Layla Cook

Step by step I crept, carefully holding the envelope scared; any slight movement the letter would crumple.

With every step the gate seemed further and further. The light shone eye wateringly beaming from every angle confusing my sense of direction, the cobble stone floor glinted towards the sky.

Staggering closer, I saw something which I could only describe as movie like. It was if she could flap her wings and gracefully fly into the air.

I continued to walk, attempting not to look away. Maybe it was that I was fascinated by her beauty, or maybe it was the thought of her creeping up behind me. The windows shook in synch, all while the door handle creaked, waiting for my arrival it had turned. Swiftly I moved, turning the corner and then I saw her; a familiar face.

He was a picture perfect man, your knight in shining armour, if you will. Hair perfectly combed, not one strand out of place. But is was something in his eyes; a monster within scraggly black hair with his suit all messed up, something he tried so hard to hide. It wasn't the only thing I saw, it was sadness and anger, he paused for a moment and then turned towards me, eye to eye, it wasn't, he wasn't human.

He darts side to side and that's when I knew. I casually step back. RUN. I speed up with every step, floorboards creaking beneath my feet. Step … step … step … I heard him walking slowly behind me. I turned the corner out of the doorway. I paused to turn back and to see what I had become. I was what I once most feared, the creature waiting under your bed, in your closet.

What had changed? I asked myself. And then it hit me I hadn't! I was always this way. Scared of what the mirror had to witness, forever from who I was, what I had to showcase.

He stepped closer. "I know who you are, I'm not afraid." I called out.

"So you say." "Why do you run, run from me and run from you?"

"You'll be me and I'll be you."