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I always despised mirrors, or maybe what I hated was looking at the man inside them.

One peak through his eyes and all his weaknesses were on full display. It was those trusting, naive eyes that led to him repeating the same vicious cycle; offering his heart on a platter and practically begging for it to be shattered every time. Once someone showed even a modicum of kindness all the defenses that after so much heartbreak, should have been fully fortified, dissolved like sugar in boiling water, only to have to be rebuilt after being disappointed for the millionth time.

For the longest time it has just been him and I. My disdain for him stemmed from his inability to comprehend that it was enough, but he still clung to the hope that one day someone would manifest like a night and shining armor and somehow, we wouldn't be alone anymore. It was idiotic. To live your life grasping at straws all for the sake of some idiotic fantasy. He was pathetic.

I was beginning to come to terms to the fact that it would never change. I would be doomed to look at those eyes for the rest of my life, which with my tendency of stumbling into harmful situations, probably wouldn't be very long. That was of course until I met him. I woke up that day and faced my mirror head on, something that was admittedly rare for me, but when I stared into it, the man I was faced with was someone I didn't recognize.

In his eyes there was no trust, no innocence, nothing to make you want to pity him. Instead, they were almost cold. Dark. Bone chilling. He was probably just as tall, but his confidence made all the difference. He had a thousand scars but wore them like accessories. His smile was sardonic, and it only grew the more time I spent analyzing him. Just from one look I could tell this man could never be hurt or disappointed. No heartbreak because had no heart to give away.

I wasn't sure who the stranger I was staring at was, but I already liked him better.