

SUPERSIZE SPECIAL ISSUE!

GLAMOUR

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WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE A SISTER

ON 9/11, EACH OF THE WOMEN HERE WAS ROBBED OF THE PERSON SHE WAS CLOSEST TO IN THE WORLD—AND EACH WAS TRANSFORMED AS A RESULT.



(BROOKE AND ERIN JACKMAN)

A sister... is forever

"Some sisters just have that 'sister thing,' that instinctive closeness," says Erin Jackman about her sibling Brooke, who was six years younger. "We had it, and we knew it." As children, "I would dress her up like a doll," says Erin, now 34; as young adults, Brooke counted on Erin's career advice and more extensive boyfriend experience. They both lived in Manhattan, where Erin is a teacher and, in 2001, Brooke was working as an as-

sistant bond trader in the World Trade Center when she applied to grad school for a master's degree in social work.

On Saturday, September 8, to mark Brooke's breakup with her boyfriend, "we took the 'Randy Walk,'" Erin recalls. "We went to all the places they went together, as a kind of rite of passage." The sisters always hugged before going to their separate apartments, "but this day, we left without the usual hug, then simultaneously realized it and started back toward each other—but we got lazy and waved and laughed, 'See you later!'"

Of course, there was no later. Five years on, Erin says, "Some places are still too painful to go to: a certain frozen yogurt shop, the second floor of Bloomingdale's. When I see sisters arguing on the street, I want to shake them and say, 'Stop that! Don't you know how good you have it?'" But most days Erin stays positive. "I still hear Brooke's voice, calling me 'Errie.' It makes me feel so good to think about her when I'm falling asleep and to find myself dreaming about her." ©