

# Born Lucky

My sister, Ruth, just called. I didn't recognise her voice.

"How are you, Jess," she says. As if she cares. We've hardly talked since she moved to Hampstead three years ago and went posh. She's checking I've got the solicitor's letter too. Hers must be a formality. I was always Uncle Sid's favourite, "His lovely jolly Jess." I'm sure he thought Ruth was up herself, like all my friends.

I can't stop imagining what he's left me. He had a flat overlooking the Thames, a dream house in the Cotswolds and a villa in Tuscany. Any of them would cap Ruth's house. And I'll probably get lots of dosh as well and maybe a choice of his sports cars. I'm looking forward to watching her face, at the solicitors, when she hears what I'm getting.

My sister oozes talent but what good has that done her? My luck always trumps her hard work.

I guess I've known this all my life. Better be born lucky than talented. I mean being simply good at things not an X Factor winner, that would be magic, of course.

Second born, I was lucky from the start. Ruth had to be sensible and look out for me. I soon discovered I could be naughty and she usually got the blame. Well, she was bossy and deserved it.

I used to hate her being clever and all that, never having been much cop at anything myself. She got praise, I got commiseration. Though, she was pressured to practice things while my time was my own. And I got as many treats as her, without effort. She resented that but Mum and Dad had to look fair, didn't they? Don't moan, I told her. It's your choice to get better at things.

All my life, I have thrived in her shadow.

I know I wasn't as pretty and never directly dated by the handsome boys, like her, but they didn't stay long, as lots of other girls were chasing them. Several, she rejected, took me to raves they'd booked for her. She didn't like that. I wasn't competitive just relaxed and laughed at their jokes and one of them married me.

Now, Ruth and her husband think they're a different class, with their Victorian town house on The Heath and flashy friends. But things are going to change big time soon. Luck will out..

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I can't believe Uncle Sid's will. "Jess has been my favourite all my life and I have treated her well; I hope she will understand I ought to favour Ruth now. I want her to fulfil her dreams, she's worked so hard".

She's getting the London flat and £200k so she can take a sabbatical and study at Chelsea Art College, I'm just getting £50k if I take care of his dog. I hate dogs. I don't understand. He's left the rest to a Climate Change Charity. I thought I was lucky for life.

493 Words Inspiration: GREAT EXPECTATIONS by Charles Dickens