

"Silence!" Sewa snapped, glaring at her twin, Dara. "It is as if you stole all the intelligence we were meant to share, leaving none for me. And yet, you act like a sweet, innocent lamb - but we both know the truth. You are a wolf in sheep's clothing, feigning innocence while you plot your next move."

"Everyone hails you at school, You are the most popular girl, and you are the most brilliant when I'm the dull girl right? You never for once even cared about me. All you do is pretend like you are friendly at school. Look! Let me tell you, you are the real devil's incarnate. Don't be fooled! You are such a wicked twin. I hate you!"

Dara wanted to apologize as she always does but she spoke angrily instead.

"I have had enough of this! You always find faults in me, you always accuse me of what I know nothing about. "Enough!" She moved closer to Sewa raising her forefinger to give the warning sign. Her voice began trembling with emotion, "It's always about you, isn't it? You're the one who can't see past your nose."

"Everyone at school might think you're the dull one because you never make an effort to reach out to anyone. You're the one who's mean and selfish, not me!" She paused, her chest heaving with the force of her words.

"I am done being your punching bag," her voice low and dangerous. "I have always tried to be there for you, even when you pushed me away. I don't know what I did to make you hate me so much, but I'm not going to let you walk all over me anymore. You can think whatever you want about me - I am not going to change who I am just to please you." She stalked away, her head held high.

She didn't want to cry in front of Sewa, not when she knew it would only be seen as a weakness.

Dara made it to her room before the tears started to fall. She buried her face in her pillow, trying to muffle the sobs that wracked her body. It felt like the world was collapsing around her like everything she had ever believed about herself was a lie.

She lay there for what felt like hours, crying until her eyes were dry and her face was red and puffy.

Dara didn't know when she started to speak aloud to the empty room.

"I am not selfish!" her voice filled with frustration and hurt. "Why does my sister always make me out to be the bad guy?"

She always accuses me of taking what's hers, whether it's intelligence or popularity.

She paced the room, her hands balled into fists at her sides. "I don't know what she wants from me. I have tried to please her, but it's never enough. I am sick of it!" She sank into a chair, her shoulders slumping in defeat.

Sewa on the other hand was stunned by her sister's outburst. Dara had always been the meek one, the one who would apologize profusely for any offense, no matter how minor.

She felt a mixture of emotions and a small sense of guilt. She had never meant to make Dara feel this way. Seeing her sister's tear-stained face was what she couldn't help.

As she sat alone in her room, feeling lost and confused, she began to contemplate the unthinkable. It seemed like the only way out of her pain was to end her life.

She began to think about how she would do it, and a plan began to form in her mind.

As she was about to slit her wrist, she heard a knock on the door and then the door opened. Dara stood in the doorway, looking concerned.

"Are you okay?" She stepped into the room.

Sewa was shocked, her thoughts broken "Dara?"

Before Sewa could say anything else, Dara wrapped her arms around her sister, pulling her close.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"I never meant to make you feel this way.

"I'm so sorry."

Sewa could feel her tears beginning to flow, and she clung to her sister, clinging to the one person who had always been there for her.

At that moment, something shifted. A weight she hadn't even known she was carrying seemed to lift from her shoulders. She felt a sense of relief and hope that she hadn't felt in a long time.

"I love you, Dara," Sewa said, pulling back to look at her sister. "I'm sorry I was so angry with you. I was just feeling lost and confused, and I didn't know how to deal with it."

Dara smiled a small, hopeful smile. "I love you too, Sewa. And I'm sorry for my part in all of this.

"I think we both need to take a step back and remember what's important," Dara continued, taking Sewa's hand. "And that's our relationship, our bond as sisters. Nothing else matters."

Sewa nodded, feeling a sense of understanding and peace.

"You're right. No matter what happens, we should always be there for each other, right?"

Dara nodded, squeezing her sister's hand. "Always," she said, crossing her fingers.

At that moment, a new beginning bloomed between the two sisters. They had both made mistakes and said things they didn't mean, but now they were starting over. They are going to put their relationship first and focus on building something strong and unbreakable.

"Let's make a promise," Dara said, looking at her sister.

"From now on, we'll always talk about our feelings, no matter how hard it is. We won't let things build up and explode like they did before."

Every morning, the sisters began their day by walking together to school. Sometimes, they would stop to watch the sunrise over the trees, basking in the peace and tranquility of the early morning.

Other times, they would race each other to see who could get to school first.

After school, they would often sit down to do their homework together.

It continued that way until they got admission to study different courses at different universities.

"I can't believe I will be departing from you soon," Sewa said, her eyes welling up with tears.

"But life they say is not always Rosy, we will do this together right?"

Dara nodded, her own eyes filling with tears.

"It is also difficult for me, I can't imagine my life without you by my side."

The sisters were at a crossroads, so they had to man up their emotions to chase their dreams.

"Sewa finally spoke; we'll stay connected through phone calls and video chats and visit each other as often as we can, yeah?"

"Yes, yes!" Dara raised her hand to give her sister a high-five.

Dara was off to study engineering, while Sewa would be majoring in art. It was a daunting thought, to be so far away from each other, doing completely different things. But they both knew they had to face reality.

As the day of departure approached, the twins were both feeling a mix of excitement and nerves. They packed their suitcases, said goodbye to their family, and headed off to their universities.

When they arrived at the university, they were assigned a roommate in their respective dorms.

As the days passed, the twins found themselves adjusting to their new environment. They made friends, attended classes, and explored the campus.

The weeks turned into months, and the twins found themselves settling into a rhythm. Dara loved her engineering classes, while Sewa was immersed in the world of art.

