

Gregg stared up at the shifting clouds over a bright blue canvas while calming his intense breathing. He put his hands on his hips, exhausted after the walk up the grassy slope. He looked down past his expanding belly to the coffin lowering further into the rectangle pit where his brother was to spend eternity. The service had been short with very few people attending, and everyone had left immediately after so that it was only the grave digger and him witnessing the end of Ian Richards

Gregg thought back to when the two of them had been so young they had only just started thinking about girls, and Gregg had not yet realised how much he hated his brother. Even back then Ian had been a never ending annoyance in Gregg's side. No matter how hard he had tried to make friends with his older brother, the wanker had treated him like dirt.

"Hey Ian," Gregg said to his brother, while watching him put on his sneakers by the door readying to go outside. "Where you going?"

"Not somewhere you can go. It's for grown-ups only."

Ian nodded, then thought for a moment before he said, "But, you're not a grown-up."

Ian stood to his full height. "I'm as tall as dad." Ian opened the front door. "You're not even as big as the neighbours dog. So, stay." Ian laughed and headed up the driveway away from the family home.

Gregg's insides dropped and his eyes burned as he fought off tears. He turned on the television wanting something else to fill his thoughts so he could at least pretend he did not care. Mum had baked biscuits and brownies this morning. Eating always made him feel better. Gregg got up from the couch and headed to the pantry. On his way he thought of ways he might get his brother to actually like him being around. If he brought all Ian's friends something to eat, they would have to want him to be around then, surely. He grabbed a bag from the pantry and filled it with brownies and cookies. The ANZAC ones were so full of syrup and soft and warm from today's bake, they melted in your mouth. Ian put the lot in a shopping bag and left the house on his bicycle.

He rode until he reached the oval near their school and looked around, finally finding his brother and his friends sitting in the middle of the grassy field. No one looked up as Gregg rode to within a metre of his brother and stopped. He took out the shopping bag and opened it. The aroma of freshly baked cookies filled the air.

"Oh hey, can I have one?" Tim said.

Lisa nudged Tim.

"Oh, and one for, Lisa."

Gregg smiled and handed out biscuits and brownies for everyone including his brother, who did not seem annoyed by his intrusion. Gregg then stared into the bag and wondered which he should choose for himself, excited he had been able to get his brother's approval.

Ian grabbed the bag out of Gregg's hand and smiled at his brother. "Thanks for bringing the food. Tell mum I'll be home later. You can go now."

The group laughed and went back to their conversations, forgetting that Gregg had ever been there. The chatting turned to who had been kissing who and what rated R movies they had watched. His invisibility burned him, and for a moment he wished his brother would die from eating and getting food poisoning. Which would be silly, because then they would all die, even mum and dad. He thought about hanging around nearby, but Ian would eventually yell at him to go away anyway.

Gregg steered his bike around to the way he had come and rode across the oval to the school and outdoor basketball courts. No one was around, so he practised riding down and up stairs, jumping his bike up onto seats, and generally being radical. If his brother's friends took the time to get to know him, surely they would see how cool he was.

"Hey!" A man called out from the main office. The door was open behind him and showed the

headmaster's desk, book cases, and large leather chair. A dreaded place Gregg never wanted to be sent to. The old man wore a loose T-shirt and grey tracksuit pants. A kettle in his hand and a newspaper in the other.

Without looking to see if Gregg was going to stop riding on the outdoor furniture, the old man turned and went back into the office. Gregg shrugged. He had seen the old man cleaning the outdoor bins during the day, but why he was here on the weekend and in the headmaster's office, Gregg could only guess.

It was after lunch, and Gregg was hungry and wanted to go home anyway. He rode past the oval on his way and saw that Ian was sitting alone on the grass and eating the extra brownie and cookie from the bag.

Gregg ignored him and instead thought of what mum might be cooking them for lunch.

"Hey!"

Gregg turned back to the school expecting to see the old man again. No one was at the office door and it was closed. He turned to the oval and saw that Ian was walking toward him. Ian yelled to Gregg again.

Gregg said, "What?"

"I've got something to show you."

Gregg thought about what Ian might show him, and then realised he probably just wanted to embarrass him again, or more likely punch him in the arm. He stayed and waited for what ridicule was to come. He liked his brother, there had to be some way to make Ian like him back. Ian came over and punched Gregg in the upper arm, although lightly like he did when with his friends. Which was odd, normally Ian tried to leave a bruise.

"I'll show you something," Ian said.

