

What Other?

George awoke from his nap, more refreshed than when he had curled up into bed for his obligatory daily sleep. His friends made fun of him for his daily tradition but it was his belief that having a twenty minute sleep in the middle of the day increased productivity and brain activity. And his bed was mighty comfy.

Feeling like he could take on the world, George bounded out of bed, plodding out of his room and into the kitchen. It was a modest space, only fitting two double door fridges, a restaurant grade oven and accompanied by a 16 seater dining table. Cosy. So much better than the kitchen in his other mansion.

George turned on his Nespresso machine, the quite hum filling the cavernous area, relaxing him. Was there any better sound? His cup filled slowly with the creamy, black coffee, George's senses overwhelmed with the beautiful bitter smell.

Cup full of the steaming liquid, George brought his coffee with him to his favourite room out of all his theatre rooms; Nespresso world. The chairs were shaped like coffee cups, his awards for most handsome coffee representer were pinned up on the walls. He gave a chuckle as he passed the framed picture of him and Jack on set, raising his cup and saluting Jack with a 'What else?'

George got comfy in his favourite espresso chair, turned the T.V on, and settled in for some light watching. His happy mood evaporated.

Other George was on screen, peddling away his Expressi. As if that swill could even compare to Nespresso! The commercial ended with a smile from Other George, a raised mug, and Other George quoting 'What other?'

George turned off the T.V, slamming down his mug. Some coffee spilled over the edge, George apologising to the coffee God. In a serendipitous event, his phone rang. He picked up the coffee pod shaped phone.

"Hello?" said George.

"Did you see that crap on the T.V?" his best friend, C-WAP the famous rapper, shouted down the phone.

"Yes. Now I am blue. I think I need to go back to bed."

"No man, I know just the thing you need."

"I really think I should go back to bed, my brain activity obviously is not up to scratch. You know that sleeping for an extra twenty minutes is really the key to a healthy mind."

"George, snap out of it! Look, just go and get the three man sweater and meet me outside. I'll bring the horizontal tandem bike."

"What are we going to do with the three man sweater? You know we only have two of us."

It was a problem they had never quite fixed. Unfortunately, no one wanted to be their third man. They'd even run in a twelve kilometer fun run, just the two of them, in a three man sweater.

“We're going to pay our friend Other George a visit,” said C-WAP and promptly hung up.

Not really feeling like a ride, George grudgingly left his Nespresso haven and dug out the old three man sweater. He got changed into his Lycra riding gear and went outside. C-WAP was already waiting. Ah, the advantages of living next door to your famous rapper best friend.

C-WAP had brought along the infamous horizontal tandem bike; like a tandem bike but instead of being one behind the other, they rode side by side. It was more intimate that way.

“You ready to go?” C-WAP asked. George glumly held up the sweater. “Hot dog.”

C-WAP and George put the sweater on, the spot in the middle for their non-existent third person empty, like the coffee sized hole in George's heart. The two got onto their bike and off they rode.

The day was sunny, the sky a bright blue, and still George's heart was heavy. He didn't know what C-WAP could possibly do to make him feel better. Even now, C-WAP was rapping his usual tunes, some hardcore beats that usually lifted George's spirits. And yet all he could think about was Other George's smiling face on the T.V. The impostor!

They rode and rode, day turning into night, night into day, days into weeks. Or at least that's how George felt. Other George only lived a few blocks away. They were there in no time.

“You ring the doorbell,” said George.

“No you do it,” said C-WAP. “I have a fear of doorbells.”

“You have a fear of doorbells?” George had never heard that one before.

“They don't sound like anything I can rap to.”

Still sceptical about the whole doorbell situation, George rang the doorbell. Other George answered immediately.

“Ah,” said Other George. “I've been waiting for you.”

“Waiting for me?” George looked to C-WAP. Had C-WAP called ahead? But C-WAP looked as confused as George felt.

“Yes, to come and congratulate me on a successful new commercial.” Other George produced a trophy from behind his back. “And on getting the 'Most Handsome Coffee Representer of 2017'. I shall wait on your applause.”

It took a moment for Other George's words to sink in. Then George's blood began to boil, his vision turning red.

George lunged for Other George, but the three man sweater he was in confined him, pulling him back.

“Hey man,” said C-WAP. “Let's calm down.”

“Calm down? Calm down! He stole my trophy.”

Other George grinned wildly.

“Yes,” said C-WAP, “but violence doesn't solve everything. Perhaps it's time we used 'the pod'.”

“The pod?”

“I'm still waiting on my applause,” said Other George.

C-WAP ignored Other George. “Yes, 'the pod'.”

George finally caught on. “But that pod is only for the most dire of circumstances.”

“This is pretty dire.”

C-WAP was right, 'the pod' needed to be used. Luckily, George always wore a utility belt of Nespresso coffee pods, in case he came across a Nespresso machine and needed a drink. And in it, never been used before, was the golden coffee pod.

“Well if you won't applaud me, I'll find someone who will,” said Other George, beginning to close the door on them.

C-WAP jammed his foot in the door. “Now George!”

George removed the pod from his belt, throwing it at Other George's feet. The pod exploded, coffee dust spraying into Other George's face.

“What was t-” was all Other George managed before he collapsed.

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Other George awoke tied to a chair. George very rarely got to use his torture chamber and it always made him a bit giddy to do so.

Other George gave him a wary look. “What is it?”

“I do so like to use my torture chamber,” said George.

Other George looked around in horror. “Torture me all you want, I will not give in.”

“We'll see about that”, said C-WAP, who put down the rap he had been writing, adjusting the three man sweater around George and himself.

“Who are you?” asked Other George. “I don't recall us being introduced.”

“Why, I am C-WAP, the famous rapper.”

“Ah yes, I've seen you before. Your name stands for ...”

“Can't Wrap, Always Procrastinating.”

“You know that's not how you spell-”

“Enough talking!” said George. “Let the torture commence.”

And so proceeded six days of intense torture. They made Other George watch Nespresso commercials, maybe him complete online Nespresso employee introduction modules on bullying and safety, made him learn the Nespresso motto off by heart, and force fed him Nespresso for breakfast, lunch and tea. On the seventh day they rested, as required by the Nespresso religion.

On the eighth day, Other George woke up with the look in his eyes that every convert held. C-WAP and George gingerly untied him and placed him in their three man sweater. They had finally found their third man!

“Well Other George,” said George, raising a mug of coffee. “What do you have to say?”

Other George gave a toothy smile, worthy of George. “What else?”