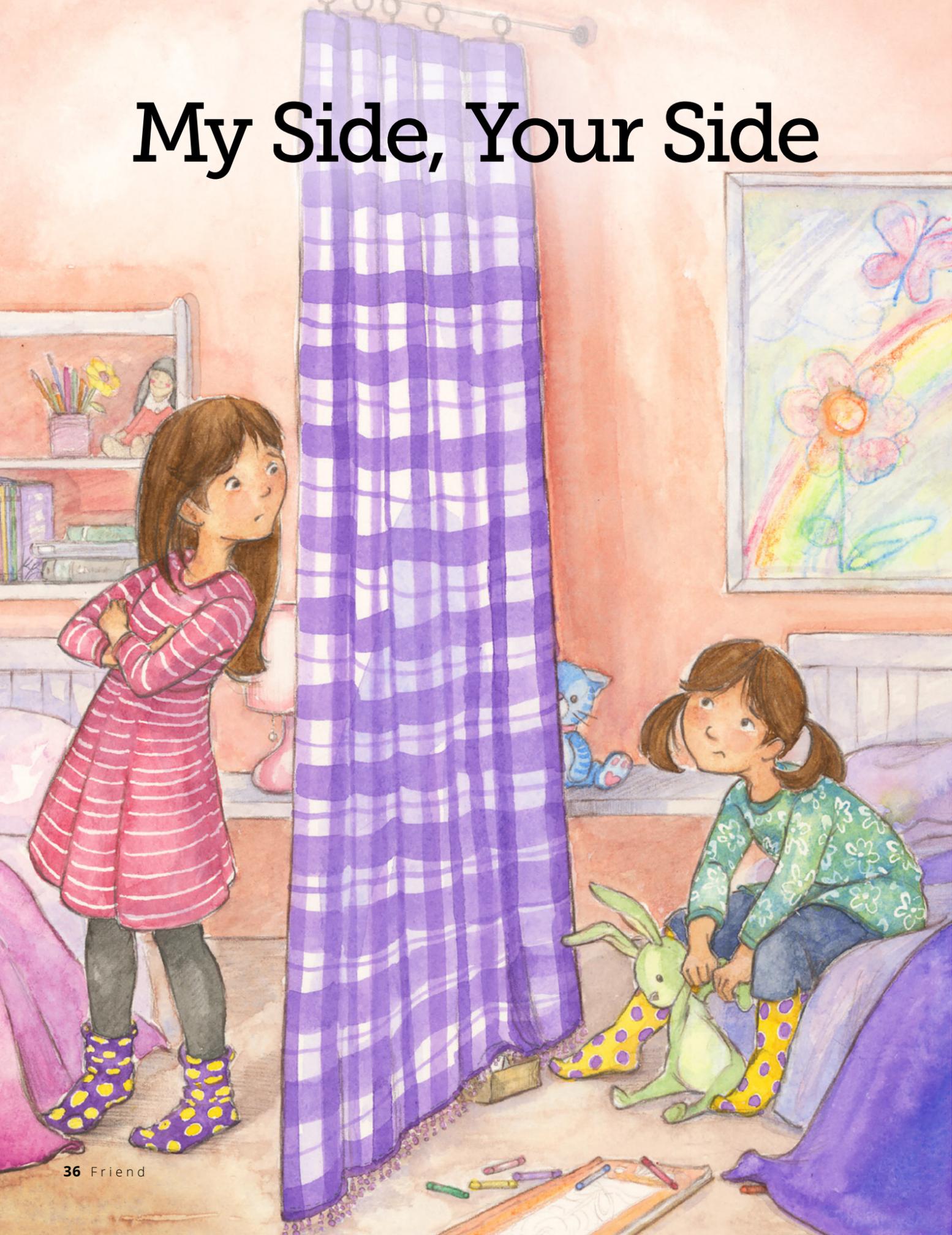


My Side, Your Side



By Maryssa Dennis
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(Based on a true story)

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for [sisters] to dwell together in unity!" (Psalm 133:1).

"Megan! Your shoes are on *my* side of the room!" Mia said with a huff.

"Well, your scriptures are on *my* side," Megan said.

Mom poked her head into the room. "Girls, I don't hear much cleaning going on in here. You can't go to the park until your room is clean."

"But this is all Megan's mess!" Mia said. "It's not fair that I have to clean it up."

"It's not all mine!" Megan said.

"Ugh." Mia crossed her arms. "I wish I had my own room. Why do I have to share with Megan? Michael gets one all to himself!"

Mom sighed. "You know we don't have another room. Michael's older. That's why he gets his own."

"Well, at least make her keep her stuff off my side." Mia drew an imaginary line with her finger down the middle of the room. "See? That's your side, Megan. This is my side."

"Hmm," Mom said. "Maybe we could put up a curtain to divide the room. Would that help you two get along?"

Mia grinned. "Yeah!"

The next day, Mom sewed some fabric into a curtain. It was purple with a checkered pattern on it. She even sewed a ribbon with dangly beads across the bottom. Later Mia and Megan helped Dad hang the curtain up with a piece of wire. It stretched all the way across the room.

Mia clapped her hands in excitement. "Finally! It's just like having my own room!"

She pulled out her crayons to color a picture. But after a few minutes, she got bored. She wondered what Megan was doing on the other side of the curtain. They usually colored together. It felt kind of lonely to do it by herself.

That night Mia knelt down to say her bedtime prayer. She thanked Heavenly Father for her home and for her family. That made her feel a little sad. She liked having her own space, but she missed playing with Megan.

Mia climbed into bed. But she couldn't fall asleep. She turned over on her side. She could see Megan's head through the little gap between the curtain and the wall.

"Megan?" she whispered. "Are you awake?"

"Yeah," Megan whispered back.

"What if we made a little mailbox?" Mia asked. "To leave notes for each other."

"Good idea," Megan said. "Can we do it tomorrow?"

"Sure." Mia closed her eyes with a smile. "Good night, Megan."

"Good night, Mia."

The next day, Mia found a little box. She put it between both of their sides of the room. Then she wrote a note and stuck it inside: *Megan, do you want to play with my stuffed animals? Love, Mia.*

Megan picked up the note and read it. "I'd love to!"

All week, Mia and Megan left notes for each other in their mailbox. And they played with each other every day. Sometimes they played on Mia's side. Sometimes they played on Megan's side. But they always had fun together.

"You know," Mia told Megan one day, "I'm not sure we need this curtain after all."

"Yeah," Megan said. "It kind of gets in the way."

Dad helped them take the curtain down.

"I'm glad you've learned to get along," he said.

Mia smiled at Megan. "Me too." ●



ILLUSTRATION BY KATHERINE BLACKMORE

◆ See *Come, Follow Me* for Doctrine and Covenants 102-105.