

The Big-Brother



By Megan Ruff
(Based on a true story)

“See that ye love one another” (D&C 88:123).

Hiding behind Dad’s truck, I pulled ever so slightly on the rope that reached up over the tree branch above the garage door. The large bucket of water at the other end of the line jiggled as I pulled. I grinned. The trap was finally ready!

My big brother was so going to get it as soon as he came out of the garage. Kyle deserved it, too! This time his teasing had gone too far.

My little sister walked over to my hiding place again. “Come on, Megan. Let’s go play. Just forget about it,” she said.

“No way,” I told her. “I’m going to get even.” She didn’t understand. I *had* to do this.

“But I want to play on the swings,” she said. “Won’t you come with me?”

I shook my head. “Not until Kyle walks under my trap.”

My sister left. The sun rose higher. It was a perfect day to play outside. But this was important. I thought of all the rotten times my brother had teased me.

Banging and clanging sounds came from inside the garage. What was he *doing* in there?

I had to admit it was getting a little boring holding that rope. Especially on such a nice, sunny day. But I didn’t think about letting go for a second. The wait would be worth it when Kyle walked through the garage door and I dumped the big bucket of water on his head. I couldn’t wait to see his face! It would be the perfect payback.

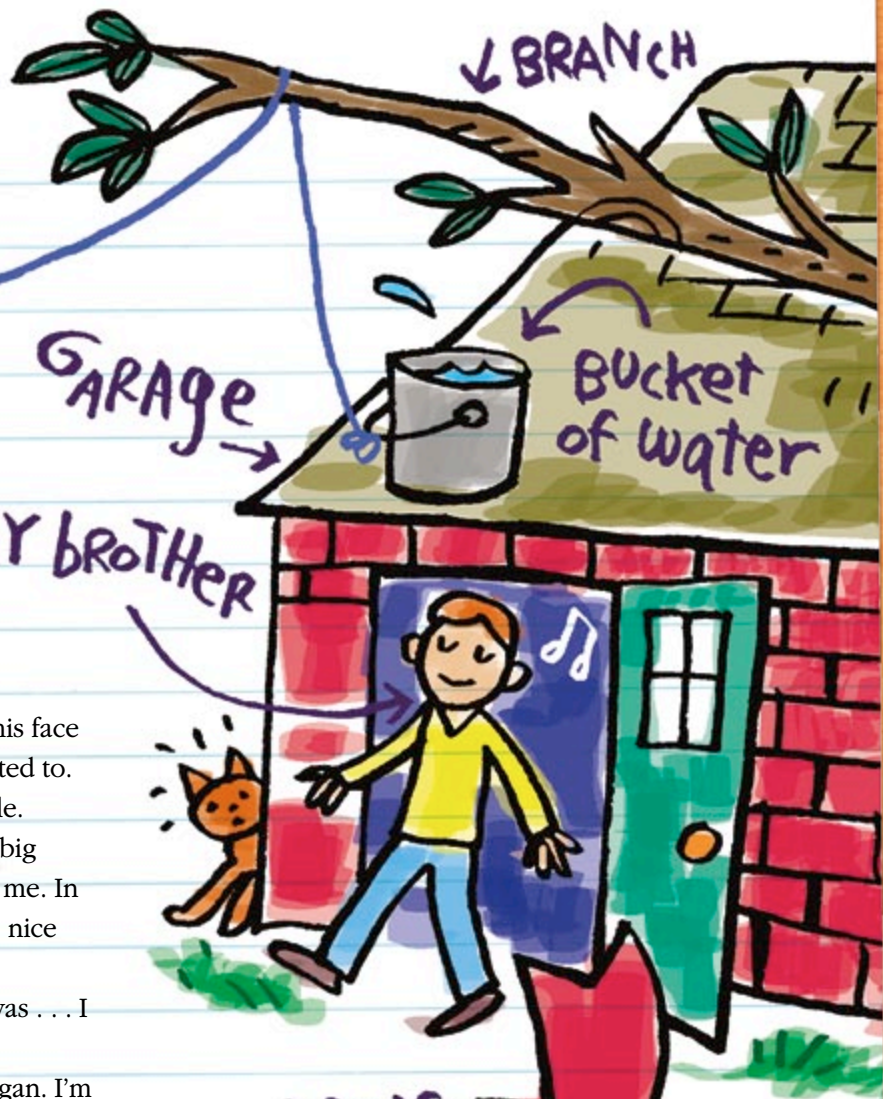
A noise came from behind the garage door. My muscles tightened as I gripped the rope. I watched the door like a cat ready to pounce.

The lock clicked. The door swung open. I saw the edge of a tire and one of my brother’s sneakers. This was it! I yanked hard on the rope. The entire bucket of water tipped and poured all over Kyle. As the now-empty bucket dangled from the rope on the tree, I jumped up and hooted in excitement. *Yes!*

Then I noticed something that stopped my yell of excitement right in my throat. Kyle was pushing my bike. It had been broken for weeks. But now it was all



Trap!



ready to ride. I didn't understand.

Kyle looked at me and said, "Um, I fixed your bike."

I just stood there. As the water dripped off his face and off my bike, I didn't feel at all like I expected to. My trap had worked perfectly, but I felt horrible.

The whole time I'd been waiting there, my big brother had been doing something nice for me. In fact, now that I thought about it, Kyle did nice things for me all the time.

"I'm sorry!" I said, still feeling awful. "I was . . . I mean, earlier today . . ."

He held up a hand and smiled. "It's OK, Megan. I'm sorry too. That's why I wanted to fix your bike."

Kyle looked up at the bucket. "Nice trap," he said. Then he laughed. "I never saw it coming."

I couldn't help but laugh with him. Suddenly I felt much better inside. My big brother had already forgiven me. Just like that! I realized I needed to learn how to do that too.

"Hey, want to ride bikes?" I asked.

Kyle nodded. "Sounds awesome. I'll probably dry off faster that way."

As we laughed again, I knew it was going to be a great day after all. ♦

The author lives in Minnesota, USA.



I have trouble being nice to my siblings. And when they are mean to me, it makes me want to be mean back. But I know that Heavenly Father would want me to make the right choice and first repent, then say "I'm sorry" to my sibling.

Reagan P., age 11, Washington, USA

