

By Ruth O'Neil

(Based on a true story)

"Choose the right when a choice is placed before you"
(Hymns, no. 239).

Sara couldn't wait to play with Jami. She called for her twin sister Sadie to hurry. It was the first time Jami could play all week, and Sara didn't want to waste a single moment. It was always fun to play with Jami.

Jami opened the door as soon as she knocked, and Sara could smell popcorn before they even got inside.

"Mmm, I love popcorn," Sadie said.

"My mom made it so we could snack and watch TV."

Jami hurried them into the kitchen.

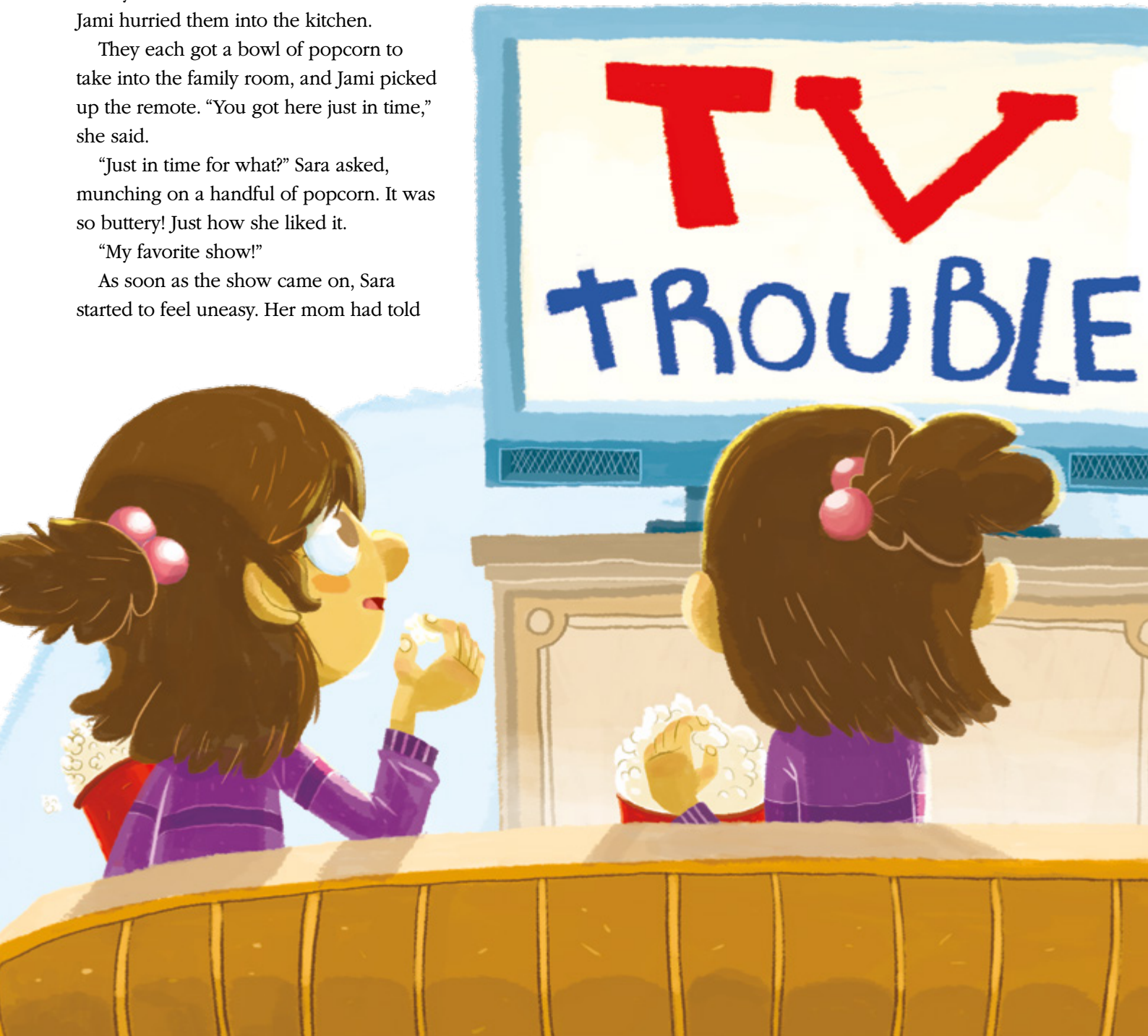
They each got a bowl of popcorn to take into the family room, and Jami picked up the remote. "You got here just in time," she said.

"Just in time for what?" Sara asked, munching on a handful of popcorn. It was so buttery! Just how she liked it.

"My favorite show!"

As soon as the show came on, Sara started to feel uneasy. Her mom had told

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her she wasn't supposed to watch this show. She looked at Sadie, and Sadie seemed worried too.

"What should we do?" Sadie whispered.

Sara didn't want to hurt her friend's feelings, but she was starting to feel uncomfortable. After a minute, she said, "Um, Jami? We aren't supposed to watch this show."

"Why not?"

"Our mom says it isn't a good show," Sadie said.

Jami shrugged. "I watch shows on this channel all the time. I think it's fine."

Sara wondered if Jami was right. Maybe the show really wasn't that bad. She didn't say anything for another minute, but then one of the characters said some bad words. *I guess Mom was right about this show*, Sara thought.

Sadie gave her another look. Sara could tell she wasn't feeling good about this either. Sara bit her lip.

"Well, our mom says we can't watch it, so we'd better change the channel," Sadie said.

"Just don't tell her you watched it. It'll be fine,"

Jami said, not even taking her eyes off the screen. "You can come to my house and watch it every day if you want. Your mom will never know."

Sara thought about that, but watching this show didn't feel right, and lying to their mom didn't feel right either. Sadie shook her head. She'd barely touched her popcorn. Sara didn't feel like she could eat any more either. Her stomach was tight with worry.

"But I don't feel good about watching it," Sara said.

"Me neither," Sadie agreed.

Jami shrugged. "Well, I want to watch it. You can stay and watch with me, or you can go home."

"Should we stay?" Sadie whispered.

Sara shook her head. "I don't think so."

"I guess we're going home," Sadie told Jami.

"OK. See you later," Jami said.

Sara got up and followed Sadie out the front door. She felt better now that they weren't watching the show anymore, but she was sad that playing with Jami hadn't turned out like she'd hoped.

When they got home, Mom looked surprised. "What are you doing home so soon? Couldn't Jami play?"

"She wanted to watch a show you told us not to watch. We didn't feel good about it," Sara said.

Mom nodded. "Thank you for being obedient. I'm glad you didn't stay when it didn't feel right."

"Me too," Sara said.

Sadie sighed. "Yeah, but what are we supposed to do now?"

"We could watch a different show, I guess. Or play a game?" Sara suggested.

"Yeah," Sadie said, "let's pick something we feel good about doing." She ran to the cupboard to find a game.

"And let's see if Jami wants to play too!" ♦

The author lives in Virginia, USA.



"I will honor my parents and do my part to strengthen my family."

My Gospel Standards