

God only knows how... Or better yet, the depths of hell only know how I got mixed up in this horror. She said I shouldn't look in the mirror, matter of fact, I shouldn't... I shouldn't have looked in any reflective surface, the risk was too high, they would have seen the failure I've become. I knew the truth, I still do and yet I'm here standing and feeling lost. I like what they say, the more answers you receive the more questions arise. Truth is you can't run from reality forever and for as much as I'd love to portray myself as a strong girl I couldn't give in to temptation and so I looked, I saw myself in the mirror for the first time after so long, so long that I barely remembered the colour of my eyes, at least they were still there... not for long though, nothing lasts forever but in my case it wouldn't have lasted for more than a couple hours. I have disobeyed the one order I was given. They did not say or even mention what would happen if I did but now that I did I know very well what's going to happen. The mirror, YES YES. The mirror... They came from the mirror last time and back in the mirror they vanished. It was at night time, pretty much like it is now, about a year ago, or were they two? No... NO! two years are quite a long time and I have not done THAT much. Of course time is insignificant when the whole universe opens up and you learn its truth so I may have lost track. The dilemma here is not about the product however, the answers of the universe would have been unveiled eventually, the human brain is quite a fun toy and it's meant to be played with, it will never stop to surprise. I did not have that time to spend... None of us do. The problem in this equation was not the price, not the product. It's all about the container, the box... yes yes... You see? If you force knowledge into your brain, knowledge you are not supposed to have yet, the brain will eventually leave you stranded. But they had that sorted out, they are not scientists by any means, nor doctors, nor physicians... they ask the question and the universe answers. My brain did not explode and I am not crazy. I am not crazy. I... need to pack my things, yes, if I can go so can my things, are they less important than me? Nonsense. The road ahead is meant to be travelled completely naked, regardless of the importance of my belongings. So why is the brain the problem when you know so much? It's the urge to throw the king down during a game of chess. The king is meant to be immortal throughout the game, even if you had a queen and two towers surrounding him, the most you can do is declare a checkmate. What do you do then? You take your filthy little fingers and you throw the king on the board as if he were just another pawn. The king is not a pawn, no no no, he is meant to be treated with respect until packed inside the box. Just a game? It is just a game. Talking about games I will tell you about another one, just one, the last one, I am running short on time. God damned time... God yes, it was about God. He placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden and the funny part was the tree that none should have eaten from. It was just a game indeed, they would have been tempted... eventually. What does this have to do with me? I am the tree and that piece of insignificant mixture of mud and ribs is my weakness. I am pure knowledge and yet looking in the mirror made me violate our contract... What is it with mirrors anyway? The mirror! My mirror... yes yes. It's in the other room and it had a veil on it until a couple of hours ago. She said not to look into it... She was my only friend and she told me so many times not to look in the mirror but I couldn't help myself, I am not strong, I am a failure. They are here now, I can feel it in my veins and it hurts, it hurts so much. They will not kill me, they will not hurt me. I did this to myself and now they came back to take what I have defiled. Minutes pass and here I find myself in a puddle of blood. They did not do this to me. I DID. The sharp razor is soaked in blood but my eyes are too tired for me to find it and finish the job. It does not matter any more. The cuts are perfect and the damage is done. I could have died like a king, none would have dared to use their dirty fingers to put me down before packing me inside the box. But that's not how I will end, I am just an old wooden pawn, forgotten. You ought not look in the mirror. If they come... When they come refuse any kind of agreement. You will get tempted to look in the mirror and you will give in... Eventually. As I draw my last breath and see my eyelids fall down I can only utter: Ignorance is bliss.

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