The Imitator

“What do you mean, ‘it’s not him’?”

“I mean: ITS. NOT. HIM!”

I quickly glace towards the back of the truck. It resembles him. He clearly has blue eye and blond hair. He remarkably resembles Ian, if it isn’t him. I am undoubtedly shocked.

“But…” I stammer, “how can it not be him? We went to the right apartment building. We waited until 5:45pm, when we knew he’d be getting home.” I can’t stop staring at the steering wheel.

“Stu..”

“He even was riding a bike…”

“STU!”

My head jerks to my right. I stare intently at Lance. He has silenced me, but not for long.

“HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?” I bellow quickly.

Lance’s face is red. This is the first time I am noticing this, surprisingly. I have worked closely with Lance for a few years now. His face never gets red--unless we have seriously messed up.

“We have to leave him. We don’t know who this guy is.”

My knuckles are tightly wrapped around the steering wheel. My knuckles are white.

“Stu,” Lance gently whispers, “get out of the truck.”

We slowly emerge from the truck. We open the back and dump the Ian imitation, knocked out, in the closest ally. Speedily, we spin onto the road; the truck is a blur down Broadway.