

The Mirror

by Kyle Eggleston

Ginnifer hated yard sales, yet she went to them anyway. For the most part, she didn't enjoy the thought of going through someone else's junk that they didn't want anymore. On the other hand, she had an Ebay business to run and had to stock it up with cheap items that she could sell for much much more in order to keep her bills paid.

As she walked around the driveway of 22 East Parkway, Ginnifer stopped at a box of books. She glanced through them for a moment or two, nothing piqued her interest. Most of the books were romance novels. Nothing interesting there at all. She sighed. Moving along she came upon a mirror.

The mirror was resting against a table. Ginnifer figured it stood about five feet tall and a good three feet wide. There was writing around the mirror that she couldn't understand. It was in some other kind of language. She looked into the mirror and saw her reflection. Her blue eyes stared back at her. Her brown hair needed to be cut. Ginnifer looked for a price tag, there was none.

A man approached her. "Can I help you with something miss?" He asked in a warm tone.

Ginnifer turned to see an older man. His face was wrinkled with age and his hair was white. Clearly he had seen better days. She smiled at him. "Um yes, how much for this mirror? I don't see a price tag."

The man looked at the mirror. "Oh this old thing?" He asked. "How about five dollars?" He continued to stare into the mirror at his reflection as Ginnifer reached into her wallet and grabbed a five dollar bill.

Handing the bill to him, Ginnifer smiled. "Five dollars it is then."

The man took the money and returned the smile. "Have fun with that." He turned and walked away before she could ask what he meant by it.

Oh well, she thought, who cares what the old man thought about it. A deal had been made and it was time to get her mirror cleaned up and placed on Ebay so she could make some money. She wondered what a good asking price would be for it. Ginnifer decided on fifty dollars. Not too bad of a markup if she did say so herself.

Taking the mirror by both sides, she walked to her car and placed it in the backseat. Climbing into the car, she drove home checking every once in a while to make sure she didn't damage her mirror.

A half hour later, Ginnifer pulled up in front of her apartment complex. It was a small place, nothing to write home to tell the folks about, but it did its job.

Entering her apartment, Ginnifer set the mirror down in the living room, which also served as a bedroom. Her bedroom had been converted to a storage room for all of the junk she hadn't been able to sell yet. She picked up a camera off of the coffee table and began taking pictures of the mirror. She would upload them in the morning and get it ready to sell.

Ginnifer looked at the mirror. Her reflection again looked back at her. If she didn't know any better, she would say her reflection was smirking at her. But that was impossible. She tossed the idea out of her head. Whoever heard such a thing. Reflections are just that, reflections. You only get back what you put into them. Laughing, she walked into the kitchen to make herself a snack.

The woman in the mirror didn't move away from it. She stood there staring.

In the kitchen, Ginnifer opened the fridge, it was empty. She sighed and dialed for pizza. Two topping, mushroom and pepperoni. No sauce. It was an addiction she had since a kid and could never get enough of it.

Sitting on her couch, Ginnifer turned on the television and flipped through channels. The woman in the mirror continued to watch her. Ginnifer looked at the mirror and saw her reflection still standing there, she jumped.

“What in the hell?” Ginnifer said. She stood from the couch and walked towards the mirror. There was her reflection standing there with her hands on her hips.

“It must be a practical joke.” She said. “Some kind of camera mechanism that took my picture and is displaying it. Yeah that's gotta be it.” Ginnifer picked up the mirror and started to feel around it for an opening. A hidden compartment or something where a camera would be to take pictures. There was none to be found. She placed the mirror back against the wall and looked at it.

“Don't be shocked Ginny.” Her reflection said to her. “I'm you in a way.”

Ginnifer took a step back. This wasn't happening. Raising her hands to her mouth she watched as the other woman kept her hands on her hips. “Oh this really isn't happening.”

The woman smiled at her. “I know, I couldn't believe it when I first purchased the mirror. The old man told me it was special, but I didn't quite understand what he meant until I saw myself.”

Ginnifer stood there still in shock.

“Well aren't ya going to say something?”

Ginnifer's mouth trembled. Was she hallucinating or was something else wrong with her? She didn't know. "Who are you?"

"Finally." Her double said. "A question." She dropped her hands to her side. "I'm you... I think. It's kinda complicated." She started pacing. "I believe we're the same person yet different manifestations of each other in different realities."

Ginnifer checked her forehead. Did she hit it? Was she imagining herself talking to her? Sitting down on the couch she rested her head between her legs. "Oh you have got some kind of voodoo going on here lady." She said. "That doesn't make any sense."

Her reflection laughed. "I know it doesn't. It didn't make any sense to me the first time I encountered my double either." She walked closer to her mirror. "Here come to the mirror. I can prove you're not going nuts."

Ginnifer stood from the couch and approached the mirror.

"Good." Her double said. "Now, place your hands on the mirror. On both sides." She continued.

Ginnifer did as she was told. Placing one hand on each side of the mirror she held it. A bright flash of light and a trembling motion started to happen. Ginnifer was sucked into the mirror. She felt the cool surface of the mirror as it engulfed her body.

A moment later she found herself standing in front of the mirror again looking at it. The reflection was empty.

Ginnifer felt a hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry Ginny, you're fine." She heard her own voice yet it wasn't her. Ginnifer turned quickly to see the woman who had been in the mirror.

"Where am I?" Ginnifer asked. She looked around the apartment. It was cleaner than her own and simpler.

Ginnifer's double smiled at her. "You've crossed the threshold." She said. "You're in my world."

Ginnifer walked over to the couch and sat down. "Your world?" She asked not sure of what to believe. "What do you mean your world?"

Her double crossed the room and sat down next to her. She rested a hand on Ginnifer's leg in an attempt to calm her down. "That mirror is a doorway." She said. "To different planes of existence. I'm your double. You are my double. It's how it works."

Ginnifer tried to soak it all in. "How many others of us have you talked to?"

"You're the first." The woman said. "I got tired of imitating what the others were doing. I decided to see if I could actually speak to someone."

"If it's a doorway to other worlds." Ginnifer asked. "Then why didn't I see you when I purchased it?" She scooted away from her double to the end of the couch.

Ginnifer's double shrugged. "I'm not sure. It might have to do with the fact that you didn't own it yet. I didn't see you until you brought it into your apartment, to be honest."

Ginnifer sat there on the couch unsure of what to do or say. Her mind was racing. If what this stranger was saying was true... she couldn't grasp the concept. There were doubles of her running around all over the place? What would stop one of them from taking over her life? What would stop this double from hitting her over the head, and just taking over her life without asking another question. She stood from the couch.

"I think it's best I be going now."

Her double stood from the couch as well. "What? Why?"

"I don't think I should be here." Ginnifer walked closer to the mirror. She was about to place her hands on the mirror when she saw her double in it. Her double was holding a baseball bat.

Ginnifer turned around in time to feel the object hit her. Ginnifer blacked out to the sound of her doubles's feet walking across the living room. Her high heels making a determined step towards the mirror.

An hour later, Ginnifer came to. She looked up at the mirror. It was dark. There was no reflection. Ginnifer stood up and walked towards the mirror. Still nothing. Ginnifer placed her hands on the mirror expecting it to take her back to her home. It didn't.

"Great!" She yelled. "Now what?" Ginnifer walked around the living room. Another woman had stolen her life literally. She sat down on the couch.

If the mirror was a portal. A doorway to another earth... her earth would come back in view wouldn't it? She rubbed her head where she had been hit. It was too confusing to think about at the moment. If she did have to wait, she would wait. How long could it take for her own world to show up again in the mirror? It couldn't be that long... could it?

Ginnifer would find out how long it would take. That was the hard part of waiting. The waiting of it all.

The End