

An Introspection on Vahrosa's Relationship with his Brother

Every time I do these letters I try to not get overwhelmed, and then I always do. It helps a little, I guess, but this is going to take me out of commission for the rest of the day. I wish you understood how frustrated you make me. You're so perfect, everyone talks about you so highly. You're so successful and when I think about the concept of a successful working adult with so much potential that they aren't wasting you're the first person that I think of every time.

What hurts the most about it is that we used to be so close, Od'vah. We used to be inseparable, it was like you didn't even notice that I looked different than the rest of our siblings. I know we all look a little varied but you know what I mean. You were one of the people who first made me feel like myself. Like I had some merit.

I shouldn't have left the way that I did, I should have talked to you first. I should have told you or someone how I felt, and how trapped I was, or how scared I was of what Dad was doing. I always felt like you knew what he was doing. What he was going to do, I guess. I wish I asked you if you were scared too, I was just trying to survive as well as I could. We were kids trying to survive a circumstance that wasn't fair. I would get it if you hated me for leaving, I abandoned you there. I left you there when you were so small, and you needed me so much, I just couldn't take it anymore and I acted impulsively. I miss you, Od'vah. I wonder what you're doing a lot. I know its probably not what you wanted but I do keep at least a little tab on you. I make sure you aren't in any trouble and I check in to make sure you aren't dead. I heard rumors of what you've been up to recently- needless to say, we're on very different career paths now. Just..please be careful. Blind adoration is scary. Don't ever just do something because someone claiming to be good tells you to. It's okay to have a little mix of good and bad. I'm scared you've already heard about me and the things that I've done. Still doing. I don't think I'm a good person anymore, Od'vah. I think I used to be. You always told me I was.

Remember when we wanted to sell pottery together? I was never good at it but you said I have a great sales pitch. I didn't. You just bring the best out of people. I didn't even tell you goodbye and I think about it often. I think about tracking you down and writing you a letter, telling you all of this and how much I love you and I've never stopped caring about you. But instead, I just write these to myself. I'll either burn it later or put it in a pile with the others.