

# My Missing Half

By Zoë D., grade 9

Cheers from the crowd fuel me to use the last heavy breaths I have to bring myself towards the final finish line. There it was! I won the first place championship of the province in the 100m dash. I admire the passionate chants, so grateful for how far I've come.

"I'm so proud of-" my alarm clock buzzes in its mind rattling voice for the third time this week. I had just experienced my unordinary dreams again. They started when I was six, dreams of being a trackstar. However, I'm the exact opposite. I'm very reserved and I like to keep to myself. Whenever attention comes my way I feel like I'm surrounded by a swarm of bees. I'm used to being alone, so when I saw that I had a mom, dad, and younger sister in my dreams I felt off. I've also been confused on why my dreams are about track when art is my passion. When I paint, I feel at peace like I have travelled into my own little world. Suddenly, I feel my head start to day dream and then, I hear my alarm clock beep. Oh no. I slept in... Again!

I rush out of bed and pack my backpack as quickly as possible. Today was the day that I was wearing my favourite multi-coloured tank top so I frantically threw it onto my skinny body. My long, tangled black hair covered my face and I decided to put it up into a braid. I stare at my reflection in the mirror, admiring my freckles that cover my whole face. As I finish up my makeup I hear my mom yelling at me from downstairs.

"Molly, hurry up! You're going to be late for school again!" I hear my moms voice echoing as I run downstairs.

"Just on time," I reply to my mom with pride, grabbing a piece of toast on my way out. Driving to school is one of my favourite times of the day. I get to look out the window at my beautiful green town and see all the crooked, little white houses down our street. As soon as I

step outside of my car at school my eyes get blinded by the vivid sun. But then, my stomach starts to turn in all different directions. My thoughts start to shift and it feels like something bad is going to happen. I feel my palms start to sweat profusely. Then, everything stops. I go back to my normal self. What in the world just happened?

Third period has just passed and it's now lunch. I sit at my signature table in the corner of the cafeteria, dull and dusty. I hate lunch because I'm always alone. People in my class never talk to me, it's like I'm a ghost haunting the school. I dig into my crispy caesar wrap and as soon as I take my first bite the left side of my body crunches into a curl. It feels as if somebody's stabbing me in a million different places. The agony I feel is unimaginable, it's like my left arm and leg are being ripped apart. I look up in pain and the first thing I notice are the bright blue walls of the cafeteria followed by staring eyes from every inch of the room. *Oh gosh, why now* I think.

I cry out and try to reach my phone, "Somebody help! I need to call my mom!" As soon as I pick up my phone, the pain vanishes but something still feels wrong. My left side feels sore to touch. I need to get out of here, I need to get free.

I feel the salty tears of fear drip down my cheeks as I drive home early from school. As soon as I walk through the door my mom comes over to me and asks me what happened. I try to explain everything but I feel my breath skip and my words come out through stutters. While I try to speak I feel a buzz come from my phone in my jean pocket. I reach my hand into my pocket and look at the notification.

*"Breaking News: 16 year old girl in fatal condition after car crash this afternoon."*

"Mom, mom!" I start, my eyes widening in curiosity. "Look at this, oh my gosh look!"

"What's the matter honey?" my mom asks frantically as I notice her breathing start to increase in rate.

I look at the portrait of the girl, the name Jenna Campbell lies under the image. I look at her round face, noticing features that strike my eyes. She looks like somebody I've met before, but who? Her jet black hair and blue eyes are noticeable in the image. I know I've seen her, I know. I think as hard as possible of who she could be, wiping all the white fog out of my brain. I know! She looks just like... Me?

I looked at my mom perplexed, "Mom, Jenna Campbell looks a *lot* like me."

"Let me see that," my mom demanded, snatching my phone out of my hand, "now!" I notice my mom's eyes start to water and the look of shock builds on her face. She looks up at me, her glimmering blue eyes staring into mine.

"Molly, I think Jenna Campbell is your twin sister," I hear my mom start to whisper.

"No, that can't be. You never-" my mom cuts me off. I feel my mind jumping from question to question looking for answers to the truth. My legs start to feel numb at what I had just heard come out of my mom's mouth. I maintain my composure and focus my mind on listening to the explanation as the truth is what I desire most.

"Shush, shush. I need to explain everything to you before you go all crazy," she tells me in a calming voice. "When I first figured out I was pregnant, I got shocked with the news that I had twins, you being one of them. Once I went into labour I gave birth to you and Jenna, however I got terrible news from the doctor. He told me that Jenna didn't make it and my heart was ripped out of my body when I saw them pull her out of the room. Your ex-dad witnessed my cries and said he'd never seen me so hurt in my life, ever."

