

The double-sided Man

“Here he comes again,” said Tom, “Who’s he going to get to treat him to a pint tonight?”

“I think it’s my turn,” said Dick.

They had all been at school together and all except Harry had managed to get a decent job. Harry on the other hand managed to get himself injured while doing a wheelie on his bike. Doctors couldn’t find out what was wrong with his back and he has spent the last twenty years in a wheelchair. His friends feel for him because it was both of them that egged him on to perform the wheelie on that fateful day.

Harry never moaned about his lot, it wasn’t his way of looking at things. But he would have like his finances to be better.

Tom, Dick and Harry had a good evening; they were evenly matched on a quiz night. Playing pool or darts was a different matter though, and Harry always lagged behind.

The next day while the others were at work Harry took himself out for a push down the hill to the park. It was quite a windy morning with the autumn leaves blowing around. It was by the pond that he saw it, just caught in one of the bushes. He had never bought one, never seeing the point with his luck, but he recognised it at once.... a lottery ticket. Deciding that it would be a waste not to pick it up, he leant over, a gust of wind caught his wheelchair and over he went. He got the ticket

though; he was on the ground with nobody around to help him up. He said out loud, "If only I could..." When a voice in his head came back with. *'We'll never know unless we try. We didn't know we couldn't do a wheelie before we tried, did we.'*

Always being one to listen to good advice and whose could be better than his own, he gave it a go. Three times he tried and three times he fell down, but on the fourth attempt he made it. He stood there and surveyed his surrounding from an angle he had never seen before. It was stunning, he wondered if he could propel himself forward with his legs. "YES, I'VE DONE IT." He shouted. Nobody heard him though. Lower limbs were getting a bit tired now, so he sat down in his wheelchair for a bit.

On the way home the decision was made. He would not tell anyone about this morning and work on his walking and surprise them all when he was really good and didn't need his wheel chair at all.

As each day went by his improvement became more noticeable. After a few weeks it came to the day he was going to impress his mates. He'd wheel himself into the pub, then stand up and say, "It's my round."

Things didn't go that way though. He wheeled himself in; Tom and Dick were sitting with two pretty girls. He drew up to the table and said, "Hello."

“Ah Harry,” Tom said. “This is Faith and Hope, we won’t be staying tonight. We are off for a camping weekend to Snowdon with the girls.”

“You’ve never camped before!” muttered Harry.

“Never been asked before!” answered Dick.

Harry thought, *‘So, I’m not a Charity case then.’*

After the other two wise monkeys had left, Harry went on his less than merry way. Reaching inside his jacket pocket for his front door key he happened to also pull out the lottery ticket. He thought that he had better make use of the ticket and once inside the door, stood up and went on his laptop. He sat down when he checked and all his numbers had been picked. Well, they weren’t technically his, but close enough for him not to worry too much.

Shaking he ‘phoned the winning number line. It was answered swiftly. He gave all his details and was told he would be called back shortly. Amazingly enough he was. It didn’t take too long for the twenty-seventy million pounds to be paid into Harry’s bank account. He asked for no publicity, he was brought up not to tell anyone anything.

He had spent his waiting time planning his life as a wealthy person. The problem was he didn’t want to give up his old life completely; he had grown comfortable in it. So the decision was made, a parallel life. A five-two existence.

He bought himself a fancy mansion in the country, where he lived Monday to Friday and was called Henry. He didn’t ever have to use his wheelchair.

The weekends were spent just as they always were, with the boys still feeling the guilt for the wheelie and buying all Harry's drinks.