Opening 1 / 7

Good evening. I'm Corinne, Willa's sister, and for most of our childhood, her rival. We competed for everything: the front seat, the last cookie, who could stay up latest, and once, who could be quiet longest on a road trip. Our mother judged that one. We both lost.

Part 2 2 / 7

The big one was the county fair. Every August, we both entered the pie contest. Willa made apple. I made apple, too, because I refused to let her have the good fruit. Six years in a row, a judge with a clipboard stood between us and chose one of us. I won twice. She won four times. I can tell you each score.

Part 3 3 / 7

The seventh year, I was seventeen, and I burned mine. It came out black on one side, like a roof after a storm. I stood at the table with it, ready to leave. Willa walked over with her perfect pie, held it out, and said, 'Take mine. Say it's yours.' I stared at her. We had never given each other so much as a crust.

Part 4 4 / 7

I said no. I carried my burned pie to the judge, and Willa stood next to me the whole time, holding her own. The judge took one bite, paused, and said, 'Honest crust.' It did not win. It was the best I ever lost.

Part 5 5 / 7

That is when the rivalry changed. We still compete. We just do it on the same side now. Willa is the person I want to win, even when it costs me the front seat.

Part 6 6 / 7

Jonah, you should know that my sister keeps score of everything, and she will tell you she is ahead. She isn't. We're tied, and we have been for years. But you have joined her team, and that makes it a landslide.

Closing 7 / 7

Willa, I have loved you through every score. Everyone, please raise your glass to Willa and Jonah, and to a lifetime in which everybody wins.

Made with weddingtimelinegenerator.com