The Bear Cave

“Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer” (Psalm 61:1).

Thump!

Ben had barely woken up when something heavy landed on his back. It was the usual morning attack from his four-year-old brother, Evan.

“Wake up!” Evan’s fingers pried Ben’s eyelid open. “You in there, Benny?”

“Yeah, I’m awake!” Ben said. He wrapped Evan in the blankets and tickled him. Evan giggled and squealed.

Ben and Evan shared their bedroom, but not for long. Today Ben would get his own room! Ben turned 10 today, and he was moving his stuff into the basement. Now he could read in bed at night with the light on without bothering anyone. The cool stuff he built would be safe. And there would be no more pesky attacks from Evan. It would be his own private “bear cave,” as Dad called it.

Ben jumped out of bed and punched his fist into the air. He started tickling Evan again, but he stopped when a worry came into his mind. Will I be scared in the basement? He gave Evan a little hug. Then he rolled his brother out of the blanket. Nah, I’ll be fine.

Soon Dad walked in. “Are you ready to move downstairs?” Ben’s worry slipped away. “You bet!”

Ben’s family helped him pack his things in boxes. One box was labeled “save,” another was labeled “give away,” and the last box was labeled “trash.”

Ben’s little sister, Marissa, dangled a ragged teddy bear by one ear. “You don’t need this old thing anymore, do you?”
One night I was trying to fall asleep. I was scared, so I prayed, and I was not scared anymore. I thanked Heavenly Father. I know Jesus lives and that I can live with Him again!

**Miley B., age 8, Utah, USA**