

I must have been about three or four when it happened. My dad, brother, and I were upstairs in Brian (my brother) and my room. My dad was playing with us in there before we were going to sleep. We were just having fun. I can't really remember what we were doing, all I remember was us laughing on my bed, like he was tickling us or something like that. I shared a room with my brother when I was young. We had bunk beds in a large open room that had a large window across from where the beds were and a large armoire between the beds and window that took up the adjacent wall. We had a T.V. and a computer in there with our large stuffed animals in the closet and scattered toys and things on the floor. Our room was never really clean between all of our things on the floor, but we were never really told to pick up after ourselves either. I was having a fun time, but I was also noticing the relationship between my dad and brother.

My brother is about five years older than me and he is also diabetic. All that means is that his pancreas cannot produce insulin to break down complex sugars. As far as I was concerned, Brian was a normal kid. All I thought was that he couldn't eat a lot of sugar or a lot of pasta and bread and stuff like that. My parents seemed to think differently. They saw him as this fragile little angel that they needed to keep safe, but didn't have the ability to do it. I understand that diabetes is incurable, but it doesn't mean it isn't treatable or manageable. My parents always treated my brother like today was his last day on Earth.

I was in the upper corner of my bed while my dad and brother were playing. I think they were having a tickle fight or something. I was giggling at first when I was watching them. I don't what happened but I just started thinking about my parents and my brother. It seems weird to think of a little kid thinking like I did, very critically and thoughtful. Come to think of it, because I was so young I don't even remember what struck me or what I thought about before I said what I did.

Between my dad and brother playing and me watching how they interact, I suppose I got jealous. They just looked so happy; my brother writhing and kicking his long legs and trying to guard himself with his long arms and my dad laughing at him in response. To me, growing up, I felt ignored by my parents because they were too busy trying to keep my brother safe and happy that they had forgotten about me. Seeing this so evident with my dad and brother really upset me. So I said it. "You make me wish I was sick". He looked at me, puzzled while I had tears in my eyes. He told me not to say that, but it seemed like he didn't really understand what I was saying anyway. He was trying to calm me down before he put me to sleep.

This was the point in my life where I had finally realized how my family worked and how I fit or rather didn't fit into the equation. I guess if I had said what I did at a later age it would have made more of an impact. He just seemed to shrug it off as if nothing was said in the first place. It took me a while to see that my wish ended up coming true, but not all I wished for. From all the neglect and treatment by my parents because I was healthy ended up actually making me heart sick. It took a while to actually start being treated but I had developed clinical depression. Even though I ended up getting the physical part of my wish, I didn't get the whole thing. My parents never really changed how they saw me. Maybe they're just trying to figure out how to deal with their first kid that they forgot about their second one. I do know that it is not really all their fault but I do honestly blame my parents and our relationship to the problems that ended up really messing up how I deal with things and how I think and feel.