

Sisterhood

Marcy Adams walked along slowly, pace by pace, her thoughts downbeat and sad. Her dog, Boneless, arched his back and yawned. Suddenly, a motorcycle whooshed by and skidded dustily. Marcy's older brother Larm stepped out and waved.

Marcy smiled. Her brother was the only one who understood her feelings and talked to her. Sitting down on the pavement, Larm lifted his helmet and carefully stepped over to her, trying not to trip on the stones that aligned on the side of the road.

"So what's up?" he asked, brushing his hand across Boneless, a white dog with pale ginger splotches.

Marcy lifted her chin and sighed, "Nothing, mom said Sianna is coming." With sympathetic smiles, Larm put his arm around Marcy and talked about Sianna, their step sister whom Marcy has been trying hard to live with.

Marcy looked up at the darkening sky. Her thoughts about the lying, sneaky, mean Sianna, melted away watching the sun sink under the clouds. Glancing at her watch, Marcy jumped. She was going to be late for dinner! Leash jingling, Boneless shook dust from his pelt and ran, far from where Marcy stood.

"Oh no, you don't!" Marcy shouted, as she ran after them. Larm laughed gently, and got back onto his motorcycle, zooming into the darkness.

The door flung open as Marcy came in, her hair ruffled and messy. A lean figure with long brown hair sat at the dinner table. There she was. Sianna.

"Marcy, where have you been? We have been waiting for you for over half an hour!" Her mom's stern voice shattered her thoughts. "Sorry, mom." Marcy mumbled, sneaking a glance at Sianna who just smirked and wagged her finger.

"Well, can you explain where you were?" demanded Marcy's mother.

"I was just outside playing with Boneless," Marcy flashed back.

"Now, I hope you will remember to come back on time for dinner. Sianna is here today, and we should eat dinner soon." Her mother's voice still sounded upset. "Now, go wash up and come down to eat." Marcy ran upstairs and went into her room.

At the dinner table, Sianna was boasting about how stylish her brand new blouse and high heels were. She pretended that Marcy didn't exist and only spoke to their mother. Marcy tried to speed-chew, and put her hands down loudly. "May I be excused?" she said, exasperated at Sianna's earsplitting, shrill voice. Her mom nodded suspiciously and dismissed her.

Marcy did not say anything, she just ran upstairs. She threw herself onto the bed and lay there, her memory twirling back to how Sianna had stolen her favorite aqua blue handbag and turtleneck sweater. Marcy's mother had always thought that because Sianna was older, she was always correct. When Sianna had left for college a year ago, Marcy almost exploded with joy.

“You just have to be patient with her.” Larm had said to her more than a thousand times. The word *patient* echoed in Marcy’s mind as a faint memory popped up. Then, as quickly as it had come, it disappeared. That night, Marcy tossed and turned under her covers.

Sleep felt a long way away. Just then, Marcy heard door creaking behind her bed. *Hmm, that must be Larm. I guess that he’s just home late.* Marcy thought.

She heard some whooshing sounds, and then people crying. Marcy immediately woke up and hurried downstairs to see what all the ruckus was about. Marcy’s mother and brother were sitting at the table, somber and grave.

What’s wrong with everybody? Marcy wondered. Marcy glanced at her brother, Larm, but his solemn facial expression told her that he wasn’t in the mood.

“Mom, what happened?” Marcy asked. Her mother burst into tears and flowed the entire story out. “Sianna took Boneless out for a walk and got into a car accident. Boneless is fine but Sianna is not. She has been hospitalized currently and I have to go to the hospital soon. Larm can stay with you tonight.” Her voice turned into a wail.

As she listened to the end of the story, Marcy surprisingly started to have a strange feeling of guilt towards her sister.

Running up to her room, Marcy tucked her face into a soft, feathery pillow and started weeping. Marcy never would’ve thought that her sister would try to save Marcy’s own dog. Her heart seemed to burst with sorrow and compassion for her hospitalized sister. Somehow, Marcy dropped into a short doze. When she woke up, though, it was already morning. She just then recalled what had been told to her, and scurried downstairs. No one was home, so Marcy’s mother must have taken Larm to the hospital to see Sianna as well. Just then, the phone started to beep. Marcy picked it up.

“Your sister is coming home tomorrow; she’s fine right now.” Marcy said “Great!” and hung up the phone. But in real life, she felt like a boulder had been lifted off her shoulders. Slumping onto the couch, she softly settled her hand onto Boneless’s bright white fur. Marcy thought for a long time. She realized all of a sudden that without Sianna, Boneless wouldn’t be here. Marcy definitely owed Sianna an apology. And maybe, just maybe, Larm was right.

The End