

It was a dark and stormy night, but, you know, it wasn't that dark, nor was it stormy. It was a night like any other in truth, but this night was about to get dark in spirit and stormy in emotion. The Full Moon shone in the sky like a beacon towards home. A home you don't remember, and you've never asked to go.

We rode our bikes down the yellow dashes in the street, as fast as our legs could peddle. Sweat grabbed wisps of hair and matted them to our face in the start of a burial shroud. Chase dragged the back of their hand across their forehead, forestalling the inevitable. Hunter leaned forward over the handlebars hoping the zipping wind from the wheels would dry the sweat from their eyes. As the youngest, I only concerned myself with pushing through the pain in my legs so that I would not be left behind. They would be my protectors, but they were equally my tormentors.

I lost them when they crossed over the last hill. They could have coasted down the hill and made sure to be in sight when I finally crested the top myself. I imagine that Chase tucked down and they both peddled harder than they ever had before. I didn't lose them, so much as they lost me, on purpose.

I used all the power I had getting to the top. The muscles in my thighs dripped to my toes and the skin warbled in their absence. I knew they'd be hiding in the cemetery when I got there, however long it took me. I held the handlebars gently, as I was not yet brave enough to let go completely. I let my feet slide off the pedals and held them out wide enough to not get clipped as the pedals continued to spin as if a ghost was now in the race. I tossed my head back and howled to the moon. Chase and Hunter would have shuddered at the sound if they were still alive to hear.

As the bike hit the junction of pavement and grass, I lurched forward and over bars I had feared releasing earlier. I didn't land on my feet like a powerful phoenix from the heavens as my brothers did every time. I tumbled and scratched one knee bloody. They were gods and I was now alone.

