

Brooklyn [REDACTED]

Ms. Lacy

Pre-AP English 8

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Shark Feet

His head is being consumed by an orange OSU beanie, and his giant hazel eyes pop off of his small face. He wears light-up shark slippers, and his pajamas are robot-covered bottoms completed by a Darth Vader button-up sleep shirt. When his little feet pitter-patter down the hall, you know he has been trying to watch the lights go off when he steps. His huge eyes beg me to let him sleep in my room. He hops up with a couple of unsuccessful and definitely ungraceful leaps. Once he's on the bed, he talks about his uneventful childlike day, and he will eventually put his hand on my neck to feel my pulse while he falls asleep. He is kind without fail; he tells me how pretty I am, and he tells me good-bye. This is what a little brother means to me.