

## **My Dear Brother, Curtis**

*Tyler Lewis*

My Dear Brother, Curtis:

You know how growing up we would always do stupid stuff and blame it on each other? Well, there is a really stupid thing that I had done to you directly, but blamed it on the dog. I know you are probably asking, "What in the world is he talking about?" "What could an amazingly smart, handsome, and charming individual like the one I have for a brother do that could be compared to an old dumb dog.?" If you aren't sitting down then you should right now. This horrific act that I am about to write even knocks me down whenever I mention it. That is why I must lift this burden off my chest by telling you.

So, back to sophomore year of college. For some reason you decided to stay at the house I was renting for an entire week. I don't want you to think you were a tremendous bother, even though with you there it made 4 grown men in one tiny college house. At the time you randomly decided to crash on the living room couch, even though you had a perfectly good bed in the dorm in which you had paid to stay in, the toilet in the water closet wasn't working. This wasn't a problem since we still had the toilet in the full bathroom down the hall. No, the problem was that you made the fourth grown man that had to have their turn in the bathroom.

As you know, since high school, every morning I wake up and go to the bathroom for my morning ritual. Well, in the morning you decided to go and do your morning ritual right before I needed to start mine. It had been the 5<sup>th</sup> time you had done this to me that week. Now, before I tell you, I do believe that you have to take some blame. Every night I told you what time I was getting up, what time I would be in the bathroom by, what time I would be out of the bathroom, and what time I had to be somewhere.

After your fifth blatant disregard for my morning ritual and my schedule, even though you were the uninvited pest dwelling on my couch for a week non-stop, eating bags upon bags of Doritos and endlessly watching your foreign cartoon shows, I decided enough was enough. If you weren't going to let me do my morning routine in MY bathroom, I would find another place to do it. That place was on the hood of your car. That is right. It was not my roommate's dog that did it. It was me. At the time I felt I had just cause in doing so, and even now hold some justification, but feel terrible about the lie I told you back then, and felt my conscious weighing heavy. I'm sorry, and ask that you forgive me.