

## A Strange Girl I Met

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**Abstract:** A solitary boy met a sweet girl, and they became close friends. But the boy found it really strange that the little girl seemed to change into another totally different person every two weeks. The boy cherished their friendship, but in the meantime, he thought it was necessary for him to find out the truth.

**Keywords:** Friendship; Truth; Family; Witch

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I had been living with my grandparents ever since I could remember. My parents died in a car accident when I was only two years old. I didn't like to play with other kids, because I always felt I was different. People on the street called me Boy Lone Wolf. To be honest, I liked this nickname, for at least they showed me some respect. Although I never liked other kids, I did have a dear friend, Zoe. Every Saturday was our "play day," which was the big day for us to hang out.

On a normal Saturday, I arrived at her home and asked Zoe gently, "Are you ready to go?" Zoe gave me a big smile and said, "Yes! You will take me to the park, won't you?" "Of course, I will, my princess," I replied softly. Zoe rushed out of her house. At that moment, I knew she was extremely excited.

"So, today, you want to go to the park?" I asked. Zoe seemed to be confused by my question and asked me why I still asked her. "Whatever! I just think it is really funny that you sometimes want to go to the park, while sometimes hate to do so and want to go to the library instead." "When did I ever want to go to the library?" Zoe asked angrily. "Well, well, don't be mad. Let's just talk about something else," I replied nervously. This wasn't the first time I had tried to figure out why Zoe sometimes acted like two totally different people. But obviously, this kind of question really annoyed her. Anyway, I decided that I would never ask this question again, because I could not lose my only close friend.

I only had my grandparents in my life until the day I passed Zoe's house and noticed her. As a young and innocent girl, Zoe was sweet and brought me much happiness. For the first time, I learned to care about others. That day, we made a deal--I would take Zoe to wherever she wanted, and Zoe would be my best friend forever. I would come to pick up Zoe every Saturday, and everything went quite well until two weeks after...

I still remember that chilly day. In the morning, I went to the little girl's house, but only to find that the girl was scared of me. "Hello, there! Are you ready?" I said happily with a smile on my face, as usual. To my surprise, the girl ran into the house and called for help. It was just as if she didn't know me at all! Lucky for me, no one else seemed to be at home... "What happened to her? Did she forget our deal? But how is that possible?" I became very nervous and tried my best to remind the girl of our deal. I kept talking about how I would take her to wherever she wanted to go. After a long time, the little girl opened the door eventually and asked me, "Anywhere I want to go?" "Of course! Just like I promised!" I answered nervously. "Well then, take me to the library!" the girl said. Hearing this, I was shocked. "Library? But you hate there! You said the last thing you want to do is to read books!" "Well, if you don't want to take me there, that's fine. But I'll have to ask you to leave now," said the girl coldly. "No, no, no. I would love to take you there! Just follow me," I replied anxiously.

The girl said nothing on the way to the library, and I found it so strange. "Zoe never liked books. She always wants to go to parks to have fun. She is also talkative. Why is she so quiet now? And she looked so scared when she saw me. What is going on?" I said to myself as we passed an ice-cream car. That was when I felt weirder. "She loves ice cream! But she just passed the car without a look at it! There must be something wrong." I finally gathered my courage and asked the girl, "You don't want to go to parks or eat an ice cream?" "Why would I? I hate parks. They are so noisy, and I just can't focus on my books! And ice cream? It's too cold to eat, and it will harm my teeth," she answered unconcernedly and gave me a scornful look. I was speechless at that moment. The girl was so bad-tempered that I suddenly became scared of talking to her. After all, I did not want to displease her.

I kept telling myself that whatever happened, as long as Zoe was there for me, I would do everything for her. As a result, things worked out somehow. I still went to pick her up, taking her to the place she wanted to go every Saturday. Strangely, though, I found that the little girl would change into another person every two weeks: sometimes she was a sweet girl with a warm smile who liked to tell me everything that happened to her, while sometimes she was a silent girl with a smug face who had a creepy smile. Although I really wanted to figure out what was going on with Zoe, in order to keep her as my friend, I hardly ever asked her about this.

According to my observation, the girl's mother (who was almost never at home) would take the girl out a whole night every two weeks despite the fact that she was very busy with her work. And after that mysterious night, Zoe would change into a totally different person. "What happened that night?" I always wondered.

As Zoe and I got closer and closer, I began to feel that I just couldn't be selfish anymore. The little girl's "personalities" were looking more and more polarized. One day on the way to the library, I called her "Zoe," but the girl took no notice of it. It seemed that "Zoe" was not her name! After considering about it over and over, I found that I had no choice but to ask the girl's mother directly and find out the truth.

"Excuse me, madam. I'm sorry to bother you, but something is definitely wrong with your girl. What did you do on the night when you took her out, after which she seemed to change into another person? This is so...strange..." I said to Zoe's mother when she was watering the flowers in the front garden. At first her mother was shocked, but after I explained everything in detail, she calmed herself down. Then, suddenly, she burst into laughter. I could tell she was a little bit angry, but it seemed that she didn't know whether to cry or to laugh at that time.

"Oh! God! You must be kidding me!" she cried. "First, I thank you for accompanying my children, you know, since I'm too busy to take them out." "Wait a minute. Them? What do you mean by this?" I asked. "Well, I'm not a witch as you think, boy! My girls' father and I got divorced three years ago. Since then, Zoe and Chloe have had to stay with their father or me separately. I mean, one of them will stay in my house while the other will stay with their father. And in order to make this deal fair, we "exchange" every two weeks." "So, they are...twins? But how can they look exactly the same?" "That's because they are identical twins! You can only get three pairs of twins like this out of a thousand pairs. Isn't this amazing?" said the mother excitedly. "Sure, it is...Thank you for your time, madam...I guess...I'll have to leave now. Have a nice day!" I left the house with my heart beating like a drum. And the mother smiled, "You can always come and visit us." I nodded.

A few moments later, when I looked back, I saw a little girl reading her book quietly in the garden and smiling like an angel. "So, who is she? Zoe or Chloe?" I asked myself. "Anyway, at least I have two friends now!" I waved to the girl gently. The girl looked up and smiled back.

Josh Billings, an American writer, once wrote, "There are two things in life for which we are never truly prepared---twins."

**About the Author:**

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