One day, Sewa came up with an idea.

"Let's start a tradition," she said to Dara on call.

"Every week, we'll write each other a letter, and mail it to the other person"

They agreed, and the tradition began.

Every week, they would each sit down and write a letter to the other.

They wrote about their classes, their new friends, and their lives at the university. They shared jokes and stories, as well as their hopes and fears.

Over time, the letters became a lifeline for the twins. They shared so much in their letters, and they felt closer than ever before.

One day, Dara received a letter from Sewa that was different from the others.

In her usual neat handwriting, Sewa had written, "I have something important to tell you. I need to see you in person to explain it."

Dara was immediately worried and began to wonder what Sewa could have to tell her that was so important.

She wrote back right away, saying she should come visit as soon as possible.

When Sewa arrived at Dara's school, she went to Dara's room, and as soon as the door closed, Sewa sat down on the bed and took a deep breath.

"It is about a boy."

"What guy?"

Sewa took another deep breath. "I met someone, and I like him."

Sewa bit her lip, trying to find the words to explain her feelings.

"I first saw him in the library. I know it sounds silly, but I just felt like there was something special about him."

Dara's eyebrows raised. "This is starting to sound like a teenage romance novel."

"I know it does, but I'm being serious."

"Tell me more..."

"As I kept watching him, I started to see that he had a good heart..."

Dara said sarcastically as she moved closer, dragging her sister's cheek, "Ms. Psychologist is speaking..."

"No, it's not that. He always had a smile on his face. I started to feel like there was something more to him than just good looks."

Dara was starting to get intrigued. "So what happened next? Did you talk to him?"

"We didn't speak, but we exchanged glances. And every time I saw him, my heart would skip a beat."

"Dara, I was completely mesmerized by him, even though I knew nothing about him."

"It was like a strange kind of magic was happening between us. It sounds so silly, but it's the best way I can describe it."

Dara was enthralled by the story.

"No, it doesn't sound silly, it sounds romantic, in a mysterious way."

"I just hope he asks me out one day, Funny how I ran here to come and tell you this! I miss you so much, Dara..."

They talked late into the night, sharing secrets and laughing together. They watched movies and ordered pizza, and it felt like they were back in their childhood bedroom, staying up late and whispering under the covers. When the sun rose the next morning, Dara felt a pang of sadness as Sewa gathered her things and prepared to leave...

After years of hard work, the twins had finally graduated from their respective universities.

A few weeks after their convocation, Dara shared some exciting news with her sister: a man had asked her out.

"You're joking, right?" her voice rising in pitch.

"I'm completely serious," Dara said smiling.

"I wanted to keep it a surprise for you."

Sewa's eyes widened.

"I can't believe it! You've been keeping this a secret from me! What else haven't you told me?..."

Their parents had known about Dara's new relationship for some time and had been supportive and excited for their daughter.

They decided to keep it a secret from Sewa, wanting to surprise her with the news.

Now, the time had come for her to meet the man who had captured her sister's heart. The anticipation was palpable as they waited for the big day to arrive.

It was the morning of the big day, and Sewa was a bundle of nerves. She couldn't wait to meet the man who had won her sister's heart. She hoped that he would be everything she had hoped for and more.

The man arrived and Sewa was completely shocked to see that it was 'Ade', the guy she told Dara about when they were in school!

The flash of the memory of her showing Dara the picture of the guy came to her head and she felt betrayed but acted like nothing happened.

They did the necessities and the wedding date was fixed.

Despite the upcoming wedding, Sewa felt only anger and hurt. It was as if her sister had stolen something precious from her again, and she couldn't forgive her for it.

It was as if Dara had betrayed her trust, and the thought of confronting her made Sewa's stomach churn.

Yet, the thought of staying silent and watching her sister marry the man she had loved felt even worse.

She felt trapped, unable to escape the pain and anger that had consumed her.

After the wedding was done, Dara moved in with Ade and the bond between the sisters began to weaken.

Sewa began to hate her sister but she pretended she was happy with everything that happened.

She stopped calling Dara, stopped picking up her calls, and refused to read her messages.

Dara thought she was probably busy because of her new job...

Some months later, Sewa got the news that Dara died in labor.

Sewa was shocked and confused. She couldn't believe that the sister she had been so angry with was now gone.

She struggled to make sense of her conflicting emotions, feeling grief, regret, and guilt all at once. She felt as if she had lost a part of herself, and she wondered if she would ever be able to forgive herself for letting their relationship deteriorate.

"I need to talk to her," Sewa thought. But she knew that it was too late.

Sewa picked up her phone and read all the messages she refused to read when she sent them- Dara sent her texts every day telling her about her day-to-day activities.

She saw the part she told she was pregnant and she cried more.

She replayed all the moments they had shared, from childhood to adulthood and the bitterness she had felt toward her sister dissolved into sorrow.

She regretted all the opportunities she had missed to reconnect with Dara, to mend their relationship.

The more she thought about it, the more she realized that her anger had been misplaced.

Dara had only wanted to be close to her, and she had pushed her away. Now, it was too late to make things right.

"I wish I could take it all back," she said to herself. "I wish I could have been the sister she needed."

As Sewa reflected, she realized that Dara might not have recognized the man in the picture. The hoodie had obscured half of his face, and without her glasses, she probably hadn't seen him. Sewa felt a pang of guilt as she realized that she had misjudged Dara's intentions. She had been so focused on her feelings that she hadn't considered that Dara hadn't intentionally tried to hurt her.

"What have I done?" she asked herself, tears streaming down her face.

"How could I have been so blind?..."