

Mark

It was the first day at Mark's new school, and he already felt like an outcast, a fish out of water, a black sheep. He always thought poorly of himself and his life, being adopted can usually be bad enough, let alone adopted into a poor family. It was a fancy private school, it looked like a college campus from the outside, and everybody there came from money or status. The only reason he could even afford it is because his mom worked there, so his tuition got waived. Everyone had expensive clothes and shoes, and he looked the exact opposite from them. He was wearing the same clothes he had on yesterday, and his beaten up walmart shoes that were half a size too small. On top of that, everybody already had their friends and groups, he was the new kid, all alone. Once he got to his first class he sat down in the far back corner, hoping that he could avoid everybody and just get on with the day.

"Psst, hey, are you new here?" asked the kid sitting across from him.

"Uh yeah, why?" Mark replied. He was confused why someone would want to talk to someone like him, but he realized that it was probably just a dare or a joke to annoy him or to be funny.

"I've just never seen you before. My name's Jacob. What's yours?" he answered. His voice had an amused tone, Mark couldn't tell if Jacob was excited to get to know him or humored by his appearance.

"Mark. What do you need?" He was annoyed by now, he just wanted to stop talking.

"So what, I can't just try and make conversation to be nice?" Jacob said. "I just wanna get to know you better, that's all."

"My bad, I thought you were just trying to be funny or something." Mark was surprised that someone would want to become friends with him.

“Nah, just trying to be friendly.” Jacob said, and turned around to face the board, where the English teacher was describing their upcoming duo project.

Mark thought it looked intriguing, it was about your background. The concept was to talk about each person in the group’s racial, cultural, locational, or similar parts of their history, and compare/contrast.

Jacob

Jacob was pretty popular at school, he was well known and liked by students and teachers. He tried to get to know everyone new, so when he approached Mark, he was almost taken aback by his responses. He wasn't expecting him to be so defensive about it. They had a few classes together, so they got more friendly over that day. He could tell Mark was less fortunate than him, but he hadn't thought Mark would make that big of a deal about it.

He was adopted by the governor of their city, so his family was wealthy. He always had the new iPhone, and nice pairs of clothes. They lived in a mansion in an expensive neighborhood, their swimming pool was the size of most people's backyards. It wasn't like he acted spoiled, but he understood he was more fortunate than most people.

He always thought about how lucky he was that he was adopted into the rich family he was.

"It could have been anyone." he always thought to himself. His parents were always open about his adoption, and answered all the questions he asked, like how he had a brother at birth, who got adopted around the same time as him, only a little before. The family that took his brother only wanted one kid, so he was left behind for just a little bit.

Mark

Mark was adopted into a family right after birth, and he always wished he had been more lucky with his adoption. It wasn't that they were bad parents by any means, or that it was their fault his adopted mom didn't have any money anymore. They were middle-class when his parents adopted him, but his dad had gotten sick and died a year after he was born, and his mom couldn't afford to live comfortably anymore. They had to sell their house, and move into a smaller apartment in a cheaper neighborhood.

He had a brother at birth, but his parents only wanted one kid, they said, so they were split up. He thought about it sometimes, wondering what happened to him. Thinking about if they were in similar situations or if he was better or worse off than Mark. His mom had told him about his short-lived past but he had never really cared much. He supposed the upcoming project was why he was even thinking about it at all right now.

It had been about a week since he and Jacob first met, and they decided to work together on the project. Jacob invited him over after school that Monday to work on the project together.

The first thing Mark thought when he finished the walk over was "Am I even at the right place?" It was the biggest house he had ever seen in person, it looked like the White House to him. They had a yard the size of Yellowstone Park, and a pool that looked more like Loch Ness. He knocked on the door, and a few moments later, Jacob opened it.

Jacob

Jacob opened the door for Mark, and took him inside to start on the project. “I’ll go first,” he said. “I’m not sure about my ethnic background, since I was adopted, but I was born nearby, and got taken in by a family soon after. I had a brother, but he got adopted before me by another family, who only wanted one kid. I’ve sometimes wondered about how he’s been.” Jacob noticed that Mark looked a little bit surprised at hearing his story, and wondered if he thought it was weird.

“That’s funny, I was born nearby with a brother too, and I got adopted first.” said Mark. “My mom and dad only wanted one kid, so they picked me. He died a little after they got me, so it’s just me and my mom now.” Mark told Jacob, sounding a little shaky.

Jacob was a little confused why, but then he realized what Mark was suggesting. Mark was saying they were brothers who got separated at birth, and it made a lot of sense to him. Their stories aligned perfectly, both boys who had a brother at birth, and got adopted out. “Are you saying that we’re brothers?” he asked.

“I think so. I mean, we don’t really know yet right?” Mark said. “We would have to get our DNA tested to be sure, wouldn’t we?” he pointed out.

“Yeah, to be really sure, but it’s not that hard to make a guess.” Jacob said.

“So what happens now? I mean, does this change anything for us?” Mark asked. “I mean, we’re related, but are we family?”

Mark

They both decided to get DNA tested, and they agreed to meet up to see the results. A week later, when the results came back, Mark went to Jacob's house to open the email together.

Not surprisingly, the results showed that they were brothers. Even though they had been expecting it, it was still surreal to them to finally see it confirmed. The parents of the two kids also suspected that they were brothers, they agreed that it made sense. None of them had any contact information on their biological mother, but they thought that their reasoning still was evidence enough.

Jacob's parents made an offer to Mark's mom, they said that they were willing to take in Mark. They pointed out that it would be a great financial burden off her shoulders, and felt like having the two kids together made more sense. His mom agreed that it made sense, but she said wanted to let Mark make the decision for himself.

Mark couldn't make up his mind, as he liked the idea of having a nice house and belongings, but didn't want to just leave his mom, so he went to Jacob to see what he thought of the situation.

"What do you think I should do? I'm on the fence about it. I feel bad leaving my mom, but it does make a lot more sense." Mark said.

"I don't know, I mean it's your choice, it affects you the most. I don't care either way, I'll still see you at school and stuff, it's not like if you stay with your mom then we never see each other." Replied Jacob. "It would be cool being able to live with you and all, but It's really up to you."

"I think I might come to live with you, I mean it would help everybody in the end. And it's not like I'll never see her again, I can always visit her." Mark said.

“Well let's go and tell her then!” exclaimed Jacob. “Make it official for good!”