

Rebecca

Lia

Sisters are as precious as jewels. My sister Lia and I used to be as close as peanut butter and jelly.

When we were young, we'd play with our dolls and pretend that they were us all grown up. We'd practice gymnastics and do somersault after somersault until we felt dizzy. We'd watch movies, laughing at the stunts and crying at the sad parts.

When Lia turned 12, everything changed. She didn't even know I existed. When I tried to walk into her room, she refused to let me in. When her friends were over and I asked if I could hang out with them, they refused. She paid no attention to me whatsoever. It was as if I was invisible.

Then one day, something happened to change all that. Lia hurt her knee and was confined to her bed for practically the whole summer. These were the days that brought us back together. We learned to play computer games that were too difficult for one of us. But together, we figured them out. We taught our dog new tricks and laughed so hard when she flipped over. When she finally was able to get out, I pushed her on the swing until my hands were as weak as her bad knee.

Those were good times. I slept on the floor in Lia's room to make her feel safe. Those were good nights.

My sister Lia is my best friend. I wish she felt that way about me. We do spend some more time together than we did before she hurt herself. I wish she had more time for me. Maybe someday, when she's 25 and I'm 23, we'll go for coffee and share our secrets and lives again like we did when we were children.

*Rebecca's writing.*