

This story took place in the USA.

"Please, Rachel!" Zack begged his older sister. "Please play one more game with us!"

"I can't, Zack. I have homework," Rachel said. "Maybe tomorrow night." She walked out of the room.

"You never play with me anymore!" Zack said, a little louder than he meant to.

"Zack," Dad said, "let her do her homework." He passed out the different pieces for the game while Zack slumped in his chair. It seemed like Rachel was always doing homework. And next year she would be at college! He would hardly get to see her at all.

"Zack, your turn," Mom said.

Zack moved his game piece and waited for his next turn. He looked at Mom's phone. He had an idea. Zack picked up her phone and quickly typed a text.

Hi, Rachel. You are a big, bad, rotten meanie. Love, Zack.

There. Zack grinned and hit send. He sat back in his chair. Now to win the game.

A few turns later, Mom's phone buzzed. She read the screen.

"Um, Zack?" she said. "I think this is for you."

Zack smiled. He wondered what Rachel's comeback would be. He took the phone and read the text.

Hi, Zack. You are a divine son of God! Love, Sister Stewart.

Zack's stomach flipped. "OH NO!" he gasped. "Oh no, oh no, oh no!"

"What?" Dad asked.

Zack hadn't texted his sister Rachel. He had sent the text to Sister Stewart! Rachel Stewart. He had

THE BIG, BAD, ROTTEN TEXT

"Oh no!"
Zack said.



ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE LAUGHEAD

told Mom's ministering companion that she was a big, bad, rotten meanie! Zack buried his face in his hands. He wanted to crawl under the table and stay there for a hundred years. Maybe a thousand.

"What's going on, Zack?" Mom asked.

"I sent a rude text to Sister Stewart instead of to Rachel. I didn't mean to!" Zack quickly texted Sister Stewart again.

I'm so sorry, Sister Stewart. That text was for my sister.

Zack bit his lip, waiting for her reply. Was she going to be mad? Sister Stewart was always so nice to everyone. What if he had hurt her feelings?

Mom's phone buzzed.

Zack, I forgive you! I was happy to hear from you, even if the words were a bit unlike you. I've known you for a long time, and I know you are a good boy who will do great things someday. Maybe you will even do something great tonight!

Zack let out a breath. He felt so much better now.

"Is everything OK?" Mom asked.

"I think so," Zack said.

"You're lucky you texted Sister Stewart and not someone else," Mom said. "She is always quick to forgive."

Zack nodded. Sister Stewart was a good example. And he knew he shouldn't have sent that text anyway, even to his sister. He knew it was important to use his words to say kind things, not to hurt others.

He jumped up. "I'll be right back. There's something I have to go tell Rachel!" ●