

Different but Identical

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*Two little girls - Laine and Blair.
Born on different days, in different years.*

Identical twins. One evil, one good.

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0 - Prolouge.

There will be two girls.
Born on different days of the year,
Different years of the universe.
Identical twins.
On the chime of the seventeenth midnight,
Between the two days,
One will be taken by Evil.
There must be an epic battle.
Sister against Sister.

All will only be right when the balance is restored.

PROLOUGE

It was December 31st, 1991. Jazeeyn Roberts went into labor. At 11:57pm her daughter, Laine, was born. As Jazeeyn lay, panting, the New Year chimed – it was January 1st, 1992. Suddenly, Jazeeyn screamed with the pain of giving birth or the second time. At 12:05am, Laine's twin, Blair, was born.

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~16 years later~

Laine and Blair stepped out of the car. Laine had a huge smile on her face, with her pretty blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. She wore a short-ish pink plaid skirt, and black Converse. Her lips had a quick dash of soft pink lip-gloss, and her nails were manicured. Laine's twin, Blair, wore a black mini-skirt loaded with heavy chains, and knee height black boots with flat soles. Her thick blonde fringe nearly covered her green eyes, which were darkly rimmed with eyeliner.

"Bye girls." Jazeeyn called through the rolled down car window.

Laine turned around. "Bye Mum."

Blair waved absently over her shoulder.

"LAINE!" Laine's best friend, Jess, ran over. She hooked her elbow through Laine's, moved her pom-poms to her other hand, and walked off, the both of them chatting excitedly.

"Oh great." Blair rolled her eyes, speaking practically her first words all morning. "Another brilliant day in the shadow of Miss Perfect, the Uber Twin."

Blair adjusted the strap of her shoulder bag slightly and sauntered off.

Laine looked over her shoulder at Blair's retreating back.

"Laine?"

"Sorry?" Laine whipped her head back around to look at Jess.

"I was saying that I love your outfit – great last week of school." Jess smiled. *'But her shoes are too scruffy, and what is with the plaid?'*

"What?" Laine wrenched her elbow out of Jess' and stood facing her.

"What's wrong?" Jess had a look of bewilderment on her face.

"You just said my shoes were too scruffy, and that you didn't like the plaid!"

"I never said that! I may have had a teensy thought... but how would you have known?"

"I guess you were just looking at me weirdly. Don't worry." Laine waved a hand dismissively. "Lets go."

but for the next little while, Laine couldn't shake the feeling that she had heard Jess' thoughts.

Blair caught up with her boyfriend Matt, who was drummer for a band called Epic Fail.

"Hey, Babe." He greeted her.

"Hey."

"What's up?" Matt peered at her, taking her hand in his. At his touch, Blair took in a sharp breath of air. It was Matt, after band practice this afternoon - he was kissing another girl. The clock on the wall said it was 5:23pm. The vision vanished.

"Blair?" Matt said worriedly.

"Y'know what's up?" Blair said slowly, rising with a slight shake of her head. "You! Its over!" Blair slapped Matt so hard that four bright red finger marks appeared on his cheek almost immediately.

"Can't see you kissing Chelsea now!"

Blair stormed off in search of her sister. She found Laine at her locker.

"Laine?"

"Yeah?" Laine turned, took one look at Blair's face, and enveloped her in a hug. "What's wrong?"

"I just dumped Matt."

“Oh, Blair.” Laine said sympathetically.

“He was cheating on me. Or, he was going to.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re probably going to think I’m nuts, but I saw the future. At 5:23 this afternoon, Matt will be kissing Chelsea. Or, should be.”

“I don’t think you’re nuts.”

“You don’t?”

“No. And you know why?” Blair shook her head. “I have a power too. I heard Jess’ thoughts before.” Just then the bell for class rang. Laine let go of Blair.

“I’ll tell you all about it later, yeah?”

Blair nodded and walked off. As she did, Laine smiled with laughter at the assortment of names Blair was thinking of calling her ex-boyfriend.

Later that day, in Laine and Blair’s shared math class Laine was road testing her new power. She focused on the math teacher, Mr. Smith.

‘Time to give back the tests, hear groans of disappointment, and pestered for extra marks – again!’

“All right class. I’m going to give back your exams now.” Mr. Smith said, a sheaf of papers in his hands. Across the room, Blair knew she had failed. In fact, she had failed on purpose. As Mr. Smith started down the aisle littered with schoolbags, Blair urged him to trip.

‘Trip, trip, trip!’ with the third ‘trip’ Mr. Smith did just that. Blair’s hands flew to her mouth.

‘Oh my God! Did I just do that?’ Blair grinned. *‘Lets find out.’* Blair put her pen down on her desk. *‘Pen – Roll.’*

The pen rolled across her page.

“I’m telekinetic!” Blair whispered in wonder.

“What was that, Miss Roberts?” Mr. Smith was now standing over her.

“Nothing sir.” Blair mumbled. Mr. Smith put her test down on her desk. She had gotten a D.

“Disappointed, Miss Roberts. If you put in half as much effort as your sister does -”

“I might be perfect too? No thanks!” Blair interrupted.

“See me after class Miss Roberts.”

“Can’t wait.” Blair said softly as Mr. Smith moved off.

When class ended, Blair went over to Laine.

“Wait for me. We’ll walk home together. I have to tell you something.”

“Sure.” Laine left the classroom.

As the classroom slowly emptied, Blair sat on her desk, grabbed a file and started doing her nails.

“Miss Roberts.”

Blair looked up. “Yeah?”

“As I said before, I am very disappointed with your grades. You’re a smart girl.”

“Miss Perfect is smarter.”

Mr. Smith took off his glasses and rubbed his temples. “Look, Blair, I get where your coming from. I get the whole sibling rivalry thing. I have a brother myself.” Mr. Smith slipped his glasses back on. “I think we need to have a parent-teacher conference.”

“Sure.” Blair hopped off the desk. “But sir? I don’t try because being smart, its Laine’s ‘thing’. Being cool, its Laine’s ‘thing’. Everything is Laine’s ‘thing!’”

“What’s your ‘thing’?”

“I don’t get a ‘thing’! You say you get it. Well, Newsflash! You don’t! You don’t know how it feels to be eight minutes, a year and a day younger than your twin, do you? You don’t know how it feels to be in

her shadow, a world apart, do you?" Blair stormed out of the classroom. A few seconds after she had left, the door slammed.

On their way home, Laine kicked a stone as they walked. She had just finished telling Blair about Jess and Mr. Smith's thoughts.

"I'm telekinetic." Blair blurted.

Laine stopped. "You get two powers?"

"Sorry. Want to see?" without waiting for an answer, Blair lifted the rock.

"Cool." Laine said. *'Maybe I'll give it a try. Rock – Lift.'*

The rock lifted for a second time.

"I can do it too!" Laine squealed. She ran the last little way to the house. "Mum, were home. And we have news."