




BY: COBY DELEON



CHRISTIAN AND I ALWAYS GOT INTO FIGHTS.

MOTHER  
TOLD US  
NOT TO, BUT  
THAT NEVER  
WORKED.

WE KEPT FIGHTING AND FIGHTING.

WE FOUGHT OVER TOYS...



WE FOUGHT OVER BOOKS...



WE EVEN FOUGHT OVER  
WHO GOT THE LAST-



**FRENCH FRY!**

IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY,  
AND I HAD A CHANCE  
TO MAKE A WISH.



I WISHED THAT  
CHRISTIAN WOULD  
GO AWAY.

THE NEXT MORNING, I WOKE UP AND WENT TO CHRISTIAN'S ROOM. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? HE WASN'T THERE!



THIS MADE ME VERY HAPPY BECAUSE IT MEANT I HAD ALL THE TOYS AND BOOKS TO MYSELF.

I WANTED TO  
PLAY A GAME,  
SO I ASKED  
MY PARENTS.  
NO USE. THEY  
WERE BOTH  
DOING  
GROWN-UP  
STUFF.



LATER I WANTED TO  
PLAY CATCH-



-BUT THEY WERE  
STILL TOO BUSY.



WHEN I FELT  
LIKE GOING  
ON A BIKE  
RIDE, IT WAS  
STILL NO USE  
BECAUSE I  
WASN'T  
ALLOWED TO  
GO ALONE.


I WAS FEELING  
PRETTY BUMMED  
OUT.



BEFORE I WENT TO BED-




-I CHECKED  
TO SEE IF  
CHRISTIAN  
WAS IN HIS  
ROOM, BUT  
HIS BED WAS  
STILL EMPTY.



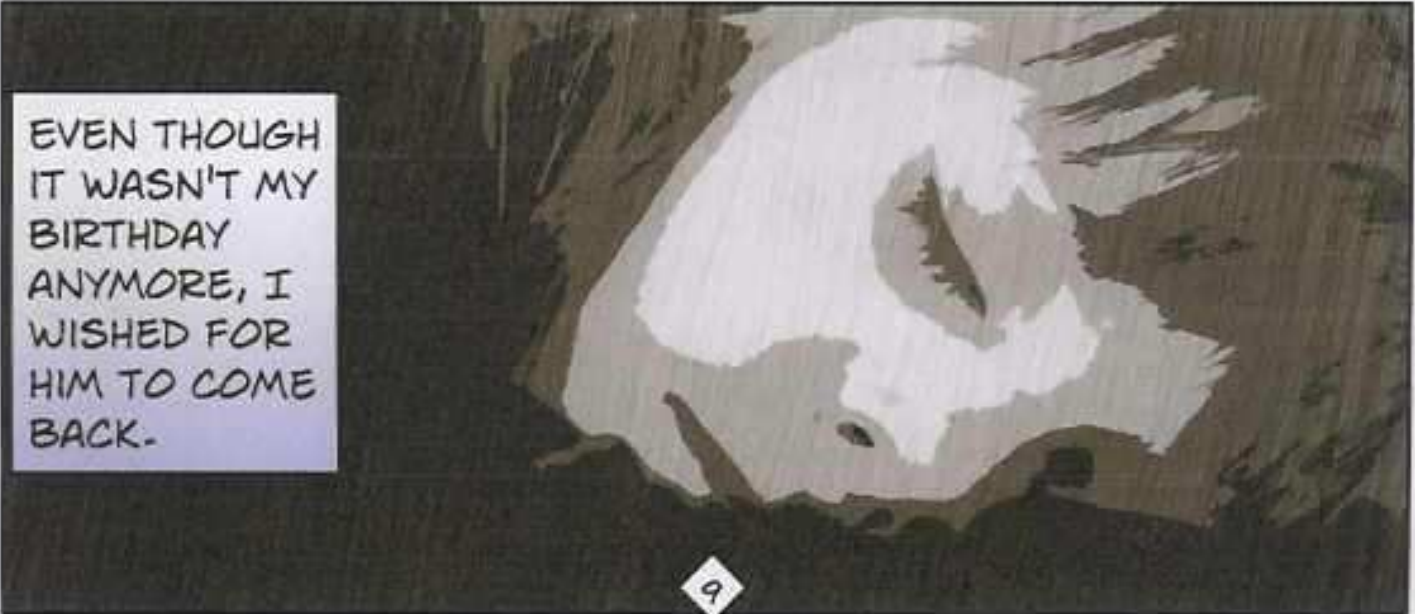
AS I FELL ASLEEP, I  
WAS THINKING ABOUT  
CHRISTIAN-

-AND HOW MUCH FUN  
WE HAD TOGETHER.



