Critical Reflections 1

**Rules For The Oldest Child**

As the official Oldest Child and therefore designated Crafter of Regulations and Codes of Honor for this our House, I hereby proclaim the Incomplete Yet Still Highly Official Rules of Oldest Child-dom:

*Anything you play, you play to win.*

Having younger siblings means competition. As the oldest sibling, you must set the standard for everyone, or else how will they learn? This mentality will result in many prohibited board games.

*You get to choose for you, I get to choose for me.*

A compromise, to keep the peace, and negate inherent bossiness. Every child, be they sibling or friend, gets to choose their own favorite color and their own character’s name during pretend.

*Everything must be put to a vote.*

You run a democracy, not a dictatorship. Therefore, vote on everything. What games to play. What dinners to eat. What to name the future dog. What middle name to give the future dog, when the first-name debate becomes too contentious.

*Bedtime is a family matter.*

Sometimes being the oldest means making sacrifices. You might not get to sit next to Mom for stories. You might be the last to get a lullaby. But you will get to have the last kiss goodnight.

*You must protect your little siblings with your life.*

From flu shots, from rickety bridges, from too-big ocean waves. From tigers that lurk in the basement. From pasta made with the stinky kind of cheese. From bullies, from crushes, from loneliness. From the great big scariness of growing up.