

So many questions –
original writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Here I was again, watching the activities of number 15, Hazelnut Gardens. How can I sit here knowing there is another one of me inside that house? She does not even know I exist. The clouds clapped with thunder and the front door was now starting to fade as the mist and rain covered the car windows. The heating was not working fast enough to clear the windscreen of my ancient, outdated car so I resolved that tonight was not the night.

While driving home I found it hard to get over the fact that I hadn't achieved my life objective. Where was I to go from here? I had called her many times before but hearing her voice filled me with panic, my life would be over if she rejects me, there would be no one here. Night after night through any weather I would sit and watch any sudden activities coming from the house. Driving home through the hard bullets of rain was a struggle. I was trying to plan out my next essay, if I didn't pass this one then my outgoing battle through out the year to secure my degree would be wasted.

Socratic Seminar Questions

However, there was more to my life than education. Life was complicated; difficult to understand. No one knew the trauma I had been through going from home to home, parents to parents, I could never settle. I managed to pull myself through and now I was finally overcoming the tough times but she had always been there at the back of my mind. I didn't know anything about her, her wonderful life with her 'parents' the life I never had.

The sudden screech of my brakes warned everyone I was back. As I dawdled up the stairs, my eyes scanned the area around me to find broken bottles and graffiti fixed to the damp brick walls. Compared to her house, my petite

flat was an utter disgrace. Claustrophobia was not an option when entering the welcoming hallway of my freezing flat. It was like the Arctic in there. Strolling through ignoring the piles of books and work, I collapsed onto the worn out, threadbare sofa. What was I to do now? I had spent so long finding her; finding where she lived. She never knew about me. She never knew she had me. She never knew I was there for her. She never knew she had someone who looked exactly like her, someone who felt her pain.

I found it hard to plan my essay once I had become conscious that tomorrow was an important day. Tomorrow was Thursday. Tomorrow was their weekly ritual; their weekly shop. How was I to see her again without her noticing me? Or did I want her to see me?

Once again I sit, waiting. The door was starting to open now, slowly like a door to a haunted house. Out stepped a tall figure of a girl. She was the same age as me I knew that much. She was slim and was wearing jeans and some kind of black jacket which covered most of her upper body, she was wearing high leg boots, and they suited her and her perfect, pampered self. A smile stretched across her face as she held keys up in the air. Another womanly but plump figure followed her out and shut the front door behind her. They walked towards their expensive car at the front of the house, they talked and giggled without a care in the world. Starting the engine at once they drove off laughing to each other.

The Sun was just starting to sleep and the dark skies were moving in. The sky was a gorgeous purple colour, and pink mirrored of the clouds. It was as if the sky was reflecting their feelings, but not my feelings, I wasn't jolly and

pink, I was curious and dull, watching her every night made me want to be apart of her even more, it was so hard sitting here knowing she had me, who wanted to be part of her life. It was so unfair. The dark shadow of the house crawled across the floor and hid all signs of me and my car. Starting up my engine I followed behind them. I knew where they were going so I went straight there, taking short cuts where needed. I waited in the car park for them to arrive so once again I could watch, listen, and pick up anymore details I needed to know about her.

I sauntered through the aisles with my half empty trolley, I looked around at the high shelves which seemed to tower over me and enclose me as I entered. Trying not to make it obvious as I looked her up and down, when I surreptitiously passed her. As I painstakingly walked along looking aimlessly at the high shelves which surrounded me from all sides, trying not to be tempted, she looked at me oblivious while I hid my face under my hat. It wasn't the right time for it to happen.

I started to read a magazine as I waited for them to leave. I was like a lion waiting for its prey in the long fresh grass, watching and listening. In my car I sit, desolate once again. How long can I stay like this? Surely she would soon notice me. How can I introduce myself? Life was more complicated than it should be. No one else had problems like me not even her. As I flicked through the magazines peoples life stories were flashed in front of me. Yet they all had got over their traumatic or happy experiences. She looked like me yet was so different, in so many ways.

My identity was vague and as I queried it even more it just seemed to disappear. I yawned and let out a tremendous moan. Why is this so hard for me? I have spent so long trying to find her and now I am too scared to even go up to her and say 'Hi.' The cars beeped as I sunk into oblivion, the lights passed me in a blur, the road signs were gone, and the atmosphere was black. The loud boom of a lorry brought me back to consciousness, tiredness overcame me. I need to tell her who I am, why should I live my life like this, seeing her every night yet never saying anything. Should I call her? Shall I meet up with her? What do I do? What do I say?

