

Jeremy Dewald

Science Fiction and Fantasy

The Fantasy Story

Title: Mirror Mirror

*There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it. -*

Edith Wharton. My mother always enjoyed that quote. My mother's life revolved around random inspirational quotes and medication. I went most of my life never listening to a coherent sentence coming from her mouth. I wish I could go back. I wish I could go back and ask her one question. A question about the mirror. The mirror that talked back at her.

The night was normal. Me and my best friend Chucky were doing what we do everynight; rob people.

“Gas station had quite a haul tonight”, said Chucky.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah, looks to be 500 at least”

I sat there and thought about it.

“Okay, let's go”, I said.

I put on my gloves and black beanie.

“Make sure to follow me and pick me up after I'm done running”, I said to him as I closed the car door and walked into the back of the gas station.

Three minutes later and I was out with the money and running down Mason Blvd. The only problem I had was the streets suddenly weren't making sense. It was something my mom use to say to me. Everything around me looked dark. I couldn't find Chucky and the the only type of light in the distance was a brightened barn. My hands and feet had become heavy. The money fell out of hands as I got closer to the barn. There were no animals, no people at the farm,

just black smoke. As I entered the barn, I could see a light coming from a door in the back.

Smoke was seeping from the bottom of the door. Without any thought of what was on the other side, I flipped open the door.

There wasn't much in the room; cobwebs, dust, and the floor covered with hay. The only thing in the room was an old-fashioned mirror. I remembered back to my mother's medicated world and her thoughts of "enemies coming from the mirror". However, this mirror was old and broken. The dust had covered the mirror and made it impossible to see through. I took my beanie and wiped off the dust. The first thing I felt was the heat hit my face. The look and feel of dark smoke until the entire mirror was finally shown. There was not a reflection but only a world looking back at me. People walking around a park very similar to the one near my house. I looked on as families continued to walk pass the mirror. I called out many times but never got a response back. As I turned my head, I saw someone I thought I'd never see again; my mother. There she was, walking in the park. My hand went to touch the mirror but it wasn't glass that I felt.

A feeling of liquid warmth ran through my arm as my arm went through the mirror. I tried to pull my arm from the mirror but it only stripped me of more strength. As my arm began to burn, I realized the only way to push through the pain was to jump through the mirror. So I did. I awoke and was surrounded by the people. The same people that I had just watched through the mirror. I didn't quite understand what was happening but I had to find my mother. I pushed through the seas of people that crowded the park. I started to sense a strangeness to the mass of people as none of them were actually speaking. They smiled and laughed but never talked or interacted with anyone around them. It was almost like the people weren't real. Suddenly, I saw

my mother. I rushed to her and grabbed her, causing visible energy shoot through both of us as we held hands.

“You can’t be here”, a voice said as I turned around. She had suddenly appeared right in front of me.

“No, I saw my mother”, I cried out.

“You don’t understand”, she said calmly. “You were tricked. They need a connection.”

“Who’s they?”, I asked.

Suddenly the black smoke started to cover the sky. I started to hear the screams and cries getting closer. Before I could hold my ears, I felt a warm, strong push on my chest as I went backwards. Suddenly, I was back at the farm. I looked through the mirror as I suddenly couldn’t see anything. It was just an old-fashioned mirror again. As I shook the mirror, I heard something coming from the front of the barn. It was my friend Chucky. He was honking his horn and screaming for me. The smoke that I had seen surrounding the farm had suddenly disappeared. Something so drastic had suddenly just vanished before my eyes. My mother? Why was she there? I slowly picked up my beanie and gloves and walked towards my friends car, unaware of the world I just left.

Days had gone by since I had left the farm. I couldn’t sleep, eat, or think without my thoughts invading my mind. My senior year at high-school became background noise. I went back to the farm every night for proof of a world that I couldn’t find.

That brings us to tonight; December 19, 1991. I had lived with my step-father since my mother passed five years ago, but something was very different about tonight.

“So what’s with you?” I asked him.

He gave me response as his eyes circled around in no particular direction. His eyes and skin had begun to darken. There was something not right with the way he was acting. I looked on as I watched him continuously jabbing his head, up and down, and up and down. Eventually, the smell had started to change. It was the smell of decay. I looked on as my nightmare became reality and the black smoke circled around my step-father's head. Before I could run, I heard a familiar voice enter a command.

“We have to kill him”, said the young woman who I had met in the mirror.

