

[P] Written by [DrpyCatty](#), find their work [here](#).

Claire opened her apartment door.

“So, you’re not coming to the Supermoon tonight?” The red-headed boy beside her asked, resting his back against the wall. Claire fiddled with the key stuck to her door, muttering profanities under her breath.

“I can’t, Kev. I got stuff to work on.” She answered, dismissing her friend’s excitement. “But tell me how it went!” She added, softening the blow. With her foot stuck to the door while pulling, the key finally came loose.

“I guess it’ll just be me and Ryan then.” Kev said, turning around to the stairs by her door. “Don’t overwork yourself, though.” He said, walking down the crooked steps.

“We’ll see!” Claire’s voice echoed down, as she entered her apartment, and shut the door. “Time to lay down.” She said to herself in a dramatic voice, taking off her green jacket and blue jeans to slip into her night wear.

Just a simple white t-shirt and black shorts.

“Laundry to go.” She said, picking up her old clothes and walking over to the bathroom. Claire performed a staring contest with her reflection in the mirror, while dumping clothes into the washing machine.

Claire grabbed a hair brush from the cabinet below her sink, and began brushing her luxurious orange hair, surprised by how messy it had gotten from her day out.

A chestnut and phoenix-like color. Nowhere near the standard of the typical red-head term. Even her friend Kev wouldn’t be the same, with his dyed rocket red hair.

Eventually, her haircare ritual was done, and she went to the kitchen. Claire decided to help herself to a slice of cake she hid beneath a napkin, thinking it would keep it from staling.

Claire sat down on her red couch, eating the cake on her lap while watching a cooking show. It let her mind wander around for a bit, nothing huge to focus on while relaxing from an eventful day with Kev and Ryan. Sure, she would’ve preferred seeing a once-in-a-lifetime event, but work came first, if she wanted to keep herself fed.

“Right, now to work.” She announced, putting the dirty plate on a couch cushion to her left, and walked off to her bedroom. Claire left the door open, sitting down in the unmade bed. The room wasn’t a total mess, just some bottles and dishes that weren’t put in their proper places.

She lived alone, and was nowhere near to a neatfreak, so she had no issue with the environment. Scavenging through the unmade bed’s blanket, Claire pulled out her laptop like a spearfisher catching their prize.

“I gotta send Mark those dumb emails, send Emma an update on his commission, and tell Denzel to leave me alone.” She repeated in a slow manner, reminding herself what to do as she opened the device and went through some work folders.

She turned her head to look out the balcony door, a full-length mirror beside it, as she made eye-contact with herself. The same tired working Claire in the reflection, tapping away on her practical livelihood.

Claire went through multiple sites, business emails, and updating conversations with online clients. Assuring her state of sanity with the passage of time, she looked to the balcony door, the sky as dark as an oil spill.

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The time on her laptop read as two in the morning, which caused Claire to freak out. Shouting “Already?” as she fell out of her bed, and ran up to the balcony door, slipping through to look about. Everything was relatively dark, save for her bedroom illuminating the general balcony.

The environment below and around her? As dark as the night, hard to be seen without a flashlight, or night vision.

Claire turned back to her bedroom, pondering for a moment. She spent four hours working non-stop, and the Supermoon was approaching. Could she manage to get in contact with one of her friends and go and see it with them?

She smiled at her reflection, coming to the conclusion of putting on a better outfit for her night out. Her reflection’s smile, however, was a little delayed.

“Right, right... Maybe I can... uh... message Kev to pick me up?” She spoke to herself, opening her oakwood closet and taking out a few hung jackets. She compared each piece by bringing them up to her chest, eventually settling on a blue winter coat.

“Yeah. That’s right.” She remarked, finger-blasting at herself, the reflection yet again, delayed like an online player with bad internet. Claire didn’t notice, keeping her eyes focused on the closet as she looked for some jeans to go with the jacket.

She tried on multiple shades of black leggings, strutting and stamping in place at the mirror to see which one worked best. Each trial brought her reflection’s expression more droopy, and even more peeved.

A loud ringing notification came from Claire’s laptop. The sudden intensity of any volume at the late period of two A.M startled her, nearly thumping her head with the closet door as she got up from searching through a drawer.

Claire was preparing to wear her boots, and instead sat down half-way in her bed, hands fitting her left foot as she read the status for her notification. It was telling her that the Supermoon would begin at two-thirty A.M.

