When I woke up, everything was different. I didn’t know why, but I just knew that it was. I didn’t think much about how I was feeling, I just figured it was mom’s casserole (she isn’t the world’s greatest cook), and so I just went about my usual morning routine. It wasn’t until I went to brush my teeth that I realized something *was* different. I didn’t look like myself. As a matter of fact I looked like my mom. Her long brown hair, her giant hazel eyes, even the mole under her right eyelid was in the mirror in front of me. “This isn’t real,” I thought, “I have short hair, brown eyes!” I didn’t understand what was going on. I splashed ice cold water all over my face. “It’s just a dream, soon enough I’ll wake up and everything will be back to normal.” At least for the moment, I was right.

When I looked back in the mirror I saw myself. Good ole Spencer. I continued with my routine. Brushed my teeth, 27 times in circular motions, combed my hair, 27 times from the top to the very tips, put on my clothes and I was ready for the day and it only took 27 minutes. I have a routine set in stone and I won’t dare break from it. I don’t like change and seeing my mom’s face in the mirror this morning that was all the change I needed for the rest of my life.

Trying to forget about that morning’s events, I set out for school. I walked the same route every morning, it was all the exercise I needed. I began to daydream about my favorite band. Soon my mind was flooded with the idea of meeting them. Although, my favorite from the band was Matty.

“HEY! It’s Matty!” That’s all it took for me to come back to reality. I looked around frantically, but I didn’t see him anywhere. All of a sudden, a horde of teenage girls came stampeding toward me! I had no idea what was going on. I needed to get out of there. I was forced to deviate from my routine. I was so angry, so scared. All I knew was that I couldn’t let them catch me. I looked down at my phone and there he was, in the reflection of the glass screen Matty. This didn’t make sense. How could his face be in my reflection? I thought back to the morning. I had been thinking about my mom and her casserole.