

"I'll give you the sun" - Jandy Nelson

"You know what we're going to do to you, don't you?" Zephyr rasps in my ear, back to the regularly scheduled homicidal programming. There's too much of him on his breath. There's too much of him on me.

"Please, you guys," I beg.

"Please, you guys," Fry mimics in a squeaky girly voice.

My stomach rolls. Devil's Drop, the second-highest jump on the hill, which they aim to throw me over, has the name for a reason. Beneath it is a jagged gang of rocks and a wicked whirlpool that pulls your dead bones down to the underworld. I try to break Zephyr's hold again. And again. "Get his legs, Fry!" All six-thousand hippopotamus pounds of Fry dive for my ankles. Sorry, this is not happening. It just isn't. I hate the water, prone as I am to drowning and drifting to Asia. I need my skull in one piece. Crushing it would be like taking a wrecking ball to some secret museum before anyone ever got to see what's inside it.

So I grow. And grow, and grow, until I head-butt the sky. Then I count to three and go freaking *berserk*, thanking Dad in my mind for all the wrestling he's forced me to do on the deck, to-the-death matches where he could only use one arm and I could use everything and he'd still pin me because he's thirty feet tall and made of truck parts.

But I'm his son, his *gargantuan* son. I'm a whirling, ass-kicking Goliath, a typhoon wrapped in skin, and then I'm writhing and thrashing and trying to break free and they're wrestling me back down, laughing and saying things like "what a crazy mother." And I think I hear respect even in Zephyr's voice as he says, "I can't pin him, he's like a frickin' eel," and that makes me fight harder—I love eels, they're *electric* - imagining myself a live wire now, fully loaded with my own private voltage, as I whip this way and that, feeling their bodies twisting around mine, warm and slick, both of them pinning me again and again, and me breaking their holds, all our limbs entwined and now Zephyr's head's pressed into my chest and Fry's behind me with a hundred hands it feels like and it's just motion and confusion and I am lost in it, lost, lost, lost.

"I'll give you the sun" by Jandy Nelson is a wonderful and classic Bildungsroman. It's a coming-of-age story which explores the tumultuous lives of twin teenagers, Jude and Noah, as they explore first loves, first loss and friendship. This is the perfect book for you if you enjoy authors like Rainbow Rowell, John Green and David Levithan. This is the type of beautiful book that can break your heart and put it back together again. Recommended for competent readers aged 14 and up. Enjoy!

- Grace McFadyen, 5TN