Gregg tried not to smile when he replied, okay, but it was impossible to hide his glee. Ian got on the back of Gregg's bike and pointed the way he wanted to go. It was hard riding at first, but once he got up to speed, balance came as well.

"No, wrong way," Ian said. "Back to the school."

Gregg did so, although in a wide arc so they did not tip over. They rode past the main office, then onto another door that was only for the older kids' classrooms. If you tried to get in that way in the morning for school you would get a punch in the arm by one of the older kids guarding the door. The teachers never saw, at least that was what they said.

They stopped at the door. Ian got off and reached into his pocket to take out a key. He held it up high like it was a rare jewel, then put it in the keyhole and turned. The door opened. He looked over to Gregg, "Not bad, yeah?"

Gregg left his bike by the door and followed his brother inside. The excitement of being with his brother on a scary but fun adventure was almost more than he could handle. His bladder tightened and he felt so sick that he was sure he would puke. Gregg almost burst out laughing when they passed by the teacher's office and saw there was trash and bottles everywhere. They were even bigger pigs than kids.

They approached a set of stairs leading down into the darkness.

"Down here," Ian said, and led the way.

Gregg nodded and followed his brother. Each of the wooden steps creaked with their own tune as if tapping keys on a piano. However, this tune was from a horror movie and it made his jaw hurt from clenching his teeth so hard. The smile had gone from his face, and he now preferred they were back outside in the sun.

"Should we go back?" Gregg said.

Ian clicked on the light at the bottom of the stairs, and Gregg's fears disappeared, although not yet entirely.

“Over here,” Ian said.

Ian went to a shelf underneath a dust and cobweb covered window well above his head, and grabbed hold of a crossbow that surely could not be real. It had no string on it where the arrows went, but it still looked cool.

“Let’s go.” Ian began back up the stairs.

With new found bravery, Gregg stayed and looked all around the room at the amazing things that were stored here. Maybe he would get something for himself as well?”

The door slammed shut and the light went off.

Gregg spun back to the door and called his brother’s name. He could hear laughing fading back up the steps.

“Don’t leave me here!” Tears came in a flood and then he was banging on the door trying to turn the handle, but it stuck in place.

It took an hour of screaming before the old man had come to let Gregg out. The janitor had tried to grab onto his shoulder, but Gregg had spun and scrambled up and out. His bike had been taken and his brother was gone as well. So he ran home.

It was many decades later at a once-yearly family get-together, Gregg now 52, had reminded Ian about the day they had gone to the basement and how he had been locked down there with the light off.

Ian barely remembered. So Gregg decided to convince his brother to return and had taken ANZAC biscuits and brownies to make sure he recalled what had happened that day. The beers had been Ian’s idea. The same door was still there and still painted a dirty green. Gregg got through the padlock and chain with bolt cutters. Ian grinned, but said nothing.

Gregg took Ian to the same stairs and pointed out how he had been terrified when they had gone down, then more so upward after being let out by the janitor. Ian had laughed. “Yeah, good ol’ days, hey?”

All the confiscated goods were gone from the shelves. The crossbow that Ian had taken had been noticed by a gun enthusiast friend. It was valued, restrung, readied for auction, and expected to sell for five figures.

They went back up the stairs with Ian still laughing. Gregg said how he had run home because his bike had been stolen.

“Oh, right, your bike,” Ian said. “I rode that, but pranged it into a car backing out of a driveway. I couldn’t hit the brake because of the crossbow. Lucky too, because dropping that thing would have cost me money. I never did go and try and steal your bike back from the Hollanbrook’s. Boy were they mad about you wrecking the side of their new car. Don’t worry, I calmed them down and told them you were retarded.”

Gregg punched the wall. It was solid concrete, an old fashioned solidly built school.

“You did what?” Gregg clenched his teeth. “I asked Belinda Hollanbrook out, but she stopped talking to me. I can’t believe you.”

Gregg grabbed hold of Ian’s shoulder and pushed him backward toward the stairs. His brother tumbled over and down, landing on the concrete basement floor with such a loud crack he had to have broken his leg.

When Gregg reached the bottom of the stairs there was blood pouring out of his brother. His head had opened up, and his brain was exposed. Gregg called an ambulance, but upon their arrival they said he had died instantly.

Gregg had wanted to hurt his brother, and had wished him dead many times. Now it was a reality. He had not told the police the true story, and instead had said that he had been helping his drunk brother up the steps when he had slipped and fallen.

“And that’s how you get away with your murder,” Gregg said to his brother’s descending body. “And if I had the time over again, I would have pushed even harder.”