Next week is Mom’s birthday. We are making her a surprise party. It is hard to make a surprise party. You have to keep a secret. You have to watch what you say. You have to make sure to tell everyone that it is a surprise. Only tell people who can keep a secret. Whatever you do, do NOT tell your little sister. Little sisters cannot keep secrets.

I am making the decorations. I always lock my door when I work on them. But today I forgot. Suddenly my door opens! Oh no, what if it is Mom? I am making a poster that says “Surprise, Mom!” I try to hide the sign.
I get lucky this time. It isn’t Mom. It’s my little sister, Jenny.

“Get out of my room, Jenny,” I yell.

Mom calls, “Be nice to your sister! Do I need to come up there?”

“No, Mom!” I call. “Come in Jenny.”

“What is Mom’s surprise?” asks Jenny.

Uh oh, I forgot that Jenny can read.

I tell Jenny about the surprise party. I explain to her that it is a secret. Jenny nods, her eyes wide. She says she understands. She says she can keep a secret. But she cannot. It was a mistake to tell her.

That night at dinner, Jenny says, “Mom! I have a secret. I can’t tell you the secret. And I’m not saying anything about a surprise.”

Mom looks at Jenny and smiles. She looks at me, then at Dad. Dad looks at me. I slap my palm over my face.

“What is going on?” Mom asks. “Are you making me a surprise birthday party?”

“No!” we all say. It is not a lie. After all, it is not a surprise anymore. Is it?