

Double Take

Girard

On his way to another conference, Girard was daydreaming. He was incredibly annoyed that he had to go to another conference. His family is what one would consider to be quite rich. His great-great-great-grandfather was Matt Huckleberry. He was some entitled rich prick. All Girard cared about was that he got money. Girard was annoyed with life. What had he done to deserve such mistreatment? His dad who was in the hospital currently owned the business. "You need to start taking some more responsibility Girard." All his life Girard had it really easy. But as far as he was concerned, his childhood sucked. Constantly doing chores and being asked to walk the dog. Now he was 26 and things had only gotten worse. Having to work??? Atrocious. That is something only scum do. So what if this business had been running in the family for a while. Girard just wanted to keep it going, but not have to do any work. Was that too much to ask?

"Beep Beep!" "WOAH" He spaced out again. A car almost hit him. "WATCH IT" He heard faintly from the car. Finally at the building where the meeting was being held, he saw many people in black suits. He greeted everyone, and then sat down. "All right, let's get started everyone" he sighed. "So, what is this meeting about? Right. Giving the family business to me." He thought. "Alright, so what do I have to do so that I can have ownership as quickly as possible? That is not really how this works. It is a process that will take a while Mr. Girard." Well, that's just great.

"Mr. Girard, you need to have a written plan for the next few years. Some idea of how you plan on improving the business. Be specific Mr. Girard. What do you plan on doing for the

next ten years?" "I don't need a written plan, I have it in my head" he lied. "Well, this plan will need to be reviewed by the board of directors. It also needs to be detailed enough so that if they have any questions about the plan they can ask you. We want this plan to work out for you. Are you sure you know how we want this to work?" He slouched a bit at the fact that he had to answer such direct questions about his personal business, but answered truthfully "Yes. What do I have to do for you to trust me?" "Great, just let me know when you have this plan in place".

Onto another matter. "What? Another matter? This is all we were scheduled to talk about."

Girard thought. "We noticed that on the legal documents for the company, there was another name. Someone named Hubert Huckleberry. The same last name as you. I think you need to have a chat with your father." "What on earth could this mean?" He thought?

Hubert

Hubert woke up with a start. He had another bad night of sleep on a park bench. At least this time, the cops had not come to kick him off of the property. Hubert had found his temporary home, a small shed tucked next to the river. He had used some of the wood to build a lean-to around it, and the roof leaked. A single candle in a cupboard provided the only light.

His situation was more comfortable than the night before. At least there was a toilet.

He was walking through the park looking for food, when a man dressed in a very fancy looking suit came up to him and asked him to go with him. This was very unusual, so Hubert asked "Am I in trouble?" "No, there is just something that we must talk about" He was brought to the local hospital. The man checked them in. "This is Hubert Huckleberry." How did He know

Hubert's name? The man brought him to room 148. "Mr. Huckleberry, may we come in? I have Hubert with me." Mr. Huckleberry? What? But that was Hubert's name. When he entered, he saw a very ill looking man in a bed, he seemed to be in his mid 60s.

"Hello Hubert." The man said "Hello? Who are you?" "I am your father Hubert." Hubert was not sure what to think. Had he been dreaming? Was this a scam? "Why are you doing this now? Why didn't you tell me sooner?" He asked "Because your mother ran away with you, and I believe my end is approaching quickly. I have cancer, you see. It was something that was better left unknown until now. Do you have a phone?" "No, why?" "I know this is a lot to dump on you all at once, but you also have a brother. I thought you two might want to connect. Here, take this." He gestured to the man in the fancy suit, and he gave him a very fancy-looking phone. "That phone has his number on it, and I will tell him to contact you soon. His name is Girard. In the meantime I have rented you a hotel while you wait. This is the address." He handed Hubert a slip of paper with the address 333 Figueroa Street. "Just tell them your name when you get there, and they will direct you to your room."

