

My Sister's Secret

By : Cutewriter

Hey. This story is based on 'Little Woman" but this story is much shorter! Hope u like it! Please tell me ur comments so I can improve!



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Cutewriter

Copyright © Cutewriter, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

My Sister's Secret

Letâs rewind it to the beginning, dawn. The sky in the morning was magical, like always. Iâm mostly up early to see the depressing, gloomy night fade away replaced by pale colourâs and a blinding burst of light coming from the sun brightening up another beautiful day, well almost every beautiful day this day wasnât even a bit cheerful. I was sitting on the edge of the scratched ledge of my window staring at the change of my surroundings aware that not even a twig stirred in the chilly morning. My chestnut brown hair danced with the slight, refreshing breeze. The atmosphere now, was bright blue and would stay like that for quite a while I knew, so I jumped into the unsteady platform of the attic. In the evening, the room would be filled with shadows which is really horrifying when it is a stormy night. But now the same room was streaming with light.

We were already out of milk how many times have I told Rosie not to drink too much milk! Why did we call her Rosie anyway? Rosie is as white as a sheet of paper! Whenever I ask her why she doesnât listen to me and stop using the milk she just says she is really thirsty but I could tell, just by looking into those startling green eyes, that she was being dishonest. But I let it go, let her use the milk every time. Mum is always very tired and exhausted so we never trouble her. Sam is always trying all sorts of stuff which sometimes leads into big trouble! But she never quits! Tom and Julie, the twins, are always trying to see which of them is better. Baby John is taking most of my and Lizzieâs attention but that is how my life is! I told Lizzie I was going to the milk shop and if we needed anything to which she answered, âYou make it sound like we have all the money in the world but we donât do we?â

âLiz, you know it isnât like thisâ I replied the sadness I always tried to hide weighing my shoulders down. With nothing to say I left. All the way to the corner shop I thought about what Lizzie had said, my family wasnât really poor but they werenât exactly what youâd call rich.

Mum worked in a hotel as a worker but even though she did extra shifts the money was too less. Dad had gone to work in an oil rig, we rarely see him now. Dad used to take us to school but now that he has gone we canât go to school except to hire a driver but that was just too expensive for us so we stopped going to school. I and Lizzie had to teach our younger siblings all we learnt. Mum told we did a very good job, she had to stop work for she had a very high fever. The fever wasnât going away and we didnât have a single medicine in the whole household to help her. Thatâs when Lizzie and I had a brainstorm; we took tuitions in my attic as it was the only place which was not filled with my siblings. We put it for quite a high price but many children came. Alan a boy, thought numbers swam and did all sorts of unusual things, Sonya had an incredibly smart brain but just didnât want to use it unlike anyone else when she really put her mind to it she could answer the questions advanced for her age. There was a boy, named Victor, who was really famous with everyone in either a disappointed way or a role model way. Every time he acted smart with Lizzie or me the other children wore looks of awe but when I looked into Lizâs face there was a storm brewing. It wasnât working the way we planned and parents were already taking children hope when Rosie suggested an idea; if she could make an âart clubâ we could have extra money. Moreover Rosie would be teaching them badges and things and we could use as levels in our tuitions. It was a smart thought and we tried it. Knowing Rosie and art the club would be a success. Sometimes itâs like she is in another world mumbling about a guy called M.C. Escher who turned out to actually be awful in all studies except art. But Rosieâs âsuperstarâ is Leonardo Da Vinci an artist but inventor too he painted a famous piece called the Mona Lisa. Mona is a girl with dark hair and a pretty face. That is pretty to everyone but me I find so many people more good looking than her!

Rosie was so clever with those skilful fingers (sometimes I watch her) moulding clay or cleverly handling a brush which isnât even ordinary. Sam makes them sheâs started selling brushes and we use Rosieâs

My Sister's Secret

artworks to lure them saying that you will be able to paint like this which works good enough for us. They are made out of twig scrapingâs pushed in a hollow circular, long part of wood. It was kind of hard to use but it worked. The twins did the packaging. Soon we were making one of the best selling shops until.... well you get the point. We got lots of money and the students got excellent jobs! But suddenly Rosie stopped painting her hand was shaking so much she couldnât hold the brush. Her fingers made unusual stuff like a lionâs head, not what she wanted to make. Those were the dark days; soon we had to stop too. Fortunately mum was on shifts again healthy as ever again. I entered the shop round the corner. The shopkeeper, Mr Gizmo, greeted me kindly.

â What brings you here on a lovely day like this Miss,â he asked.

â I have run out of milk,â I answered,â And I would like two cartons, please.â

â Normal or flavoured?â

â Normal will be fine.â

He handed me the cartons while I tried sorting out the money I had. That wasnât difficult. I hardly keep money in my homemade purse. Before long I was walking into a narrow, dark lane towards my house. When I got home the house was strangely quiet.

â Hello, mum? Anyone?â I shouted my voice echoing through the house. There was a scurrying of footsteps and Sam came down. She looked very tired. â Shhhhh! Be quiet whatâs the matter with you I just put the twins and Baby John to bed!â she whispered.

â Why have you put them to bed?â I answered.

â On mumâs ordersâ

â What about Liz, where is she?â

â Had to go with them.â

â Who?â

â Mum, Rosie and Dad.â

â Dad?â

â Shhh, yes he cameâ

â Oh, where did they go?â

â The hospitalâ

â What? Why?â

â Come to my room and Iâll tell you.â

I followed Sam to her room it was as messy as normal but somehow it was missing something. We sat on the red bed, printed with machines and Sam started.

My Sister's Secret

“A few minutes after you left dad called at our house everyone was so surprised. Mum went to prepare some coffee for dad while we sat and chatted after I while Rosie mumbled something about being dizzy I was the only one who heard but I kept quiet, she looked so pale, Rosie got up to get something but before she had gone past us she fell unconscious to the floor. A tear trickled down Sam’s face. We tried water she didn’t wake up. Nothing worked. Mum came back with a cup of coffee but dropped it to the floor. She ran to Rosie and whispered. Lizzie was whimpering and Baby John was wailing. The twins were not talking. I was staring. The mum told me to get everyone asleep. Soon the twins, Baby John and I were left alone. I finally got them to sleep when you come barging in the house screaming your head off!” she finished.

“I was not screaming! But everything is so sad.” I whispered.

“It’s my fault! I didn’t tell everyone what Rosie said! My fault!” Sam was saying between breaths.

“It’s nobody’s fault now you better go to sleep. I’ll manage from now.” I told her and smiled.

The door banged shut. Voices filled the house but everything was quiet. “Sam, get up. They’ve come home!” I said, shaking Sam.

“Ok, ok coming.”

We hurried downstairs to meet Lizzie her brown eyes were lifeless not normal when she saw us she run to us, crying. “It’s awful Rosie is dying! Yes I mean it! She managed. I felt sick. I ran to Rosie.

“Is it true?” I said quietly.

“Yes, well anyway don’t look at me like that it’s not my fault. Look at the bright side nobody stealing milk now!” she said smiling cheerfully. I couldn’t believe it she was dying and she was ... happy? That night almost one Rosie died. But before she did I was at her side, she said take care of everyone for me and holding my hand she fell in an endless sleep.

Anytime someone said her name a pang of pain would hit me. Sadness. There will always be a place for her if ever she returns but that is rare. It turned out she was sick and only mum and dad knew. Rosie suffered a lot but medicines were very expensive. None of us know what sickness was. She kept it a secret from all us sisters but let’s say that was her personality. That was my sister’s secret.

My Sister's Secret

My Sister's Secret

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-31 18:02:44