Mex winked at the mirror. “Hi sexy,” then he laughed. The mirror shattered and he turned on the lights. He wanted to know why that always happened. The first time it was scary the twelve time it was funny. When it got to the twentieth time it became intriguing but boring.

So he got a dustpan and cleaned up the mess. It was annoying because he had to use a wet paper and steel gloves to get the small pieces up after getting up the big pieces. He started big and worked his way to a smaller amount.

Glass taught him everything. It taught him that people only loved themselves and no one else. That they only cared for their own agenda. He had never thought of that conclusion until after he said Hi sexy. He said whatever else he wanted but Certain words in a dark room with a mirror caused certain events to appear.

He learned to wear shoes and a whole lot of other things when this happened. He was nervous to try it with a computer because computers cost so much money. So he bought a seven ninety nine cost book and threw it at the mirror.

It did nothing but bounce off.

He laughed.   
I am starting to feel uncomfortable he thought. Throwing things at a mirror in the dark. But it was this experience which he wanted to feel satisfied. This was becoming a real terror in his life. A real blade that wounds.