else. Anisa is my only sister; with her I share everything I know about being a woman in this world, both its trials and tribulations and the truly beautiful moments life has to offer in every shape and form.