

I was eighteen when I learned the truth, and not because anyone had the courage to tell me. No, instead I stumbled upon the truth in the middle of aisle seven at Publix. While choosing between cola or lemonade, I ran into her. I stood in shock, drink bottles crashing to the ground, their sickly sweet syrup spreading everywhere as the plastic shattered. She never blinked, and the smile plastered on her face seemed genuine. All I could do was stare, mouth agape catching flies. How else could I respond when it took eighteen years to learn I'm a twin?



Author's Note:

I can't remember what inspired this story, although I have a distant memory of reading something and the idea formulating of what a shock it would be to discover you're a twin unexpectedly. I gave thought to how many people believe they have a doppelgänger out there, and if one turned it into a longer story, the many ways you could convince yourself what you were seeing might not be true.

Will I ever turn it into a longer story? It could happen, but it might not. Which is a clever way of avoiding saying, "Oh, never, my plate is already incredibly full." Because it never fails that anytime I say never, it inevitably happens.

The Reluctant Author:

