



KEVIN



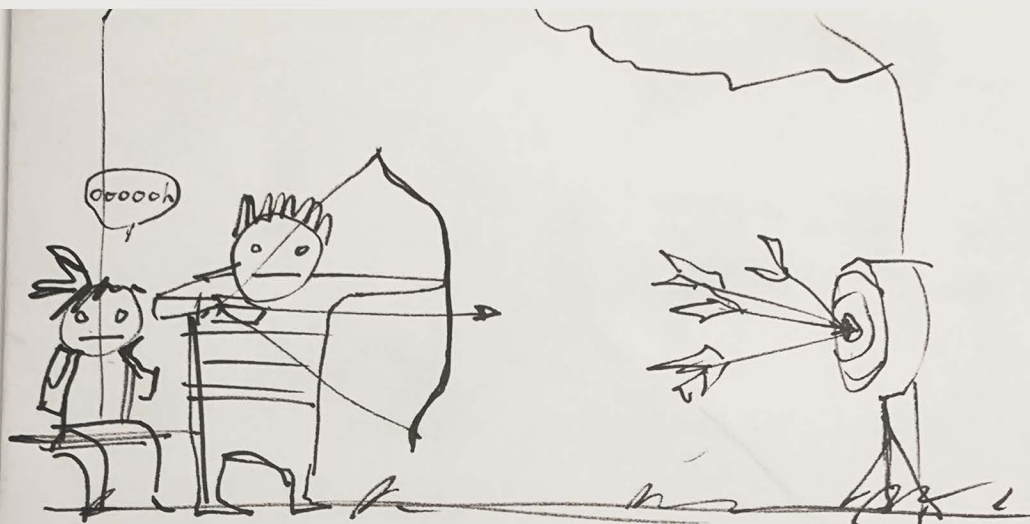
## Chapter 1

When I was younger, around 7 years old, Kevin had to stay at my house to avoid social services. Both of us were too young to understand the weight of the situation, so we treated the two weeks as a long sleepover. We did a lot of play-fighting with plastic katanas we won at the fair earlier that year. We had so much fun, and I kind of got to experience what it's like to have a sibling.



## Chapter 2

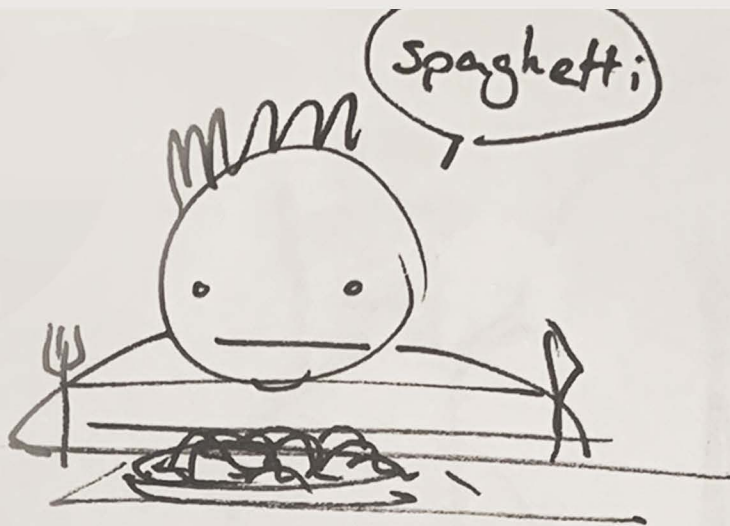
A few years later, Kevin was living in a townhouse near the harbour with his mom and three siblings. I biked there every Sunday to see them. One weekend, their house caught on fire because their next door neighbour threw a cigarette on the ground. If my cousin wasn't awake to see the smoke out the window, I'm not sure if they would've made it. They moved shortly after, same city but too far to bike.



### Chapter 3

When we were teenagers, Kevin and I were interested in archery. We bought bows and arrows at Canadian Tire and used our grandparents' garden for target practice. We bought the same bow: a plastic practice bow that can be folded for easy storage. He'd always beat me, he was always a quick learner. I miss those summers, I don't think we'll ever go back to that. But the memories remain vivid.





## Chapter 4

"He's gone."

"What? Who?"

"Kevin."

"Wait, why? You're joking right?"

"Left yesterday. He's going to live on the island with his dad."

"It's too soon... he was here."

~~Yesterday~~ He was sitting with us in the kitchen last weekend. And he just left? ~~He~~ He didn't even say goodbye."



## Chapter 5

Kevin was the best of us. He was always observing, curious about [REDACTED] the world. He especially liked spending time outdoors, hiking, making tools and weapons out of wood and rocks. He was adventurous and brave, very athletic too. I struggled to keep up with him when he'd climb trees and cliffs like it was nothing. Kevin was a hands-on kind of guy, he liked to figure out how things worked.



## Chapter 6

Last month, overcast, park bench, afternoon. Break up. Spent weeks analyzing the situation, trying to sort out what exactly I was feeling. It was a dull, persistent pain that resulted in fatigue [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. At first I didn't recognize it, but after a few weeks I realized this is similar to how I felt when Kevin left. I suppose this is the kind of pain one feels when someone they thought would be in their life for a long time leaves.





### Chapter 7

I heard he joined the navy last year. So I imagine him on a boat in the middle of the Atlantic, doing whatever the hell navy people do. I find this absolutely hilarious because he always had terrible motion sickness. He's wearing a uniform with mechanic goggles and a tool belt, standing near the edge of the boat, saying "oh my god I think I'm gonna - BLAAAARGH"





## Chapter 8

Before he joined the navy, he spontaneously appeared at my grandparents' house during a family get together. At this point I hadn't seen him in over 5 years. He looked so different, he had short hair and a beard. It was like he became a completely different person. At some point I needed a break so I hid downstairs in the attic and sat there in the dark. I suppose he had the same idea, and he ended up joining me. He tried to

talk to me, showed me a couple videos on his phone. I didn't say anything, and he promptly left. I think about this sometimes, to this day I'm still not sure what I could've said.

## Chapter 8

Before he joined the navy, he spontaneously appeared at my grandparents' house during a family get together. At this point I hadn't seen him in over 2 years. He looked a different, he had short hair and a beard. It was like he became a completely different person. At some point I needed a break so I hid downstairs in the office and sat there in the dark. I suppose I had the same idea, and he

