Lies

Glenda Adams
Sometimes twins.

There was a boy who was beautiful. He was handsome and had a smile that could light up any room. He was the type of person who could make everyone feel comfortable around him. His name was John and he had a twin brother named Mike. They were inseparable.

On a sunny day, John and Mike decided to go for a walk in the park. As they walked, they noticed a woman sitting on a bench, looking sad and alone. John and Mike approached her and asked if she needed anything.

The woman, named Emily, explained that she had just lost her job and was feeling down. John and Mike offered to help her in any way they could. They suggested going for a walk or having a meal together.

Emily accepted their offer and they walked down to a nearby cafe. As they sat down, John and Mike noticed that Emily had a small child with her. She was struggling to feed the baby and didn't know what to do next.

John and Mike offered to help Emily. They paid for the little girl's meal and made sure she was comfortable. Emily was grateful and thanked them for their kindness.

From that day on, John and Mike became close friends with Emily and her child. They continued to help her in any way they could and became a support system for her. Their act of kindness had a ripple effect, inspiring others to do the same.

Sometimes twins can make a difference in the world.

John and Mike walked back home, feeling happy and content. They knew that they had made a positive impact on someone's life and were grateful for the opportunity.

They decided to start a small charity, helping people in need. They called it "Twin Hearts Together," and it quickly grew in popularity.

John and Mike continued to help others, and their story inspired many others to do the same. They became local heroes and were known for their kindness and generosity.

Their act of kindness had a ripple effect, inspiring others to do the same. They continued to make a positive impact on the world, proving that sometimes twins can make a difference in the world.
“Where do you mean?” I asked.

My mother started hugging me and held me close to her chest.

“How did you find me?” I asked.

“I didn’t lose him,” she said. “I knew where he was. I looked into his eyes and searched. He turned back to me. ‘Where do you mean?’ he asked...”