

# My Twin Is A Ghost

743 words

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Natasha could not sleep. She rolled around, trying to get comfortable. Her room was silent, and the only light was that of the street lamp, that had slipped through the sides of the closed curtains. She lay on her back and stared up at the ceiling. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the curtain move. It was almost unnoticeable, but due the lack of other movement in her room, Natasha saw it clearly. She lifted herself up onto her elbows and looked at her wardrobe that sat opposite her bed. And suddenly, without any warning, a white figure zoomed towards her.

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Every day, Lachlan's grandmother taught her grandson about ghosts. Many people didn't know they existed, or rather didn't believe they did, but Lachlan's grandma knew that they did. She also knew a great number of things about them. Lachlan had been called by his grandma one day. She sat in a comfortable armchair, and Lachlan sat on the floor in front of her. A thick book rested on her legs. A book about ghosts. "Lachlan," she said, "your mother and I agreed that you are old enough to know that ghosts do exist. As you are aware, people live, and people die. I am telling you now that when people die, they turn into ghosts. I will

tell you everything you need to know about them.”

After three days, his grandma had told him almost everything she needed to. Her final topic was about the special abilities that ghosts have, and what they can and can't do. “Ghost's

don't need to eat,” Lachlan's grandmother explained. “They can go through any object.

Through walls and doors, cabinets and benches. Everything. Because of this, however, ghosts are unable to hold or move any items that we can.” Lachlan's grandma explained to him how

ghosts can flip this around, so that ghosts can hold things that we can't. A few minutes before

dinner would be served, she told him one, final thing. “Lachlan, there is one thing that you

need to know.” Lachlan listened with his full attention. He crossed his legs, sat up straight and

leaned closer. “Ghosts can steal the bodies of humans. It is not common for this to happen,

but it does. All ghosts do it for different reasons. They cannot, however, return to their old

bodies. I just need to know that you are aware.” Lachlan nodded. And then dinner was ready.

That night, Lachlan walked down the road, accompanied by Natasha. He summarised

everything he had been told. When he finished, she started acting strange. She sounded

scared, like she was hiding something. "I wouldn't believe any of this. It's rubbish. Your grandma's messing with your head."

"I don't think so. I believe her."

"Don't!" Natasha said in a deep voice.

"Natasha," Lachlan said, "something is wrong. Your behaving differently. You don't seem like yourself. I am beginning to not trust you."

Suddenly, Natasha's pupils glowed green, then her body fell to the ground. A ghost rose up from Natasha's motionless body. A high-pitched shriek pierced through the silence of the dark and deserted street. A deafening scream that hurt Lachlan's ears. It was the ghost. It stopped screaming and glared at Lachlan. Now that he had a better view of the ghost's face, he saw that it looked almost exactly the same as Natasha's. "All I wanted was to live. To behave like a human. To have a friend. And you don't trust me," the ghost yelled. Lachlan was scared and confused.

Natasha's body sat up. It was her. The real Natasha. The ghost must have stolen her body.

"You stole my body!" cried Natasha. The ghost stared at her.

"I couldn't help it. You don't know what it's like to be me."

The two argued, and Lachlan listened in hope of learning something that would explain the situation. He found out that Natasha had a twin, who died the day she was born. She never left the house. She stole Natasha's body so that she could experience what it was like to live and own a body. The ghost was often bored. She wanted all ghosts to be as free as humans, and not have to hide away.

"Guys," Lachlan said. "I know what we need to do."

"What?" the sisters said in unison.

"We need to prove to humans that ghosts are real, and that most of them are harmless."