

ONE DAY IN TIME

Stuck Together

I woke up one day to a deafening banging noise coming from the bottom bunk. I moved aside my blue quilt and drowsily climbed down my ladder. It was her. My twin. "Stop banging that book to the other!" I growled angrily. I stormed off down the hallway leading to the kitchen.

I was all set. I looked in the mirror at my shoulder length, brown hair and my small freckles that scattered the bin of my nose. I smiled affectionately at my reflection and slutted out of the room, closed the door with a 'click!'

I huffed and puffed as I marched up the adolescent garden path. I gazed at the neighbours kids playing a boisterous game, the fabulously tall trees with bits of amber clinging to it, the damp soil that helped the flowers flourish and thrive. I looked up at the beautiful blue sky and - to my dismay - there were no planes gliding graciously through the clouds. There used to be loads. But not anymore... Not after this happened.

"CREAK!" goes the garden door into the spacious office that we use to do our school work from home. One computer for me and one for my twin. I walked up to the cushioned chair and synced my headphones into the Mac.

An hour had passed. We had finished our meeting so the bickering shall commence. "Shut up! Just... SHUT UP!" I screeched. "Why can't you just be nice?!"

Eloise
Walters

"You make it hard! You're ugly and stupid!"
That hurt. That hurt a lot.

I flew down the garden, hot tears steaming down my face. I should've been used to this though. Prepared. I stopped halfway down the path when I heard a timid voice "I-I'm really sorry."
Suddenly the boiling bubble of rage had burst from the pit of my stomach and I smiled.

Sometimes I hate her. Sometimes I love her. But I've got to remember; we're stuck together.