

Which Path To Take

I felt everybody look at me when my sister said those words. I was sitting in my living room relaxing on our black leather chair just walking with my mom, sister, mommom, and my moms boyfriend Scott. Then suddenly my sister told me she thinks she found my brother. Everybody's heads turned quickly to look at me, unsure of how I was going to react. I felt sympathy through their stares, like they expected me to cry or something. In that moment, I felt more shocked than anything.

"My brother?" I thought to myself. "What do you mean?" I said. "How did you find him? Where did you find him?"

"Me and Chris were eating dinner the other night and we started talking about it. I don't even know how the conversation started." She said. "I just started talking about how I want to find his house and egg it for you. So Chris started searching for their names on Facebook and we found a guy that looks just like you and your dad mixed together. Here give me your phone and I'll show you."

I handed her my phone, I could feel my hands shaking. My heart pounding waiting for her to show me with everybody's eyes still on me.

When I saw the picture the biggest smile grew on my face. I could almost feel my cheeks grow red, as if embarrassed that I was looking at someone that could be my brother.

"He does look like my dad, but I don't think he really looks like me."

"Are you kidding? That looks just like you and your dad put together." she said.

“Let me see.” My mom said. “He definitely does look like your dad, and he looks like you too.”

“Let me see.” My mommomm demanded next.

My mommomm handed me the phone after giving out a sigh as if he did resemble me. I found myself looking at the picture, it seemed hard to take my eyes off of it and even harder to stop myself from smiling, even when my cheeks were in pain from smiling so much. My sister must have noticed as she began talking again.

“Message him.”

“No! What if it’s not him, then I’ll look weird and be in an awkward situation.”

“Hailey he looks exactly like you guys.”

“Still, if it’s not him I’ll feel weird.”

“Well you’ll never know unless you try.”

“No, I just think it’s too weird.”

“I still have your dad’s work number if he still works there.” My mom said.

“I’m not going to just call him randomly. I tried to call him when I was younger remember. He didn’t answer and never called back even though I left him a voicemail.”

“Yeah but you’re older now, he might want to talk.” she said.

“I don’t even care to know him though, it’s more about me wanting to know my brother.”

My sister quickly jumped up from our black leather couch as if she had something to do.

I followed her to our computer and by the time I got to her she was already searching

my dad and brother on white pages. She told me all I had to do was pay ten dollars and I could have their numbers.

“I don’t think I want to.” I said, mainly because everybody was still looking at me. Especially with my mom there. She is the most important person in my life and I don’t want her to feel like I’m undermining her just because I’m curious about them. Then I looked over and saw my mom and Scott whispering.

“What?” I asked.

“We were just saying that if you do decide to contact them you have to be open to both outcomes. You have to be prepared that they might not have open arms.” Scott said.

“I know.”

“But whatever you decide to do we’ll all be here for you. Just do whatever’s best for you personally, we’ll be behind you no matter what decision you make.”

I guess I should have mentioned that my brother doesn’t know about me. I’ve only met my dad a few times, the only time I can actually remember is when I was about four or five years old. My mom took me to this park to meet up with him. The part I remember clearly is the park “zipline”. The part of the park where you hold onto the rod and someone pushes you to the other side of it. My dad was pushing me on that while I was laughing obnoxiously like the little kid I was. I guess I remember that part so clearly because of how happy I was. That’s the last memory I have. And my mom told me that even then my dad was hours late and only stayed to play with me for a little amount of time until we went to the hotel room to spend the night. So back to present time.

I was feeling uncomfortable with everybody staring at me so I decided to go to my room. When I got to my room I climbed under my plum colored blanket and turned my favorite TV show "Gossip Girl" on. I realized I was barely able to concentrate on the show with all of the thoughts running through my head as I stared at my grey walls.

Instead I decided to turn on "Friends" since I've seen it a thousand times and didn't care to pay attention. As I was reaching for the remote I noticed my laptop next to my bed.

"Should I look them up myself?" I thought.

I thought about it for a couple minutes and then decided that I would. I was on their pages for over an hour contemplating whether or not I wanted to have their numbers.

"Just because I have their numbers, doesn't mean I have to use them." I thought.

After that thought I decided that I would just get their numbers in case one day I decide maybe I want to reach out. My heart pounding as I typed in the information to buy them. As soon as I bought their numbers I crawled back under my blanket, curled up and just started thinking about all of the possibilities and outcomes of choosing to contact them.

"Will they answer me? Will they want to talk to me? Will it affect my life? Will I ruin their lives?" I thought.

So many thoughts kept running through my head.

I went into my brothers name and go into the message button. I type out "hey is this Joey?" I figured first I just want to know if it's him. I erase it. Then I type it again.

“Should I send it?” I think. “Will I feel better if I do?”

I erase the message again. It's nerve racking and scary knowing that I have both of their numbers in my phone. I have access to try to talk to them if I want to. But for now just having their numbers will have to be enough for me, because I don't think I want to go down that path yet.