



KYLE

"Everyone Loved My Brother."

OCTOBER 2016 – FREE SHORT STORY

Kurt, from the C I N Series, turned into one of the grandest villains of 1980. What and who drove him over the edge? I'm afraid, I must admit that, it all started with his twin brother, Kyle...

Christina Leigh Pritchard

A short based on Kurt's rotten beginning.

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a FREE! short by Christina Leigh Pritchard



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NOTE TO READER:

FREE! Shorts KYLE, KURT, and ANTHONY were originally going to be much different than what you're about to read. Unfortunately for Kurt, I needed to vent out my emotions due to a terrible tragedy that happened Friday night March 29, 2013 to someone I cared very much for. I'm sorry Kurt, for changing your story, but it's just the way it goes. (I guess, even though I hate Frank—I should apologize to him too.) Ryan's family: I'm so sorry for your loss. All I can do is share in it with you. My heart goes out to you.

Part One

KYLE



There exists...Yes, existence. How many times I wish to understand mine... Time moves slow for me. I watch the ones I love disappear, the places I frequented find new uses and yet, I can't forget what Frank did to me; what they *all* did to me.

Kurt

~Part One~



“Take your brother to the park, Kurt.” My mother’s voice was muffled behind the sound of her dryer. “He needs to take his insulin before dinner, don’t forget.”

“I gotta take Kyle everywhere,” I complained. “He’s annoying.”

“Be happy you’ve got someone to play with. When I was your age I wished I had a sibling.” My mother closed the bathroom door signaling the end to our conversation.

Kyle sat in the corner with his feet pressed against the wall. His glasses and retainer lay next to him while he climbed the wall, balancing on his head.

It ceased to amaze me that we came from the same womb. Kyle had to be adopted; there wasn’t any other reasonable explanation for his oddness.

“Kyle, c’mon, mom says I gotta take you to the park.”

My brother smiled, exposing the remnants of an orange ice pop. “I don’t particularly like playing outside.” His voice was nasally and I grew an instant headache, as soon as his lips parted. How in the world was he my twin brother? “There’s pollen and dangerous spurs in the air. Why not experience real entertainment?”

I rolled my eyes. “Oh, and letting the blood rush to your head is true fun?”

He laughed like a horse, sliding down the wall onto his back. “No. Of course not!” He snorted, his body bouncing rhythmically. “Oh you’re hilarious.”

“Okay, I’m so funny, ha, ha. Can we go already?” I pointed at his retainer. “And try to keep that in your mouth this time, huh?”

“I didn’t enjoy the spider venom on our last venture to the brush.” Kyle shoved his retainer into his mouth. “I feel discontent.”

“Please, can you talk like a normal person?” I stood, motioning for him to follow me out the front door. He shrugged, placing his glasses on his face. *Did he have to take twenty years to do everything?* “And there was no spider venom. A tiny spider landed on your shoe. You act like you came in contact with a deadly monster and barely made it back alive.”

“I don’t feel right inside my bones today. It’s as if I’m experiencing inner turmoil.” He snapped in his suspenders.

Did he need to wear those? Didn’t he understand the taunting I received due to his oddness?

“Please stop buying suspenders, Kyle. We’re going to middle school this year. Everyone is going to laugh at you if you keep wearing those things.”

He glanced down at his prized suspenders. “Dad gave them to me.”

And dad was gone...

“Let’s go already.”

“Don’t you miss Dad?”

I ignored him, running ahead.

“Kurt! Wait for me. I’ll have an asthma attack!”

I groaned, slowing to a drudge.

“I do feel strange inside, as if the park holds darkness for us today.”

“Shut up, Kyle!”

“Fine, fine,” he pushed up his glasses. “I’ll keep my thoughts to myself for the rest of the evening. Will that make you happy?”

I nodded. “I’ll be ecstatic if you keep your trap closed.”

We followed the path towards the park. It was small and most of the playground posts were covered in graffiti. Kyle usually spent the day white washing over it, but today he must've felt the paint fumes to be much too harmful for his delicate body...

