

Roulette, Fate, and Soiled Boots

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Our parents were run over by a squirrel. They never wrote a will for who would keep the inheritance. My twin brother wanted to do a skill-based competition to solve that. We ran across the ocean, but we tied. We fell from the sky to see who would land the fastest, but neither of us could stop falling. We tried to see who could hold our breath the longest, only to realize neither of us needed to breathe at all. We used wasps as darts, but we only landed on bullseyes.

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I suggested that we leave it up to Fate, since she was always a kind mistress. We did a coin flip, but the coin would only land on its edge. We rolled dice, but it would only land on 2. We spun a giant wheel, but the wheel never stopped spinning. We decided on an ultimatum: russian roulette. We spun our wrist. Two clicks. We pointed our fingers to our heads.

13

I heard a loud bang and blood splattered all over. He laid on the ground, lazily. “There’s blood... on my boots.”

Silence.

“THERE IS BLOOD ON MY BOOTS.”

Ignoring me. It was typical of him. Unable to clean up his own messes. I threw the boots away.

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I kept the inheritance since he never got up for whatever reason. Neither of us even knew what our parents had. We didn’t know we had parents at all.

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I was given a goose that laid golden eggs. Boring. A tree that dropped crumpled hundred dollar bills. Typical. A pond of liquid gold: Tasteless.

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Was I Froth and he Nabal? Or was I Nabal and he Froth?

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He never did wake up. Why didn’t he?

Why was I still here? And not them?	8
What did he want the inheritance for?	7
What did I even want out of it?	6
Fate's a cruel whore, wish I knew.	5
She's just a guess told too late.	4
Russian Roulette. Again.	3
One click.	2
Alone.	1
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