Opening 1 / 8

Hi, everyone. I'm Theo, Marcus's little brother. Yes, I'm taller. We don't talk about it.

Part 2 2 / 8

When I was fourteen, Marcus got his license and a car with no heater. He was seventeen. I was the passenger every school morning for two winters.

Part 3 3 / 8

Every morning, he handed me a plastic scraper and said, 'Front window. You're in charge.' I scraped. He sat inside with the radio on, warming his hands on a thermos of hot chocolate. I grumbled the whole time. He drove anyway, every single day. It took me years to notice that he never once let me walk.

Part 4 4 / 8

Marcus has been doing the same thing ever since: showing up, handing me a tool, and quietly doing the hard part. Leah, he'll hand you the scraper too. Take it. It's a trap, and also a gift.

Part 5 5 / 8

Leah, I'll be honest. I was nervous to meet you. Marcus talked about you so much that I figured nobody could live up to it. Then you spent our first dinner asking about my classes, and you remembered the name of my professor the next time. Nobody remembers that. You did.

Part 6 6 / 8

Marcus, you were never the loudest brother, or the funniest. You were the one who was already outside, with the engine running. Now you're riding with Leah, and I hope this car has a heater. And if it doesn't, I know a guy with a scraper.

Part 7 7 / 8

Thank you for driving me, Marcus. I never said it in the cold. I'm saying it now, in a warm room, with witnesses.

Closing 8 / 8

Please raise your glasses, everyone, to Marcus and Leah: may your road be clear and your windows always defrosted.