

Who knew that the bonds of sisterhood could be broken while attending school. The crazy thing is, is that our bond really wasn't broken. Everyone thought we wouldn't be as close as we used to be. I knew that although we were attending different schools, rivals at that, we would still be the same Cassandra and Caylen Groen from Edgemont, South Dakota. We enjoyed visiting each other and talking on the phone about guys and guy problems, yet very unaware that our lives were separating and going in different directions. With graduation coming closer and closer, I'm afraid that we could lose touch of what we had when we were younger. Internships are drawing closer and moving is closer than that.

The more I've lived my life, I've learned that there's a lot more to my life. She's very important to me, and I love her dearly but I can't think about what I'll be without her. I can't think that my life is going to be horrible just because she's not there to protect me and answer all my questions. The shadow I've been living in is just about to an end, but she really wasn't my shadow she will never be a shadow. She's always been my best friend. I can't help but think I'll become reckless and in danger. Will I be able to hold myself up? Will I be able to look at myself in the mirror every morning and tell myself that I'm my own worst enemy?

I wasn't only beginning my life without my sister, I was beginning my life. My very own away from my best friend. Away from the comfort I've known for so long. I can't help but think that I didn't think on my own when I was younger. I didn't make my own decisions. I didn't live my life. I wouldn't. I thought that every move I made had to be with her, and if it wasn't with her it was on my own and that was shameful of what twins are supposed to be. Twins are supposed to be there for each other. To hold each other up when times are grim and bad. To be there through thick and thin. I then began telling myself that I needed to be that for myself. I had to start listening and making myself happy. I had to quit reminding myself that I wouldn't be living with her for the rest of my life and I wouldn't see her every day.

Something different had come over me that day. Something I've needed. Something I've needed for a long, long time. I needed myself. I'd been relying on her the majority of my life and I didn't know how to make myself happy. I didn't know how to smile without her telling the joke. I didn't know how to laugh without her letting me know that it would be okay, and that its okay to laugh. I wasn't sure I was making the right decisions without her letting me know that the decision was right. In my moments of thinking that day, I'd figured something out, the depression I'd been feeling for so long had been my feelings. My feelings were trying to tell me that I needed to take care of them and make myself aware that I can make it on my own. And I can live by my own decisions. I can make myself laugh.