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Orange Stream  
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For as long as I can remember I have always been the designated babysitter, role model, and extra parent at some point in my life, but hey, that's what comes with being the oldest child. I was the guinea pig and the first experiment child, I watched my parents become better parents for my younger siblings. While there are a lot of negative things that come along with being the oldest, it also shaped me into the person I am today, and everyone knows the oldest kids are the best. While I have a lot of funny stories and experiences from the years, one of my favorites was actually recent. About 2 years ago actually, but before I start just remember that after years and years of free babysitting, you get kinda tired. So it all started one afternoon after we had recently moved to my new house, and we were just getting settled in. My mom got home just 20-30 minutes after me and my two younger siblings got home from school, so of course until we got my brother into aftercare, I was the designated person for the job. And at first I didn't mind but my little brother, who was 8 at the time, has a lot of energy so keeping him cooped up in the house isn't easy. One day in particular I was exhausted from school and decided to take a nap when I got home. I know it is not a good idea, but my sister who is only a year younger than me could easily take my place. So I dozed off, assuming nothing crazy would happen, and my sister would realize I was asleep and help my brother with his homework or something. I probably should've told her I was taking a nap, but at that point I was a little too tired to think. So everything was perfect, and I woke up 20 something minutes later, more tired than I had been before, and I came downstairs to my mom with a look on her face, I didn't know what was wrong, but I knew something was up. She hadn't even taken off her shoes or coat yet but I could tell she was really aggravated, I could guess what happened. She told me everything, apparently my sister had taken it upon herself to also take a nap. For some reason on the same exact day I was. But by the time me and my sister, who were supposed to be babysitting, went to sleep, my little brother unlocked the front door and left it wide open as he walked 4 blocks away to play. My mom said that once she had gotten home the door was open, no one knew for how long, so she assumed the worst. She ran upstairs to both me and my sister dead asleep and realized what had happened. She eventually found my brother who was safe and sound, and acted like everything was normal. Once I was scolded I realized my sister hadn't even woken up yet, so of course I went upstairs to yell at her. While in my brain it's just as much her fault as it is mine, to her, she was completely innocent (not fair). A couple days after this occurrence a babysitter was hired, Maddy was super cool, I really liked her. And hey as long as I'm not watching over my little brother I'm grateful. After this I wasn't really expected to babysit again, I did break a level of trust with my mom, but whatever, I was

officially let off the hook. While I'm not saying I'm glad my brother walked right out of our front door into a neighborhood we barely knew, I am saying it was nice to no longer watch the little brat. I don't pride myself on being the responsible older sister, because I know I'm not, but I definitely care about my siblings, a lot. And I wouldn't want to be anyone else's older sister. I have so many other stories just like this one, but that's really the last time I ever watched over my siblings, we had Maddie come to our house every school night until Covid hit, and by that time both my siblings were too old to need anyone to watch them (and we were all at home). So I hold that memory in my heart.