So many questions yet no answers appeared. I picked up the phone, shaking, frightened and perturbed. I patiently pressed the immensely small buttons and held the receiver to my face. My heart started pumping hard. The dial up started, it was as if my life machine was suddenly dead. Skipping a few heart beats until she spoke,

" Hello,"

I moved my lips yet no sound was heard. I had run out of battery and the phone was still talking its monstrously pretty voice.

" Hello, is anyone there?"

The dial up sounded again. She was gone. It was over so quickly, yet it seemed so long. A few words spoken, but there were so many more to say. The most words I'll probably ever hear from her, but I want to hear her again. I want her to know who I am. I want her to be part of my life and I want to be part of her life!

Here I am again. With a plan. Watching and waiting while I secretly hide, out of sight, but not for so long, I hope. The door opens for the last time. She stands unique and solitary. She counted her notes in her purse while she lingered for her 'mother' again. They pass. I wait then I go. I know where she is going. I follow them past the busy highroads. Coming closer to the centre, buses and taxis everywhere, there were many families and friends out together, on a social trip. They're monthly retail therapy had arrived.

As they walked together, arms locked tight, I followed soundlessly. Under my hat I hide. Once again I look trying not to be tempted. I loitered about trying not to look suspicious. I felt as if I was about to commit a crime. How do I start? Where do I start? How can I explain just how I feel? The closer I got the more I wanted to speak to her. I had prepared myself for so long and now I was finally completing my life ambition and it was all happening too fast. The world was spinning all too rapidly.

As they separated and singled off into different shops I still follow her. I tried to be an actress, performing innocent and pretending to be interested in the clothes. She grabs numerous items and throws them over her arm. If only I could do the same. If only I could treat myself like she can. I've never had a life like hers. A life where I could have what I wanted, when I wanted.

However, I didn't want her for her money I wanted her in my life. I wanted her to want me. What if she didn't? What if she rejects me? What if she doesn't want to see me ever again? She might not even remember me, she might not even know.

The shop wasn't as busy as I had hoped.

As I tiptoed into the dressing room behind her. My legs were like jelly, My head was spinning. What should I do? What should I say? The chair was welcoming and comfortable. I sat there waiting, whispering to myself. My head down still with my cap on, picturing her face as I told her. All that came to me was a picture of disbelief; of doubt. My whole life felt like it depended on this moment. Would life get better? Or worse? My energy was being sucked away, through the chair, down the chair legs and draining into the floor. All use of my language had gone. Holding onto my bag I clutched so tight. The minutes seemed like hours and the world stopped. The curtain opened. I heard it swish, slowly looking up. I saw her. She was about the same height as me, with long brown hair just like mine. We were exactly the same. She came out twirling towards the mirror opposite. As her trousers dragged along the floor she pulled down her soft jumper. Checking her hair and make -up she took a close look in the mirror. Her eyes filled with disbelief as I looked up to find her staring at me. My heart stopped. Clutching my bag even tighter.

" Who are you? Why do you look like me? Why are you here?" she barked, she walked closer, looking at me from head to toe, her mouth was wide open.

Her eyes still staring into mine. She looked as white as me, her tan had vanished. Her face was drained. I tried to push my words out, I spoke so quietly she could hardly hear me.

" You don't know who I am, but I know a lot about you. Your so-called mother probably hasn't told you about me. I look like you because I am you. I am a part of you; your twin." I took a big gulp and tried to continue.

She turned around and unexpectedly I saw a tear appear from her left eyes. Why was she crying? Did she want me to carry on? I stared with doubt, this is not how I planned it. I carried on.

" You see, I have the same parents as you, but when we were born we were separated and you were taken to onefamilywhile I was taken to many families. I never had a life like you. I know this is hard to take in but I've been looking for you for most of my teen years and now I have finally found you and you look scared."

She stood there, speechless. What else was I supposed to say? That was my story in a nutshell.

" How did you find me? Why did you find me? What do you want from me?" she blurted out.

This was not the answer I was looking for I tried to explain to her that I wanted to be a part of her life but I could tell she didn't want anything to do with me. I was right she had rejected me. My life had crashed. I stood up ready to walk out.

" Wait!" she cried " I can't just let you walk out on me again. I do know about you. Of course I do. I found out myself about four years ago. I tried to find you but I had no luck. I am so glad you're here. I look scared because you did

scare me. I never knew you looked so much like me. I've finally found the sister I've been wanting"

At long last I had found someone. Someone who really did want me in their life not like the foster parents who only looked after me because they felt sorry for me. I had been dragged from the crash; rescued. My wounds had healed all at once. My energy was pumped back into me. I finally had the answers I was looking for.

Here I am again. Watching the activities of number 15, Hazelnut Gardens. However, this time I'm watching from the inside. Inside the warm, comfortable living room. So this is what a real family feels like I thought. There were no more questions. They had all been answered. My mind was at peace.