Girard

The next day, Girard went to visit his father in the hospital. They were talking for a while, and then Girard mentioned the fact that another name was on the deed for the company. "Oh". His father's face immediately drooped. "You know that your mother and I split up when you were very young." "Yes yes, you have told me this a million times." Girard said.

Well, there is a part I may have left out. When we had you, we got a scan to see what you looked like, but then the doctors noticed that there was something else in her stomach. Another

baby." "What are you saying?" "I'm saying that you have a brother. Unfortunately your mother has passed. I have been meaning to tell-``"WHAT?!?!" He cut his father off. "I HAD A BROTHER THIS WHOLE TIME AND YOU NEVER THOUGHT TO MENTION IT?" How could this be? He didn't know much about his mother, all he knew was that his parents had split up when he was only 2. His whole world was collapsing. He was never taught to share anything, this is not what was supposed to happen. He was going to find a wife, and grow old with her while having a cushy life. He stormed out and went back to his home. He checked his phone, and his father texted him a number and said "When you are ready he is waiting for a text." "Alright. Calm yourself." He thought. Girard took hours deciding what to write.

Hubert

Hubert was enjoying his stay at the hotel. His room was incredible compared to the places he had slept in during the last few weeks. There was one large bed, beautifully made, a flatscreen TV, and even a glistening chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Then one day, his phone buzzed. He hastily picked it up. It read: Hello Hubert, this is Girard. I was wondering if you wanted to go out for coffee today." Wow! Hubert could not believe this was happening. He went to the coffee shop that they had decided on, and sat down.

After an hour of waiting, a very well dressed man walked through the door and sat down across from him. "Umm, Hi." Hubert said. "Hello." They sat in awkward silence for a few seconds, and Girard said, "So what do you think about the company?" "What company?" "Well the family business of course." Family business? "I did not know there was one, is it nice?" "You didn't know there was a family business? It is called H and CO." "That is what the H stands for?!?!" Hubert said. H and CO was one of the largest businesses around. "Yes, the ownership is

in the process of being passed down to the both of us.” “Wait, so you mean to say that I am going to own part of this business?” “Yeah” “That is incredible!” “Yeah its alright I guess.” Girard said. “It is a pretty nice family business though.”

Hubert was happy. He had always wanted to own a business of his own. Girard said “Well, we should go to the office and get our meeting done.” “Meeting?!” “Yes. Oh, dad didn't tell you there was a meeting today? Its fine. We will quickly go to a tailor and get you some proper clothes.” Once they had finished, Hubert looked like a new man. They entered the office and started the meeting. Everyone looked so fancy. Even Hubert. When it was over, Girard had presented and won the board over. Hubert was going to learn to be integrated into society, and Girard was going to have to learn to support him. He had a family.

Artist's Statement

I chose these two perspectives because they are entirely different. Girard is a very rich and classy man. He has grown up in a society where everything was done for him and he never had to get his hands dirty. On the other hand, Hubert has grown up with no mother, an absent father, and has been homeless. He has had to sleep on park benches and in dirty places. He has had to work double as hard as everyone else for every little thing. This contrast makes the story interesting. My story engaged the essential question, because it showed how much people's lives can be affected by family. They both are changing because of this event. I used many thoughtshots in the story and there was a lot of dramatic irony. For example, "He was going to find a wife, and grow old with her while having a cushy life". This shows Girard's secret desire of how he wants his life to go, that nobody else knows about. I also created some snapshots. One of the best snapshots was "There was one large bed, beautifully made, a flatscreen TV, and even a glistening chandelier hanging from the ceiling." This makes it so that the reader can visualize what the room really looked like. I used dialogue to further the story, and show the reader exactly what happened. For example, "Wait, so you mean to say that I am going to own part of this business?" "Yeah" "That is incredible!" It can show the emotions of the character. In this example, it shows Hubert's excitement. A motif I used that recurred in the story was the difference between the characters. "Wait, so you mean to say that I am going to own part of this business?" "Yeah" "That is

incredible!” “Yeah it's alright I guess.” Hubert is excited and appreciative of the business while Girard is bored with it.