

Conjoined

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First 7 pages; email me at remccallum2001@yahoo.com to received full story.

We hear, "Hi, I'm Dr. Jackel. Have a seat, Jane."

Lilith thinks, "Up yours. I'll stand."

I shut her voice up in my head, "Sit witch," and respond to the doctor, "Thank you doctor, sorry we're late."

She thinks, "I'm not sorry, I did not want to come. He's a jerk. Don't trust him."

"You're pulling my skirt up, too short."

"Not short enough, he's cute."

"What? That would be sooo unprofessional."

"No."

"Yes"

"You embarrass me."

Her thoughts sound dreamy, "Love the worsted wool vest; suit; reminds me of Jimmy Stewart: tall, thin, bet he ..."

"Shut up!"

The doctor says, "Jane the brain-scan detected a tumor in your brain, about the size of a walnut. It has different DNA than you. It is the remains of an absorbed fetus, a fraternal twin,

female. Interestingly it resides in your frontal lobe. Seems to have been there all your life. May be the source of your voices.”

“I am not an absorbed fetus!

“How long have you, Jane, known of Lilith.”

Ignoring her outburst, I reply, “I imagined her at the spark of conception, just moments after my own. My father fertilized my mother’s egg; just seconds before her father’s did. Joined at birth.”

“Your mother having relationships with two men at the same time?”

“Porn queen.”

“Your first memories of your inner voice?”

“She named herself, Lilith.”

“Rather than *boring Jane*.” Lilith projects.

“When did you become aware of her?”

“That’s like asking when I discovered I have two feet.”

“But, you, Jane, know of her?”

“Perhaps not consciously, but I feel I knew of her from the time of her creation, that I had a twin, and like all twins, we shared experiences; but, we also felt competition, even in the womb, the fatter twin is obviously absorbing more of the mother’s nutrients than the thinner one. One may be smaller and be squeezed into a smaller space.”

“How do you know she knows of you?” He asks.

“Because, she talks to me. Screams to me. Fights with me. I don’t remember her ever not being there.”

The doctor explains, “When the egg cell was supposed to split into two cells, it split into four. Then eight instead of four, and on and on, the embryo attempted to evolve two bodies into one.”

"Lilith always seemed to be a twin sister.”

“Boring ... ugh, let her talk to him, while I distract him. I keep my eye on the doctor, as I review my image in the desk lamp’s shiny metallic base. Long blue fingernails adjust my bleached blond hair dangling over my eyebrow in a Marilyn Monroe fashion. I watch as the doctor follows my move as I unbutton the top snap on my blouse.”

“Stop that and pay attention.” Jane yells at me.

“I am paying attention. Did you notice; no tan line under his wedding ring? I bet he slips it off every chance he gets.”

“You were aware of her from a very early age?” The doctor asks.

Jane warns Lilith, “The doctor seems to be noticing our differences in body movements and conflicts.”

“I noticed. Ha-ha, watch him while I lift my side of the dress.”

I slap her left hand with my right hand, and tell the doctor, “My first memory of her is in the baby care. An old woman and her husband took care of us babies. The husband changed the baby diapers. When he did the babies cried and the woman would scold him. I always cried

when he touched me, but she liked it. He was very gentle and would rub our body, I tried to fight it; but she liked his touch.”

“You loved it too, liar.”

“He will know you said that Lilith, you sound different than me.”

“Who are you?” He asks of us.”

“Lilith.” I answer. Jane tries to stop me from leaning forward and exposing myself to him.

“I was aware of her, Jane, whether she knew it or not.”

The Plain Jane straightens up and adjust her top. She suppresses me and asks the doctor, “When do twins become aware of each other?”

The medical man responds, “There have been studies suggesting twins are aware of each other in the womb and interact with each other.”

“The biopsy revealed a different DNA than the body outside of the tumor. The remains of an absorbed fetus, containing eyes, teeth, brain material. Alive. I recommend surgery soon. We don’t know if the removal of the tumor will remove the dual personality from which you suffer.”

“How come?”

“The absorbed one’s DNA flows in the bloodstream and can effect the personality for the rest your life.”

“Yes, I knew she was there, and she knew I was there; from the beginning. All our nutrients, space, mommy time was shared.”

“But you were born as one?”

“Yes, one body, two personalities.”

“You were competitive from birth?”

“Yes. Constant conflict: which breast to suckle; if it was the right one it was me and mommy; if it was the left one it was her and mommy.”

“Your mom noticed the difference.”

“Yes, I was patient, enjoyed the intimate relationship.”

“She would drain my mom dry; and bite it and make it sore, and then seek to feed on my mom’s right side. I had to fight like a puppy to survive. She wanted me dead.”

“What does she want now?”

“To make love to you.” She says and I make her cover up.

Lilith resists and says, “I want to have you, doctor.”

“That would be unprofessional of me.” He replies.

I black out for a minute.

“Jane?” He asks.

“I am surprised to find him still in his chair. I taste seaman. I spring up embarrassed.”

“When do you remember your first sexual encounter?”

“Prom night, high school with my long-time love, I was a virgin.”

“What! We were playing with Jimmy in fourth grade!”

“That was childhood exploration.”

“I want you to reach back, tell me what you remember, as a child.” He explains to us. “I will put you under hypnosis.”

We sleep into a deep sleep.

“Where are you, Jane?”

“Childcare, an elderly couple, my mother dropped me off early morning and will pick me up late evening.”

“What do you remember about the house and the elderly care persons?”

“It was always dark, quiet. There were maybe six other babies. It was a strict routine, change diapers, feed, wrap, put to sleep.”

“Did you feel anything about your mother not being there?”

“Yes, I missed her and my dad. I wanted to be with them, not here.”

“I know you don’t remember your feelings, but, what do you remember.”

“I am sad, we could not have had the intimacy and dependency I think it bonds.”

“I remember my dad trying to fix the bottle, he put it in the microwave to heat it up and over did it. When he gave me the bottle it burned my mouth.”

“So, you were left at the childcare home for long hours?”

“Strict routine, this woman and her husband had been operating this business for many years. She, Annie, had a routine, a schedule, she was not a mother that could be influenced by baby crying.”

“She managed the childcare on a strict schedule?”

“Yes, my mother years later would say, Annie always said, “A crying baby is a healthy baby. Clean them, feed them, see that nothing is irritating them, put them to bed, let them cry themselves to sleep.”

“Were you an obedient baby, fell into the routine, peaceful, Lilith?”

“No. I was restless. Wanted my parents. Wanted bright, fun, not quiet dark.”