**Compare and Contrast**

My Sister—the Alien?

My sister Anna is two years younger than I am and we are nothing alike. Sometimes I think that she might be an alien, dropped from another planet into my family. We’re so different, it seems impossible that we are related. It can’t be true that she’s my sister . . . can it?

 First of all, we don’t look anything alike. She’s tall, with black hair that curls like a model’s. She’s athletic, but on the dance floor she stumbles around like a great, big elephant. I’m almost a foot shorter, and a lot stockier. My hair is plain old straight brown. I’m hopeless at sports, but I love to dance and I know I am good at it.

 Then there are our likes and dislikes. She likes loud rock music, and her favorite television shows are comedies. I can’t stand the sound of rock music and I love to watch reality shows on TV. We have to coordinate the times we want to watch our shows.

 Still, we do have a few things in common. We both want to help save the environment. When she joined me on a ten-mile walk to raise money for the homeless, I was pretty impressed. We’re both great cooks—I make the cornbread and she makes the gumbo. Finally, we both have awful middle names. Her middle name is Cornelia—I won’t tell mine.

 We are different, that’s true. If you put us in a room with a radio and a television set, there would be nothing but rubble left in an hour. However, if we were put in a room with some ingredients and a stove, we’d probably do just fine. Maybe we’re both aliens—sibling aliens, dropped onto Earth to survive together.