

## Evan in The Mirror    By: Nihal K. and Noah T.

I stared at the mirror sweat dripping down my face. It was me in the reflection, but not really *me*. I looked still and afraid, as if someone was watching me from a distance. A chill ran down my spine, as if a spirit had gone through me. I looked at the corner of the mirror and fixed my gaze on it. I could make out a faint white mask. Suddenly, the world went black. “Evan, honey come downstairs you're going to miss the bus.” I rubbed my eyes open as I realized I had gone of daydreaming. “Yeah mom I’m coming” I responded in the most awake tone I could. I ran downstairs and immediately sprinted to the bus stop. As soon as I got on the bus my friend Charlie waved to me to take the seat in the front. “Hey Evan, are you trying for the basketball team,” he asked me as soon as I sat down. “I might, when are tryouts,” I responded, as I quickly gazed at the driver mirror. Suddenly, I fell into a trance. It was as if a ghost had possessed me. I deepened my gaze on the mirror, the trance was everlasting. And there it was, the white mask, the same as before but clearer. I also saw little black letters but could only scramble the letter “r” from the mask. “Hey bud you there,” a voice near me said. I snapped out of the trance, “yeah I'm fine.” But on the inside, I knew I was not, and I *really* needed help. I am sitting in math class bored; therefore, I start playing around and accidentally spill water everywhere. So, I got up and sprinted to the restroom to get paper towels. I tried to focus on getting the paper towels, but as soon as I take a glance at the mirror, I see the figure with white mask behind me. I read the letters of his mask, and almost immediately I drop the towels and fell in a state of shock, I wanted to move, yet I felt paralyzed. Then out of nowhere a heavenly voice says, “hey kid you alright.” I snap out of my hypnosis and I feel on edge. “yes, I'm just tired,” I reply. Then again, I had lied to myself again because I knew nothing was all right. I rush out of the bathroom, without the paper towels, and head back to class. But for a split moment I thought I saw the white mask figure across the hallway, but it was just a vision I told myself. As I walked home from school, I started to ponder over the thought of why the mirror was taking control of me and who the white mask figure was. As soon as I got back home, I sprinted to my parents which were in the family room, they were planning their business trip. “MOM! DAD!” I screamed as I entered the room, the sweat dripped off my face as I rushed towards my parents. “What happened Evan?” my mom questioned. “I- the mirror- white mask- randy” I stuttered out of my mouth. “Son, sit down relax and tell us what happened.” My dad said as he motioned for me to sit down. I close my eyes and remember all the horrifying events in order. “Dad, every time I look into the mirror I- I- see this person-” “Can you see the person’s face” my dad interrupted. “No, he wears a white mask and- and-” I could not think of anything to say after that. My hands were trembling, my teeth were shivering, but my gaze was fixed on one point. I tried looking away, but my eyes were as still as a statue. “*Evan, Evan, Evan,*” a voice was chanting my name as if it were a ritual. The voice kept repeating again and again until I saw him. It was the ultimate trance, voices chanting my name, my whole body was moving back and forth, and the white mask figure was chuckling. It all kept getting louder, and louder, and louder until, I managed to take my eyes off the mirror to look around. That was a mistake. Because as soon as I took my eyes off, it felt as if someone had taken control over my body. I tried controlling myself, but it was too late. I started seeing visions, my parents... they were in distress... but were those really visions? No, it was reality. I wanted to save them and take all the pain and suffering for them,

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though I could do nothing about it. They were agonized, and I tried reaching for them. That is when I saw a small boy in the mirror... it was me. I was talking to a blonde man, around the age of 28. I could easily see the resemblance between me and the man, he was my father. Then, a ginger man in a turquoise turtleneck walked up to my father. I could not recognize the figure. He turned to me and picked me up and whispered something that sounded something like "Long time no see. Give your uncle Randy a kiss." He nuzzled his nose on my cheek, and I reached in for a kiss. In a snap, the setting changed I was in the courtyard of my house. I heard two adultlike voices arguing. Uncle Randy and my father were arguing. In no time, Uncle Randy turned around opened the car door, slammed the door, and drove away. The only two words I could make out of his mouth were, "*revenge, mirror*" Suddenly, I was shaken back to reality. But no, it was still the same curse. Yet this time it was different, in the white figure's clothing stood Uncle Randy. "Uncle you have to help me a white mask figure-" "Shhhhh come with me Evan, sweet nephew." I step into the mirror following my uncle and that, was the last anybody heard of Evan Osborne.