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The Double

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THE DOUBLE

In dreams you chase the man who has the same eyes as you, the same mouth, the same walk. You catch glimpses of him in mirrors. He passes you in a taxi, watches from the rear window. smiles. You begin to recognize his face in your childhood photographs. At the library he has checked out the books you want. At your parents' house he steps out the back as you walk in the front and your mother's hooked smile makes vou wonder if you are the stranger. The cigarettes you light are his brand. Last week, in a hotel lobby in Baltimore, you had just checked in, ready to set up surveillance on the fourteenth floor when he caught you by surprise, winked from the gameroom, banked the eight off the long rail into the side then climbed in after it. and suddenly you were there, beside the table, cue in your hand, couldn't remember the shot you'd called, the combination you'd never missed before.