

The Cocktail Drink

By: Anya Devgan

6/27/2013

In Beverly Hills, Los Angeles there lived a rich family named the Wilsons. This family had just recently gotten a new mother for the child of the Wilson family, after the rightful Mrs. Wilson passed away in a car crash. The daughter of Mr. Wilson, Alice, hated her new step-mother. Alice had short dirty blonde hair, a fringe to cover her forehead, bright blue eyes and lips a bright red color. From the day Alice met Sally, her step-mother, she knew that Sally wanted her out of the house and maybe even dead. From then on Alice tried multiple times to tell her Dad that Sally was a bad person and he shouldn't trust her. But Mr. Wilson just thought that Alice was saying this stuff to get attention.

One day Sally decided to have a dinner party to celebrate her new arrival into the Wilson family. She spent all day on the phone chatting away to glory, creating the most expensive phone bills, but Mr. Wilson didn't mind. Alice thought that this party was just a waste of money and other people's time. When Alice thinks of the word party she thinks of how she has to dress all fancy and proper and how she has to go down stairs and greet everyone.

The day of the party came and the house was hectic. Everyone was getting orders done. There were maids vacuuming, people hanging paintings, a man setting up a bar, people bringing alcohol from a big truck into the bar, the chefs were cooking meals, women were setting up the platters, a group of men were hanging a chandelier, etc. This party is going to be the biggest party of the century, or at least that's what Sally says, therefore she wanted everything to be perfect.

While everyone was getting these things done I was getting ready. I had five women my room deciding what I am to wear, what makeup I am to put, what accessories I am to put on, what shoes I am to wear, and how my hair should be done. While these women had such big responsibilities I was just in charge of having a shower. When I came out of the shower things were pushed into my face, a tight white linen dress was pushed down my head and onto my body, a silver necklace was tied around my neck, and a butterfly clip was clipped neatly onto my thick hair. I was being played with like a doll, and I absolutely hated it. Then the worst part of getting ready came... makeup! I dreaded this moment every time I got dressed. A lady grabbed my face with a strong grasp. Then she drew one some bright ruby red lipstick, some silver eye liner, and some bright pink blush on my cheeks. I looked like a Barbie doll!

I hated having people dress me up... I just couldn't stand it. I have had to go through this process of women dressing me up for 7 whole years. I just felt like I was about to explode. So, I

stormed out of my room, charging to Sally and my Dad's room. When I finally got there I found out that my Dad was in the bathroom taking a shower and Sally was at the dresser putting on tons of makeup. I couldn't wait for my Dad to get out of the shower so I just went over to Sally and told her what I should've said to my Dad a long time ago:

"I've had enough of people dressing me up and drawing makeup on my face. I'm not a doll I can be in charge of dressing myself!" I shrieked, letting all that anger out of my body.

"Ok honey, I understand. Can I just talk to you privately for a second? I promise I will tell the five women that they don't have to dress you up anymore." Sally calmly reassured me.

I nodded my head and followed Sally down stairs. I was thankful that Sally would tell the women that they will not need to dress me up anymore. Even though all this was going well, I didn't really trust Sally and I didn't think that this 'talk' was going to go well. Even though I had my doubts about Sally I still followed her outside into the garden, and that's where Sally's true colors shined.

"I've had enough of your tantrums and you trying to get rid of me. I know what you're trying to do, but it's not going to work. I have had enough experience with little girls whose rich daddies love them more than anything in the world. You are going down, so if I were you I would watch it! Your life could be at risk." Sally scolded me.

"Yeah, well my Dad loves me more than you'll ever be loved. And even if you attempt to try and kill me you'll be seen and sent to jail. Do you know how many servants live in this house? And how many cameras are in each corner of this house? Well... let's just say a lot! So if I were you I'd be careful." I warned.

"Oh, I've had enough of you!" Sally screams.

After screaming Sally pulls out a cocktail drink from behind her back. Then she grabs my head and opens my mouth. I try biting her not knowing what she's trying to do. Then she pours the drink into my mouth and it goes down my throat. The liquid is a deep purple color and sizzles and steams as it goes down my throat. I try spitting the liquid out as soon as Sally tells me that there was poison in the glass, but it was too late the liquid had already gone down my stomach. Sally lets go of my head, and that's when I start to cry and wail until my Dad finds me, and that's when he learns about the other side of Sally. My dad was shocked to find out that I was always right about Sally and he just ignored me the whole time. He was feeling so bad and depressed. But I didn't even have the time to scream that I was right and he didn't have to time to apologize. I suddenly fell onto the green, freshly cut grass and never woke up from my sleep.

Chocolate Chip Cookie

By: Anya Devgan

6/26/2013

She starts to nibble on the chocolate chip cookie... Little by little, eating that cookie in slow motion. The cookie is soft and tender. She breaks it in half with one small bite. But she is careful to save the chocolate chips for last. Crumbs are falling all over the floor. People are getting angry and telling her no more. She shakes her head in disagreement. Then she gets a bowl and leaves the kitchen. Gazing into that cookie, nothing could distract her. She gets tired of being patient, polite, and proper and devourers that sugary treat in seconds. She picks up her saved for last chocolate chips with her sticky hands. She picks up a hand full of the chocolate chips and chokes them down her luscious throat. Licking her chocolaty lips, she is done with her chocolate chip cookie, her stomach grumbles, unsatisfaction is the word. Then the drooling starts, and she wants some more.

What They Don't Tell You about Having a Twin

By: Anya Devgan

07/03/2013

People think that having a twin is fun, but what they don't tell you about having a twin is that it's horrible.

When you are younger your parents will buy you and your twin the exact same outfits. Your parents will also give you and your twin the exact same haircuts; a fringe and straight hair down to the bottom of your ears. After this makeover you will look like identical twins and that just defeats the whole purpose of being born as fraternal twins.

One fun thing about having a twin is that you can trick people into thinking that you are telepathic. Being telepathic means that you can talk to your twin through your mind, basically mind reading. And believe it or not, people really do fall for this trick.

The most annoying thing about having a twin is that you have to share everything. You will even have to share the same room. People also expect you to share the same personality. If your twin likes something then people will automatically think that you also like the same thing.

Another terrible part about having a twin is that if your twin gets into trouble you'll get into trouble. If your twin gets grounded you'll get grounded. If your twin is irresponsible and loses everything, not only will your parents not trust your twin but they won't trust you.

While playing games or in school people automatically think that you and your twin want to be together. But, the truth is: you spend enough time with your twin, more than your parents spend with your twin, so you wouldn't want to be with your twin.

An extremely irritating part about having a twin is when people find out that you're twins. The person will be like:

"Oh, you're twins?!? You don't look the same."

That's when you're like:

"Yeah, we are fraternal twins."

People just don't get the fact that fraternal twins exist, they only remember that they're identical twins in this world.

Overall having a twin is terrible. But, whether you admit it or not you still love your twin more than anything in the world. If anyone messes with your twin, you mess with them. When your twin cries you cry. When your twin is happy you are happy. This is the life of having a twin.