Shapeshifter

Dave is the average American working man. He is a recent college graduate living in New York City. At this point in time, all he has to his name is his tiny studio apartment, a couple suits for work, and loads of crippling student debt. However, Dave isn’t worried. He works hard and has a very nice job. Although he isn’t living comfortably now, he knows he will be in due time.

Dave hasn’t been feeling well since around lunch time yesterday. He’s had a fever and has been abnormally chilly. It might just be a cold.

Either way, today is a new day. His alarm is going off and he must get up for work. He reaches over to dismiss his alarm when, through half-opened eyes, he notices his hands look different*.*

*“Is it possible that they could have gotten… smaller? From yesterday?”*

He runs to the bathroom and stands in front of the sink with his eyes closed – he’s afraid to open them. After building up some courage, he finally starts to relax one of his tightly shut eyes. A very blurry figure appears.

“*Is that a woman? Is there a woman in my bathroom?”*

But he’s still looking in the mirror. The woman makes exactly the same movements that Dave does at the exact same time. He realizes this woman is him! Dave’s heart rate sky-rockets and his head is spinning with confusion. He shuts his eyes again and desperately hopes to see himself in the mirror the next time he opens them. Once again, he slowly peaks out and, much to his relief, sees himself. He is so relieved. He walks over to turn on the shower and jokes with himself

“*Huh, of all things, why couldn’t I have turned into Dwayne ‘The Rock’ Johnson?”*

Dave walks back past the sink to grab a towel only to see the massive figure of The Rock pass along with him in his mirror’s reflection.