

Finally, My Own Space

I woke up. "Come on, we have to take your little sister to her Dad!" Mom yelled from the kitchen.

"I'm up!"

"Good!"

As soon as we got back, Mom started moving stuff around. Me and my other sister watched movies and ate popcorn. We even played a spy game, and our headquarters were under a mattress.

"Winter!" called my Mom from her room.

"Coming!" I answered.

As the kitten clawed at the door, since I couldn't let my big, fat cat in the same room as my kitten, I peeked in. The room that I had shared with my two little sisters was completely different. But, in a way, I was disappointed. We do only have two bedrooms in our house. Like before, there were only two beds, and they were smaller. I wasn't going to share a small bed with one of my sisters.

"Winter!" Mom sounded frustrated this time.

"I'm coming!" I probably sounded more frustrated too. I peeked in the living room quick before coming into Mom's room. The mattress was gone. As I walked in, it looked completely different. The dressers were in different places, the big bed I shared with my little sister, wait WHAT? I kept my thoughts in my head, though.

"I need your help," Mom said. "Take your rock collection and spread it out on the dresser." I did as she said. When I was done, she told me, "This is your new room now, blah blah this blah blah that." I was so excited!

"But Mom... Where will you sleep?" I asked suddenly curious.

"Oh, just on the couch." She replied. I now felt really guilty.

"Mom, you don't have to do this."

"No, it's okay sweetie. I want to."

"Are you sure?"

“Yes, I’m 100% sure.”

“Yaaay! Thank you Mommy!”

And that’s how, finally, I got my own space.