

**Nathan, DO NOT READ!!!**

**By: Annie S.**

**Dedicated to my sister**

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## Entry 6-NATHAN, DO NOT READ-March 22

My mother always tells me, “be nice, Grace!” to my brother, but what’s the point? I am sitting here, writing on the bathroom floor because, unfortunately, this is the only room with a lock on it (other than my brother’s room), to get away from my annoying brother Nathan, who is 10 years old. Even though he is only 3 years younger than me it feels like we are decades apart in the maturity department of our brains. What’s the point of having a brother? He is greedy, selfish, obnoxious, and worst of all, he steals my belongings like my soccer ball, or my basketball equipment. He can’t just take my things when he feels like it! Why do I need a sibling if all he does is annoy me? I cannot take it anymore! I’m sorry that I am ranting about the subject of Nathan, but come on; he is so aggravating that I might as well send him to jupiter to get even stupider than he already is.

A few minutes later, I saw him in my room again, no surprise there:

“NATHAN!! Give me back my stuff now!!!” I shrieked.

“But I, I..” Nathan stuttered.

“NO. You can’t make up excuses for this. Get out and do not come back!”

“Grace, you didn’t let me explain why I was in your room in the first place!”

“No! You do not have an excuse and you know it. GET OUT!” I yelled.

So this is basically how our conversations go; and if you think that is a long conversation of absurdity, that was just one of the abbreviated ones. I know, I know, you must think my brother and I are crazy, but honestly, there is *no way* to solve this problem. My mom has tried to get us to talk about it, but the only time I am not talking to

him is when I am glaring at him instead. I don't understand that mind of his, I really don't.

### Entry 7-NATHAN, DO NOT READ-March 23

Finally I have some time to write. I am in school now but I have a free period. I am so tired, all I want to do is to go home and sleep. Hmm, lets see, why am I tired? Oh right, Nathan kept me up because I had to chase him around the house looking for my soccer cleats. When I get home, I am going to show him who is boss. I am thirteen years old and am entitled to some privacy around this household of mine. My parents keep telling me to be "loving and polite," but every fight that we have is his fault and no one understands that! Anyway, I have to get to my next class: Math, ugh. If I stay awake through that I will be really proud of myself. I will write later...

Once I get home, of course, Nathan is walking out of my room with my camera! What the heck?! I don't even know what to say, I am just so angry!! I am done with this. Here we go again:

"For the last time Nathan! STOP TAKING MY STUFF! I deserve my own privacy and you cannot take my personal items!" I screamed at the top of my lungs like I had never screamed before, pushing him against the wall. I have HAD IT. I cannot take it anymore. He has to learn that you can't just take people's personal belongings without asking. My throat hurts from all of the screaming but it was worth it. Suddenly, the mood that was set in our house changed. It felt as if an abrupt wind swept our house into a different direction. I could no longer feel the sun beaming at me and I could no longer hear the birds chirping. Meanwhile, Nathan stared at me with a look I had never seen before. Almost as if someone had frozen him in shock. That was when I realized we had

taken this way too far. Nathan, traumatized, dropped the camera, ran into his room and shut the door.

#### Entry 8-AGAIN, DO NOT READ-March 25

I know I have not written in 2 days. I have been thinking about Nathan because he has locked himself in his room and he won't come out. I don't know why. Did I scare him too much? All I know about what's going on is that my mom brings him food and water all the time, but he still won't come out. Now I feel panicked. He will not listen to my mom telling him he has to get out of his room. Also, as you have probably already guessed, I am in huge trouble. Long story short, I am grounded meaning I cannot see friends on the weekends and TV privileges have been taken away. I understand it was my fault but it was also his fault. He was taking *my* personal items without permission which was wrong. He was just provoking me to yell at him at some point. But yet, with all of this commotion, I feel bad and I don't know why. I have a feeling something is really wrong.

#### Entry 9-NATHAN, DO NOT READ-March 26

He still hasn't come out of his room. Maybe I should try to talk to him. Or is that a bad idea? Maybe I should talk to my mom...

"Mom, has Nathan come out of his room? What is going on with him?" I asked.

"He has locked himself in his room because of YOU Grace! *You* have to go talk to him. He thinks you are a monster because of how you treated him! He is sitting in his room crying, he is scared of you Grace. He thinks you are going to hurt him so much that he is going to end up in the hospital if he comes out of his room," my mom shouted in a stressful tone.

“Really?! What have I done to make him think this?! I don’t get it! If you want me to talk to him, I’ll go now!”

A few minutes later I picked the lock and opened the door so that there was a small crack I could peer into. Nathan was lying on his bed crying. I did not know what to do. Should I go in? Should I go back to my room? All of a sudden I swung the door open by accident; so I guess there was no going back now.

“Hi Nathan.” I said hesitantly. Nathan stared at me with that same look of terror. “I am so sorry. I should not have yelled like that. I just got so frustrated because you kept taking my stuff and that was not fair and I really am sorry I scared you like that but can you please stop being a couch potato and get out of your room? I am sorry but you have to be sorry too and you know I love you and I hope you love me but I just ask that you do not take my stuff because I don’t want to be angry at you all the time!” I said gasping for a breath. And suddenly I felt a wet teardrop on my cheek. The kind that feels like what I have been waiting to say for so long finally came out. They were tears of relief and hope. Right at that moment everything that I was angry about disintegrated in my heart.

“I am sorry too. What I did was wrong. I took your stuff because you are my inspiration. I took your soccer ball because I wanted to practice soccer, I took your basketball because I want to play basketball just like you. I felt that if I asked, you would not let me and would think I was strange. You never gave me a chance to explain Grace. I am sorry, I should have just asked you in the first place.” Nathan responded as his watery eyes turned to look into mine.

Then I realized that I was the one who caused all of the problems! “It was all my

fault, you're right, I should have let you explain." I whispered. The taste of the saltiness of my tears brought back *deja vu*; to a few summers ago when Nathan and I were swimming in a lake and I hurt my foot. I was in such pain and Nathan was calming me down and he put on a show to make me laugh the agony away. That moment was so special because it was one of the last times Nathan and I were not glaring at each other.

As Nathan sat down next to me, he said, "Let's forget about what happened. Let's start over, Grace. It will be the new and revised, team Grace and Nathan. Okay?"

I smiled at him and said, "That would be great." As I hugged him, I realized I hadn't done that in a long time. I was not alone anymore, I had my brother by my side again and that's all that mattered. I felt as if the wind that swept my house away put it back in place. It was back in that place of happiness, joy, and comfort.

#### Entry 10-March 27

Our brutal fighting has pretty much come to an end. We still fight, but not like we used to. We have finally come to a place where respect is key, and where love can be found. I feel a lot happier in general and I can tell my mom is not as stressed out anymore either. Nathan seems a lot nicer and calmer so now I let him come into my room, but *only* with permission! And he knows that! I almost feel as if the sun comes out more now! Our house is so calm and quiet, it's a good and happy quiet...



### About the Author:

\_\_\_\_\_ Annie Sahn is in 7th grade. She loves to write and this is her first short story. Annie goes to Solomon Schechter School of Manhattan and her favorite school subject is Humanities. Annie loves to ski, swim, and play the piano. She has a sister who she fights with too and she realizes, just like Grace, not to take siblings for granted. Annie hopes you enjoy her story!

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