

The supreme sisterhood of girls: BFF



Emily, my six-year-old daughter, has a friend named Carly. She is my best friend Jana's daughter and they have known each other their whole, brief, drama-filled lives.

To say they haven't always gotten along swimmingly would be an understatement. There is a wake of tantrums, pouting tournaments and tattle-tell-a-thons that began almost the first day they peered at each other over their bottles. They are equally mean, kind and indifferent to each other, depending on the day.

Jana and I had dreamed of our daughters holding hands, skipping together through their childhood, 'tweens and (the dreaded) high school years, just like the sisters from "Little House," Laura and Carrie Ingalls—unfortunately, they were more like Nellie and Laura, switching parts evenly.

These girls just had a love/hate relationship that drove us to drink (those little, single bottle margaritas to be specific).

I clearly remember the first time Jana and I were able to have a decent chat without shrieks of injustice or tears (of course I mean by them, not us)...10 minutes went by...then 20...then 35..."Should we go check to make sure they haven't finally killed each other?" we nervously half-joked, then ran to actually check on them. They were well into four years old by that time and they were starting to have more moments of joy and giggling, but still, their relationship teetered from a happy one to a, well, a complicated one.

Now in first grade, they get along better than ever. They are in the same school, the same class, and sit at the same table. Lately, I have heard things that have made me think that

maybe, that topmost pre-adult female relationship, the supreme sisterhood of girls, the coveted BFF (Best Friends Forever), has begun to form.

The first sign came when I was looking for Emily one day on the playground and couldn't find her. I asked a classmate of theirs, "Do you know where Emily is?" Without looking up from the snail he was balancing on a stick he said, "Just look for Carly and you'll find Emily." Hmmm, is that true? When Jana or I ever ask if they played with each other that day we would always get a shrug...could they be attached to each other secretly?

The next clue was a story that Emily told me one night. She said a boy (who shall remain unnamed here, but will always hold a black mark on my opinion of him) at her table was making fun of her for not being at a higher level in math. As the teacher passed out their tests, the boy doubted out loud that Emily would be able to pass it. Then, the most remarkable thing happened. She said the usually shy Carly leaned over and said, "Just do your best Emily." Sticking up for Emily on the battlefield of the first grade classroom? Can this really be happening?

It seems there is an assumption that girls naturally bond to each other when put together. Like their ability to be sisterly is just hardwired into them. But, I don't think this is always the case.

Just maybe BFF status can be accomplished through fire, as well as through lipstick, first periods and a mutual love of Hannah Montana. Maybe, Emily and Carly's tumultuous beginning, their similar headstrongness, and, of course, the joy of making their moms demented with frustration has strengthened their bond.

I really hope that is true, having a friend that has known and loved you through your whole life is a priceless gift, and

since neither of them have a true sister, they are stuck with each other as the only option to fill the spot.

Emily + Carly = BFF (we can only hope).

Amazing artwork came from Etsy shop: Tamaradrama. Please take a peek...