

The rain threatened to spill over into the empty grave, the flimsy plastic tarp that covered it threatened to collapse under the weight of the pooling water. The soft thumping of raindrops felt like the only audible sound for miles. April stood over what was to be her sister's final resting place. The accident had only occurred three days ago, and her parents were already prepared. The ceremony had been postponed due to weather, and yet she found herself lingering here, despite the rain. The memories of their childhood felt so distant from her. She could remember only the fading traces. They shared everything, a bed, a wardrobe of clothes, their toys. As twins, they mirrored each other perfectly. They felt so similar at times, and yet their lives had turned out so differently. As she turned away from the grave, she caught a glance at the grave next to it, the headstone covered in a thick film of dirt, unwanted and unrecognizable. 'Probably just an aunt or an uncle.' She shook it away, and headed home. The rain seemed to intensify, but she hardly cared. The rain tuned out the rest of the world, and as she approached the front door to her parent's house, she felt herself regret leaving the serenity. She walked into the living room and noted the lack of her parents. She shrugged it off. They hardly noticed her in the shadow of her sister. She didn't mind. Abigail was the only one who understood her, and at times, it felt like Abigail was the only one who saw her as a person. As she headed upstairs, she caught a glance at the picture frames. Family vacations, dinners, birthdays, and holidays all lined the wall. Her attention was caught by a bright red one. She blinked, focusing on the picture frame. It was their high school graduation. She saw Abigail, her bright smile clearly visible. She looked closely, failing to see her own face. "Probably just a student council only photo." She murmured, shaking the thought from her head. She saw their first Christmas, two identical babies giggling without teeth. She smiled. Looking at another one, she saw a teenage Abigail at the beach. Abigail was nestled in the sand, smiling as she held up a seashell. Again, she failed to see herself. She probably was in the water somewhere, attempting to swim. She chuckled bitterly at her family's lack of proof of her existence. She was a disappointment, and her life reflected that. Entering their childhood room, she leaned on back on the bed, closing her eyes, finding her serenity in the pouring rain once more.

The day came. April was standing in front of her sister's casket, trying to muster the strength to say goodbye. Her parents were next to her, her mother sobbing into a black handkerchief, her father holding his wife close. "At least they're together now." He whispered against her hair, rocking her back and forth. Through her tears, her mother smiled sadly. "April won't be alone anymore." She whispered softly. She froze. Reality came crashing into her, her knees giving way. She collided with the ground, her hands pressing into the muddy ground. And then she realized, she couldn't actually *feel* the mud. She remembered what mud was supposed to feel like, but she couldn't process the sensation. The biting chill of the wind, the wetness of the rain, the heat from the sun. She felt nothing. It all came together. The lack of proof of her existence wasn't due to her disappointed parents, but rather her lack of an *existence*. With shaking hands, she propped herself up, forcing her gaze to the grave next to her sister's. The rain has washed away most of the dirt, and she focused on the name.

April Turner
Beloved Daughter
Born March 24th, 1989
Died August 17th, 1990