



MY MICHIGAN HERO ESSAY

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Growing up, when I thought of a hero, my mind would immediately go to people in the public eye. When my English teacher mentioned this assignment, I didn't think I'd do it. But after some thought, someone came to mind: my older brother Evan. I always sort of disliked him because – seeing as he was five years older than me and in a completely different level of maturity – we never had similar interests, with a few exceptions. As I got older, though, I started to appreciate him more. But let's not get ahead of ourselves, there are many missing details.

As stated, there's five years between us. Of course, Evan spent time with me, he had no choice. But when he started middle school, it became lame to hang out with a kindergartener in every free second he had, so we drifted. Obviously, that's just normal at that age, but did I understand that? I hardly understood how to count to 10. All I knew was, seemingly out of nowhere, the person who was with me all the time was only with me half the time. I always hated change, especially as a whiny little kid.

The next few years I felt really alone at home, since Evan was constantly closed up in his room trying to master his Minecraft skills. I resorted to making fun of him behind his back with friends, calling him things like socially awkward and stupid. He didn't care. I was 10 and he was 15. He saw me as the socially awkward and stupid one.

When I got into middle school, I became more aware of many things. One of them was the importance of family. I wanted to feel like I was a part of mine. How does that relate to Evan? He was the first person I wanted to spend more time with. At this point in our story, he was a senior in high school. Between his job, marching band, track, and just life itself, it was hard to see him. Eventually, we did hang out more often and we got closer. Of course, it took a lot of time.

Now, this is a hero essay, not an essay where I ramble on about my brother, which is what one might think, reading this without context. I would consider Evan a hero of mine because without him, I wouldn't be half the person I am now. He introduced me to so many things that have led me to turn out the way I am, for better or for worse. He was my first friend and was always there for me in the beginning years of my life. If he hadn't, I think I would be on a completely different track of life. I've learned so many things from Evan just by simply observing his actions. While I wouldn't say he saved me from anything, I would still say he is one of my heroes. Hence the essay.



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