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Opening extract from

# The Tapper Twins Go to War (with Each Other)

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# PROLOGUE

**CLAUDIA**

Wars are terrible things. I know this because I've read about a lot of them on Wikipedia.

And also because I was just in one. It was me against my brother, Reese.

That might not sound like a war to you. Trust me. It was. In fact, it was a lot like other famous wars I've read about on Wikipedia.

Just like World War II, it involved a sneak attack on a peaceful people who never saw it coming (me).

It was sort of like this:



Just like World War I, it lasted a lot longer and caused a LOT more problems than anybody expected, especially people who were totally innocent and didn't deserve it (me).

...and also like this:



And like all wars, when it was over, somebody had to write a book about it (me), so that historians of the future would know exactly what happened and whose fault it was (Reese's).

This is especially true of the part where the police got involved.

**REESE**

Calling it a war is kind of stupid. But Claudia always has to make a big deal out of everything.

I mean, yeah, it got out of hand for a while there. But it's not like anybody died.

Except on my MetaWorld account. THAT was a horrible, bloody massacre.

It wasn't actual blood or anything. It was pixels. But it was still pretty bad. There was, like, little red pixel blood splooshed all over the screen.



MetaWorld blood (should be red, but Dad won't buy color printer)

And that was all Claudia's fault, and totally NOT COOL.

NOT my fault (see above)

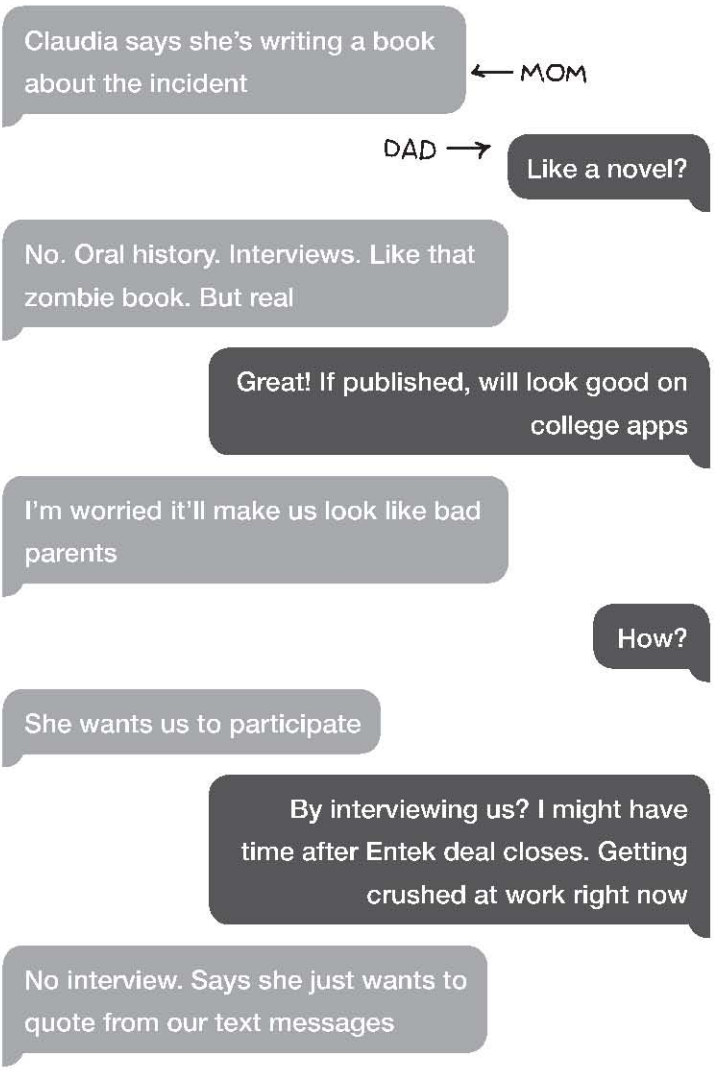
I would never, EVER do something that mean to my sister. I'm nice to her almost all the time!

Except when she's mean to me first. And then it doesn't count.

