

My Room

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 my sister and I sneaked in cookies and juice, hiding them in the space between our beds. It's a room full of memories. The room catches our spirit, like a mesh net catching a delicate butterfly.

When I was three years old, we moved up to the 15th floor on 105th 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 makeup, pretending to be movie stars with our friends. They have felt us frantically slap against them when they were our bases as we ran relay races across the room. And they have felt us dance, wall to wall, spinning and twirling until we fell down against them.

Now I am ten and my sister and I still share a room. We have made up games like maids, painters, and princesses from far off lands that speak different made up languages. 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 look around the room and make movie mind pictures of us doing those things again, the camera rolling farther and farther back in time.

Now that my sister is thirteen she is tired of the two boxes of Barbies that I don't play with anymore. She says that they take up too much space on the shelf for her trophies. She is tired of me hocking her about cleaning up her desk even though mine is almost as bad. She is tired of me begging her to play "maids" in which I play the part of the maid who is new and knows nothing, and my sister, the more experienced maid, helps me. She is tired of sharing the bathroom where we both take hours grooming.

And that is why we are starting to look for 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 three, we have had this room, the room in which we made up silly dances, played games, slept with piles of stuffed animals, the room full of memories shared with my sister.

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. Bu there will be one thing that I won't have, my sister to share my room with. I will probably be lonely.