“You can't save him?” I asked her as she walked closer to me.

“No, I can't”, she told me. “We have to kill him before it spreads!”.

I quickly ran into my stepfather's room and pulled out his hunting rifle. Once I got back, I could see the young girl standing over my father's body. Her hand, that she used to push me back through the mirror, was now shining a bright light onto my stepfather. I could see his skin start to turn lighter again. Suddenly, the darkness had gone from my stepfather but he still laid deceased.

“What was that?”, I asked her.

“It's nothing. I don't have time to explain”, she said as she put on gloves, covering her hands which glowed through the gloves.

“Make time!” I screamed.

“Why was my mother in the mirror?” I asked. “And what happened to my step-father?”

“The world you saw does not exist. Within every world, lies a darkness mirrored to it”, she explained.

She continued to tell me of world. The worlds connected with each other but very much apart. Without an emotional connection, both worlds cease to know each other. It suddenly became

clear to me. I sustained the emotional “connection” of the worlds when I saw my mom in the mirrored world. Now we needed to stop the darkness from spreading into this world. She immediately shoved me out the door like some horrible stepbrother.

The girl called herself, “V”. She had long black hair and tattoos and piercings covering herself. I didn’t quite understand why she was able to connect the two-worlds but she decided she wasn’t going to tell me much of herself. The “makers” of the black smoke wanted to build a connection between both worlds. For that to happen, they needed an emotional connection to connect both worlds. The connection from me entering the mirrored world to see my mother was forbidden between the worlds and ultimately caused the “rip” that had brought the black smoke to the real world. V told me that for us to stop the black smoke from blackening my own world, I would need to eradicate my emotional connection, which in layman's terms meant kill my mother.

As we walked through the mirror, the happy world I witnessed at first had cease to exist.

“That was the trick” she told me.

“They needed you to enter the world and they used your relationship with your mother to do that”, she said.

I looked around as the darkness in the skies and air had taken over. The smell of burning flesh still made my skin crawl and the sounds of the screaming victims still echoed in my mind.

Suddenly, I saw it. It was my childhood house. Even though the world had been destroyed, the house seemed just as perfect as it was when I was younger. My mother loved this house. I smiled before V grabbed me by both cheeks.

“I need you to understand. This is not your house and that will not be your mother!” she screamed.

I nodded my head in agreement before she pulled a weapon out from her bag. The weapon was bright and radiated knife that brightened whole dark street.

“I need you to stab *it* with this. It is the only way to kill the emotional connection that is holding both worlds” she said.

I once again nodded my head and walked into the house.

I walked into the house but couldn't see much. Everything was dark except one room; the kitchen. I suddenly smelled chocolate chip cookies. I smiled as I walked in and saw the bag of a woman's head as she was cleaning the dishes.

“Made you some cookies, kiddo”, she said to me as she laughed.

I could tell her voice from my a mile away. I didn't feel horror but peace, peace that I hadn't felt since she died. I sat down and ate a cookie. It was just as good as she use to make them. I immediately forgot why I was there as my mother began to tell me about her day. We reminisced about our lives and how much we missed each other. I got up to hug her when she pulled away.

“Mom, give me a hug!”, I yelled at her as I laughed.

Suddenly, she turned around from washing the dishes. Her eyes and face were completely black as she laughed in a horrific tone. I grabbed for the weapon, when she kicked me onto the ground, causing the weapon to slide into the other room. Her voice immediately changed as she laughed.

“It was so easy. Tricking a boy”, the demon laughed.

“Time to join the worlds!” the demon screamed as it lunged at me. I closed my eyes and awaited my fate.

Suddenly, I felt the brightness feel upon my hand. I stood up to see V using her hand once again to kill the smoked demon. As the darkness left her, I could see a glimpse of my mother's face before her body disintegrated. It was the face I remembered growing up. Before I could react any further, we were back at the farm. V had transported back through the mirror and back we were.

“Did we kill the connection?”, I asked.

“Yes, I think we did”, V answered.

“So what's next?” I asked V.

“You get on with your life”, she said.

But that didn't feel right. I couldn't go back. I needed to find out more. None of my answers were answered.

“Unless”, she said, as she turned back around.

“Unless you want to come with me, back through the mirror”, she said as she through the brightened weapon at my feet. I looked at the mirror that gave me nightmares for the past week.

“Let's go”, I said.





