

### **The Mirror**

She woke up from her sleep one day feeling different. She felt uncomfortable, though cheerful. Why? She could not manage to explain. She stood by her bed and noticed something weird in her white dress. It was covered with a crimson dye. How? She could not manage to explain either.

When she looked in the mirror, she was shocked with what she saw. Her black eyes had a haggard, weak look that she did not understand. Suddenly she smiled a victorious wicked smile that she did not mean to do. It was as if her reflection in the mirror took control over her whole body.

She ran to her mother's room seeking help. She did not know what she was going to tell her. She just knew that she needed help. She walked into her mother's room and tried to wake her up. But there was no response. She kept on trying and trying but in vain. She felt that her hands touched something liquid on her mother's bed. She moved her hands and found them covered in blood. Her mother was clearly murdered. She screamed and ran to her sister's room. But found her in the same status.

She was frightened and did not know what to do. She returned back to her room, closed the door, and cried. "Was there a murderer in the house? Am I going to be next?" she thought. She tried so hard to convince herself that it was a dream and she will be awake soon. But she did not wake up. She looked at her bloody hands and wondered who would do that?

Suddenly she remembered the strange dye that covered her dress. She looked in the mirror wondering "was this blood?" Her reflection in the mirror again forced her to draw a smile on her face in the middle of her wretchedness. She started talking: "Why am I smiling? Why am I covered with blood? Is this a dream?" she found herself moving her hands toward her eyes and forcing them to be wide open until she fainted because of the pain.

She saw herself waking up in the middle of the night, checking that all the house doors were locked, going to the kitchen, grabbing a knife and moving to her mother's room. She stabbed her, and then did the same to her sister. She went back to her room, looked in the mirror with the bloody knife in her hands. She saw the same haggard, weak look, and the same victorious,

wicked smile. She put the knife under her pillow and went to sleep peacefully.

She woke up from her fainting status unable to believe herself. She was sure it was just a bad dream. The first thing she did was checking under her pillow. She knew that there will be nothing. But she saw the knife covered in blood. She grabbed it, looked in the mirror with a tear in her eye.

She smiled again as if relieved. But she did not want to smile. How could she? She asked: "Why? Why would I do that?" ... Again the same smile.

She smashed the mirror with her hands until it was scattered into pieces. She took one of the pieces, looked into it and saw the same murderer's eyes. She knew what she had to do. A tear fell down her cheeks while she said: "You shall never see the light anymore, I shall never live any longer." She stabbed herself, and her blood was all over the mirror pieces.