

Reflection

Book Chapter

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Central Assembly of God

1594 words

A group of men who travel between two worlds by running through mirrors, a city painted gold with the lights of the Strip, and secrets surrounding his strange upbringing. Jeremiah Grimm's life is everything but dull. And as if this were not all enough his reflection begins to talk to him, degrading him and all those around him. He must find answers for all these questions that surround him, but the clock is ticking. His sanity is fading and some of these men who traverse the worlds have shadier dealings and he may just be the target of some of those.

The bathroom was small. It was just large enough to fit a sink, a mirror, a toilet, and a snug little tub. Anne stood in the middle of the tiny room staring at her reflection. Her mascara streaked down her face like streamers from the tears that slid down her visage. She absently brushed at her black hair wishing that it still had that shine that she so used to adore. Wishing that everything was back to the way it was before.

“You can’t accept who you truly are, can you?”

The voices again. She stopped brushing her hair. The expression of pain was clear on her face. “Go away!” She screamed at the disembodied voice. “Leave me alone!”

The voice laughed. “That has yet to work, why would the results be different this time.” Anne dropped her brush on the counter giving up with her messy hair. “Please,” she begged “Stop.” For months, this voice had called out to her. For months, it had gotten worse and worse.

“Wow. Resorting to begging. That’s so unlike you. Then again, maybe its not.”

“Shut up!” She cried out. “You don’t know me!”

“I don’t know you?” The voice laughed. “Look at me.”

Anne looked up obediently at the mirror. Her reflection stared back, eyes intense with rage. Her reflections lips moved on its own accord. “I am you. I know everything about you, and to be frank its kind of pathetic.”

“I’m the pathetic one!?! Look at you. Tormenting me to the point of insanity. What have I done to deserve this?”

“I think you know what you’ve done just as well as I do. I know what you think about your sister. May as well kill her. Oh and then your friends. Your just a two faced poser.”

“No I’m not.” Anne whispered as she slid down onto the toilet.

Her reflection shook its head apathetically. "It's so sad. At least I can accept the truth."

"Shut up!" Anne cupped her hands around her ears. "It's not the truth."

Her likeness stared down at her and frowned. "Look at Maria and all her money. I wonder what she would do if she couldn't buy dad's love. Oh Maria's driving around in that lovely car again. I wonder whom she slept with to get that. Maria's wearing that new dress again. I bet that's where she gets her money."

"Please," begged Anne. "Leave my sister out of this."

"Mom never loved me as much as Maria. She gets all the love. I wish she was never born. Why even try. I'll never be as good as her. Just face it. You know you'll never be near as good as your sister. You'll never amount to anything."

Anne bit her bottom lip. Her head pounded with a pain from the back of her skull. "I'm not worthless. People need me. My friends need me."

"Really? They seem to have gotten along this last month pretty well without you. I wonder, was it something you said," said the form with a sinister smile.

"You know very well what it was. You couldn't just leave them alone. Me being miserable was not enough. Everyone around had to be miserable too."

"Like your any different," said the copy. "You have a lousy day, and you make everybody else have one too. You did that long before I started talking. You just couldn't take it that other people had such an enjoyable time while you felt so very unpleasant. Your friends were going to leave you eventually. It was just a matter of time."

"They wouldn't leave me. They love me."

"Really? Didn't you say the same thing to Maria?"

The words hit home. Anne cringed some at the low blow. "She had to go to college."

“Keep telling yourself that. You know what she was leaving for. She was done with dealing with you. I don’t blame her. Being stuck raising a brat like you for almost fifteen years has got to be emotionally taxing.”

“She said she was looking out for me. She was helping me grow up.”

“That is the laziest excuse I have ever heard,” said the reflection with a laugh. She sat up on the counter and went on. “It’s so hard to believe how naïve you can be. She left you because she was tired of picking up all the pieces of the things you broke. Everyone but you sees it.”

Was this all true? Her mind ached so much from the nonstop torment. She couldn’t think straight. “That’s it, I’m done.” Anne rose from the toilet and stormed out of the bathroom and into her apartment. The room was a mess. She stormed over the masses of clothes thrown haphazardly onto her floor. She pulled open the drawer of her nightstand and pulled out a small piece of paper and a pencil. She felt around the base of her lamp and flicked the switch. It filled the room with a dim light revealing how raunchy it was.

Anne set the paper down and the night stand and began writing.

*Maria, I’m so sorry for everything I’ve said. I don’t know what’s come over me. It must be stress or something from all the things that have been going on. You know how things have been between me and Ross. I’m sorry things had to end this way. I just can’t think of another way out of this. **I’m just a hopeless little girl that can’t grow up.***

“No,” Anne whispered. “You’re not going to mess with this.” She erased the words and went back to writing.

*I hope you can find it in you to forgive me for everything I’ve done. I’ve been a terrible sister **and a huge witch. I learned it all from the best.***

“Just let me have this!” And shouted as her hand shook out more words on the page. Finally, she snatched up the page and tore it to shreds. The bits of paper fell onto the cluttered ground. Anne ripped open the drawer and pulled out a revolver. She quickly flipped it open to see the single shot ready to go.

“Fine,” she whispered. “This is what you want isn’t it?”

Anne stood and stormed back into the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror. “Is this what you want!?! For me to end it all right here right now?”

Silence. “Come on you’ve had something to say for everything I’ve done so far, who so quiet now. You afraid that if I die you go.” Her hand was trembling on the gun. She pulled it up to her head and pointed at her skull. “Come on and say something!”

“Go ahead,” said her reflection. “Pull it. Save someone else later on the trouble.”

“That would make you so happy wouldn’t it! Your pathetic little mission would finally be complete wouldn’t it?” The reflection stared back with a blank expression. “I would finally be rid of you.”

“There’s no getting rid of me. I am you. Just without all the makeup and fake fronts. You can run all you want, but at the end of the day I will always be there. Heaven or Hell you’re never getting rid of me.”

“I’m not you!”

“Your right.” Said the reflection. “At least I have the gall to accept whom I am. I don’t try to hide it behind some fake front. Whats all the makeup covering up. Your nothing. Your hopes, your dreams, they might as well never exist. Your not strong enough to do anything for anyone other than yourself.”

“I’m worthless.” Whispered Anne as a fresh wave of tears poured from her eyes. “All I’m doing is taking up space.” She lifted the revolver carefully. She placed it against her skull. Its all come to this she thought. Every decision, every interaction, every friend she's ever made have all come together for her to end it all in the bathroom on one night.

Memories of her childhood came rushing into her mind. Her and Maria brushing each other's hair as they sang a song together. She began to recall the words. “Hush a bye, don’t you cry. Go to sleep my little baby. When you wake you shall have, all the pretty horses...” She remembered her sister tenderly pushing her long black hair behind her ear. Telling her of what their mother used to be like before she passed.

“Black and Bays, Dapples, grays,

All the pretty little horses.

Hush a bye, don’t you cry,

Go to sleep my little baby.

Hush a bye, don’t you cry,

Go to sleep my little baby...”

Seeing her sister move away on that big day when she was accepted to that ivy league school. The smile planted on her face. Anne closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She pulled back the hammer of the revolver until it clicked. The shot was lined up.

“When you wake you shall have

All the pretty little horses.”

She didn’t want to open her eyes. She didn’t want to see the satisfied smirk on her reflections face as the last thing. She imagined the face of her sister. For one last time, she tried

to imagine her mother. How beautiful she must have been. Maybe we'll meet on the other side? Anne's hand trembled as her finger pressed lightly on the trigger.

"I love you sis," Anne whispered. "This is for you."

The gunshot was heard all through the apartment complex.