Two unlikely sisters, a case together

*Lily*

As the rain beat me up with its lashes of sleet and the trees waved around with thunder roaring in the distance. The scurrying footsteps of the businessman around me, harmonious with the warm chattering of the local cafe. My parents once told me that they have lost a child, who was my sister. My attention shifted to the gravel path that has been crumbled under the weight of millions of people who come here every day to work, to earn money, to help their families. Which is not the case for me.

Letting out a sign, I remembered the day my parents died. Out of the blue, an object appeared. It was a locket and it had my name engraved on the front and in a heartbeat, I remembered what my parents told me. “A locket will appear later in your life. It has your name engraved on the front and that is the remains of your sisters.” I then realised the remains that I lostl was that locket.

The only remains of my sister was a locket with my name on it. All I had to do was to find the other half which had to match with it. No heart lockets are identical in the world. The locket was a faded silver with the name *Lily* on the front. The edge was smooth and the part where it was supposed to connect was jagged . As I walked on the busy part of Chestnut Street, a girl bumped into me.

*Sequonia*

I was remarked as the shy girl, always staying out of PE. But that wasn’t my fault. I was sent to an adoption centre as soon as I was born. I was an infant at that age, I could have died because of scurvy or rats but a kind old lady adopted me. I viewed my parents as strangers and the old lady and my parental guardian since she treated me as a daughter, giving all the love that my parents were supposed to. As my guardian knows how much I hate my parents , she only told me that a broken heart will take shape when you are close to finding your sister. For years, I have been trying to figure how a broken heart will take shape but abruptly something caught my attention…

It was a broken heart that seemed to appear in thin air. It was a moon silver white with Sequonia carved on the front. When I touch it, I can feel a sensation of it tugging at me to go. So standing up, I went down the alley of Wales Street turning to Chestnut street. And almost immediately, I bumped into someone.

It's not like I bumped into someone anytime but the girl I bumped into looked like me and had a heart locket on it. I wondered if it connected as a puzzle piece together…