“Great.” She said begrudgingly, shoving her foot through the shoe, finally worn. “I’m not gonna make it with Kev and Ryan.”

She looked back to the balcony, the sky a faint purple from its grimy black. It wasn’t as good as seeing it with her friends, but at the least, she’d see it at all.

“Well, I guess I can view it from here.” She assured herself, looking at the mirror next to the balcony door.

She looked dead, like she’d been out all day doing errands and a full gym routine, facial expression speaking the pain of a thousand soldiers, and body looking limp.

Claire kicked off her boot, lying down in her bed like she’d been preparing to make a snow angel. “I really need to sit down, huh?”

She took her words to heart, idly patting her knees with her hands while kicking her legs back and forth, impatient and incapable of not moving after sitting around all night.

Claire noticed an oddity while trying to wear herself out, her reflection looked to be slow, as if she were underwater and sifting through the waves keeping her from easy movement.

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She stood up, raising a brow as her reflection did the same almost instantly. "Okay..." She said, standing straight as a soldier. Testing one last time, she held a stoic expression, and began shaking her arms violently in rapid directions.

All of which the reflection barely repeated.

"Okay, you caught me." Her reflection spoke up, raising their hands up like they'd been arrested. Claire rubbed her eyes, and smacked her face. "You can stop, I'm not gonna keep faking it." The reflected version of her said, laughing a bit at her violence.

"I-I... no. I was trying to make sure I'm awake." She answered to her own reflection. Totally lost, the concept of treating your own mirror self as a separate entity, or one capable of coherent thought and speech was beyond any form of reasoning to her.

"You sure are." Her reflection answered, putting one of its hands on its cheek like a loving mother watching their child play.

"Are you... me?" The original Claire asked, raising her hand at the mirror, almost reaching out to her reflected self.

"I'm your reflection, so... you tell me."

Claire ran out of her bedroom, sneaking into the bathroom and snapping her neck to the sink mirror. "Yup, I'm here too." Her reflection said, voice projecting from a distance as the faint sound of footsteps came, and finally, the mirrored version of her at the glass.

"I... am so confused." Claire said between manic snorts, pinching her arms for any attempts at waking herself up. She dunked her head into the sink, and turned on the tap, pouring pure cold water over her. It didn't wake her up the way she'd hope, but it did serve for a good laugh with her mirrored self.

"You think YOU'RE confused? Imagine how I feel!" Her reflection shouted with wide eyes, gesturing around the void of the mirror like a theater kid signaling for the next act.

"How YOU feel? You're my reflection! How would I think about... uh..." Claire began, her voice weakening in speech as she realized the severity of such fate. "...myself... in a mirror?" She finished, staring at the ceramic tiles of the bathroom floor.

The reflection didn't answer, looking away with a soft frown, as if giving Claire the cold shoulder.

Claire sighed, looking back to her reflection, still in her own disappointed mind bunker. "Is this normal?"

"Not... really?" Her reflection answered, unsure of the proper way to explain.

It made Claire curious, wanting to better understand what her mirror self could and wouldn't be able to do. "Do you... uh... have my memories and stuff?"

"Anywhere you went with a reflection, I've been there, so, a good chunk of your life, I guess." She answered, bringing herself closer to the mirror, no longer frowning.

"What happens if I break the mirror?" Claire asked abruptly, a plan being formed on the spot, surely.

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Should her reflection know her, or herself rather, it wouldn't end well either way. And the answer wasn't any better. "I... reflect where it's broken, I guess?"

Claire brought herself closer to the mirror, face just a few inches away from the glass. "How do I get you out?" She demanded, in a way that sounded both for her own benefit, and drought of curiosity.

"I don't know!" Her reflection answered with squinted eyes, raising her arms up and around like she was signaling for something.

Claire thought for a moment, and followed up with another question. "So, this is all new to you?"

"Well, this is my first time actually being sentient, I guess." The reflection answered, moving her body in a circle while standing still. "Not copying you, I mean." She added.

Forming thoughts to the situation at hand, Claire looked to her bedroom from the bathroom door, realizing the coming event. "Do you want to watch the Supermoon with me?" She asked, looking back at the mirror, who appeared surprised.

"How would I do that?" Her reflection answered, raising a brow while holding a half-knowing smile.

Claire thought for a moment, fingers on her chin while going through a theory. "I... could carry my bedroom mirror onto the balcony, can't I?"

