

Amaya played with her dolls and costumes. She played with her mom and dad who she loved very much. She told jokes and gave massages to her parents to make them happy. They would bring her to the park every day after school. She had a “perfect” life. But, she really wanted a sibling to play with. She was only seven so she didn’t know how much work it would be for her parents to have two children. Also she would need to understand the concept of how her parents had to pay equal attention to both of them.

Her mom came home from the doctor’s appointment with a big smile on her face. “What happened mommy? Why are you smiling so big? You just came from the doctors,” Amaya questioned.

“I have great news! Remember how you told me that you wanted a little sister?” She asked. She nodded. “I took the tests and it’s positive!” her mom added. Amaya yelled with joy.

“Wait. Positive means that you’re having the baby right?” Her mom nodded vigorously. Amaya ran to get her dad. He came in without a doubt.

“Sweet Amaya pie, I already knew. We wanted to surprise you! We knew you would go crazy,” her dad stated. He picked her up and swung her around playfully. Her mom almost had tears in her eyes. She was so happy that her family was excited for the new household.

Amaya went to sleep every night, as humble as a flower about to bloom. She dreamt about her and her sister being best friends. When she woke up in the morning one day, she helped her mom set up the baby’s room. The changing table, the crib, they even painted the walls yellow. They listed different names, but the only one Amaya liked, was the name Provence. She went to school telling her teacher how many days were left until her sister was born. Her teacher told her it was good practice for math. Her head spun with thoughts and feelings. She couldn’t think about anything not even her birthday that was coming in a week.

She blew out her candles. Her mom and dad clapped and told her, “Oldie! You’re eight! I guess you have to live in your own apartment already!” She would laugh and cry at the same time. She had her favorite type of cake, chocolate with white chocolate ruffles on top, and one large strawberry. When she went to bed she heard her parents talking.

“I hope the baby girl won’t be born near Amaya’s birthday.”

“She would be devastated.”

“Just cross your fingers.”

“Alright, we never talked about anything. Ok?”

“Ok, let’s go to bed, I’m exhausted.”

Amaya felt hurt that her parents lied to her about her sister, and that she might have a birthday near hers. She pushed that aside and quickly fell asleep. The next morning, she went to school as usual. When she arrived, she saw that her best friend, Rebecca, was hanging out with Amaya’s worst enemy. Rebecca whispered to the enemy and looked at Amaya. They laughed together. Amaya started to cry because she knew they were talking about her. She told her teacher, so the teacher got up to talk to the girls. During lunch, Rebecca didn’t talk or even look at Amaya.

“Well this is nice! And a fantastic birthday gift,” Amaya murmured sarcastically under her breath. She was stuck sitting next to the trash and the smelliest kid in the whole school. Every day Amaya knew and thought that after Rebecca told every secret she owned of her and herself the enemy would dump her and move to the next person.

Amaya’s mom went to the hospital because the baby was due. She stayed with her grandparents, but her grandpa would only sleep and read his newspaper. She could only say something to her grandmother. She couldn’t wait to see her little sister.

“When are they coming back?” Amaya asked every day. Her grandma didn’t hear very well and kept answering, “Honey, you already ate.” Amaya shrugged but kept asking. A few days passed with the craving of sneaking a peek of the baby.

Finally, they heard a door-bell ring. Amaya flew to the door and swung it open. She saw her father and mother stand right in front of her. The baby was cradled in her mom’s arms. Amaya stood on her tippy-toes and looked at the tiny girl. She had gray eyes just like her father and dark brown hair just like her mom. She made little noises that made Amaya gasp. She was indeed impressed with her sister, but there was one question that shadowed over her.

“Mom, what’s her name?” Amaya asked.

“I chose the best one. It’s Provence, the one you gave me.” her mom grinned. Amaya giggled and skipped to her room to come right back out with a baby doll stroller. Her parents laughed so hard they brought tears to their eyes.

However, over the days, Amaya started to get annoyed. Every time she called for her mom to play, Provence started crying and her mom had to feed the baby, change the baby’s

clothes, or even bring Provence for a walk so she would stop crying. Her mom would run to Amaya's room, but it was like the baby wanted her back. Amaya felt alone and jealous of her sister. Provence got all the attention. Their mom had loops under her eyes every day and when she would try to rest something would happen. What Amaya didn't know was that her mom was trying so hard to be with her. Her mom asked if Amaya wanted to help her with Provence or come walk with her, but Amaya was too mad to even talk to her mom. During dinner, she tried to make jokes, but her parents either didn't laugh because Provence was whining, or because they were talking about Provence's doctor appointments and just smiled at Amaya. She had enough of them not paying any attention to her so early in the morning. Before anyone was awake, she packed some clothes and snacks like chips or fruit in her Hello-Kitty suitcase. She slipped quietly outside. She walked around many streets that she didn't know. She was sure she was lost. She didn't know her way back so kept going. People kept looking at her and her suitcase. She ignored them and kept walking. A woman came to Amaya.

"Hi honey. Are you lost? Would you like me to call your mom?" She asked.

"No thank you. I never want to go back," Amaya told her.

"We have to tell someone. One second. Stay right here," the lady told Amaya. Amaya nodded and waited. The woman turned around, took out her phone, and dialed a number. She talked a lot and finally hung up. "Alright, someone is coming to talk to you," she smiled. Amaya looked at her with curious eyes.

"It's not my parents, right?" Amaya asked concerned. The lady shook her head no. They waited a few minutes. A police woman came up to them. She looked at Amaya.

"You must be the young girl that ran away from home that this woman talked about," the police woman stated.

"Please! Don't arrest me! I'm sorry! I'll go back home. I promise," Amaya yelled. The police woman laughed.

"Here come sit on that bench," the police woman told Amaya. "By the way, I'm Carrie." she added. They walked to the bench and sat. "So. why did you leave home?"

"I got a new baby sister named Provence. She takes all the attention away from my parents!"

"Oh. You wanna know a secret?"

"Ok."

“The exact same thing happened to me when I was little.”

“Really?”

“My little brother was born. Oh boy, I got super jealous. My parents had to give one hundred percent attention to him. But guess what I didn’t notice?” Carrie asked. Amaya shrugged. “I denied everything she asked me to help her with. I lost my time with her and that made me sadder.”

“I did that too, I think. I told her no for helping her change the baby or even walk with them.”

“They are trying though. They love you as much as your sister, Provence. You’re just not used to sharing the love.”

“Ok that’s true, but how come they give more attention to Provence?”

“It’s because she needs to be taken care of. She’s new to life and doesn’t know everything yet,” she smiled. Amaya liked Carrie. “Let’s call your parents, so they don’t worry too much.” Carrie took out her phone and asked for Amaya’s mom’s number. She talked to them about how Amaya was feeling and that she (Carrie) told her the truth. An hour and a half passed, and her parents came tumbling out of the car. They hugged her super tight and quickly let her go.

“Please, don’t do that ever again young lady!” her mom told her. Amaya giggled. She was happy to see her mom and dad again.

“Where’s Provence?” Amaya asked.

“With a babysitter, why?” her dad questioned curiously.

“Because I miss her.”