

# To all who doubted me

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*a girl gets shunned for something that happened a while ago. gossip has gone on about her through a social circle more than anyone cares to count. what changes that? claimer::[[i own everthing in this story.]]*

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**Chapter 1 - why it happened**

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# 1 - why it happened

Sophia-Anne. One name that was known across town for being infamous. Her name had been whispered through a social circle and back around 30 times in the blink of an eye. She was well sought out for being the black sheep of the family, or the most used label "the bad twin." She could have cared less what others thought or what people cared to gossip about. Sophia-Anne didn't change for anybody, no matter how much they pleaded her to do so. She jammed to metal and alternative music while her twin was busy away doing some kind of school project. Jessica-Lee and Sophia-Anne were dressed up in matching outfits until they both hit eleven, the year Sophia-Anne became known as an outsider. The way this whole labeling thing began was a total accident. When she was ten she was hopping around in the snow with Jessica-Lee, building snow angels, snow men, and the occasional snowball fights. Both girls had grown bored with this and ventured to the frozen lake at the end of the street. Sophia-Anne had a pink hue come to her cheeks do to the cold of the weather. Both were bundled up in about ten heavy layers of clothing, while the only skin exposed was there face. When they reached the pond, like normal kids, their first reaction was to play on top of it. They were both in glee chasing each other around the slippery ice until Jessica-Lee was on her way to hit the solid water and grabbed on to Sophia-Anne's scarf. Sophia-Anne went to reach for her hands to pull her off of her scarf for she was unaware of why she was doing so in the first place. From a far side view her mother and father were looking and it seemed to them that she was pushing Jessica-Lee away. Right as they were viewing this action Jessica-Lee hit the ice and took a dive into the glacial pond, right after letting go of the scarf. Both parents rushed to the rescue and were in panic to save their daughter's life. Eventually doing so, Jessica-Lee was in the emergency room for a while. News was that since she stayed under the ice so long that her leg was in need of amputating. Jessica-Lee survived the surgery and came back out in a wheel chair, and one less leg. Her parents always looked at Sophia-Anne differently because of this, and Jessica-Lee never confessed the truth as to clear Sophia-Anne's name. She probably felt the need for pay back. After that Sophia-Anne became guilt driven and was indeed a hermit. She didn't talk much and she felt her parents could care less of her own well being. That's why she needn't bother them with trivial things, much less anything for that matter.

You know when a kid has some sort of fault, and all the kids are cruel enough to tease them about it? It was completely the opposite. Jessica-Lee was favored more than her and Sophia-Anne was the one being shunned. All the kids knew of the reason of Jessica-Lee's dismemberment, another thing they didn't need to study to get it right was how to gossip and change the story once it hit the third person. What was once the account was now a totally different story. She cared in the least to retort back to other children's cruelty. She knew the truth, as well as her sister, and she could care less what kind of twisted fairy tail the fellow citizens cared to wonder in. She was a straight a student, but people just chose to ignore that fact so they could easily over exaggerate the conversation. You would think they would be over the past events and resort to bantering over some other tragedy, but they did nothing of the sort. If a new neighbor were to move in the dwelling down the street, first 30 seconds into the conversation with one of the towns people and she would know the whole backwards story by heart, that news soon traveling to her family and then so on and so forth. They lived in the country in the state of Kentucky and both children attended a small middle school about ten feet away from their front porch. So she had no need to pass the time waiting for her parents to ready their "favorite" daughter for school. She could just as easily walk there in ten steps, and skip there in two. So there needn't be any

communication with her folks. All that was to change that day, people were sure to change their stories and whispered lies about said girl, whether anyone knew it, or not.

It was a hot and sticky day in the month of July supplying them with plentiful heat. Both siblings were dressed in matching outfits, with different colors, which was an odd routine indeed. She wore a black spaghetti strapped tank top and black jean shorts with a big black buckled belt, her twin's outfit in the color of pink. She gathered her packed suitcase and threw it into the trunk of the red station wagon. She got into the back seat, buckled herself up, and readied herself for the long journey to behold. Soon afterwards her parents and sister, along with the family dog, were all compact perfectly into the small vehicle. She just stared out the window, looking at things they passed while listening to her CD player. Everyone's window was opened but hers, greeting in the cool air brought by the speed her father cared to go at. Her sister and Mother were bantering about what not, while her father was just occasionally nodding his head at questions one of them would throw at him. They were on their way to Michigan for a vacation, along with visiting their dying grandmother, but she would rather just leave that out. Her grandmother used to be a kind elderly woman, she still is, it's just that none of her affection is given towards her anymore. They then proceeded in stopping at the 7'11 to use the lavatory and to get something to snack on. She just sat in the car and awaited her family's return. Her mother was the first to arrive back.

She stuck her head in the window and asked, "What would you like for me to get you?"  
"A Twinkie will be fine," I answered uninterested.

She took her head back out of the window and vanished into the store. Her father now came back wheeling her sister back towards the car. Her sister occasionally initiated conversations with her, and Sophia-Anne would gladly banter back, but this only lasted for a good two minutes before finally dying down of lack of similar interests in topics. We may have looked alike, but personality wise, we couldn't be more diverse.

"We've been in this smelly, unair-conditioned, tiny car for hours. You're telling me you don't have to go to the bathroom?" She looked at me amazed.

"I didn't actually tell you anything, but no, my bladder is under controlled for the moment," I said looking towards her. What was look was once amazement, was now replaced with nothing. There was no sign of any emotion showing on her face whatsoever.

"What are you listening to?" She looked quizzically at my CD player.

"Three days Grace," I replied. I could tell by the look of confusion obviously written on her face that she had no clue as to whom they were. Although if I listened to nothing but country, I would be confused as well.

"It's an alternative band, you wouldn't like them," I answered her unasked question. She was about to comment when our parents entered the station wagon.

"Here's your chips, and here's your Twinkie," she announced handing us our snacks.

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sorry to end it here. that's a lot of writing.

soon to be updated.

this is for a short story i have to turn in TOMORROW!

im far from finished.

well im off to finish it in word.

will update it once it's turned in and saved to my computer.

i will only do that if you leave me comments though.

:D

flames are welcome, but not wanted.