The reflection copied her thinking pose, and finally answered light-heartedly. "That could work."

Returning to her bedroom, Claire grabbed the top of her body-length mirror, trying to drag it slowly to the balcony without shattering or scratching it. The legs scraped along the floor in an ear-piercing scratch as she brought it out into the cold air.

She set the mirror down, back supported by leaning towards the wall of the balcony, front end facing the sky. "Can you see just fine?" Claire asked, waiting for an answer from the missing mirror self.

"I can see." Her reflection answered, walking into view after projecting her voice as if she were in a choir of hallways.

"Great." Claire said, leaning over her balcony railing to watch the Supermoon, almost as bright as a phone flashlight. There was an odd blue glow to it, as if radiating an energy unknown to mankind.

The sky was dark, in mixture of violet purple and pure black, contrasted by the astronomical anomaly occurring before the two Claire's. It made for a good sight.

"Do you think you'll stay like this?" Claire asked, breaking the silence of the serene event they were witnessing.

"I don't know." The reflected Claire answered.

"Well... uh... it was nice knowing... me?" Claire said, progressively sounding more awkward. Her reflection snorted, clasping her left hand over her mouth.

"Give me a high five, you idiot." Claire's reflection raised her hand to the glass of the mirror, waiting for the original Claire to oblige.

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“Okay.” She said happily, smacking the glass right where her reflection's hand was. A cracking sound followed, louder than thunder, and came with a bright flash of light.

Ringling, crashing, and falling, the only sounds Claire could hear as she skydived down into a white void. She shielded her eyes, the intense color nearly blinding her. Falling in the starfish position, she landed stomach first onto the empty ground, surprisingly taking no damage.

Once she assured herself that she was on land, no matter how visible it was, she got up on one knee, analyzing her surroundings with squinted eyes. Everything was bright white, like an empty canvas waiting for another abstract piece by a weeping artist.

“Hello?” Claire called out, her voice projecting around her in various tones and levels. Some sounded anxious, others angry and loud, but between them all, was her curious inside-voice calling.

“Claire!” Another voice called out, the same as her own, but not from her. Claire covered her ears, mainly for sound padding, but also to better filter the mysterious Claire voice shouting out her own name.

“Over here!” The voice yelled again, coming from behind her. Claire tilted her head around, spotting a large square crystal floating above the ground. “Here!”

She approached the crystal square, rendering the appearance of a bathroom. A familiar one. It was Claire's bathroom.

“There you are!” The voice spoke up, as a Claire standing in front of the bathroom sink popped her head up with widened eyes, hands digging into the outer-edge of the bowl.

“Wh- huh?!” Claire shouted in confusion, trying to decipher any and all meaning in what was happening. She was trapped in some kind of white void, and viewing herself through a crystal, which led to one conclusion. “Am I in the mirror?!”

“I think we... swapped places?” The Claire in the rectangular window answered, her reflected self now standing in the real world.

Claire pressed her face to the mirror, nose and cheek crushing so close that she curved her expressions in a comedic way. “How do I get out.” She demanded, not as a question, with how fast the word came out in such urgency.

“I’m... not sure.” Her reflection self answered, still standing in the bathroom.

“What do we do? WHAT DO WE DO?!” Claire shouted, banging her hands on the crystal mirror within her side, all the while, her reflection self remained unfazed.

“Chill out.” She demanded.

“You think I can just ch-”

Claire stopped speaking, as she stood still, moving back and bringing her arms in the same position as the Claire in the bathroom.

“-I think you can what?” Her reflection demanded, moving her face closer to the mirror, Claire doing so at the same pace.

“Are... you there?” Her reflection self asked, waving her hand up and down over her eyes in a fast motion, Claire perfectly mimicking her in the process.

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“Oh... you’re gone, gone. Huh?”

The no-longer reflection Claire looked around in the bathroom, and stepped out into the living room, before entering the bedroom, walking slowly and looking around to any possible reflection, identifying them all to be perfectly mimicking her.

She entered the bedroom, and went to the balcony. The ceramic floor was covered in shards of glass, both from the mirror, and the outer lining being cracked. She looked up to the Supermoon, its bright green hue dimming to a more natural color for any moon viewer.

Going back into the bedroom, the new Claire sat down on her bed, looking over to the laptop the original Claire left open. Her reflection faintly there, holding the same frown as she had.

“Time to finish your work, I guess.”

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