The Hawk and The Rabbit: Bear Island

by

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Ella and Etta were twins and they were inseparable. They even shared the same jail cell. That is, until they broke out. Now they found themselves in a canoe, paddling to what was called Bear Island.

Word was that there used to actually be bear there. People too. Back in the late 1700's when the Northeast land was being consumed by the voracious locusts called the settlers, unsettled land became sparse. Some went West. Some didn't. Some went to islands. Islands on big lakes, so big it took hours to row there. But those settlers were desperate. Like Ella and Etta.

Not surprisingly, the bears – they were black bears – didn't care too much for the settlers. Nor vice versa. So, a fight broke out between them. Long guns, knives, teeth, claws. Not a caged steel fight exactly – which the girls did love – but a fight to the death nonetheless. Settlers were mangled. Bears were shot up. Cut up. All kinds of good stuff. If only they had video back then. Oh well, thought the girls.

They were known as the girls even though they weren't girls anymore. Twenty-four years old. Identical twins. Grew up in Maine. When they graduated high school – and that in itself was a surprise to many – they were voted most likely to kill someone. Turns out those school kids weren't wrong.

After high school, the girls lived at home. Dad was a meth dealer. Ran a prosperous little business. But Mom thought she could do better, so she ran off with a bigger meth dealer when they were sophomores in high school. Mom was living large until about two years later when, word was, she was shot dead with a 12-gauge. Killed in a shoot-out with the Feds. Who had raided their cook house. Which was the biggest operation across all of Maine and New Hampshire at the time. Dad liked to tell his girls, "Stay small, keep it all."

Dad may have been the Warren Buffett of the greater Downeast region of Maine. But he was also an asshole. And a drunk. Etta was out one night partying. Ella was home with the flu or the like,