Story about Painting/ Irene sitting in an Easy Chair by Rowland Wheelwright

Identical

"Irene sitting knitting in an easy chair. A lovely peaceful sight. You'd never know what's happened."

From the doorway of the room, Irene's brother, Gerald looked on fondly but did not disturb things. A quiet, undisturbed evening was just what he needed. He slipped away into the dining room and poured himself a drink.

By the fire, Irene tackled her knitting confidently. She had a basket of assorted coloured wools on the table beside her. The design she was tackling involved changing colour frequently, finishing off one shade and joining in another. The garment on Irene's lap grew rapidly, brown and cream and green intermingled. She was wearing those very same colours herself. A visitor earlier in the day had asked her why she was knitting something identical to what she was wearing.

" You've already knitted a lovely top just like that." The visitor questioned.

In the background, Gerald and Irene's mother were mouthing something. The visitor began to feel she had said something wrong.

"Sh." The mother frowned, and put her finger on her lip.

Irene turned to face her visitor. She knew what they were saying.

Her knitting needles clicked fiercely. "I'm making this for my sister. For Marjorie, she's my twin sister. We're identical twins. She's going to love the colours I'm using." The visitor nodded enthusiastically.

"And mother always likes us to dress identically. It's such fun having a twin."

Saying her goodbyes quickly, the visitor left the room. As she crossed the hall, Gerald hurried after her.

"It's so sad," he said. "Irene hasn't got a twin sister anymore. Marjorie died of the Spanish 'Flu just after the war. But Irene has never accepted that her beloved sister is not coming back. So, we just have to let her keep knitting. Oh dear" he sighed.

302 words