

## A Spin on the Past

My brother David and I used to love to play together when we were little. We would play school where I was the teacher and he was the student, sometime we would play house where I was the mother or sister and he was the father or brother. One time I remember we were just messing around in the family room. I was pretending to be a puppy dog, but David did not want to play that game. Then something happened: somehow I accidentally bit him. But he claims otherwise.

When I asked him about what actually happened that day he said,

“We were in the den and we were jumping over pillows using them as skipping stones.”

Of course I have a different memory, I remember that I was pretending to be a puppy dog and I had one of the pillows in my mouth, it was a small muted rose-colored one. I was shaking my head side to side like a young puppy would do. Then David got mad at me and tried to grab the pillow away from me. I must have re-gripped the pillow with my teeth, but instead of biting back down on the pillow, I bit back down on David. But, I want to hear the rest of David’s story to see exactly what he thinks happen. So he continued,

“ Then Mom had to tell me something so I stopped playing for a second. My hand for some reason was outstretched and my finger was pointed at you. And then you bit me for no reason. And it started to bleed very badly!”

He was right; his finger was bleeding, in this we agree. I wouldn't say it was gushing blood, but I had broken the skin.

"Then Mom made us stop playing," he finished.

I don't remember my mom getting angry with me. She just put a band-aid on his finger and told us to stop rough housing. She always used to say,

"When you rough house someone always gets hurt!"

It's funny that my brother and I have such different memories of something so insignificant. I still think that my version of the past is true and that David just put a spin on it, but I guess we'll never find out exactly how it happened. Because of our different perceptions of what happened we will never obtain the truth. We are only left with the different memories we have.