

Nina



The door creaked as I opened it to walk out of my room. It was easier to get out of bed today; easier than yesterday at least. I go to spark the candles in the living room to bring a new scent to the house. It was a depressing and dull scent before, but now a mix of cinnamon and honey filled my nostrils. I walked over to the couch and sat there a while. With the death of my sister and best friend, Nina, I don't know what to do. I am lost entirely. I have no job, no family or friends, I have nothing. I catch a glimpse of my reflection and walk towards the mirror, I see this...stranger looking back at me. I don't know who she is and why she looks like me. Why does she look like me? I step closer to get a better look. We have the same eyes, nose, lips, even the same beauty mark under our left eye. She is the splitting image of me. Is this really me? A stranger to even my own eyes? I refuse to sit back and let this false persona lead my life. I refuse to be her any longer. I walk back and blow out the candles. I go to my room and change into some jeans and a shirt, casual clothes. I leave my house and begin my journey of finding myself again.

I walk towards the park. It's called Friendship park which is a perfect name considering this is where I made my first friend. I go to one of the many benches in the park. I sit and think. Where do I go from here? Where do I start? Outsiders would tell me to "get back out there" but I can't. I don't have the energy to go to a club or go to a party. I barely have the energy to get out of bed, it's a miracle I got up this morning. My thoughts are interrupted by what sounds like...crying? I look around to spot a woman on the ground crying her eyes out. I go to her and the only thing I can think is: is this my chance to start something new? Find a friend maybe?

I touch her shoulder and ask "Is everything ok...?"

I leave the question open so she can tell me her name.

She replies with, "Nia, my name is Nia."

I was taken aback at how familiar she sounded. It was so similar to my sister. I instantly knew this was my chance. This was my chance to start something new...to start my new life.