

A Dream

Von ferowyn

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I am grinning broadly as I take Yani's hand and guide her through the bushes in the big garden behind the house, into the woods.

"Where are you taking me?" she asks, thrilled – as always. There is nothing more exciting than another adventure with me, her brother. Her twin.

"Surprise." I cannot help but smile.

Mom, sitting in front of the window, sighs, her gaze fixed on the seven year old boy playing on the grass in front of the house. I watch him pick up a ball and throw it at somebody we cannot see. Obviously he does not mind that the other person did not catch it because he just snickers and we hear him make a comment about "no talent". He keeps playing as if nothing has happened.

I watch my mother turn her head away, unshed tears burning in her eyes.

My little sister's death had hit the whole family hard, torn it apart. It had caused my parents' divorce. It had also been the reason I had failed in school. The reason my Dad had lost his job. There had just been no way of concentrating on solving maths problems or selling assurances while my tiny five year old sister was trapped in a hospital, suffering from the side-effects of chemo therapy. Everyone of us had been terrified when we had had to watch her thin down and finally leave.

My brother... my brother had been, and still is, in the worst condition. The twins had always been very close and he is still not ready, not able, to accept that she is never going to come back. Yileen, who has always been a daydreamer, has hidden himself in his own world, where he can still be with her. In a world where Yani is still alive and spending every day with him.

He makes us set a plate for her at the table. He makes Mom read the good-night-story *she* likes. He talks to her – not in a monologue, but in a full conversation. He leaves the raisins in his dessert for her because she had loved them.

He does not realise.

It is ironical... our parents gave us Aboriginal names. Yani means *peace*. While she had been alive, she had kept the family together. After her death, though, my parents had started to fight. It is cruel thinking about how such a beautiful name can obtain such a sour aftertaste.

However, Yileen tastes even worse. It means *dream*.

Nomen est omen.

I laugh loudly when I push Yani down, under the surface. She comes up, gasps for air and throws herself at me. This time I am the one who's head is under water. I hold my breath and wait for her to back away, still smiling.

She always makes my smile.