

Rose, Lily, Lily, Rose

It was my last chance. It was *literally* my last chance to get out of here. Here was *Century Regional Detention Facility*. Oh, pretty little Rose in jail? More likely than you thought, apparently.

I was on my way to meet my criminal defense lawyer. According to my parents, Lily Mikaelson was an amazing one. She was going to get me out of prison. Well, I certainly hoped she would.

At the end of the corridor was a black door, I opened it and there Mrs. Mikaelson was. She was just as slim and tall as I was. She looked like she was in her thirties. Her short blond hair accentuated her sharp jaw and I felt like her brown eyes were piercing my heart.

“Hello Rose.” the lawyer smiled without showing her teeth. Her voice was strangely familiar.

“Hello Mrs. Mikaelson.” I answered.

“You can call me Lily. Can you take me through the events preceding the murders?” Lily asked.

“It’s been three days...”

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February 2, 2018, at 6:14 pm, The University of Southern California, Los Angeles

“Want to go bowling tonight?” Violet asks Julian and Rose as they all walk to their cars.

“Yeah, I definitely want to! It’ll be good to relax after today’s exam.” Julian replies happily.

“I can’t. My parents want me to be there for my little sister’s birthday dinner. In Newport Beach.” Rose says, looking sad.

“Well, if it finishes early enough you could come join us later, right?” Julian proposes.

“Yeah, I’ll think about it. The usual place?” Rose asks as she opens her car door.

“You know it.” Violet answers with a smile.

February 3, 2018, at 0:37 am, Shatto 39 Lanes, Los Angeles

“Hey guys! I hope you’re not having too much fun without me!” Rose calls to be heard through the mass of people as she walks towards where her friends are currently bowling.

“Oh! I’m so glad you’re here, sweetie!” Violet answers as Julian puts his arms lovingly around Rose. The three friends give the impression they are spending a great night, enjoying each other’s company. As the night progresses, pictures are taken with happy smiles and lots of kisses.

“What did you take, Rose? I’ve never seen you play so well before.” Julian asks, looking surprised.

“I guess it’s my lucky night!” Rose smiles at her two best friends, looking satisfied of herself.

February 3, 2018, at 2:59 am, a dark alley outside Shatto 39 Lanes, Los Angeles

All three are walking towards McDonald's and Rose is a little behind Julian and Violet. She takes something shining out of her parka.

As she holds what looks strangely sharp in her gloved hands, Rose walks right behind Julian and cuts his throat with it. In a few seconds, Violet’s throat is as bloody as Julian’s.

Rose inhales heavily and grins as she whispers “She’s finally going to get what she deserves.”

The bloody knife is left right next to Violet’s hand.

February 3, 2018, at 11:32 am, Rose’s parents’ house, Newport Beach

As Rose plays with her little brother and sister, someone starts knocking insistently on the front door.

Rose opens the door and is faced with the police.

“Good morning. Are you Rose Lockwood?” the policeman asks her.

“Yes, it’s me, why?”

“Rose Lockwood, you are under arrest for the murders of Julian Davis and Violet Summers. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to a lawyer. If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?”

“Mom, what’s going on? I haven’t done anything!” Rose starts to cry.

“Honey, don’t say anything, we’re going to get you a lawyer.” Rose’s father replies.

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“I have absolutely no idea who the person with Julian and Violet on these pictures is but it’s not me. It’s not me either on the security cameras’ footage. It can’t be me, I was at my parents’ house the whole night. I swear.” I answered as I touched my long black hair.

“Oh honey, I do believe you. But you’re still going to spend the rest of your life behind bars. I really fooled you, didn’t I” Lily smirked.

“Um, what do you mean? You can’t get me out of here? I thought you were the best!” I stammered, feeling betrayed.

“Let me tell you what really happened that night. I had been following you for a while, Rose. You were adopted. But you still ended up with the perfect life : perfect parents, perfect little brother and sister, perfect friends, perfect everything. How is that fair? You got everything and I ended up with no one to love me. That deserved punishment. So I punished you.

After you left for your little sister's birthday dinner, I went to the bowling alley, pretending to be you. I had been spying on you for months. Your friends suspected nothing. Then I made sure to take pictures of myself with them on their phones. So the police could determine that you were the last person to see them alive.

In the alley, I used gloves to use the knife. There was no need for your DNA because you were at Shatto 39 Lanes with them. The security cameras had you enter the alley with Violet and Julian and exit it without them.

It was the perfect plan. You might have had the perfect life, but I'm the genius one.

Now your perfect friends are dead. Your perfect little brother and sister are going to grow up scared of their killer big sister. Your perfect parents are going to regret ever adopting you. You have nothing left. You're just like me now, Rose." Lily explained, looking extremely proud of herself.

"How is that even possible? You look nothing like me!" I replied, scared of what she had just revealed to me.

Lily suddenly reached for her eyes and pulled out colored contact lenses. I then watched in horror as she started to touch her forehead and peeled off her skin just as she was throwing what was apparently a blond wig to the floor.

When she finally looked at me, I felt as if I were in front of a mirror. She had my blue eyes and my long dark hair.

She had my face. I never knew I had a twin sister.