

Tempting The Mirror

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Alison walked outside and onto her front porch. It was a breezy afternoon, one she hoped would last and stay around for a while. She enjoyed Summer but really liked it when it rained a little here and there *during* Summer. It was always something she liked to experience. Summer rarely made it rain, it was always hot and sticky. So when it did rain, Alison was all for it.

As she sat there, a delivery truck pulled up to her driveway. The driver hopped out, he was carrying a piece of paper with him and a pen. Walking up the driveway, he made eye contact with Alison.

“Mrs. Alison Fuller?” The delivery driver asked.

Alison took a step forward and smiled. “That’s me.” She said.

“I have a delivery for you.” He responded. Handing Alison the piece of paper, the man flicked the pen into its on position. “Please sign here.”

Alison couldn’t help but wonder what it was. She figured the delivery driver didn’t have a clue, they usually didn’t know what it was they were delivering. Only boxes upon more boxes stacked in their truck. She signed the paper and handed it and the pen back to the driver.

“I’ll bring it up.” The man said as he walked back to his truck. A moment

later he came back with a large package. It was almost too big for Alison to handle, but she managed.

Thanking the driver, Alison dragged the package into her house. She was excited to open the package. Reaching into a drawer on the small table in her entryway, Alison got a knife out. She cut the tape from the box and the straps keeping it closed. Alison watched as the box pieces fell to the sides of the object inside. She was staring at a reflection of herself in a mirror.

“Who would send me a mirror?” Alison wondered out loud. She sure didn’t order a mirror.

Alison stared at her reflection for a moment and could have sworn for a second that it shifted. She shook her head thinking it was just her imagination getting the best of her. Mirrors didn’t work that way, they only projected what you did. A reflection of you. Nothing more. She rolled the mirror from the entryway into her sitting room. The mirror would have to stay there until she figured out a better place for it to sit.

Walking away from the mirror, her reflection watched her walk away. The woman in the mirror smirked at the thought she was seeing a different reality. One where the Earth wasn’t as bad off as her own Earth. At least she *hoped* that was the case.

On the other side of the mirror, Alison’s reflection waited patiently for Alison to return. She had to time it right or the transference wouldn’t take place. Alison needed it to work out the way she planned it to. Tapping her foot on the floor of her house, she waited rather impatiently.

The mirror Alison came back. Alison's reflection smiled. "Showtime." She said. Placing her hands on the mirror, she focused and stared her twin in the eyes. The exchange was quick. Alison's reflection looked around her *new* Earth. The house was very similar to her own on *her* Earth. She walked away laughing.

Alison looked around confused. What had just happened? Did the mirror just . . . did she just . . . no, that couldn't have happened. Could it? Was she now Alice through the Looking Glass? Theoretically it was possible there were other Earths out there, but Alison thought that's all it was, a theory. "Where am I?" She asked.

A siren sounded loud, it was the town's siren not a police siren. Rushing to a window, Alison looked outside. The streets were empty. Too empty. Vehicles looked abandoned, some car doors left ajar like someone got out and ran from them. Alison wondered what the hell had happened. Then the announcement came.

"Attention, curfew has been changed to Seven o'clock. All citizens are to be in their homes by that time."

Alison gasped. *Curfew? Seriously, what on Earth was going on around here?* She wondered. Taking a step outside, she walked down the sidewalk. Every house had their blinds or curtains closed. The streets were empty as ever. Were people scared to go outside their homes? Were there any people inside their homes? Alison walked up to a house and pressed the doorbell.

There wasn't an answer. Alison knocked on the door. It creaked open. Stepping inside, she looked around. There was writing on the wall. It said:

“All Hope Is Lost. The End Is Nigh.”

Walking closer to the wall, Alison smelled the wall. It wasn't paint, it smelled like dried blood. Whoever wrote the message wrote it while they were dying, or seriously injured. It seemed like some kind of doomsday message or event was occurring. A nationwide pandemic perhaps? Alison didn't know. She walked out of the house and down to the next house, and then the next. No one answered their doors. Everyone seemed empty.

Alison returned to her home. She chuckled at the thought, it wasn't *her* home at all but a stranger who she didn't recognize. Standing in front of the mirror again, Alison placed her hands on the mirror and shook it. *How did that other Alison make it work?* She wondered. Looking at the edge of the mirror, Alison noticed writing in a strange language she didn't recognize. Was it an alien device? She didn't know. What she did know as it transported her to a different Earth, one she didn't recognize.

Rubbing the sides of the mirror, she hoped it would activate the portal. The mirror did nothing. Maybe her reflection had to be in proximity to the mirror as well? Alison didn't know.

There was a knock at the door. Alison jumped. Walking to the door, she opened it. A man was standing outside waiting to come in. She recognized the man, it was her father. Alison's mouth hung open. She hadn't seen her dad in over twenty years when he was killed in the war.

Her father walked inside and gave her a hug. He saw the expression on her face. “What's wrong honey? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

Alison closed the door. “Maybe I have . . . dad.” She said. “Maybe I have.”

While she didn’t have the ability to return home just yet, at least Alison had something she had wanted for a long time. Five more minutes with her father. Maybe traveling to a different Earth wasn’t as bad as she thought.

The End