

The Greatest Gift

I bounced up and down on our family's grey couch. I could hear the distant sound of my brothers being their usual noisy selves, but I was too excited to notice or care about what they were doing. Mom and Dad would be home any minute, and I was tingling with excitement. I had been waiting and waiting to find out if I would at last be getting a sister, and the moment was almost here.

With the announcement of each of my three younger brothers, I was asked "Do you want a brother or a sister?" When I was younger, I didn't really mind getting a brother, but as I got older, the longing got deeper. I loved my brothers; I wouldn't trade them for anything. But I really, really wanted a sister. Since Mom and Dad had said they were having a baby, I could feel that this would be the baby-my baby sister.

The garage door opened, and my brothers and I rushed to the door. Mom and Dad came in, holding a large cardboard box covered with a grey blanket. "What's in the box? What's in the box?" We chattered. Dad placed the box in the middle of the living room floor.

"There are balloons in the box. The color will tell you if it's a boy or a girl," they explained. Mom and Dad sat on the couch, and my brothers and I each grabbed a corner of the blanket and energetically pulled it off. Out floated light pink helium balloons! My face immediately broke into a huge smile, and I jumped up and down. My brothers didn't care that the baby was a girl, they were too busy playing with their balloons. But I just stood there, beaming. My parents smiled at me, and I was completely happy.

A few months later, I sat at my desk, listening to peaceful music and doing a craft project. The house was unusually quiet. Dad was working in his office, my brothers were playing in the basement, and Mom was at a doctor's appointment. Dad opened the door and walked in. "Maggie," he said, "Mom is going to have the baby." I fell off my chair. "What!?" I said, then started smiling so wide it felt like my face would crack.

"We won't tell the boys yet, they're playing so nicely," he said. "Pack your bag to go to Grandma's, then come help me pack your brothers'."

"Okay!" I said, thrilled.

I was so excited! I ran and grabbed a purple and black duffel bag and started tossing my brothers' things in. In just fifteen minutes, Grandma came to pick my siblings and I up.

At the end of the day, while I was reading in bed, Grandma came into the room. "Do you want to see your baby sister?" she asked.

"Of course!" I said, leaning over to get a better look. Grandma showed me the picture. I immediately fell in love. There on the screen was the cutest baby I had ever seen. I went to sleep with a smile on my face, knowing I finally had the baby sister I'd dreamed of.

The next day, Grandma and Grandpa drove us to see the baby! I practically ran across the parking lot. The hospital was cool and quiet. My siblings and I only stopped for a minute to look at stuffed animals for sale, then kept going. When we made it to the room, the first thing I saw was a small bundle in Mom's arms. My parents smiled at us.

"Would you like to hold the baby?" Mom asked.

“Yes!” I whispered

When she was placed into my arms, I looked down at her sweet face and tears came into my eyes. I knew she was going to be the best sister ever.

Ever since then, my sister has been my best friend. I’ve held her, read her stories, sang her songs, put her to bed, played dolls with her, and let her have a sleepover in my room. I know as she gets older I’ll be teaching her to do so many things. Sisters are the greatest gift.