

## TAJVIN KAZI

So, I was about fourteen years old and I remember asking my parents constantly to have another baby. They would joke around with me and say “Okay, go upstairs then, let us get started” and it would make me laugh but I would go, I would go along with the joke and I was nagging and nagging and nagging, I wanted to have another sibling.

Around my fifteenth birthday, a couple months later, my mom comes up to me and she tells me that she’s pregnant and I was so excited and there were only two things that I could think of at that time: I wanted the baby to be healthy, and I wanted to have a baby sister. I grew up with only brothers and the only thing that I wanted was a little sister in my life so I could dress up with her and everything and that’s all I cared for.

Throughout the entire pregnancy though, my mum did have lots of complications, we did almost lose the baby a few times and it did make things harder but it did bring us closer together.

We waited until, I think, it was the four or five-month mark when we found out the gender of the baby and I was so nervous but I was so excited at the same time. I remember it was just me and my mum that went to the ultrasound, I told my dad that he doesn't need to be there, I'll go with mom, everything will be fine and when the doctor was doing the ultrasound, she said, “Look, that’s a girl” and I feel like that was one of the best days of my life, finding out that I was going to have a baby sister.

So, we waited, I remember taking care of my mom so much, she had lots of morning sickness but whenever she needed anything, I was there by her side just waiting. Especially with all the difficulties going on, I wanted to make sure that everything was okay and so when it came time for her birth, only my mom and dad went to the hospital. I was at home with my younger brother and I remember I wanted to take a shower, so I get in the shower with my phone.

I had a feeling that for some reason my dad would call me just then and right when I was covered in shampoo, couldn’t even open my eyes, my phone was ringing and it was my dad. I answer it and I hear him crying on the other line and all he says is, “She’s here” and I started crying in the shower, couldn’t see anything, and I remember getting out as fast as I can and then called my oldest brother and I told him, “She’s here, we need to go to the hospital now.”

He left work to come pick us up and me and my younger brother and my oldest brother went to the hospital and we were so nervous going up the elevators, running down the halls, trying to find my mum's room. Because he beat me to the room, he got to pick her up first and I remember when he picked her up and we all saw her little face, she was smiling and when we saw that smile, it felt like our family was complete. Everything came together.