

The Campbell Sister

“Emily?” She called down the street. The silky fabric of her dress fell gracefully at her ankles, which were wrapped in some kind of ribbon from her heels. Her hair was curled into ringlets and pinned to the back of her head. Even her nails looked freshly painted, matching the red of her dress.

The only part of her that didn't fit was her bare face, free of all makeup, but that was nowhere near the weird part. It's not everyday you see a 24-year-old in a prom dress. If she were anyone other than Avery Campbell, she would have been gawked at like a talking dog, but everyone knows the story of the Campbell sister.

Avery and Emily had been closer than words could describe. Seeing one of them without the other was practically a sign of the apocalypse. Most identical twins were close, but they were like two halves of the same person. They had the same hobbies, activities, everything.

“Emily?” Avery called again, stopping my train of thought. “We're going to be late for our makeup appointment. It's at four, and we can't go to prom without makeup.”

It happened at their prom. They danced with their dates, their friends, and each other until Avery had a panic attack, and Emily walked her to the hallway outside. Emily tried to tell her sister that nothing was wrong, but Avery just kept repeating that something was going to happen, that they weren't safe. Eventually, Emily calmed her down, and they started going back to the dance.

Suddenly, a figure jumped out of the dark. He wore all black and what looked like a ski mask. Lunging forward, he grabbed them by their wrists and pulled them into the courtyard.

“Shut up, Emily!” Avery giggled. I looked up again to see her playfully punching the air next to her. But Emily hadn't said anything in a long time.

Screams pierced through the courtyard as they were dragged through the trees and forced into a car. They tried to kick out, open the trunk, everything. They weren't out of the car until

the kidnapper opened the door, grabbing them again, this time to drag them to a dark corner behind a building.

“Backs against the wall. Go!” He commanded. He raised a flashlight, the beam momentarily blinding them, as if they weren’t already frozen in fear. Emily stepped back, fear binding her, stopping her from making any decision other than the command.

But Avery ran.

“Emily! Now! Run!” she shouted behind her. Then she turned and sprinted, as if her life depended on it, which it did. With Emily behind her, their footsteps synched into a speed they had never gone before.

Avery pulled a phone out of her gem-studded purse and lifted it up, posing for a couple of selfies before typing something, probably for some kind of instagram post.. Sure enough, a ping followed immediately from my pocket. *I’ll look later*, I thought to myself.

The rest of their prom had been canceled. When two people go missing and only one comes back, it raises questions. The students were sent home, the scene became flooded with the blue and red lights of police cars. Detectives inspected the courtyard, three sets of footprints going out, one coming back. They questioned Avery, trying to find the dark alleyway where it had all happened, but something was wrong with her. After that night, something changed with her. It wasn’t that she was never the same, but that she never would be.

And now she walks across the street from me. The girl stuck in time. The frozen girl. The Campbell Sister. I reach my hand into my pocket, trying to grab my phone to see the picture she posted. But I pull them out when my finger brushes the ski mask.