Also, I had nothing to do with the cops. That was all Claudia. I have a totally clean record. Seriously! Call the cops if you don't believe me.

wait a few years— this will change

**MOM AND DAD (Text messages copied from Mom's phone)**



I don't like that

Me neither. But she already has all of them

How?

I left my phone on the kitchen counter last night

Tell her no

I tried. She got upset. Now I feel guilty

Ugh. Fine. Let her use them

Really?

Yes. If we don't like the book, we can always sue her to stop publication

Are you kidding? I can't tell

I can't either

Dad has not sued me. (Yet.)

# CHAPTER 1
# THE GATHERING STORM

**CLAUDIA**

Here is some background information about The War:

My name is Claudia Tapper. I live in New York City, and I have two goals in life: I either want to be a famous singer-songwriter like Miranda Fleet, or the President of the United States.

Or both, if I have time.

My brother's name is Reese. He has no goals in life. Unless you count being a professional soccer player, which is totally unrealistic.

We are, unfortunately, twins. I am twelve years old. Reese is six.

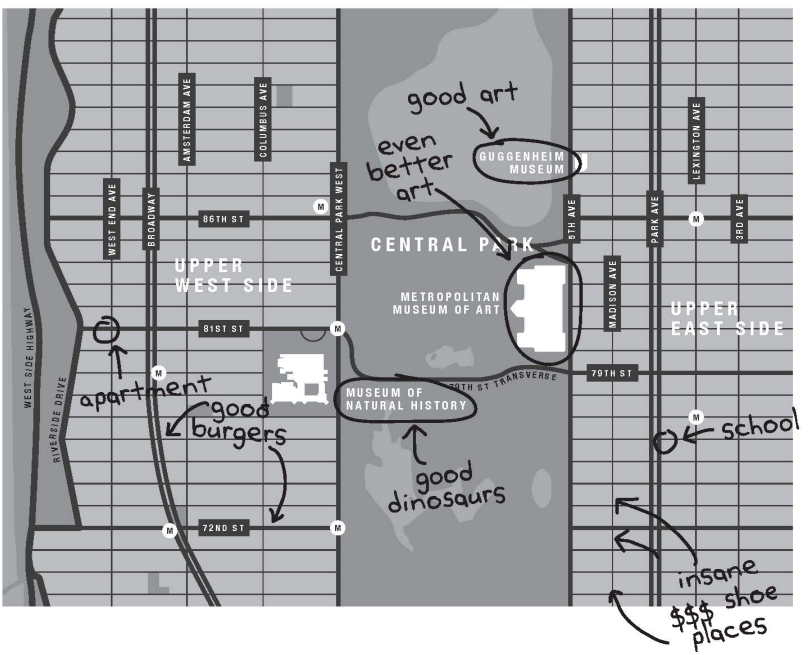
I know what you're thinking. "Really? Is that possible?"

No. It's not. Reese is twelve, too.

He just has the brain of a six-year-old. A six-year-old that ate too much sugar and did not get its nap, so it has to run around our apartment and kick soccer balls against the wall and make noises like "GRONK!" and "SKADOOSH!"

Honestly, living with him is the most annoying thing ever. It's a pretty small apartment.

We live on the Upper West Side. But we go to school at Culvert Prep, which is across Central Park on the Upper EAST Side. My parents like to say the Upper West Side is more "down to earth." As far as I can tell, this basically means our neighborhood has more burger places, and not as many stores that sell $800 shoes. (Which, BTW, is insane. The shoes aren't even that cute.)



Culvert Prep is academically excellent, so there's no way Reese could have gotten in if he hadn't started going there in kindergarten. At that age, it's very hard for the admissions office to tell if a kid will turn out to be a total meathead.

Mom and Dad think Reese is perfectly smart, and he just needs to apply himself. They're wrong, but it's not worth arguing with them. If they had to admit the truth about their meathead son, it would make them incredibly sad.

And Dad is sad enough already, because he is a lawyer.

Anyway, back to Culvert Prep, which is where The War started.

