

Ease

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Submitted: August 11, 2005

Updated: August 11, 2005

My twin brother Rick is better than me in every way. He brings out every flaw in me and I hate him. I hate him so bad I could just... (Rated: PG)

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Me and my brother were so different from each other. People always expected us to be so alike and have some sort of bond together. Like we had gone through some huge hardship together and must be emotionally tied. We were not, I hated him.

Rick was always better at everything than I ever could hope to be. He was always a better athlete than I. He excelled easily in track, football, and even baseball. He was more or less a star athlete, and I was not. I was, of course, expected to be. My parents constantly hinted towards me trying sports; always stressing being so proud of Rick. It made my blood boil. Just because I look like him doesn't make me him. Everyone just expects that I suppose, like we were clones of each other or some bullshit reason.

Rick was also quite popular in school. He was always surrounded by crowds of people, mainly women, praising him for his accomplishments and his good looks. I was not so popular. I had very few friends, which suited me fine, but I was always a bit envious of him. He was the perfect person. I, as his brother, was not. I was almost the complete opposite of him, aside from our looks. I liked to be alone most of the time. I preferred science to sports and brains to muscle. I wasn't supposed to be this person, and he brought all that out in me. We always got along well. He always tried to get me to come to parties with him, or hook me up with his friends. I was never really interested. I pretended to get along with him because that was what was expected. We were twins, we were supposed to get along.

I guess the idea crossed my mind a long time ago. Somewhere I read once you think something you cannot un-think it. I found this to be true. It crossed my mind more often as time wore on. I hated him. I hated not being him, not having what he had. Some people call that envy, but it was not. I hated him for the things I could not have. I didn't truly want to have them, I just hated that he did. It was unfair. Being the same as someone always takes your identity away. I was more or less angry that he had stolen my identity, or I had stolen his. It seemed to me that one of us was artificial and one of us was real. As I let my mind wander I thought about which one of us was the real person. Was it survival of the fittest?

A long time ago, when we were kids, we were swimming at a small lake near our house. We spent many days there swimming and playing childish games. I always looked back on those days with regret. We got along rather well then, before I knew what was happening to us. He was much better at swimming than I, as he was with everything else. I almost drown that day, I ran out of steam half way through the journey across the lake. We always raced, I don't know why. I never won. He was almost the whole way across and I got a cramp and started to sink. I was so embarrassed. He swam back and saved me just before it was too late. He always had amazing stamina, and never ran out of energy. Some part of me wished he would have let me go. Survival of the fittest right?

It's odd now that I look back on everything that has come to be. Almost like I was always in a daze contemplating things I knew I could never do. Or so I thought. At first it just started out that way. I would

lie awake in bed at night thinking of the possible scenarios I might encounter or create. All the time I wasted lamenting my brother's demise was unfathomable. It only took one thought, but to get to that point took weeks. I finally had devised a perfect plan, one in which I would not be suspected.

After school Rick would always jog the 15 kilometers home from school, while everyone else took the bus. I never really understood how someone can run that far, but apparently it's possible. He never beat the bus home, but he was usually home within a reasonable time frame. He never ran out of energy. Sometimes upon arriving home he would invite me to go out and do some sort of activity with him. I usually declined but on occasion we would go hiking in the mountains, river rafting, or play some catch. He understood that I was not as athletic as he was and made it a point to never pick an activity to invite me to that was not too strenuous. He was always so nice to me, and I to him. He had no idea of the absolute hate I held in my heart for him. Why would I speak of it?

One spring afternoon he invited me to hike with him up a mountain just a few miles from our home. Much to his surprise I agreed and went with him. It was only a short drive to the foot of the mountain, but we drove up it until the road ended so we would have enough time to make it to the river and back and still have some daylight left.

"Nice day." I said to Rick ominously. He softly agreed and we started our ascent up the mountain. We talked slightly of our trip; the lengthy ways upwards and the strain on our muscles. Then it happened, as I stepped forward. He was on the edge of a cliff. I felt bad for a moment but nothing could prepare me for the happiness I felt. Just one swift motion and he was falling, tumbling down the mountain side like a mountain goat losing its footing. At first it scared me, what I had set in motion, but my fear was soon replaced as a sinister grin crept across my face. I was rid of him, forever. I had been the fittest.

As in any town, the death of one of its members does not go unnoticed. Hordes of people attended the funeral service, many of his friends wept and put flowers on his coffin. My parents were absolutely heart broken, as any parent who dies before their child would be. I wept as well and made sure to act extra sad, so I would never be expected, and I never was. All Rick's friends consoled me and took me under their wing. I soon made friends with most of them and became the social butterfly Rick always was. I never did any athletics but made sure to keep my information on them current so I would never be unprepared for a conversation. When I graduated most everyone knew who I was and wanted to be friends with me. After some time I couldn't help feeling like I stole his identity. I became all the things I hated in him and about him. I secretly hated myself for it, but couldn't stop. I had set in motion a chain of events that I could not stop. I never got away with murder, I just didn't get caught. I suppose that's something I've learned in time, now that mine is nearly up. You never really get away from anything.