

TITLE : A Stranger I Met
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AGE : 15

My eyes were open , my heart was close to broken. There I was searching for myself but little did I know I was drowning in an ocean. On my quest to finding my destiny I held on to my integrity. Building new dreams , were they even something worthy to believe? That was my first step towards the stranger I was about to meet.

As I stumbled my way about the magnificent corridors as a freshman in highschool , a stranger helped me navigate my way through. Our bond immediately became as strong as steel forged in a fire. I was captivated by her charisma and mysterious smile which hinted at secrets untold, secrets I was eager to unfold.

As the days dwindled by, I took every breath with her by my side. We spent so much time together like the stars with the night. Unfortunately that time together planted within me the seed of envy , I had grown to admire this stranger. Everything about her chained me with the forces of gravity.

Not long after, I began to echo her laughter. I developed a strong desire to follow her down the winding paths of her mind. I dropped all my passions and found myself behind a canvas holding a brush because my stranger loved art. As the days became lost in time I began to lose myself in her reflection. I adopted her dark style , her striding walk and I began to view life through her eyes.

Tragedy followed , a boy my age was drowned in the pool. Everything had been caught on camera. The alleged murderer had hidden their

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face, but their mannerisms and dress code stood out from the rest. Fingers all pointed towards the stranger and I, of course it was not me for I did not even bear the strength to kill a fly.

I became a suspect but without motive which led to the investigators sinking their eyes into detail as they replayed the footage of the incident. What saved me was the one thing I could not change: the birthmark behind my left ear. The murderer : the stranger, bore no mark and so I was exonerated.

With the stranger now locked up, I decided to catch my glimpse in the mirror. I could not recognize the person staring back at me; I had become the stranger I met. I came to realize who I really was, and so I tore off the stranger's skin.

Now when I look in the mirror I see my unique self , and sometimes when the lighting is just right I catch a glimpse of the stranger's smile reminding me of the journey I took to find myself.

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