

A SISTER'S LOVE

UNKNOWN

I don't like anger much. My parents split up when I was three and my sister Emily was one. It was fine, like they're all healed, and forgiven, and friendly now. But they did a lot of fighting, and so now I don't like conflict... I try to be peaceful... and not step on anyone's emotions.

(pause)

Actually, there was one time when I was younger. That I felt anger. Emily came home with a hickey on her neck and my step mum - we must have been like 12 and 14 or something like that? And my step mum called her a slut. I remember feeling a fire down here

(touches belly)

bubbling up...

(hand moves up to chest)

and a pressure on my chest.

(presses hand against chest)

There was such an overwhelming energy in my body... I wanted to explode!

I told her, "Don't call my sister a slut ever again!" and I ran out of the room. She ran after me and grabbed hold of my shirt and I kicked her away. I kept running down the hall, out of the house and up the driveway. I remember my much younger half-brother crying and running after me saying "Please don't leave".

(pause)

Emily was a sensitive child, and I often felt the way she was treated was unfair. I always tried my best to get along with my parents' new partners... I think I did that to make sure life ran smoothly for Emily and I.

Emily was always managing to mess something up or knock something over... and I remember my step mum often calling her a bull in a China shop.

(MORE)

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

I would keep my mouth shut because
I didn't want to break the peace
between my step mum and I.
That day with the hickey though, I
felt like my step mum had crossed
the line... I couldn't bear to just
sit there and be silent about the
way she was treating Emily.
My step mum always used to mock and
humiliate Emily whilst praising me.
I never understood why...