

What It Reflects

By Taylor T.

Mirrors.

Reflections.

If you think they are harmless, you surely haven't heard this story.

It all started after a day at school. I had stopped at my little house covered in greenery, and was walking with my best friend, Noah. He had curly brown hair, tall, and skin like caramel. He was telling me his favorite dad joke.

"I've got a great joke about construction, but I'm still working on it." He said, then cracked up. I rolled my eyes.

"Haha, that was hilarious," I said sarcastically. "So what do you want to do today?"

"How about we go to the attic at my house? My mom said we could explore the old stuff from my grandparents," Noah said, still having a little giggle fit.

"You are so stupid," I answered with a laugh. "But sure." We walked down the path to his house, and went into the cottage much like my own, then up to the attic. It was dark, dusty, and unlike the rest of the house, that was happy and bright.

"Umm, you sure we're in the right place?" I asked. He nodded, looking a little unsure. "Well then, let's take a look around." There were crates stacked to the ceiling, and one huge mirror.

"Look at this," he said, motioning to the top of the mirror, where there was old Greek writing carved into the stone.

"Can you read it?" I wondered, because I knew how he knew a little Greek from a summer camp.

"The day you read this, is the day you fall. Look into your reflection, and look at the eyes that aren't yours. See your reflection, and decide your future," he responded, and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up.

“Well, that was creepy,” I said, and turned around to look at the crates. This is when things went wrong. While I had my back turned, Noah had fallen under the curse. He stared back at his brown eyes. They looked one way, but his eyes were still on his own. Noah’s reflection suddenly moved, pulled him into the mirror, and he stifled a scream. He was in the mirror. Stuck. His reflection stepped out of the mirror, feeling energized.

“You okay Noah?” I asked as I turned around. He had the weirdest look on his face, a look I hadn’t seen for a long time, a smirk. He seemed like he had done something horrible, and he didn’t care.

“Never better,” He replied.

Noah was really weird the next couple of days, making rude comments and not acting at all like himself. He started brushing his hair, which he never did, and sneaking off to the attic all the time.

“Do you know where the rock we found a week ago is?” I asked him. We were in my garden, and planting some more flowers. “My Dad wants to look at it, but I can’t find it.”

“What rock?” He said absent mindlessly. I looked at him weirdly and picked up a yellow flower.

“The rock you were obsessing about,” I quizadentaly. “You sure you’re okay? You have been acting strange lately.”

“I said I’m fine, and it’s not like these aren’t my own eyes,” he said, but then his eyes widened as if he said something wrong. It was just a split second, but it was there.

We worked in silence the next couple minutes, and I thought about what he said. *It’s not like these aren’t my eyes.* It was random, and uncommon, but I had heard it before.

Where, where, where! I thought to myself. Then I remembered the day in the attic. *That’s when it all started.*

Those words. They were on the stone framed mirror. I needed to see that mirror.

“Um, I think I left the book I wanted to read in the attic,” I said quickly, already up. Noah nodded and got back to digging.

Thoughts filled my head as I jogged to the attic. I passed Noah’s mom in the kitchen, and waved a greeting.

“Hey Maria! I’m just grabbing a book,” I said and rushed up the old wooden stairs before she could say anything.

Once I got to the mirror and saw myself, I started to get tingles down my spine, as if I were being watched.

“Who’s there?” I said, but there was no one but me in the room. I ignored the feeling at first, but it just got worse.

I stared at the stone frame of the mirror and remembered the words Noah said that day in the attic.

“The day you read this, is the day you fall. Look into your reflection, and look at the eyes that aren’t yours. See your reflection, and decide your future,” I said under my breath. Suddenly, a cold hand pulled on the bottom of my shirt. I stumbled backwards, and saw an exact replica of myself. Same wavy dirty blond hair, floral shirt, jeans, and green eyes.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“Who are you?” The reflection responded, and its eyes glowed red. I scrambled backwards, knowing my worst thoughts came true.

That mirror was cursed. And it took my best friend with it.

“Are you just going to keep repeating whatever I say?” I questioned. This was really freaking me out.

“Oh sweetie,” she sneered. “I can talk whenever I want, but it was so funny when you scampered back like a cat.” I was already starting to hate her.

“Don’t call me sweetie,” I growled. “ where is Noah?”

“Oh, you know, sweetie, and all of your thoughts, are my thoughts too,” She said. “I know you better than you know yourself.” So it was true, the mirror, the reflection of Noah, everything. Then I felt terrified. If she knew me better than I knew myself, she had the advantage.

How can I get around this? I thought to myself. But then I knew.

“Ooo, you're thinking of a way out of this, but with a little concentration, I can think every thought.” She said, furrowing her eyebrows in thought.

I had to think quickly, but she can’t know everything in the moment, she must have to concentrate. I knew what to do, but only if Noah's reflection came. I seemed to be out of options, when his reflection burst into the room.

“Ugh, why haven’t you put her into the mirror yet?” He grumbled. He strood into the dusty attic pushing over a box in his way. He looked so much like Noah, but so different. I glared at him, but he just rolled his eyes and looked at my reflection like I was a little annoying kid they were babysitting.

“What does the writing on the outside of the mirror say?” I asked. My plan was going into action.

“What, do you not speak Greek?” He said accusingly. I nodded my head. “Fine. I’ll read it for the idiots that don’t know how to speak the ancient language of the gods.” My reflection tried to say how it was all my fault that she didn’t know it, when he said the curse. Once he finished, I saw the mirror ripple and I grinned. I scrambled up and stomped on my reflection’s foot. She howled in pain and stumbled back onto the floor. Noah sprinted out the mirror.

“Did you miss me?” He said with a smile. I rolled my eyes, but smiled back.

“Okay, maybe I did a little,” I answered, then went over and stood over my reflection. “Not so funny now, aren’t I?” She shook her head like a maniac. I raised my eyebrows and then pulled her up by her arm, and shoved her in the mirror. My look-alike flailed her arms as she fell backwards, trapped.

I turned over to where Noah and his reflection were, when his reflection stumbled onto me. We had fallen backwards, just like my reflection did. My back went through the mirror, sucking all the happiness away, replacing it with cold, darkness. One leg, than another. My head went through, and I was in a dark room. It was so cold. Only my arm felt the warmth of the Earth.

Everything felt like it was in slow motion. Memories filled my head, of all my dreams, thoughts, and emotions. *So this is what it feels to die*, I thought. *Is this the end?* It felt my life was over, everything would always be gray. I nearly gave up, when a strong hand grabbed my wrist, and I was brought back to the attic. I collapsed to the floor, and filled my lungs with air.

“Thank you,” I said softly. Noah just nodded. He knew how it felt. I sat on the ground for a moment, then continued. “But we need to destroy that, if it falls into someone else’s hands, the reflections could do horrible things.”

“You’re right,” He answered. Noah picked up an old rock then looked over. “Ready?”

“On the count of three,” I said. “One, two three!” Then he threw the stone at it. The mirror shattered. I let out a sigh I didn’t realize I was holding in.

“It’s over,” He said grimly. “We did it.” I nodded then looked at the dark ceiling. It was done.