

LivelinessvsIndifferenceSamplePages

Liveliness vs Indifference

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Chapter One

Sharp icy rays of light blasted through holes in once thoroughly blacked out curtains. A direct strike against wincing eyes that didn't appreciate the brightness. A groan issued from the person who'd been sleeping up to that point. "What the hell time is it?" One eye blearily opened as Nolan stirred restlessly.

He spotted the digital clock to his left. Two blinks and he was completely awake. "Well damn, at least I'm awake enough to deal with the curtain." He eyed it with disfavor. "When exactly did that happen?" He rubbed his left hand over his face. No stubble formed yet, as usual on the left side, the right side however was another situation entirely. He hated it when nothing was equal when it came to facial hair. He grunted as his mind registered that he sought information. "I need coffee or something to help me function."

Slowly bits and pieces of memories returned to him as to why the curtains no longer remained intact. He'd have to do something about those. Else, he'd not be able to sleep comfortably throughout the night. "Damn brother of mine. He pulls the most immature garbage when he's pissed at me." Nolan shook his head in resignation. At least now he could understand the vandalism before his unhappy eyes.

Not to mention outright bright light would kill him, or, at the very least, inflict a very nasty sunburn. A sigh escaped him. This daylight allergy business annoyed him to no end. Nolan shrugged. He'd deal, as he had with other illnesses and allergies that came along with being special. "Special my ass, more like genetically inconvenienced to an unbelievable extreme." He grouched as he headed for the bathroom with clothes in hand.

There he quickly made use of the facilities, showered, cleaned up in general, and felt much better after getting rid of excess facial hair. Unlike the rest of his family, he didn't grow beards thick at all and preferred remaining clean-shaven much to his father's disgust.

As he thought of his father, Nolan grimaced. Yet another reason for his younger brother's immature antics. "I'll try talking to Peter again about why he did this." He shook his head because Peter was the prime reason he'd moved out of the house.

As one of the oldest sons, Nolan didn't want the youngest one clinging to him like a clamp. He needed space and Peter continually refused to acknowledge his right to privacy. "I'll have to

change the locks to the apartment again.” Fifth time this week, the landlord would either become royally pissed at him or finally realize that he couldn’t just leave master copies lying around so carelessly.

Either way, Nolan didn’t want Peter entering his apartment without his permission if this type of crap was all he could do. It sickened him and made Nolan realize that there was something not quite right about his younger brother. His shoulders slumped. “It isn’t just Peter, it is my father and the rest of those relatives of mine.” He’d always been different from them.

“A reality they’ll never accept or acknowledge.” Nolan reflected and grunted. “Won’t be the first time I have to shake off those pesky bigotry-riddled fiends.” He didn’t care for referring to them as such, but their attitudes and beliefs merely worsened as they grew older. He tired of them and everything else they represented. “Not to mention the fact I’ll never join their company. Who needs oil anyway?” He didn’t, and it was no longer viable as a source of reliable energy.

His mind shifted back to the Peter problem. A pity really, they’d been close despite the fifteen-year gap between them. Nolan shrugged. “I guess now’s the time to make the distinction clear.” He really didn’t want any more embarrassing scenes such as what happened the night before occurring again soon. He doubted Malcolm would return any time soon either. More likely, that relationship would end with the latest disruption.

Nolan picked up a brush and began pulling it through his hair. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d swear that nosy brother and father installed spyware inside my room. How else would they know when to ruin a moment so easily?” Now that he thought about it, that was likely what they’d done.

Angry and frustrated, Nolan threw a brush across the bathroom and hit a small picture hanging between the mirror and the light switch. To his shock, it fell onto the counter and revealed a missing patch from the wall. It also explained just what he suspected as well. “Bloody bastards,” Nolan fumed when he stared at the mess. “Now what am I going to do?” No longer angry, still frustrated and now very hurt, he contemplated his next actions more carefully.

First, he would finish his daily routine, dress, and eat. No point in giving them awareness that he’d discovered their little device. Besides, Nolan figured they’d know he saw it by now. He completed what he began in the bathroom and decided it would be the perfect time for a vacation

somewhere else. He'd more than earned it and those assholes that were his family didn't need to know all his actions. He'd need to visit a colleague and have everything scanned for little gizmos that might track his activities.

With the spy thing in his bathroom, Nolan could no longer trust anyone he knew to assist him. Most of them felt that he'd gone off the deep end anyway with his choosing an alternate lifestyle. "Alternate lifestyle, my ass. It is merely a different path than the one society deems normal." What was normal, a good question and not one anyone could answer with surety.

Other than what their experiences could offer them. Sometimes that wisdom wasn't something Nolan could take with him, but he didn't care to make them feel bad either. "Time to disappear for a little while." More cheerful outlook now, he swiftly packed for a month's travel. Even as he did so, Nolan realized he no longer wanted to remain in this section of the world.

"Capri called it right," He grimaced sourly. "Ah well, I'll meet up with Belfour and a few others before I leave this town." It was the end of a chapter in his life, but one that he'd found rather enervating and didn't appreciate the drain on his personal energy anymore.

He reflected that it was a good thing he didn't have much to take with him. Nolan learned early on to pack light and not quibble about what he couldn't live without. He could live without many things. No matter how long a lifespan one had, one either adapted and evolved or withered and became extinct. "I'm beginning to think the ones who went extinct were the smarter ones." He mumbled when considering how many changes he'd gone through.

Bah, enough with the self-pity. He'd gone through too much of that garbage. Once he reached his destination he'd indulge in all the drinking he wanted. Nolan didn't care about what else might happen. He just wanted an ending he could appreciate and know it was worth the hardship he endured just arriving to the first departure point. Which reminded him, he was going to be late if he didn't haul ass out of that damned room of his.