

(2nd
draft)

Suzannah

It's not just a room full of games and stuffed animals and books. It's not just a room with desks and beds and a green stained carpet. It's not just a room where ~~me~~ ^{my sister and I} and ~~my~~ ^{my sister} sneaked in cookies and juice, hiding ~~in~~ ^{between} ~~in~~ ^{between} the space between our beds. It's a room full of childhood memories. The room catches our spirit like a mesh net catching a delicate butterfly.

When I was $\frac{1}{3}$ years old we moved up to the 15th floor on 15th street. My sister and I shared our room and we moved in her little bed and my big crib. Since then those walls have heard us moan in our sleep. They have seen us put on loads of make-up, pretending to be movie stars with friends. They have felt us frantically slap ~~against~~ ^{against} them when they were ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~of~~ ^{of} base as we run relay races across our room. And have felt us dance wall to wall, spinning and twirling until we ~~fell~~ ^{fell} down and they catch ~~us~~ ^{us} against them.

Now I'm ten and my sister and I still share our room. We have made up games like maids, and painters, and princess Caraboo (from a movie we loved). We do really silly dances in that room like ballet dances, and acting crazy dances, and ballroom dances, pretending to be Fred Astaire sliding across the carpet with his partner Ginger Rogers.

At night I ~~to~~ look around our room and make movie mind pictures ~~of~~ ^{of} us doing those things again, the camera rolling farther and farther back in time.

Now that my sister is 13 she is tired of the two boxes of Barbies that I don't play with any more. She says they take up the space on the shelves for her trophies. She is tired of me hocking her about how she needs to clean up her ~~desk~~ ^{desk} even though mine is almost as bad. She is tired of me begging her to play maids (a make believe game we made up) where I play the ~~part~~ ^{part} of the ~~maid~~ ^{maid} who ~~is~~ ^{is} knew and knows nothing. ~~My sister helps me.~~

210
Draft

She is tired of us sharing the bathroom where we both take hours grooming.

And that is why we are starting to look at wall to wall carpeting, double beds, and wall paints that will match our stuff. That is why we are getting our own rooms.

Since I was 3 I have had this room. The room in which I made up silly dances, played games, slept with piles of stuffed animals. The room full of memories. Shared with my sister.

~~I will get my own , and
but there will be one thing I won't
have, my sister to share my room with. I will
probably be lonely.~~

I am excited to get my own room. I will get my own bookshelf. I will get a big new double bed for when I have friends sleep over. I will have my own pictures on the walls. I will have my privacy. But there will be one thing that I won't have. My sister to share my room with. I will probably be lonely.