

Sister DATE

By David Dickson
Church Magazines

*"I have a fam'ly here on earth.
They are so good to me"*
(Children's Songbook, 188).

"No fair!" Rachel yelled. "I don't want to watch your show!"

She grabbed for the remote control.

But her big sister Brianna was faster. She held the remote above her head.

"I just sat through your cartoon," she said. "Now it's my turn to watch my show."

Rachel scowled and jumped off the couch. "You're being mean!"

"I am not!" Brianna said. "It's my turn!"

After more arguing, Rachel heard Dad's footsteps coming down the hall. *Uh oh*. Dad always had the same solution when it came to fighting over the TV.

"Time to turn it off," he said. He pushed the power button on the remote. The screen went black.

"But, Dad!" Brianna said. "I didn't get to watch my favorite show."

Before Dad could say anything, Rachel heard herself blurting out, "That's because it's boring!"

"No, it's not!" Brianna said.

Rachel put her hands on her hips. Her insides felt hot and bubbly, like a volcano. "It's the most boring-est show in the universe." She would rather watch weeds grow than watch Brianna's show. Her sister liked the weirdest things.

Dad stepped between them. "All right, cool it. Maybe



you two need some space from each other."

Brianna gave Rachel a mean look that made Rachel's stomach twist. Brianna hadn't ever looked at her like *that* before.

"Fine!" Brianna snapped. "I'll be in my room. Away from *her*."

Dad put a hand on Brianna's shoulder. "You know," he said, looking at both of them, "I wish you two would be nicer to each other. You could be best friends."

Brianna stomped to her room, and

Rachel heard her slam her bedroom door. The twisty feeling in her stomach got worse.

Rachel went outside to ride her scooter. Maybe it would help her forget the way Brianna had looked at her.

The sky was warm and sunny. But no matter how hard Rachel tried, she couldn't stop worrying about the argument with Brianna.

Her favorite show really is boring, she thought. It's boring-er than dirt. But . . . maybe I should have let her watch it anyway. She kept riding her scooter in circles. Then she noticed someone walk toward her. It was Brianna!

"Hey," Brianna said. She looked happy.

Rachel stopped her scooter. Why was Brianna smiling? "Um, hi," she said back.

"So, I thought we could use a sister date," Brianna said. "My treat. How does the Fun Center sound?"

That was Rachel's favorite place! "Really?" she answered. "That sounds awesome! Let's go!"



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And it *was* awesome. The two of them skated around and around the rink. Brianna even brought money for the arcade games. They won tickets and traded them for goofy glasses with fake mustaches.

Rachel giggled while Brianna made funny faces with her mustache. Then she remembered the fight they had earlier.

"I'm sorry I didn't let you watch your TV show," Rachel

said. "I wasn't being very nice."

Brianna put her arm around her. "Neither was I. I'm sorry too. Besides, this is the kind of stuff I'd rather do with you anyway."

Rachel smiled her biggest smile. "Me too! Because we're best friends, right?"

Brianna gave her a big-sister hug. "Best friends," she agreed. ●

We could go to the fun center together too.



Count us in!