

The mirror world

The second I moved into the old apartment, I started exploring. Soon, I found a diary. I had to read it. I opened it. The first entry read:

10/20/1986

The mirror. It stands out, a shiny blotch in a sea of blandness. You wouldn't know it. Only my type has ever known. It is a secret shared between us. The mirror is magic. Well, almost magic. It's more like a door.

I notice it's my mirror, the one I found when I first arrived. I look at it again. Then I notice the calendar, 1986. Didn't it just say 2016? Next to it, a girl is bending over a diary, writing. I blink and look again. She's still there. I'm reading the page that she's writing. It said:

I found the mirror in the attic when my family moved into this new apartment. Drawn to it, I would spend hours gazing at it, until one day, I mustered up the courage to touch it. My hand went through. Before I had time to think about my actions, I'd stepped through into a perfect replica of my apartment. Except this apartment is different. A dark sort of different. I knew this had something to do with my powers. It was then I realized I should have prepared better. As I looked up, I realized I wasn't alone. My first instinct was to hide, next, to fight, but my brain was telling me that this person was safe. So I ignored the part of my brain saying "RUN!!!!!" and introduced myself. The other introduced herself as my reflection, Arrow, and talked about my powers. It's rather creepy how well she knows me. But I knew that Arrow was hiding something because every time I asked about her, the look in her eyes said "Don't".

10/21/1969

I awoke at 3:00 in the morning so that my parents wouldn't notice me. When I stepped into the mirror, Arrow was standing in the rain with her eyes red and puffy, apologizing. "I'm not a reflection; I'm a shadow." When she saw the look of confusion on my face, she explained. "You're a reflection. You have good powers. I'm your shadow. I have evil powers, and I hate it. In my side of the mirror world, everything's dark. I'm evil, the trees are evil, even the air is evil. Shadows go to a shadow school, and reflections go to a mirror school. They are both located at the same place, except in different worlds. Now, I'm going to take you to the mirror school, and I'll never see you again." She looked into my eyes, willing me to just agree.

"I'll come back tonight," I promised.

As we walked toward the school, I heard my mother yelling, in a tone very unlike her, "Arrow, what are you doing with your reflection? Take her to the school." We ran, rain sloshing around our feet, staining my new blouse with a muddy liquid. My freshly applied lipstick was being washed away as the rain licked my face, and the more I ran, the grumpier I got.

She stopped at the mirror.

"School starts at 8:30. Pack a luggage and don't be late!"

I went back to my side of the mirror world and shoved all my belongings into a tiny suitcase, taking considerably longer than I would have expected. Then I ran to the park, arriving at 6:30. There were streamers everywhere, signaling the beginning of a new school year. The lady at the desk called me over.

"Sign your name, room number, electives, and then go into your dorm and get settled. Make it to class by 8:30!" I lugged the suitcase up the stairs just to find an elevator right next door. I grumpily trudge down the hall to my room.

There was already someone in there. An over enthusiastic girl with curly hair came to the door and vigorously shook my hands. "I'm Sophie. More students are about to come. Let's go meet them!" There was a moment of awkward silence, then, she was pulling me down the hallway. Once downstairs, we saw a lone figure with short black hair and a big puffy dress standing by the doorway, uncomfortable. We went over and she introduced herself as Ally. As more people piled in, we met many more students, and by 7:30 breakfast, we already had gathered a group of 5. We chatted throughout breakfast catching each other up on our lives. At 8:25, the bell surprised us.

I rushed to period 1.

I was reading in class when I heard the teacher saying something. "Shadow... reflection... close by jumping... Arrow's basement..." Wait, what? I was famous! Yeah! Then I saw the look on Sophie's face and my heart sank. Apparently reflections couldn't associate with shadows. Everyone was giving me the same look of disgust. The rest of my classes followed the first, and everyone was ignoring me. By lunch, I was rushing up the stairs hiding my face. For the rest of the day, I

played sick. At 8:47, Sophie came. "Why didn't you tell me," she mumbled. After that, things went downhill. I promised to take her and our friends with me to the mirror... after curfew. They'll see, shadows aren't bad people.

At 10:00, we crept out and ran to my house.

Once there, we jumped through the mirror, only to be greeted by 4 shadows. We jumped back just in time. Then I exclaimed, "I forgot about Arrow! I promised I would visit her!" The second I stepped in, the shadows came through. My friends got me and my shadow out, and we raced back to the school.

Then, in messy script, there was a final sentence:

Help, our school is in ruins, and we're hiding in a place where we cannot age. Find us.

Then, I was zooming toward the present, and the visions vanished.