

Brotherly Love

My brother's foot jumped up and down up and down up and down without ever leaving the floor. At over six feet and thirteen years old, it was practically impossible for him to sit still. The two of us sat in the living room across from one another discussing the various responses people have to drinking coffee.

"It used to not bother me much," I told him. "But now it doesn't make me feel good."

"When Mom gave me a cup the other morning, it about put me to sleep," my brother David said.

"Huh. Usually people that feel sleepy from caffeine have ADD or ADHD or something."

"What's that?"

"I'm not sure. I'll look it up."

As I looked up the symptoms of ADD and ADHD, David asked,

"It was coffee with a lot of hazelnut creamer right?"

"Yeah."

"What's that thing like at the bakery again that you make?"

"It's a hazelnut latte," I reminded him, for what seemed like the tenth time that morning.

"Oh yeah."

"Here it is!" I scanned the results off of my phone. "Ok, there are three main symptoms of ADD. These things don't mean you have ADD," I looked up at him. "Most of these go along with you just being a boy. But this is what some of the symptoms are, in addition to coffee making you sleepy.

"The first one is 'inability to concentrate'."

"Huh?" his head snapped back towards me, as if on cue. His legs bounced at an ever increasing speed.

We both laughed.

"It means you can't pay attention," I explained. I kept reading. "The second one is 'impulsive decision making'."

"What's that?"

"Do you remember when Lydia overthrew the M&M to Elijah and it came by you, and you immediately scooped it up and ate it, along with the meat you were still chewing from lunch?"

"I wasn't about to pass that up! It was food! Oh! It's also like the time I saw a wasp on the porch, and I decided to kill it with my bare hand."

We spent a few minutes reminiscing and laughing over that moment. And I wondered how the thought never entered his mind to at least grab a shoe.

"Ok, ok," I finally said, just to settle us down and refocus. "The third and last main symptom is that you can't be still."

I looked up from my phone and over at David sitting on the couch. He wore a smirk that wound around his face. His legs had not stopped moving since we had sat down, except for maybe a brief second or two.

We both started laughing before he said anything. "I don't have that problem at all," he grinned.