At first, Mia wouldn’t even look at me. She brushed past in the hallway like I wasn’t there - jaw tight, arms folded like a wall I couldn’t get through. I tried to explain, but she cut me off with a glare sharp enough to stop me mid-sentence.

The worst part? I didn’t even know what I’d done - at least, not really.

I had been meaning to tell her. But something inside me said it wasn’t something for her to know. So I pushed it down, deeper and deeper, forcing my feelings away whenever she was near. But eventually, Mia began to notice. My blank stares, the way I drifted during conversations, the way I misunderstood even the simplest things - it all added up.

I thought hiding it from her, twisting the truth into little lies I could barely recognise, would protect our friendship. Deep down, I knew I was wrong, but I kept brushing the thought away. I told myself she wouldn’t understand, even after ten years. I didn’t know why I felt like I couldn’t trust her, when she’d always been the sun to my sunflower.

At lunch, I caught a flicker of doubt in her eyes. She paused near our usual spot - then turned and sat with another group of girls. My heart sank. I had been hoping that today would be the day I finally told her. I guess I’d have to wait… until the project.

We sat on opposite ends of our table, the space between us wide and cold. I noticed her glance at me, then look away again, as if trying to say something without words - something only a friendship as deep as ours could understand. The sound of laughter and clinking cutlery around us faded. It was like a bubble had settled over us, muffling everything except the silence so fragile between us, it felt like it could’ve been broken by a pin drop.

“Listen.”
We said it at the same time, and despite everything, we both smiled.

“No, me first, Mia,” I said.

And then I told her…everything. The truth… no twists or lies - just the absolute truth. I spoke slowly, carefully, word by word. I saw her eyebrows raise, her lips part slightly, but she never interrupted me. I told her about how I’d been juggling so many things, about how my parents' divorce had made me feel heavier and lonelier. I guess I forgot I had her.

When I finished, she sighed.
“I’m sorry, Em. But you should have told me earlier.” Her voice was soft now. “We’re not just best friends, we’re sisters. We can’t hide things from each other. Otherwise we might risk… this.”

We leaned in and hugged - warm and true.

And in that moment, we both thought the same thing - no matter what, our sunflower wasn’t wilting. It was still standing tall, ready to face whatever storm came next.