



illustrated by

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# The Cot in the Living Room





Raquel's dad is working the night shift at the hospital.  
So she gets to sleep on the cot in the living room.



“Do you like dominoes?” Papi asks.  
“We can make a maze.”

Papi never lets me build with the good dominoes.



“No, thank you,”  
Raquel says in a whisper.



“Will you keep the lamp on?” Raquel asks.  
“Don’t worry, mi amor,” Mami says.  
“It doesn’t get very dark in here.”

I wish my room had a big window to let in the lights from the George  
Washington Bridge.

It’s not fair.





No one comes over on Tuesday.

“Can I sleep here tonight?”

I ask Mami.

“But you have your own bed.”

I tell her that my sister snores. Which is true.

Mami shrugs. “Okay,” she says.

We put warm sheets on the cot, and I smooth them over until there isn’t a single wrinkle left.





My parents kiss me good night, then turn out the lights. I hear their bedroom door close. There's nothing good on TV now, but that's okay. This night is going to be perfect because I'm finally sleeping on the cot in the living room.







The cot fits perfectly.  
And so does Raquel.