Opening 1 / 8

Hi, everyone. I'm Maya, Kelsey's little sister. Let me explain what that means. It means that for fifteen years, I have been wearing her clothes without asking.

Part 2 2 / 8

Kelsey, I know. I've been told. When I was thirteen, you taped a list to your closet door. It said: Rule One, ask first. Rule Two, no, really, ask first. Rule Three, if you spill on it, you are buying me a new one.

Part 3 3 / 8

I read the list. I respected the list. And then I wore her green sweater to the school dance, because nothing else looked right. I spilled punch on the sleeve within ten minutes.

Part 4 4 / 8

I went home in tears. Kelsey was waiting up. I confessed everything. She looked at the sleeve, looked at me, and said, 'It was always too big on me anyway.' Then she gave me the sweater. I still own it. It has a faint pink stain, and it is my favorite thing I have ever worn.

Part 5 5 / 8

Tom, that's who you're marrying. She has rules, and she has mercy, and the mercy always wins.

Part 6 6 / 8

Tom, I have three rules for you. One: she's always right about directions. Two: never touch the green sweater. Three: do whatever makes her laugh, because that is the sound I've loved since I was born.

Part 7 7 / 8

Kelsey, you've been my closet, my coach, and my best friend. Thank you for every borrowed thing, even the ones I never gave back. You were right about almost everything, and I'm sorry I didn't say so until now. I love you.

Closing 8 / 8

Raise your glasses, everyone: to Kelsey and Tom, and to a marriage with plenty of room in the closet.