

Certain figures were chosen to lose things for the sake of a story, things like unicorns, or kidneys.

I believe I am one of these people, and in my own interest, I live with few axioms.

I did not—will not— and most certainly do not want to bite anyone's fingers.

I would not like to go to candy mountain, I am perfectly content anywhere else.

And no matter where 'anywhere else' is, no matter who asks, never *try* to punt a football, particularly around Thanksgiving.

My twin is the simple one. Us together, however, is exceedingly complex.

He lives free of my axioms; and beyond that, enables scrutinizing comparison.

He is blond (and tall), whereas I have brown hair and more modest proportions.

Family festivities seemed to have the least fun game of spot-the-difference scripted from the kickoff.

“Wow! So tall!”— Grandma turned towards me, the same height as always.

And I heard her think: *I can't compliment one but not the other, what should I say?*

She said: “So wide!”

As I'm rather content with my width, hair color, and height, my circumstances would've been bearable... had my name not been *Charlie*.

Charles for fans of formality.

I've been presented aside my contemporary— Ted and Charlie—more than either of us have been presented independently.

So when the rest of the world— the rabble— has to distinguish us, certain mnemonic devices are/were inevitably employed.

'Charlie Brown' is the first offense, sampling my hair (and it's juxtaposition with Ted's).

It didn't seem to matter that no one was named Lucy.

The namesake was a prion lying in wait, waiting to blight me— waiting, of course, for the neighborhood kids to discover football.

My name taught me that if someone holds the ball for you, don't kick it.

'Charlie Bit my Finger' caused immeasurable damage to my day to day.

In my formative years, to be accused of a crime of that nature on the daily.

To have as judge, jury, and executioner: teachers. Who unaware of the viral video, came to believe I was a serial biter.

Despite never having bitten anyone, I came to believe it too.

'Charlie the Unicorn' is a cousin-favorite video, and one I remember bittersweetly.

The incessant references ignited my childhood fascination with unicorns, and resulted in a stuffed animal, Unicorny.

Regrettably, Unicorny ended up going to candy mountain.

As of my brother's Bar Mitzvah, 15 years ago, the horned horse has been lost in Jerusalem.

All I was left, a nostalgic ache every time I see a Unicorn. That, and an unflinching belief that Golgotha is made of candy.

