

THE RUBBER OF TRUTH

“Oh no, not again,” I murmured as I heard my brother came rushing down the stairs like a lightning flash. “I will hide under the sofa and not even breathe so he won’t notice me,” I thought.

“Kilian!” I heard Vincent call “I invented a game.” This could be interesting.

“Come” I called back to him. It was a big mistake to let me into this. I heard him coming down the last steps. He was in the living room.

Our living room is the biggest room in our house. There is two black sofas, they kind of make a corner. In the corner made by sofas there is a little table made out of wood and glass. Behind one of the sofas there was a shelf with CDs and DVDs. There is also a table to eat. It’s to the left when you come in. Next to the table is a shelf where we keep all kinds of nice things like little glass figures.

Vincent came closer to the sofa where I was sitting. Now I wondered. I expected him to have a paper and a dice in his hand, but instead there was a rubber gripped tight in his hand.

“Why in the world do you have a rubber in your hand?!” I asked in confusement. “Let me explain he said, trying to look intelligent, which didn’t really work because to look intelligent, you have to have circle-glasses and a big grey afro-hairstyle. Vincent has long blond hair, blue eyes and those without glasses. He continued, “I’ve marked this rubber with yes and no. You throw the rubber but before, you ask it a question.”

“But this won’t work!” I argued “I’m not stupid!”

“It will, believe me,” Vincent replied.

I knew this was madness, but somehow it convinced me. Maybe it was the fine smell of codelets that deafened my senses, or it was Vincent who

secretly hypnotized me and didn't let me remember. I snatched the rubber and asked it

"Am I intelligent?" It seemed like an eternity till it finally stopped jumping around and stood still. Now it finally stood still. I couldn't trust my eyes. The answer on the top was impossible. The answer on the top stung my eyes like hornets sting you when you hurt them. On the top of the rubber stood the horrible word: NO!

Then I heard my brother ask the same question as I did. This couldn't be true! I pinched myself so I would make sure it wasn't all a bad dream. The answer said: YES!

Questions after questions followed like, "Am I going to be rich?" or "Am I going to have a Ferrari?". The answers were always the same. No for me, and yes for him. Except when I asked "Am I going to be poor?" But the answer for that question was yes.

"Am I going to have a mansion?" was the final question. No for me, yes for him. Of course. Then Vincent started to laugh. He created so much wind his teeth could fall out because of the pressure he made. Now the fury took over my brain like a woodfire with wind and heat. I threw myself on Vincent. He was still laughing. Probably because I couldn't cause more damage than a little bug. But I new exactly that as soon as I hurt him he'll hurt me. I tried to hit him, tried to on the other side. Oh no, that was not a try...

Now it would get serious. BASH!!! I could feel the pain signal shooting through my nerves from my cheek to my brain only a millionth of a nano seconds till I would feel the pa...

"Aaaaaaaaaooooooooouuuuuuuuu!" Now it wasn't the hornets stinging in my eyes, they were stinging in my cheek. It wasn't that bad, but why not get Vincet in trouble.

"Aaaaaaaaaooooooooouuuuuuuuu!" I repeated.

Suddenly the door flung open.

“What happened treasure?” I heard my mom with a worried voice.

“He hit me! It hurts!” I sobbed.

“How dare you hit him Vincent! Go up in your room! And no pocket money!” said mum in a very strict voice.

“But he...” stammered Vincent

“I don’t care what he said!” Mum disturbed “You did the bad thing!” Vincent went upstairs with only traces anger in his face. Now that Vincent was away I could focus on my comic without anyone annoying me. So always remember, whatever your siblings do to you, always bring them in trouble.
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