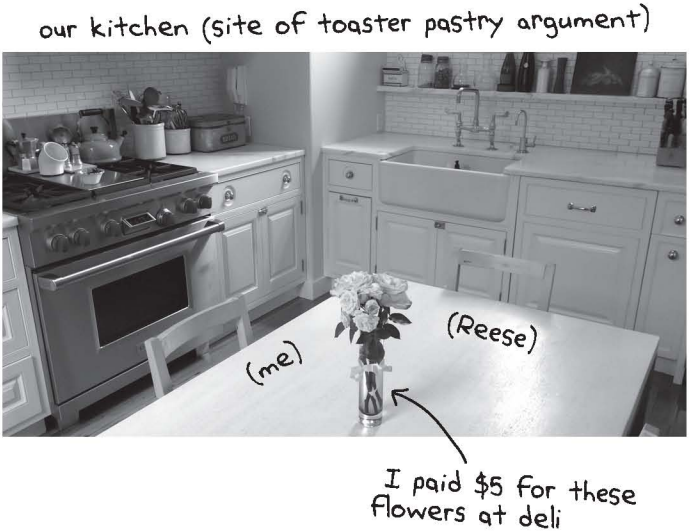
Culvert Prep (mostly not meatheads) (except my brother) (and his friends)



To be totally specific, it started in the Culvert Prep cafeteria on Monday, September 8th, at approximately 8:27am. That's when Reese—in front of basically the whole sixth grade—launched a cruel and senseless sneak attack on me.

**REESE**

It didn't start at school. It started in our kitchen that morning, when Claudia ate my toaster pastry.




**CLAUDIA**

That is SO not true. It wasn't even yours.




**REESE**

Yes, it was! There's six in a package. We each get three. And I only had two!

**CLAUDIA**

I only had two, too.

**REESE**

Liar!

**CLAUDIA**

It's true! I think Dad eats them when he gets home at night.

**REESE**

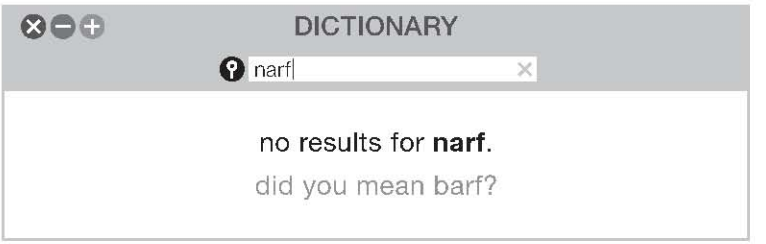
All I know is, brown sugar cinnamon's my favorite. And there was ONE left, and it was MINE.

And I was lying in bed, thinking, "Oh, man, I can't wait to narf that toaster pastry!"

Then I go into the kitchen, and you're, like, stuffing your face with it! And when I got mad, you laughed at me!

**CLAUDIA**

A) "Narf" is not even a word. And B) this is completely irrelevant.




**REESE**

It's totally revelant!

**CLAUDIA**

Relevant.

**REESE**

Whatever! It's important! I NEVER would've made fun of you in the cafeteria if you hadn't eaten my toaster pastry! And then laughed at me about it!

The whole thing was your fault!

**CLAUDIA**

That is ridiculous. I'm not putting it in the book.

**REESE**

You HAVE to! It's the whole reason the war started!

**CLAUDIA**

No way. Not going in. It's MY book.

**REESE**

Then I quit. Do your own stupid interviews. I'm going to go play MetaWorld.

**CLAUDIA**

Reese!

Augh! Fine. I'll put it at the end. Like a footnote or something.

**REESE**

No way. It goes in the actual book. Right at the beginning! This exact argument.

**CLAUDIA**

That'll ruin the whole thing! Have you ever SEEN an oral history?

**REESE**

I don't even know what one is.

**CLAUDIA**

It's like, different people telling a story in their own words. But nobody, like, stops to argue with each other in the middle of it. ESPECIALLY not at the beginning.

**REESE**

This is supposed to be the true story of what happened, right? And you're recording it. So you have to put in EVERY WORD I'm saying. Or your book is a big skronking lie, and I quit.

also not a real word

**CLAUDIA**

I hate you.

**REESE**

Duh.