

The Double

Why is it so hard to get a taxi in New York? What am I supposed to do now? Here comes another one, I thought, As I started shaking my hand out in the street. Thankfully it stopped. Now my hand was turning green and red due to the cold and I was late for work. Julian was going to kill me. I am done with this job, and with him. What kind of excuse am I going to come up with?

- "Uhhh, Lady don't make me waste my time, were do you want me to take you." The driver said calling back my attention.
- "Rockefeller center please" I said as I answered thinking of the greedy tone everybody in New York seemed to have. I should have stayed in Fort Lauderdale I thought, I should have listened to my mom.

Obviously, the traffic that day was as usual; jammed with cars mostly yellow cabs, and as usual I was about fifteen minutes late for work. I started putting on my make up, as the cab pulled in front of the 40 floor building with the "Rockefeller center" sign right on top of the door. Great I thought, now with half make up on and 15 minutes late, what else could go wrong? I know I am missing something, what could it possibly be? I tried to recall my daily routine and obviously realized what was missing: Jualan's fat free latte with one bag of splenda. Great, know I have to go back to Starbucks, there's one down the street. Suddenly a strong wind rampage came making everybody tremble and the 3 degrees feel like -15. I am going to freeze walking with this weather. Think of Florida, I thought to myself. Try to bring warm thoughts in hear.

Every step I took to the damn Starbucks I thought one word that described Florida: sun , blue sky, beach, crocodile, crocodiles in pools, crocodiles everywhere. This made me laugh, remembering one usual Sunday I was tanning by the pool until I heard my little sister scream. She was just about to go jump at the pool, when she saw a little alligator swimming. Fun days, I remembered. As I swapped back to reality entering the Starbucks. To my delight there were about ten people in line, and about other 10 waiting for their order to be done. The women were all in Dolce and Gabbana heels, and Fendi coat while men mostly wore Valentino. I had to fit in, so before starting this internship I spend most of my savings on five dresses to go to work. Stupid me. I sat on a huge chair near the entrance door while I waited for my turn to order. Once more I missed home. I wanted my mom to be right here with me. I missed everything, every little detail, even the torn apart picture that my mother always kept right next to her bed. She said she was my cousin, who, according to her she died from cancer and I never got to meet her. She was very beautiful and looked like me; brown eyes, blue hair and very thin and tall. She was the gorgeous version of me.

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“Turn 32” I heard the man who worked a starbucks yell . I looked down at the little paper I had received at the entrances and realized it was mine. Finally I thought as I walked to place the order, which thankfully did not take long. I took a look down at my watch, now it was 8 o’clock. I was about an hour late, and probably get really yelled at by Julian. Obviously, as soon as I opened the door everything was as usual: a freezing cold and the streets filled with so much people I could barely walk. Gratefully, after

suering about 100 times and pushing about 200 people I finally arrived to the Rockefeller center. Finally, a little moment of peace in the reception. This lasted about 10 seconds until I pushed the 39 bottom in the elevator and as it went up, I could hear the screaming of people investing others peoples money. Finally 39, breathe deeply I though to myself, and just apologize an say you are sorry. The door open, and in millisecond later Julian started screaming my name stopping every syllable to take a deep breathe

- "ASSSHHHH-LEYYYYY" he screamed.
- "Julian, I am so sorry, this morning I almost could not get a taxi..." I blabbed as I told him the whole story.
- "Ashley, I thought you were taking photocopies down stairs, the one I gave to you about thirty minutes ago.! He answered In a confused voice.

I did not know what was going on. This man had definitely lost his mind. I did what everybody else told me to do in case Julian became crazy with me. I just smile and nodded. Deep breathe. Smile and nod again. He just stared at me with a blank look. Had I become crazy? He just kept on staring at me for what seemed like forever, and I continue to nod and smile. It seemed like the whole floor got summed in an immense silence. Suddenly, the elevator door behind me started to open. Julian looked behind me, and then right back at me. He did this several times and then several people started to do the same thing. After a few minutes Julian whispered to himself "Noo way this is impossible." I turned around and saw my cousin from my mom`s photo standing right in front of me.

-“Who are you?” I asked

- “Ashley Benson” She answered confidentially

-“ I am Ashley Benson” I replied I have been working here for a month.

-“What? I have been working here for a month, I am Ashley Benson.” She said in an elevated voice.

Next to this was complete silence. Julian stared blankly at us. Then I just screamed- “Get this psycho out of here.” And Julian called the police immediately. I don’t know why he decided to believe me. Next, Julian tried to grabb the girl who claimed to be me by the arm but she just slipped away and started running towards the stairs. Then a girl who worked with me, started to follow her, and another person called the guards to they could block the doors. She was blocked; she did not had any escape. During these events I was shocked, I have trouble remembering them. I just know that when I crushed back to reality that girl was being taken in the police car to be questioned. I had many doubts in my head? And I had to resolve them. The first thing I had to do was to go back to Florida, which did not seemed so sunny after all.

The End.