

# MY BIGGEST FEAR

I guess my biggest fear would be dieing alone. I guess that means I'm afraid of being alone in general. Maybe that's the reason I hold on so tight. I think about what I would do if you weren't here. The reason I think of that so much is I didn't do it before. I never thought what it would be like with out a sister. I always thought she would be there. I took that for granted. Now that she's not here I blame myself for not spending enough time with her. Not telling her I love her enough. Not being the brother I should have been. I could have done something about. I could have been in that car. It should have been me. She had so much going for. She had more going for her than I ever will. She could have changed the world. And it's my fault she'll never be here again. I have dreams. Dreams that showed the future that we could have. We could be sitting at one of our houses talking about the past and about what trouble we caused. Now I have no one. I'll never be called uncle. I'll never get to tell her kids about all the things she did wrong or how mean we were to each other. But I guess the biggest thing is I'll never get to tell her how much I love her. Or thank her for all things she did for me. I wish I could tell her thank you for sticking up for me that one time when I was in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade and 3 kids tried to jump me. I'll never forget that. I'll also never forget all the great memories she gave me. Thank you for helping me fix the path I was taking. I owe all of my success to her, dad, and the family that is still here to support. I if there was one wish I could come true would be that she was here so I could have taken her place. I guess the one thing that breaks my heart the most is that I didn't say bye. I didn't get to tell her I love her one last time. I never got to tell her she was my best friend. Never got to apologize for all the mean things I did to her. And what brings me to my knees is that I'll never here her voice again. I don't get to here her yell at me for eating all the cereal or here her complain about going through her stuff. After 2 and half years I still find me crying myself to sleep. I can't visit her grave because I would probably go into a nerves break down. I don't talk to my mom because it tears her apart. It takes everything out of me to hold myself together. Even though it was so long ago it feels like it was yesterday. You can look at me and think I'm great but, there's those times were I'm in so much pain it's unbelievable. All I can really say is that I took it for granted that my sister would be here forever. But I was wrong. We fought with each other all the time. But that's what brother and sister are suppose to do. You just can't forget you love them. Don't forget that. don't forget to tell them. Because one day you might wake up into a nightmare that you never expected. Don't ever say you hate them. Don't leave the fight until you solved it. Because everything changes in seconds. You can't tell the future.

Written By:  
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*In Loving Memory of*  
*Ashely Wallace*

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