

## **The Snowstorm That Changed My Day**

It was a day of joy, a minute of beauty, a second of mixed emotions and confusion. It changed everything. On January 22, 2016, with 20 inches of snow, a child came home, my one and only brother. I rather disliked the snow, since I was too small to play in it and couldn't go outside. But it was one moment, one second that seemed an era, that filled my life with joy.

Everything seemed to be in slow motion, as if I could walk faster than the snow could fall. My parents slowly walked into the house; with an infant I would soon know as my brother. I was so curious; was it a boy that I could play with? A girl that I could dress up with and read books together?

The baby was a beautiful, delicate, calm, tiny thing that I loved with every single part of my heart, and it loved me back. As we got a bit older, we played together, became extremely close, and had little adventures almost every day, not just as siblings, but as best friends. We even had nicknames for each other that stuck to this day. The moment when my little brother was welcomed into the household was one of the most beautiful times of my life. That was a life-changing experience, even though I didn't know it just yet. It was a miraculous time, full of love and affection.

But most of all, it changed my opinion about winter, and just like every snowflake, each winter brings another magical surprise. The moment was a beautiful thing: hope for a beautiful relationship and excitement about having a sibling. But love bloomed at first sight, at first glance, in the first second that he entered the house. We have had amazing times together, but that wintery moment was the most beautiful part of our lives together, sibling and sibling.