

“THE GIANTS MUST BE FIGHTING AGAIN!”

MY BROTHER, THE LARGEST GIANT OF THEM ALL

—*Ryan West*

My brother was so excited for another storm but with the curtains drawn, all he knew of them was the clashes and concussions that rang in the dark and cloudy air outside. I had sat by his bed each night and told him stories of Prometheus and Atlas and all the other titans. Sure, I may not have told the stories the way they were exactly supposed to be, but he was only six. I figured it could wait to explain the intricacies. For now, all his wonderfully imaginative brain could conceive was the giants in the sky, slamming their fists back and forth and stomping on the floors of Heaven.

“Why do they fight so much?” he asked me innocently from his bed, late one night. In a frenzy, I searched for a good answer. One that would be fitting of a young boy. “Well Grant, some people, when they go on to the next world... they become the fighting giants. But it’s only those who are the fiercest fighters in this life. And they must be fighting for good, otherwise they get even smaller than they are in this life.” I was turning simple thunder into a band of heroes that fought in the sky over the noblest of things. I just loved him too much to stop and try to explain science to him.

To this day, no matter what I know of the truth and science, whenever a storm is brewing I look to the sky for his face. Because after three years of the fiercest fighting I’ve ever seen Grant asked me the hardest question I’ve ever been asked; “Ryan, do you think I’ll be a giant?” There was absolutely no question in my mind that this boy was a bigger giant than any man or warrior before or since.

It was a lonely Tuesday
when my brother's hand let go of
mine and slipped away. The cancer
which had been destroying that
imaginative brain of my brother's
had finally beaten him. It was an
even lonelier Wednesday when
the Sun shone brighter than I had
seen in days. But every storm since
then I listen for my brother's voice,
leading that band of heroic giants
I had created as they stomp their
way across my world's roof. Some
would say the end, but I know he
isn't done yet.

The beginning... 