*This can't be, I tell myself. There is no way that the doctors lied, pronounced my twin sister dead, and separated us at birth.* My thoughts swarm in my head and I can start to feel the pounds of my heart. Ba-bump, ba-bump, ba-bump. I try to breathe slowly to relax myself but my anger and disbelief overcome those breaths.

“But wait, how do you know that the doctor was lying?” I ask my mom, my heart still pounding.

My mom looked down sadly and replied, “I researched past cases where the doctor pronounces the newborn dead and then gives the newborn to a different family. I soon learned that Green Hill Hospital, the hospital here in town where you were born, had the highest rate of false deceased babies.”

I need to go find Jenna and explain everything to her. Now! I run to my car and quickly open the garage door ready to find my forever twin. I drive to Whispering Pine Hospital and ask for a patient named Jenna Campbell, but the lady tells me they have no record of that name there. I continue to visit any place within a radius of 1-2 hours from home. Every single place tells me they have never had a record of Jenna Campbell. I start to lose hope and feel defeated at a task undone. I slowly drive through the open roads of my town, the skies gloomy now with a bright moon in the sky. I drove into the parking lot of my last location... Green Hill Hospital, where we were born.

I walk in and immediately get chills by the eerie feeling captured by the hospital. The tall green walls are masked with dust and debris and I finally see the small table up behind the entrance. As I approach the man, I look around noticing the ill people sitting in the most miniscule waiting room I have ever seen. Something about this hospital doesn't feel right. I ask the man if they have anybody addressed under the name Jenna Campbell and wait for his response. I watch him scroll through the list of names under C on the run down computer. Cambrook, Cameron, Camming, Campbell! Oh wait, it's Alden Campbell. I continue to read the name Campbell for what seems like forever but then I see the man's tan face look up at me.

“Ah! Right here, um Jenna Campbell in room 209,” he exclaims pointing to the right of him.

“Perfect, thank you!” I reply while speed walking through the halls. 201, 203, 205, 207, 209! I knock on the white door and hear a tiny voice replying to come into the room. I slowly open the door hearing the creaking of the hinges. Horror comes to my eyes when I see Jenna. Her body was covered in scratches and scars, bruises and blood. Her head was wrapped up in pearly white bandage that was stained brown from old blood. I noticed her blue eyes that are speckled with green, just like mine. She had thick eyebrows and full lips like me too, the only difference was her athletic build.

I walk up to her laying in the stiff bed and introduce myself. I tell her that I think we’re twins and I can see the look of confusion brewing in her eyes. I explain how we were separated at birth and that she was given to a different family. Jenna looks in shock, her eyes squinting and her lips quivering.

“Are you adopted?” I ask her, slowly sinking into the end of the bed.

“I am actually. I have a younger sister too,” she answers, raising a thought into my head.

“Do you do the 100m dash in track and field, Jenna?” I inquired, wondering about the answer.

Her eyes started to widen and she expressed “I do actually! It’s one of my biggest hobbies.” As soon as Jenna said that everything clicked into place. Those dreams I’ve been having are about Jenna! My twin sister who looks just like me but has the exact opposite hobbies. I ask her if she has had dreams since she was little and she has, but had no idea why. They were dreams of her living with just her mom and painting in her room alone, away from the attention of the outside world. Jenna and I continue to chat and I don’t even acknowledge the time that is passing by. Having a twin is amazing, I never thought having a friend would ever be this fulfilling. I always thought it was a waste of time and that they would break my heart whenever they wanted to, but this, oh this relationship was real.

I drove home that night and immediately got onto my computer. I have to figure out who separated Jenna and I. I scroll through Twitter posts and articles written by random people who live here in Green Hill. One article read, *"My beautiful baby got taken away from me after I gave birth to her. To this day I still don't know what happened and Green Hill Hospital is to blame."* Another Twitter post *"Somebody end the Green Hill hospital bureaucracy! I will never forgive them for what happened to me."* I keep digging and digging for information, waiting till the final clue is discovered. *"Lockwood, I'm coming for you."* another anonymous post read. Wait, Lockwood, I recognize that name.

I think as much as possible *Lockwood oh Lockwood where have I seen you.* I try everything but I can't remember a thing. *Maybe at a grocery store, a movie? No, no not that... I KNOW!* My thoughts clicked into place and my brain finally gained its knowledge back. Lockwood was the name on Jenna's white board in her little white hospital room! I remember now! But wait, this isn't good at all. Lockwood is the one who separated Jenna and I when we were little and now he's the one in charge of Jenna's healthcare. I need to go to Green Hill Hospital.

I speed through the roads, the sunrise peeking over the hills in the valley giving the town a golden glow. My car wheels squeal as I crookedly park in a spot and I frantically slam my black door while running into the hospital. As I passed through the glass doors a couple with a confounded look stopped me in my tracks.

"Who are you? You look just like my daughter," the lady says as they start to walk closer to me. The sound of questions fill my ears and I can't process anything they ask me anymore.

