

## **Why had nobody ever mentioned my mom's twin?**

Slap! And again. A kick as well. A few curse words and she leaves. It was and everyday thing for me. I couldn't understand what I had done. Sometimes she beat me up simply because I existed. Other days it was for a low grade, for not doing the dishes and so on and so forth.

An hour passed. She came back in my room. I hadn't left the spot on the floor where she left me. My mother picked me up in the gentlest way while muttering sweet nothings in my ear. I was too afraid to say a word. I didn't want to enrage her. She went to the bathroom and took the first-aid kit we kept there. She put on a few bandages and some ointment on the cuts. She couldn't do anything for the bruises but I was used to them.

"I'm so sorry honey...I...I, I didn't mean to do it...I didn't even do it! It was her! That wretched woman! The same as me yet nothing like me!" she was close to crying. Usually crying made her mad again. I quickly hugged her and gave a silent prayer to every possible God that she calmed down. It didn't work. This time though she didn't lay a hand on me. She broke almost all of our dishes, cups and even the toaster. The she finally calmed down. When I could hear nothing I went to put a blanket on her. She was always asleep in the floor from exhaustion. But not this time.

Upon entering our living room instead of her small form on the on the ground, I saw her standing with her back facing me. I got scared and tried to tip-toe out of the room.

"Stay." As simple as that. She didn't even raise her voice but it was enough to make my blood run cold. And I stayed. A few minutes passed and still not a word, not even a twitch.

Then she fell down. She trashed and trashed but eventually calmed down. At one point she got up. I didn't dare move a muscle. She looked at me and quietly asked why I was standing there. She looked different once again. Her eyes weren't green and glowing but blue and held the most comfort I had ever seen. Her smile was bright and her canines weren't longer than normal. Her nails were perfectly polished in white and didn't resemble claws. I knew it was her. The real her. I ran and hugged her, I cried...a lot and she did too! I had to know the truth. I was afraid I would make her mad but I couldn't help her if I didn't know what was wrong. I loved her and she needed me.

"Mommy, what's wrong?" I had to be more specific...Think, think!  
"Do you have a mental illness? We learned about them at school, Mommy." Did I overdo it?

"No, honey, it's not that. I don't even know how to explain it. We don't have much time until she returns so I'll go over everything quickly. I don't think she's part of my personality. She's an intruder but I can never make her go away. She leaves me alone only when she needs to eat. She's evil. You just can't imagine the things she says. But she's always cautious of you finding a big book in the living room. If you ever go near it she starts hissing and does everything to get you away. I believe it holds the key to all of this...She's coming! Take it and lock your door! I'm losing power over my mind! GO!", she screamed.

And I did. I took the book, I tripped, I fell but managed to get to my room. Shutting the door and locking it was an easy thing since I was used to it. I was eager to see what was inside of the book. I didn't waste any more time and hid under my blanket. I opened it and was sucked inside. I saw everything like a movie but I couldn't interfere.

It was the history of a kingdom. The princess looked just like my mother- blue eyes, a shining smile and long blonde hair. She had a sister- with green eyes and always wearing a scowl and blonde hair as well. They were the most precious jewels the world could ever own because of their powers and they had royal blood too. The kingdom was at peace with everyone. They didn't expect the attack nor did they have any army. The only ones capable of fighting were the sisters but they were also what the attackers were after. It was too risky. They had to be protected. They sealed them in one person and sent them away with the child one of them had. That was me. My mother's good nature was eating at her sister and she turned completely evil, overtaking her body. She had loved the man my mother married and that added to her bitterness. That's why she hated me. That's why I took beatings and insults every day. I had no fault in any of this but for her my mere existence was too much. I was furious but what could I do. I got out and continued reading the book hoping to find a way to separate them.

The person who wrote the book was the one who sealed the two sisters together. He had predicted possible problems and thus included a way of separation. But it scared me. I couldn't put a dagger through my mother's heart. It was very risky and I could kill her, leaving only the evil part behind. But what if it worked...I had to try!

Night came. I was wide awake from adrenaline. I knew she would be asleep at this hour but still I did my best to keep quiet while taking a knife and creeping into her room. We didn't have daggers at home so I guessed a knife would do the trick. She was breathing deeply and slightly snoring. She had to be in deep slumber. I charged not wanting to waste any more time but I hesitated and she woke up. When I saw her glowing green eyes I remembered everything she had done to me

and plunged the knife in her chest where I supposed the heart was. A scream like no other pierced the night. There was steam. It turned green and I only saw the shadow of what was happening. It was sickening to see limbs sprouting from other limbs. At some point the steam cleared and the two sisters sat there looking at each other. I couldn't believe my eyes. It had actually worked! I couldn't take it. I ran to my mother and hugged her with all of my power. She hugged me back and told me she loved me. We were interrupted by her sister cackling and hissing at us. My mother, the real one, pulled me closer and I managed to get a better look at her sibling. They were completely identical except for the eyes. I blinked and she was gone. The only thing left of her was the distant sound of laughter. Promising laughter. Promising to return and kill us for good. But we were together now and we were stronger than ever this way. We were ready!

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