

Course: English Comprehension and Composition

Course Code: SS1004

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PROJECT

Story:***Sharp Shards of Backscattering Truths***

Look at those two arguing... My owner, Violet, a sweet lady seasoned with sour scars, and her lovely reflection. Did I mention that her reflection likes to talk back, she is a real rebel, with a depressing reality. They can go on talking for hours, well aggressively talking. I am just her feline company looking at how she plays games with her reflection. On the bright side I can walk right through that full length mirror to cheer anyone of the two up. Don't know why humans think it's difficult. Me, Violet, and a talking reflection in a collection of rooms in a big building. That's the Usual for most days. That is when there's no one else coming over.

Speaking of which Violet is having a friend over today. Oh boy, here we go.

"Hey Violet, don't tell me she's coming over today."

Exclaimed violet's reflection

"yes 'she' is coming over today, Indigo"

Replied Violet.

"Hey, why do I get indigo, I'm violet too"

She remarked.

Violet running around the house like the apartment is her weekend office, whilst Indigo is starring at her like a kid from her side of the mirror. I wonder if she ever gets bored with a single person, or the same room full of orchestrated litter of clothes, books, and furniture.

Set on the comfy bed, Violet preps herself in cosmetics and jewelry, eyes locked with her reflection. A face of happiness deceiving a sighing reflection.

"You don't even like being friends with her"

Indigo says in a voice hinting sadness.

"That's not true"

Replied Violet whilst to maintain her formal mood

"- like you being yourself?"

Indigo snapped back.

"No, like how you are useful!"

Violet replied sharply.

"Now there's that hate... for me? Or just the same you?"

Indigo teased back.

All ready and groomed to receive a guest,

"Oh, look at yourself!"

Violet barked and stormed out of her room.

Indigo, left behind with a drooping head observing the floor, shakily whispering for the comfort.

"I already am..."

I just went ahead to her, stepped into the reflection, and let her frail hands pet me as her long hair became a curtain for the expression of her tearing up. Indigo loves petting me, always makes her feel better.

"Hey sassy, you're a formal cat with the colors of a tuxedo, why does Violet act so...so... unlike herself?"

Indigo inquired me, to which I could only respond in cat noises.

Ding-Dong! clackity clack!

Violet opens the door to the sight of a tall blond-haired lady who without hesitation jumps into pleasantries.

"Violet darling! how's it been?"

She greeted enthusiastically

"Laura! I have been doing great, please come in! tell me how you have been?"

Violet greeted back

I saw them have tea and gossip, whilst indigo spent her time dreading through the fake conversations aside in the desolate world of the mirror. The fellow reflection of Laura was not much fun from the looks of it. Seems as if Indigo has been the only reflection that talks back. Indigo was right to be dreadful. That girly laughter turned into a heated conversation, leaving violet in a state of sobbing regret.

"Why do you do this Violet?"

Indigo inquired with sympathy a while after the drama ended.

Violet never answered such questions that pry a person's heart, and as per the usual escapist routes violet just shakily answered.

"... what doe- does it - ...ma-...matter...."

That evening something snapped in Indigo, something that made that sweet girl in the mirror turn as sour as a lemon. She screamed out to Violet in the most tearing voice,

*"What does it matter!? What does it MATTER!? When will you wake up Violet? Just wake up!
You do this every time – every – single – time!"*

Violet's eyes shimmered with tears frozen by the shock of herself screaming right back at her.

"Violet answer me!"

Indigo roared at Violet.

Violet frightened, just barely blew out the words

"Who are you....?"

The glow of the dim lamps of the bedroom and the cold of the night, froze the scene in stationary silence....

.... buzz buzz....

The tacit moment was broken by a simple phone buzzing on the bed. The voice echoed as violet slowly took hold of the phone and composed herself after seeing what it was.

It was a call from Violet's Mother.

A few deep breaths and a clearing cough. Picking up the phone, the day's already been rough.

"Let me out."

Indigo interjected

"First, let me out"

Indigo repeated

Violet did not respond to Indigo's demand. The phone in Violet's hand felt the swipe of her finger.

"How's my Baby girl?"

A voice spoke over the phone.

"I'm doing great Mom!"

Violet answered.

"liar"

Indigo growled under her breath.

Violet's Mother continued,

"Oh Violet, it's been so long, come visit sometimes, don't you get lonely living all by yourself, my goodness you don't even have a pet! Reminds of when you used to pretend to be talking with your reflection, it has been so long..."

Violet froze in horror as she gazed at indigo and silence came over the room again.

"...violet? ...Violet, can you hear me? ...hello? ...I will call you again in minute, sounds off..."

The phone spoke and the call ended.

"Violet. Let me out... please"

Indigo stated.

The psychotic look in their eyes burnt the room till Violet lost it.

A flying crash, shattering shimmer, and sharp shards. There went the lamp onto the mirror. The only light went out and darkness consumed the cold room. The crescendo of the mirror shattering soon died out.

Knees on the floor, hair falling in front of her face, just crying with a face hidden in darkness. The phone rang again, and this time all that was said was by violet in a teary voice.

"Mom... I need help..."

back to crying, her mom replied.

"Don't worry sweetie, we will do something.... you will be fine...sometimes it takes a few cracks in the mirror to see the right reflection"

[The End]

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