

Brave New World

by Walter Bjorkman

Big brother was just short of twelve and this was his biggest job yet. "You are the man of the house now" they told him a year ago, in the weeks after the death of their father. Now he was entrusted to guide his younger brother across the Atlantic on a four-prop silver bird, with the occasional helping hand of an airline employee.

He was scared as shit. Sure subways, buses, even the last steam powered LIRR line had been in his past travels, but always with an adult watching carefully beside him.

The plane coughed. His younger brother, by only 19 months, had used both barf bags to perfection leaving Idlewild, and he felt as if he could use one right now. Young brother awoke as the plane buckled, swerved suddenly and started dropping. Big brother's stomach rose over his head, and the eyes from the arm rest beside him, pillowed to sleep by Nordic stewardesses just a few hours before, awoke in confusion, fear and hurt never seen before that day a year past. Outside the window the far engine began to billow dark smoke. Anywhere but here, he thought anywhere but here.

"Allan, what's happening?" the tiny tremelo voice asked, a voice once happy and strong.

"Looks like we are taking a side trip to Coney" Allan answererd with a laugh, his far hand's fingernails tearing the stuffing out of the other arm rest, out of the sight of all, especially his brother.

