

Partners In Crime

I admire my older brother so much. He is literally two minutes my senior, and never lets me forget it.

As identical twins we are different, not in looks, just personality. Jay is cheeky, confident, sporty. I am the smart one. I could have a laugh, but I also knew when to knuckle down and achieve.

As kids, Jay blamed me for his misdemeanours. I didn't mind, after all he was my 'big' brother, and would have done the same for me. **I THINK.**

I always did well at school, whereas Jay would scrape through. I was encouraged to take my math's A level a year early and passed with flying colours. A couple of years later, Jay was struggling with math's and asked me to take the exam for him. It was wrong, but he was desperate.

'I swear to God Paul, I will **never** ask you to cover for me again.'

I wasn't happy. As I turned the paper over, I was tempted to fail deliberately, but how could I do that to him? We were a team. **WEREN'T WE?**

He passed, but I made damn sure that his score was lower than mine!

After that I refused to help him, ever. 'Remember that promise?' I would remind him, and he begrudgingly backed down.

At 21, I was a trainee accountant, Jay an electrician. He had met Tara and spent most of his spare time with her.

One Friday night, Tara and Jay went into town for a drink, I was at home studying. Around 11pm Jay tapped on my bedroom door and whispered

'I think I'm in trouble.'

'What on earth.....?'

'I punched someone, just once, he was looking at Tara, he went down with a bang. Paul I need you to take the rap for this one.'

The anger surged from my stomach into my throat. It was difficult to speak. I choked out

'You promised me never again.'

'It won't be for long. I haven't told anyone yet, but in 3 weeks Tara and I are getting married in Scotland. We have saved for a year; I can't let her down. PLEASE Paul, as soon as we're back, I'll go to the police and confess.'

'I can't do it.'

The next morning there was a loud knock at the front door. I opened it to find two police officers towering over me.

'Someone of your description punched a man outside The Traitor's Gate last night. We have reason to believe that it's you.'

In that split moment I thought of my lovely twin, of all the fun times we had had together and decided to help one final time. He would have done the same. **WOULDN'T HE?**

'Yes, that was me, is he ok?'

They locked handcuffs around my wrists.

'He died at the scene'

Jay won't let me down. He'll confess. We are close. Teammates.

He wouldn't betray me. Yet I have been in this prison cell for 6 months already without a word from him, but I will hear, **WON'T I?**