

Mirrors

It can be hard to look in the mirror sometimes, can't it?

Reven Detsixe certainly thought so.

Reven hadn't looked in a mirror since he was six years old.

This was always hard, especially during the school year, when he lived with his parents in Spryfield. Every second he was surrounded by those reflective traps. It grew hard, sometimes, to resist looking in them. 'I'll just check to make sure I don't have spinach in my teeth', he'd tell himself. 'Just for a second'

But even before he turned to face himself, the memories of that day would rip through his head like a tsunami. And he'd begin to feel a pulling in the back of his eyes, like his flesh was starting to rip itself

off of his bones.

It was surprisingly easy, he discovered, to train oneself to snap your gaze away before you looked at the mirror.

He knew his parents hated it. They were embarrassed of him. Since he was six, since he broke every mirror in their house, hiding in his room for hours on end, they had refused to speak to him, even to look at him.

It still hurt, but Reven told himself that he was fine. He was fourteen now, and had learned to fend for himself.

Nobody would give him a job, so he took money from fountains. Saving up enough to buy him clothes, though they were ratty and worn.

Maybe it was these clothes

that made the kids at school not like him. They were never mean to him outright, but he never had friends. He ate lunch in the library, most days, unable to face the shame of eating at a table alone.

Reven sat in his room, staring at his wall. Someday he would leave this place. He'd go to some big city, like Toronto, or Ottawa. He'd be an actor, or a singer. People would finally pay attention to him, stop judging the fact that he couldn't, wouldn't look in mirrors.

The wall he stared at was bare. No family photos, nothing. He wished it was covered in pictures, moments of love and family captured forever in paper. He buried his face in his hands, the darkness more welcome than the sight of the wall.

He shivered in the breeze coming from his window - he always kept it open, to avoid seeing the glass.

He looked out, and saw, amongst his perfectly mowed lawn, and the trees that surrounded it, the Man.

Reven dove back onto his bed, covering his head with a decorative floral pillow. He shivered.

The Man.

Reven should have loved the Man, the only person in the whole town who didn't find him too weird to acknowledge.

But the Man did more than that. He watched Reven constantly. He waited for Reven to finish school, he was always outside of Reven's house, when Reven went to

the store, he was always in the next isle over.

Nobody paid attention when Reven complained about him. Nobody ever did.

THUMP!

A bang on the side of Reven's house startled him out of his thoughts.

He ran to the window and looked down. the Man was no longer in the yard.

He was climbing up the wall.

Reven screamed and ran to the door. He shook the knob, pushed, but it wouldn't budge.

It was locked from the outside.

He screamed again, "Help! Help me!"

Both his parents were home,

they had to be hearing him. Tears sprang out of his eyes as he banged again on the door, pleading for rescue, his shouts falling on deaf ears.

He turned back to the window and saw a hand reaching through it, blacked gloves curling around the frame. If he had any fantasies of slamming the window shut, they were moot now.

The Man's face appeared in the window, and Reven fell on his knees, openly sobbing for mercy. He looked up, and through tearstained eyes, noticed something about the man that he had never noticed before.

He was wearing reflective sunglasses.

The scream that ripped out of Reven was unearthly, like his

Soul was tearing itself out of his body.

He crumpled to the ground, and the Man watched, emotionless, as his shaking stilled into eerie, unmoving calm.

"I hoped it wouldn't have to come to this," the Man said with a sigh. "Stupid, stubborn kid, messing with forces he can never understand."

The Man knew what Reven had spent his entire life avoiding.

Reven Detsire, flipped in a mirror, spelled out the words: Never Existed.

The End.