"Jenna?" I whisper under my breath.

"What about Jenna? What do you know about her? You look exactly like her, didn't you know that?" she blurts out with the expression of question filling her face. The couple seem as if they want answers but I still have no idea what they are looking for. They lean into me and at

this point I know that they have to be Jenna's adoptive parents. I start to explain everything and I see all the different expressions they give me from surprised to confused. Finally, I introduce the name Lockwood and I ask them if they have ever heard of him.

Their faces expressed understanding, "Lockwood, do you mean Tim Lockwood? He's the doctor who has been taking care of Jenna her whole life. He's actually in surgery right now with Jenna because she had a sudden relapse."

*Relapse? Oh no no no* I repeat to myself. It feels as if my stomach is at my feet. My head starts to spin in circles and now I don't know what to do with myself. My long lost twin who I've missed my whole life with might now be gone. I can't do this anymore, this better be a dream, I don't know what I'll do without her. Then, the feelings in my body multiply by ten. My thoughts overflow my brain and my hands start to feel shaky. Why does the world have to do this to me? Please let Jenna be okay, *please*.

I snap back into reality and focus on what's important right now, Jenna's safety. Since her parents know who Lockwood is, I describe to them what unforgivable thing he did to Jenna and I. As soon as I hear the traumatic words come out of my mouth I just want to run right into the surgery room and take Tim Lockwood away. I see Jenna's parents notice the rage in my eyes and they reassure me that we will get Lockwood soon but right now we have to focus on Jenna. Although *I* found that blood curdling, lying doctor we still needed to make sure Jenna is okay.

Jenna's parents and I nervously wait in her room for the surgery to be over, praying that she will survive her relapse. The minutes pass by and it's almost like I can hear the ticking of a clock in my ears. I can feel my eyelids start to weigh down when all of a sudden the noises of chattering people and a rolling bed fill my ears. Jenna's coming! As soon as she enters the room I feel sorry for all the pain she has to go through. The left side of her stomach has a giant stitch down the side that is covered in white bandage. Her face has a ghostly look, the colour of her skin turned to an almost white colour. I slowly realize that Jenna also won't be able to go back to

track and field for a while now too. Her passion got ruined because *one* person wasn't paying attention on the road.

I force my sluggish eyes to stay open while I wait for Jenna to wake up. I hear a mumble come from her bed and I immediately run to her. We exchanged a look that I felt so deeply in my heart, a look that signified our new relationship. I'm so fortunate to have a twin be introduced in my life. If this happened a couple of years ago I don't even think I would have cared. I went through such a hard time making friends that I only ever kept to myself. However, Jenna is the exact opposite. She told me that she loves hanging out with friends or going to parties. I guess we're pretty different after all.

After spending some time with Jenna I drove home and told my mom all about Jenna's relapse, but also how she is safe and okay now. I could see the look of relief on my mom's face, the look of the feeling that her baby is protected. I told my mom to come and see Jenna at the hospital with me, for our little family to be reunited. We drove to Green Hill Hospital and I could see my mom's tears reflecting through my mirrors.

Knock, knock, I hit the door waiting for a response to enter the room. I heard Jenna saying come in and I guided my mom into the room.

"Surprise!" I blurted, pulling my mom closer to Jenna.

"Is th-that..." Jenna stuttered, the rush of emotions filling her head, "is that, our mom?"

"That's right Jenna," my mom cried, "I'm right here Jenna, I'm right here." My mom went up to Jenna and tangled her in her cold, skinny arms. I admire how grateful my mom is to be reunited with her other daughter. *I'm so glad we're all together finally*, I think to myself. I tuck my long curled hair behind my ear, scratching my neck by accident. Jenna's face grows in curiosity and I ask her what could possibly be wrong.

"Do you have a birthmark on the side of your neck?" Jenna asks me, leaning towards me to get a closer look.



“Oh yeah,” I giggle at the question, “it looks sort of like a broken half of a heart. The brown patch has little broken marks on the inside too.”

Jenna throws her dark hair, like mine, to the other side of her head and exclaims, “Look! I have one too! It’s just like yours but only... The other half?”

Realization kicks in and I start to cry the most tears I ever had. Jenna and I had always been together, we just never knew. We were attached intellectually and physically. Those dreams I had were never coincidences, they were about my missing half, my other half of life that I needed to fulfill my own dreams. My birthmark, it was a hint to my future, a connection to my love with Jenna. Even if life threw battles at me, Jenna was always going to be there with me whether I knew or didn’t.

I grab onto Jenna and my mom as tight as I can, enough to never let them go. The feeling of tears trickle down my arms as we all cry into each other. My heart fills up with the most gratitude I could ever feel and I don’t even know how to act anymore. All I can feel is joy in my heart for finally meeting my missing half I never knew I needed.