Opening 1 / 5

Good evening, everyone. I'm Abel, Toby's older brother. When Toby was sixteen, I taught him to drive in the empty lot behind the grocery store, in my car, which I had owned for exactly nine days.

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He was a careful student. He checked the mirrors so often I asked if he was expecting company. Then he put it in reverse instead of drive and backed us, very gently, into a cart return. Nobody was hurt. The cart return never fully recovered, and neither did my bumper.

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I was furious for about a minute. Then he looked over at me and said, 'Can we try again?' Not sorry, not whose fault it was. Just, can we try again. We did, every Sunday that spring, and he passed his test the first time.

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I have heard him say those words a lot since: after a bad interview, after a lost game, after a long year. Celeste, you have heard them too. He does not give up on the things he loves. He asks to try again, and then he does better.

Toby, I'm proud of you, little brother. Everyone, please raise your glasses to Toby and Celeste.