

I walked down the street heading home after school. I just finished the SAT exams and I'm pretty sure I aced it. I mean Come on, is it me? Jessie? Applications for college are round the corner. I am thinking about going to a HBCU. Ya know, diving more into my African American culture. I am grateful for them adopting me. I then crept into the house passing the little Shrine for my older baby sister who died before they adopted me. I stared into her Gray eyes. I felt them engulfing me. I look at the small PJS and the toy bunny sitting there. I touch it. Feeling a bit creeped out I decided it would be wise to continue my day. I then go on with my day and try to look for Mom and Dad.

"Mom,Dad!"

"Yes sweetheart?"

"Hi Mom,I think I aced the test!"

She gasps as if trying to breathe again. She is so dramatic. Mom is a middle aged-Woman. She has dirty blonde hair. She's honestly really tall like 5'9 ish or 5'10 on a good day.And has a lean frame.

"I am so happy for you honey! But an envelope came in."

"Is it from a college or something?"

"I think you should see it for yourself..."She said hesitantly.

I grab the envelope feeling the soft stamp it is from school? I run my fingers across the slip of it feeling the tip then I gently pull it off. So I won't rip the envelope. I hesitated as I pulled the envelope out. I look to mom for comfort before I read and she nods her head. When I open the letter I am wide eyed.

- - - 2 weeks later.

Michael wakes up to his parents arguing. A normal day. Well in his life at least. He sits up and does his morning hygiene routine. He hesitantly goes down stairs to the chaos that is awaiting.

"Morning Mom,Dad," he said with as much sarcasm as he could come up with. Trust he will find some more later.

"Hey sweetheart,"she said, trying to act like she hadn't cursed her husband out."Good morning."

"Morinnng." his father said.

There was an emptiness, a silence that filled the room. He went to pour himself a bowl of Lucky Charms. He hears the bits of grain hit the bowl. Focusing on it cause-Why not? Not like he can focus on anything else. He pours milk. He then sits down and grabs a spoon. A small spoon.He starts to eat.

"So Mikey, me and your Dad are talking about going to,"I interrupt.

"To marriage counseling?"I replied.

"Yes, and if this doesn't work out we are getting a divorce." his mom replied with a bit of sadness to her voice."But we will do it with you in mind sweet heart."

Michael looked to his Dad to see any sort of expression. He just gave a slight nod of hope and reassurance to Michael to try and ease his nerves. It wasn't much but he appreciated the effort no less.

"Hey, Mike we found a letter to Jessie Chander that you should look at." That we think you should look at for yourself." His dad handed him an envelope.

Michael ripped it open, interested to find out what it is. He opens it to find out it's a letter from a stranger saying that he was his brother.

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Ting! My phone goes off and I get a text from an unknown number.

"Hello? I am Micheal," you sent me a letter saying we might be related?"

"Hey! Yes, this is me. Yes it is nice to finally meet you Michael."

"You to, well how are you?"

"I'm ok. What about you?"

"Same." There is silence on my phone. As I don't even know where to begin beyond that. There are so many questions I have beyond this. What does he look like? What is he like? Is he willing to meet with me? Will I want to be brothers? I tap on my phone while I wait. Suddenly I hear another ping on my phone just a twitter tweet. I wait for 5 minutes before he responds anxiously waiting on my phone. Finally he texted.

"Hey," is all that I get.

I picked up my phone to do something, anything. We should break the ice and just meet up somewhere to make it a lot less awkward. Or more awkward. I vouch for a place called Rarity's restaurant. They all agree to it. We set a time and date to meet up. That is that.

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I am in front of Mom's Rolls Royce fidgeting. I stare out the window anxious looking at the rain as I tap the window waiting till we arrive. I look at my mom with her gray eyes reminding me of my older deceased baby sister. You know sometimes she gives me the creeps looking so much like her. Mom just smiles while I stare at her.

"What is it honey?" she says sounding timid and caring

"Nothing I am just wondering what it will be like to meet them you know?" I fidget with my hair taking a curl of it wrapping around my fingers. Just feeling the texture of my hair, the soft kinky curls when I pull on it. How is my brother's hair? Does it feel the same as mine? What are we connected by besides blood? What makes us family? I sigh thinking of it all, this just came up. It could have come up years ago, but now when I am about to graduate? When I am about to start adulthood? Why!? Just why? We could have been the best of brothers, if we met earlier and actually got to know each other. But at last We finally pulled up.

"Mom I'm scared,"

"Sweetie what are you scared of?" She looks me in the eyes engulfing me.

"I just do not want to! I can not take it. What if I don't like him? What if we have nothing in common besides us having the same mom? Our mom did not even want us?" I cry. Tears are falling down my eyes. I am so nervous I want this to be good. But I want to do this the right way and not mess things up!" She grabs me by my hands, smoothing her fingers over them.

"Sweetie when me and your Dad adopted you when you were 6 months old. I was just recovering from the loss of your sister. I thought I had made a mistake taking you in. I did not want you nor did I ever want you to feel like you're a replacement for your sister. I wanted you to be there for me. I know how selfish that sounds but I will never regret how you have shown me what it means to be a mom again, and what it means to be family." I look her in the eyes, feeling tears falling down. Like the Rain drizzling this evening. She rubs the tears out of my eyes before I hug her one last time, before I go in to find my new additional family.

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I am heading to the restaurant, I enter and breathe in the smell of cooking and wine. I hear chattering a lot. I walk up to the server. "Hey I'm here for a table for Jessie?"

"Oh my you look exactly like the boy that just came in here!" she says excitedly.

"Uh yeah we're complete. Strangers." that is actually true but not at the same time. She guides me to the table. I am nervous. I struggle to keep my arms by my side like a soldier marching into battle. I turn around the corner and see Jessie. He has my same curly hair, he looks like a girl with his soft features and mine are a little darker then his though. He's brown skin. Same as me.

"Hm, aren't you a handsome devil," he laughed nervously. I did chuckle to make him feel less awkward even after that horrid compliment or whatever it was. I then take my

"I am Michael. And your Jessie?"

"Uh yes that is me," he hesitated what he would say next. "I have a girly name huh?"

"No it reminds me of Jesse from full house you just have a I in your name."

"Well nice to meet you Michael." Jesse smiles. He has a nice smile that makes somebody happy. I laugh back feeling the atmosphere getting warmer.

We talk some more before we go. I stand up to leave before I can. He hugs me...

"Thank you Michael, for coming."

I pat his back as well as hug him back. "No thank you Jessie, for showing me what happiness and family is again.

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