Cassy Devaney

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Twin “A”

 On February 27, 1995 at 4:36 p.m. I, Cassandra Alexis Devaney was born and approximately 15 minutes later my twin brother, Garrett Kevin Devaney was born. Everyone wants to be a twin or have twins but it’s not all what it’s cracked up to be. Not only was I twin and will forever be known as “Cassy the twin,” but I had five older siblings too. This is a major part of my identity and has impacted the person that I want to be and the person who I have always been. I don’t know what I would do without my crazy, big family and especially my twin brother.

 My parents like to joke and say, “he pushed you out because he couldn’t stand one more second with you.” Truth is the doctor had to run across the room to catch me so my twin probably did push me out. My siblings always used to call us “womb-mates,” but I never really felt like I was a twin. It has just felt like another sibling, a younger brother. And I have always made an emphasis on being the older twin even if it is by just 15 minutes. People automatically assume we look the same and act the same but that is not the case at all. He looks nothing like me, which is another reason why a lot of times it doesn’t even feel like I am a twin. He’s also not very athletic while I am. We are polar opposites some would say and the list goes on and on.

 Although I say we are polar opposites, a lot of people are very similar and different in many ways. In reality, I know we aren’t opposites but I guess I just didn’t want to be the same as him. All our friends tell us that we have the same facial expressions, usually the weird ones. We laugh alike and have the exact same sense of humor. I’ll admit that sometimes I purposefully don’t laugh at his jokes, when I know he is looking for a reaction. We are both social but I am more outgoing and he hates small talk and situations that involve it. Truth is, it’s kind of cool having a twin especially that shares similarities. Sharing our birthday isn’t though.

We had to be in the same class up until middle school, be a part of the same soccer team when we were little, and eat the same food, and have the same everything. At times it felt as if we had to be the same person. Teachers, classmates, neighbors, and our own family would constantly compare us. “You’re smarter, you’re taller, you’re funnier, you’re nicer…” you name it, they compared it. Naturally, it made us grow apart and we became very competitive against each other. If I received good grades on my report card and he received bad grades, all the attention would go to him and I would be overlooked. If I played well in my volleyball game and he got in trouble with the school or getting caught smoking pot, all the attention would go to him. I’m not an attention whore but I would have liked to be recognized and acknowledged more when I did something great. Unfortunately, we didn’t become close again until our junior or senior year of high school.

 Growing up as one of the youngest of 7 was interesting to say the least but at least Garrett was by my side every step of the way. Literally every step of the way. When we were little, we would always play together even if I were the only girl playing pretend war games. I always wanted to go wherever he went. My parents would share stories of what we were like when we were just babies/toddlers. “Cassy, you never liked to talk so if you wanted something, you would speak in a weird baby language to Garrett and he would tell us what you wanted.” I feel like twins especially as babies have this weird connection that no one can explain. Even though we didn’t always get along, family came first. “Family comes first,” that was the most important lesson our parents taught us and the siblings always followed that rule, no exception. We had each other’s backs and have and always will be there for each other.

 As you can imagine, having a big family results in a lot of different personalities. There were many fights, tears, and hurt feelings but there was so much more that I am so unbelievably thankful for. My parents raised me right and taught me right from wrong, the drive to be successful, and morals. Sure, they were stricter than I would have liked but it was only because they are caring and loving parents. My family has been through a lot together but I wouldn’t want it any other way. Going through hard events in my life has made me a stronger and more mature person that I am grateful for. You live, you learn. I can’t even imagine what my life would have been like without all my siblings, my twin, and my parents. No loud laughter, perverted jokes, crazy times, or big family dinners. No fun.

 My identity as titled is and will forever be “twin A” and I am perfectly content with that even though it took me awhile to realize. I have a special bond that no one can take away from my twin and I. Even if we aren’t identical or exactly the same, he is my best friend and I can always count on him. Being a twin has affected me in a lot of different ways and I’m grateful I even have a twin.