

The Last Good Pass

My beloved brother, Carlos, never had to die in such a tragic accident, only if I was there for him.

It was sunny in the afternoon, the day he left me. We were arguing about why he had never done any of the cleaning in our bed room. He was rather untidy all the time while I always cared to clean.

We grew up in the city of dreams; New York. Our parents are busy almost every day and night, as low paid workers. It wasn't easy for both of us, we both had one dream, be a major league baseball player. He was never easy on me for anything. He usually threw higher or out of target to me when we did catch-ball. He would say, 'It ain't gonna come right at you in the real ball game, John.' Anyhow, we grew up to be someone without any dreams.

So that day, I was really angry at him. I thought to myself not to talk to him the whole day. He went to training by himself then. Fifteen minutes later, I packed up my stuff and got ready for training. When I was about to turn off the TV, it announced that there would be hurricane right away to the city. I immediately left the front door. I was sure that he was still about three stops away from downtown New York.

The weather was already changing. The wind was becoming stronger and more boisterous. I thought it might blow me away anytime any seconds, so as I went forth, I kept holding tightly on trees and poles, if I could.

At the station, there was a riot of people trying to go home as soon as possible. But without any doubt, it was impossible, the train company decided to close for the evening, while still dozen of people were stuck in one place, soon chaos had occupied the whole station.

I kept paddling my bicycle, hoping to see Carlos at the station. Of course, it wasn't easy to ride a bicycle in the condition, but it didn't leave me any choices, at least at that moment. I thought I could only do this to find him.

I found him running to the other direction from the station. It was a relief that I finally found him. However, he suddenly turned his head to right-hand side, where he found a lost kid crying for a rescue. He held the little kid's hand and continued his way back. Suddenly, a big tall tree was falling towards them, so Carlos pushed away the little kid, and had he himself smashed by the tree alone.

'Bang!', it sounded all over the place. I would never forget that ruthless echo it made. I immediately ran towards him, and he was barely blinking. When he saw me, he slowly took his baseball out from his pocket. Then he put it right on my chest, for the first time, and gave me no words but his last smile on his face.

From that day on, my whole life was different. I could never replace my only brother, who was always kind to everyone else but to himself.

I had made a mistake, for not forgiven him for always making 'our' bedroom messed, but I've come to realized, it was such a small, trivial thing. I will never forget it. It was a big lesson for me.