**Why Wii Are Family**

Written By Ian M. Ryan

Oh the feelings of Christmas when all four of my older siblings were home, being loud and waking them up, a thing I learned very quickly not to keep doing. But for one day it was acceptable. Santa Claus was still a huge part of Christmas for me, as he was the one putting presents underneath the tree. Santa also was still around for a seven-year-old who wanted on gift in particular. The number one selling piece of gaming, which no one plays anymore, the Wii. That Christmas, it was the first time that the Wii would be sold and I wanted it. I was hoping it would show up on Christmas morning and on the morning of, I felt as though I was the most nervous kid in the world.

This morning for some reason felt very different. It felt like something was wrong, and it was eerie in the Ryan household. Maybe because that would be the final Christmas that we spent as a full family living at home, but we didn’t know that Tommy would be moving out that next year and everything seemed to dwindle out after that. I was also nervous that morning because I was so amped up about that Wii. It was the piece of technology that every kid wanted. At that point in time, it was the best thing since sliced bread. Pushing through all of the nerves I managed to get by and wake everyone up at an astonishing seven o’clock. These days it is a struggle to wake myself up at nine o’clock let alone seven, but that day was one I had hoped and prayed I wouldn’t want to miss. It would be against my moral code if I had not dreamed of getting a Wii the night before. Speaking about morals, it was not against my brothers’ moral codes, however, to say that Santa’s workshop released a note saying that they ran out of parts to make the Wiis and that no one would be getting any on Christmas. They not only created the note, but they printed it up and signed it as though Santa was the one who actually did it. After I had a good cry, everyone settled me down saying maybe it was a mistake and that the Wii would be there. I got my hopes up again.

My oldest brother Tommy passed out presents, like always, because it would be unethical for the older child to not pass out the presents. He handed me presents one by one, as well as the other siblings. I did anything to open up the presents, peeling, scratching, biting through the wrapping paper, just to see what was underneath. As I was huffing and puffing, my parents told me to slow down. “Cherish the moments with your family, Ian.” I listened to my dad, and I slowed down opening the presents. I was down to my last one, and it felt like a shoe box inside. That could only mean that I wasn’t getting a Wii, but that’s when the phone rang. “Hey everyone, it’s your Aunt Katie!”

Sweets, and tell her I say hi came from every which way after my dad’s announcement, and a big ‘ole Merry Christmas! Came from our telephone which my dad threw on speaker phone. My aunt asked to talk to me specifically. I put my final present down and meandered into the kitchen where the phone was. My dad told me to “cheer up” and handed me the phone. Two of my older brothers skipped down the hallway towards my parents’ room and my Aunt began to ask me about the presents I got and asked if I had gotten everything I wanted. Being modest, I told her I got everything that I asked for, but in my head, I was disappointed I didn’t get the Wii. We said our goodbyes and Merry Christmas again, and I headed back into the living room. Everyone had finished opening their presents, and mine was the only one left.

Disappointed because of the present I felt before I went into the kitchen, I didn’t both to lift this one, I just ripped it open. I saw another wrapped box and I scratched my head. I didn’t know what to do. It could have been one of the Giant Jack-In-The-Box toys. I couldn’t stand those things! With disappointment on my face, my sister grabbed my arm. She asked if I was okay as a tear fell down from my eye. “It just doesn’t feel like Christmas, there’s no snow outside, and Santa’s workshop couldn’t make any of the Wii’s.”

As I got sympathetic hugs, I remembered I still had one more present. Who doesn’t hug people who are crying? Hugs are a must in the Ryan household, ask my mom, she will tell you. My mom hugs everyone when they enter and when they leave the house. That’s a different story for a different time though.

I gripped the wrapping paper of the last present which was much smaller than most boxes and it was skinnier than a shoe box. I opened it with no hope of it being the Wii. With tears building up in my eyes again, I was surprised with what I opened. Three letters in blue font on a white box peered back at me. A Wii was looking me right in the face and all I could do was look around at my family. The bright smiling faces around me almost as though they knew it would be a Wii. They cheered with me and watched a young lad jumping up and down like a preteen girl seeing her favorite boy band. That was the Christmas spirit.

Later on, I found out that my brothers Pat and Kevin stayed out in front of Best Buy on Christmas Eve for hours upon hours waiting for the chance to buy a Wii. Family will always have my back and my best interest at heart. Remembering back on that Christmas, no matter what happens between my family, I know exactly why Wii are family. The things we do for each other’s happiness and the love shown for each other, that’s what it was. The Wii was great for a few years, but knowing my family went out of their way, that lasts a life time.