

Steps.

Awkward.

Daunting steps.

I'd recently learned it.

Daunting, I mean, the word.

I found it to be the perfect word.

Because plenty of moments ...

Were. Daunting. Fearful.

But not really fear.

So daunting fits.

Impossible.

As I stared in their eyes, I decided impossible was the right word. Then prisms of thoughts shattered into my brain trying to plan every way to make them disappear. Why? I didn't have an answer. If I had met them at school, we would have been friends. We would have gushed over NSYNC and Britney. Made plans for skate parties and slumber parties. But the great thing about a slumber party is everyone goes back to their own home afterward, and now here were the steps that were being forced into this like we were.

As if we hadn't been through enough transitions in the past two years. Dad's new baby and wife, and life that we less and less fit into. Mom's new craziness then apparently that found respite in their dad. *Maybe they've been through as many transitions as we have.* Can't allow that thought now. Then they become human. Then they win.

They'll be the cool daughters. And we'll be ... twice forgotten.

Somehow it happened one day, two years later, we went for a weekend at our dad's because the baby was turning two, and dad wanted to put on a show for everyone that he still had three daughters. The two years between that, he had two daughters on Wednesday nights. Definitely not on his weekend time with the new wife and that precious baby. And when we finally got home, Raena ran to me, like she couldn't even stop herself, and said, "We missed you," as she flung her arms around me. I stood frozen. Undecided if I should hug her back or not, until, the oddest thing happened, the scent of her hair hit me, the feel of someone's arms around me, someone happy to see me, tinged all the way through me. Without a hesitation, I let my arm drift around her. "I missed you too." As I was holding Raena, I looked to Sloan expecting some snarky comment that she usually made, but she only smiled at me, reached playfully toward my sister, Cori, and said, "Hey, Bitch." Cori laughed at her and said, "Back at ya, Bitch."

Then that was the moment we became sisters.

Sloan and Cori were soon to turn 13, as me and Raena were soon to turn 12, yes, wasn't our ages just meant to be for our mom and their dad? Oh, it'll be so perfect. With the four of us fighting nonstop for the past two years, I wondered how "perfect" reality had been for them. Sometimes they fought because of our fights. Sometimes the four of us had sat together listening to them fight because it was entertaining and felt for a brief moment in all the monumental changes and transitions they had forced upon us that one moment belonged to us, was our victory. We were so powerful we could make adults fight. We smiled in those moments, not allowing any wavering of if our victory was selfish. It was ours. Sloan even shared her cigarettes with us. Cori stole us a bottle of beer we shared.

Their mother bore on them in those moments. She was striking, but emotionless. She usually bore on Sloan more than Raena, which I gathered was because Sloan was the oldest and had spent a lot of time trying to be emotionally responsible for Raena. Cori had done that for me.

Our parents were shitty. Our lives were shitty. And the four of us were the only people we could take it all out on, especially as we watched our friends' perfect two parent home lives. So in the moments we got to make their lives shitty too, the four of us reveled, stopped fighting. During one of the listening to their fights moments, I had laid my head in Sloan's lap. She had let me. Cori put her hand on Raena's for a moment. A subtle moment of acceptance.

Two years later we discovered IT!!, the greatest thing ever, don't even think I mean sex, we'd been experimenting (game of solitaire) with that plenty, something better than sex, something ...

Infinite! Our new obsession. Meredith Grey. She was so jaded like us. Cristina. Oh we loved her. Such a fucking pain in the ass and that's what we loved about Cristina Yang. Yang. Yang. We said it constantly, desperately hoping for those dramatic moments we got to tell someone off the way she did. Parents, all four of them, had kind of forgotten us in the past two years, decided we were "old enough", whatever that meant, and all we needed from them was money, food, and clothes. They supplied all in abundance, but don't expect talks. Take your money and get away from us. Somehow in the past two years, the four of us had become inseparable. Learning to pool our money so we had quadruple the wardrobe and accessories. Taking turns whose night it was to klepto beer. Then we got bold enough to take bottles of wine and dared the shitty parents to say a damn thing about it. We had found women ten years older than us, but knew their circumstances had made them as surly as we were. We couldn't believe it, we had found our TV soul mates, and McDreamy and that hair weren't too bad to look at either. We were all tangled together on the couch with stolen wine and not enough closeness as we watched, and fell in love, not an NSYNC kind of love. Even that first episode we looked at each other, and knew, this is our connector.

A season later HE entered in a towel, steam all around him to exude the foreshadowing that the interns would call him McSteamy. Mark Sloan. Mmmmmmmmm. And we all fell much much deeper.

And that there was a character named Sloan, we just knew, this show was written for us!!

Yes, this was the show that made us ... Infinite.