AND I REALIZED---

...I REALLY, REALLY MISSED HIM.

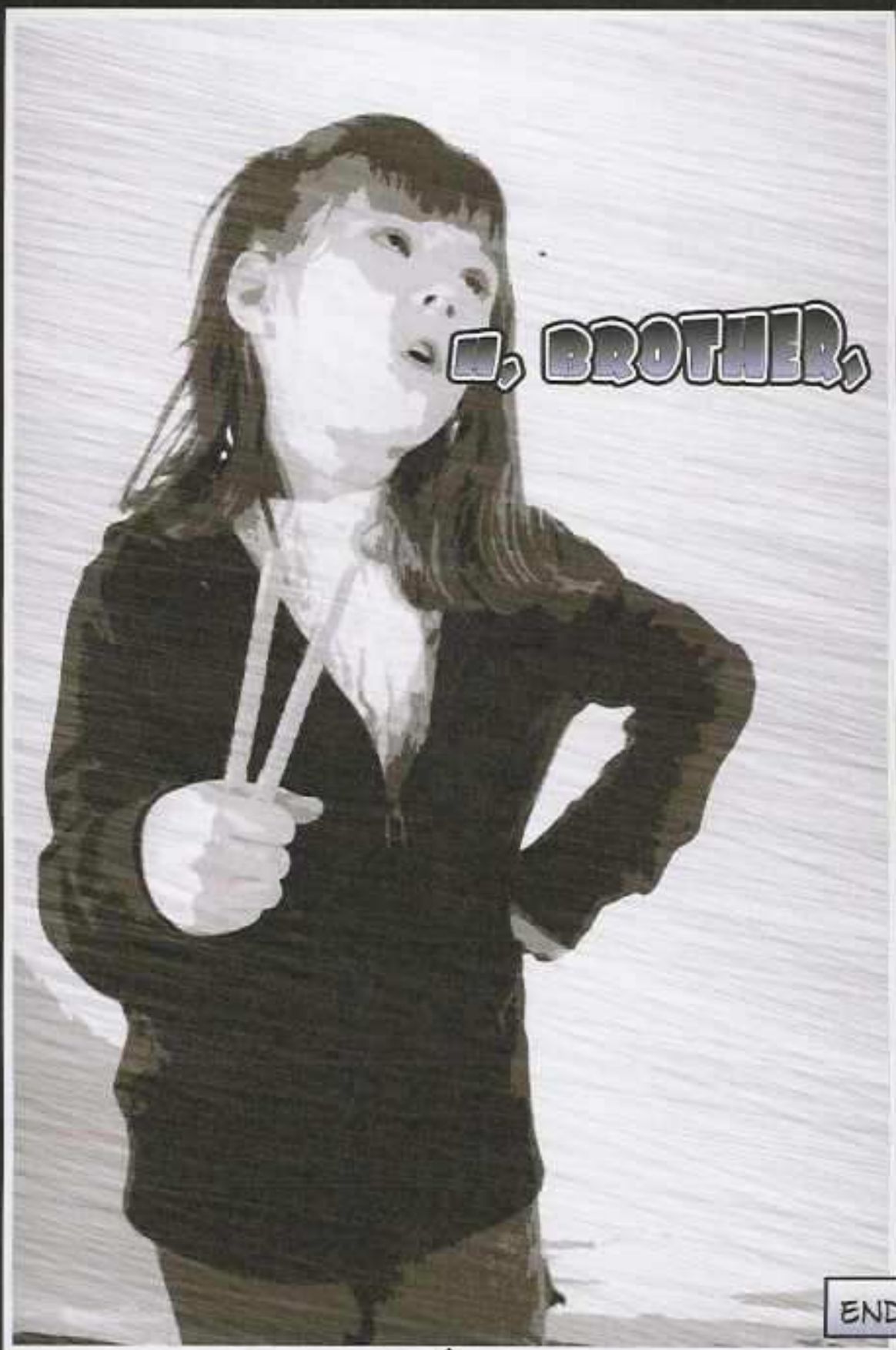


EVEN THOUGH  
IT WASN'T MY  
BIRTHDAY  
ANYMORE, I  
WISHED FOR  
HIM TO COME  
BACK.

THE NEXT MORNING I WOKE  
UP TO TWO FRENCH FRIES  
BEING STUCK UP MY NOSE.



CHRISTIANMAN!



I, BROTHER,

END