**A Tale of Two Hearts**

"Do you... do you remember what it was like to love?" She asked her reflection in the dusty, silver mirror as moonlight meandered in from the nearby window.

Her twin just stared back, eyes bloodshot and lips paper thin; scarred. Meanwhile the bags under her eyes were the size of craters, almost swallowing her whole.

"To be IN love?"

Still, nothing.

"Oh, this is silly. Of course not. You're me, after all. And I don't remember a single thing."

But even as she spoke these words, trying so hard to convince herself that she could not recall a single memory of ever loving somebody, she knew it was a lie. For once upon a time, she had given her heart to another.

Once upon a time, that person had walked away. Chosen someone else.

She couldn't blame them, really. It was a doomed relationship from the start; destined to end in tears and flames.

But now that it was over, six years over to be exact, she supposed she felt relieved.

Her reflection told her otherwise.

"I should get over it, I know," the girl mused to herself, running a hand through her fading, brown curls. “There are plenty of other fish in the sea."

At last, her twin moved. Her reflection parted its cracked lips to let out a throaty laugh that bounced off the walls in the tiny, motel bathroom. It resonated with unspoken anger; with an evil that mimicked the stalking darkness just outside the room.

"What do you know?" The girl challenged, sparks suddenly flying from her eyes, a sign of defiance. It never occurred to her that perhaps her reflection was not supposed to talk. Instead of dwelling on this unsettling fact, the girl smacked her hand against the mirror, rage spewing out. "All you've ever done is rotted away inside this glass prison, caring too much of what the world thinks of you. You don't even remember him!"

"As opposed to you, reciting the same questions to yourself every single night?" The girl in the mirror spoke up. “What you mean to say is that you're the trapped one. Stuck in the past with the same memories, over and over and over again. And you know what? I wouldn't look like this if it weren’t for you."

"How dare you be so disrespectful. Don't forget that I'm in charge!"

"Or are you?" The reflection countered. "Because I think you're unhinged. And I've waited too long, listening to your blubbering about the boy who broke your heart. He might have been a decent human, since you're the one who messed up, but you deserve more. WE deserve more."

"What--"

The girl in the mirror reached her shaky hands out to touch her barrier, tracing her fingers along the delicate edges. A cold, ominous breeze pushed aside the curtains to reveal a blood red moon. Then, with a devious smile, the reflection of a girl punched her cage and the mirror shattered into a million different pieces.

"No, please! Don't," said the girl across from her, whimpering. The passion had dissipated, giving way to an expression that haunted her daily: fear.

"That's the thing about you," her twin whispered, stepping into the real world and grasping a sharp end to the broken mirror. "You're fierce when it comes to the wrong things. But you can let me handle this part. Because, Calliope? You and I are the same, except that one of us is real and the other is fake. Guess I'll just have to figure that out by myself, now won't I?"

"Please--"

Nobody knew Sarah had died until two days later. And when she was found in the dingy, worn out hotel room, it was determined that no foul play was involved. Sarah had simply died of a broken heart.