

Double Shock of Espresso

Marcie drew her thick, purple jacket tighter across her chest as she walked through the main part of campus. Her mid-length, dark brown hair flew across her face with the wind, and she used one hand to brush it back. Red, yellow, and orange leaves scampered across the ground, and she could hear the wind dancing among the tree limbs. *Perks of having long hair*, she sighed. She thought again about cutting it short, then thought better of it. Andrew always said he liked it long. Not that she always did what Andrew said, she didn't, but she greatly valued his opinion.

She lifted her gaze from the ground to around the tables outside the main dining hall. *Where is he?* Her eyes flitted from one person to the next, searching for someone familiar. Not seeing him outside, she peeked inside the downstairs part of the cafeteria. *Nope, not there!* She tried the Starbucks next door. *Bingo!* There he was, at the back of the line. Standing there in a green, Patagonia jacket, blue jeans, tennis shoes and a backpack, the twenty-something's sandy blond hair and blue eyes were tough to miss. Marcie ran up to him and put her hand on his arm.

"Hey, you, I was looking all over for ya!" Her merriment beamed out of her smile and chocolate colored eyes.

"You were?" Andrew raised an eyebrow and looked at her.

"Yeah, silly! We're meeting here to do homework and you wanted to tell me somethin', remember?"

Andrew slowly nodded, still confused. "OK, sure."

Marcie gave him an inquiring look, then stared ahead at the menu. A few moments later, she put on a cheery smile and asked, "What are you going to get?"

"Probably a cold brew."

"Interesting." *Andrew always gets a plain latte with 3 packs of sugar. Maybe he's branching out?*

"Have you ever had one?"

"No, I always go for the hot chocolate this time of day. You know how it is."

He nodded and returned his gaze forward as John Mayer's "Free Fallin'" came over the radio. Marcie smiled to herself during the chorus, enjoying the new sound Mayer gave to the song.

"Is that a new backpack?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Andrew furrowed his eyebrows and took a small step to the side.

"Don't you normally have a blue backpack? This is black."

"No, I've had this since middle school."

Marcie also took a step back and frowned at him. "OK. I don't know what you're tryin' to pull, but this isn't funny anymore, Andrew! You said earlier you wanted to meet here because you had something to tell me, so why don't you go ahead and say it?"

Andrew began to say something, but then was cut off.

"You can go ahead now," a guy who looked just like Andrew, except that he wore a gray hoodie, walked up to them and stood next to him. "I'll watch our spot."

Marcie's eyebrows flew to the top of her forehead and her eyes widened. "You... and you..." she confusedly pointed to them.

"Thanks," the guy Marcie had been talking to quietly thanked the other one and quickly left the scene.

“Andrew?”

The real Andrew grinned at her. “It’s me. Sorry about that, I was in the restroom, so Jonathan kept our spot in line.”

Slowly, understanding dawned on Marcie’s face. “So you didn’t get a new backpack! Or a new jacket! I was wondering!”

“Nope,” Andrew laughed and Marcie caught a glimpse of his blue backpack. “What I was going to tell you is that my brother Jonathan just transferred here. He’s my twin, so I wanted you to know, just in case you were confused for a little while.”

“No foolin’!” Marcie laughed. “Well, thank ya for telling me.”

“You’re welcome,” Andrew gave her a side hug and smiled. “How about I buy you a hot chocolate. My treat.”