



THE OKAYEST BROTHER

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MY EXISTENCE DID NOT MATTER to my brother. Not a bit. That's what I thought for years. It took me over three decades to realize I could be wrong.

These days, when in my sunroom, I sometimes think back to those childhood times. I tilt the blinds on windows and invite in enough light to see again the room off the kitchen in our house at 645 Baldwin Street in Bridgeville, Pennsylvania. There, on rainy or wintry days, my brother and I, ages four and six, would play.

In the playroom, there were windows, a door leading to the back porch, a tray for shoes, hooks for coats and a cot. I never did learn why the cot was placed there, though it did end up serving a purpose: the cot became a table for my tea parties. Dolls leaned on each other to sit as straight as they possibly could on the unstable surface. Each doll would hold a cup and saucer in her