"We won't have to play alone today!" He pointed towards the jungle gym. A tall boy about our age stood over the bouncy bridge hooting like an Indian. His hair and eyes were dark and he wore ripped jeans and a stained white undershirt.

I grabbed my brother's shirt. "Don't be weird. Let me do all the talking, alright?"

Kyle rolled his eyes. "Why befriend someone if we cannot be true to ourselves?"

"Just stay quiet, okay?"

We stepped into the sand, our feet sinking.

"Hi, I'm Kurt and this is my brother Kyle. Are you new?" I stepped forward.

"Name's Frank. Yeah, I'm an army brat. I travel a lot. Ever played cowboys and Indians?"

I nodded.

Frank pointed below him. Underneath the bouncy bridge inside a tube was Dee and her little brother Anthony. They lived across the street from us. Dee was in high school. What was she doing playing with a middle schooler? And Anthony still wet the bed and played with Kyle—even though he was several years younger and still in grade school.

"We're playing something similar," Frank said. His dark eyes glistened. "It's a game I made up called 'fed up husband'."

I glanced back at Kyle. He shook his head, pointing at Dee. I took a closer look. Was there tape over her mouth?

My lip trembled. "H-How do you play?"

"Oh, simple, really." Frank grabbed an orange gas can off the edge of the bouncy bridge. "When the 'husband' gets tired of his family and wants to start over," Frank

said, pouring gasoline on top of the tunnel's roof. "He simply cleans house all the while hooting like an Indian."

"That's inhumane, Frank." Kyle shouted.

"Shut up." I ordered.

"Let's play, Kurt." Frank smiled, flashing white teeth. "He tossed me a lighter."

I froze.

"This is insanity." Kyle stomped over to Anthony and Dee. They shook their heads viciously. "I shall not tolerate such behavior."

Frank sighed. "What a shame, Kyle. I thought we could be friends."

My heart stopped. My mind raced—just as fast as the trail of fire Frank lit. He tossed a match onto the gasoline and a line of fire ignited. It raced towards my brother. "Get out of there, Kyle!" I screamed shoving him out of the way.

Frank laughed, tossing more gasoline into the sand around us. "Burn, baby, burn." He twirled like a clumsy ballerina. "Here's to my beautiful bride." He clicked a lighter.

"Stop it," I charged into Frank. He dropped the lighter and tumbled to his knees. He grabbed the edge of the slide and climbed onto the bouncy bridge. I followed, seizing him by the pants. "Leave my brother alone."

"Chill out," Frank said, waving his arms in defeat. "It was a sick prank. No one was gonna burn."

I watched Kyle untie Anthony. The young boy raced out of the tunnel in hysterical sobs.

I narrowed my eyes, gripping his shirt tight. "It doesn't look like a prank to me."

Frank nodded. A slow, wicked smile spread across his face. "It's not." He shoved me hard.

I fell backwards, over the bridge, landing in the sand. Gasoline encircled me. One tiny spark and I've be dead. Where was my brother?

Kyle was still in the tunnel trying to untie Dee. "Get out of there!" I cried. "Get out, Kyle!"

He ripped the tape from Dee's mouth. She screamed.

Dee jerked about. "He's sick, he's sick. Go, Kyle. Please, just go!"

"I cannot leave a damsel in distress."

My stupid, lovable brother!

Frank hooted. I glanced back at the army brat. He lit another match and let it fall on top of the tunnel where Dee and my brother hid. Flames erupted. "Leave me!" Dee wailed. "Get out before he kills you too."

"Leave her!" I screamed, sobbing. "Leave her, please, just get out of there." I shook uncontrollably, feeling sand sting my eyes.

...to be continued in November's FREE Story Newsletter.

What happened to my friend: [click here](#).

http://articles.sun-sentinel.com/2013-03-30/news/fl-boynton-fatal-stabbing-20130330_1_police-spokeswoman-stephanie-slater-police-officer-patron

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