

## The War

I looked at her with so much hate, but I didn't hate her. She would be a beaut if she didn't have all the scars I put on her body. It was like we were fighting over an empire. It depended on who won. I didn't desire to fight her, but the anger in me led one thing to another. Next thing you know we were clawing at each other's eyes.

I was jealous of my older sister at the time. At the age of 11 and 12, I didn't know what to be jealous of. It was like every Sunday, after church we played football. That day was different. The front lawn, also known as the field, was now a battleground. Everything was in place for a war to begin.

Like every game, my sister and I were on different teams. My cousins knew that if they put the both of us on the same team we would beat them. As the game started the war was getting started as well.

The main princess to have the kingdom by birthright was winning, I was not. It got too intense. I had lost about 1,000 soldiers and needed a great strategy to win, which I came up with. When the strategy was in play and right when I had the kingdom in my hands, I lost it. I've been shoved. Double crossed. Someone told them our strategy.

The older princess had stole it from my grasp. I felt my anger fill my head like air did a balloon, but I knew I was going to pop. My anger lead my actions and I shoved her back. The princess turned around and started yelling at me. The only thing I heard was gibberish because over it were painful thoughts I could do to her. When she was done, she had hit me. I was tired of letting her get by with pushing and shoving me around like a rag doll. The balloon had popped.

My hand turned into a fist and it came in contact with a bone. I knew it wasn't mine. The princess turned around at first with disbelief then it changed to anger with the request to quarrel. Without even nodding or agreeing to such a request, I started to swing. She returned the violent gesture. Now we are both swinging to make contact with anything. No one had stopped us yet so we kept going. The part that we knew we were going to get in trouble didn't stop us.

I started to get off balance, so I grabbed something to keep me up right. That something was what I always envied, her hair. I grabbed, tugged, pushed, and kicked. Somehow we found ourselves on the grass, but that didn't stop us either. After rolling, biting, and kicking, we were finally pulled apart.

I looked at the damage I did to my sister. I would have smirked and patted myself on the back if I wasn't in this situation. Our aunt demanded us to go to seperate bathrooms to "get ourselves together". I looked in the mirror. I didn't look that horrible. I had scratches here and there on my face, but they were faint. I had grass everywhere.

Even in my mouth, which I instantly spit out. My hair was half out of the ponytail because she was pulling on my hair too.

To end the situation, my aunt lectured us about how we made a fool of ourselves and how we needed to stop this nonsense, which I knew I wasn't going to remember. Next, we had to apologize. We both knew our apology to each other was a lie and we didn't really mean it. I looked at my sister, Karisma the new queen of the kingdom, with guilt. It all started to settle in and I realized what I have done. From me, I knew I had started something I didn't want to finish. When I looked in my sister's eyes and I knew the war wasn't over.