

The Man in the Mirror.

I woke up in an unknown room. It's walls of the same length and height, tiled with a solemn grey. The windows were framed with the same shade and hue, the bed as well. The sheets, the pillow, the carpeted floor, everything the same. It was empty, only whispers could be heard from the sincere tone of the hallway.

I came to a door, a formal stare plastered among its metal frames. It opened, revealing a monotone palette of colours smeared among different buildings, some tall, some small. It looked like an avenue, architecture surrounding my petite figure. I turned to look up at the building I had just stepped out of. It stood, numb-like, and looked a replica of the other structures around me. A sense of solitude lingered in the air, like an army post abandoned by a fallen soldier...was it by choice? I only then noticed what I was wearing; a hospital gown of some sort with an imprinted pattern I did not recognise.

My feet were bare on the cold, grey concrete, dried up leaves scattered along the smooth slabs. I looked around at the scenery beyond the architecture but all I could see was the repetitive buildings towering over the desolate tarmac road. Every direction mirrored every direction, they all looked the same.

I started walking to my left past perfectly shaped square windows and perfectly shaped rectangular doors. I looked into one of the windows, the room a replica of the one I woke up in. A body -so still- laid there on a bed; tubes running from machines to their body, they looked frail; the chest barely seemed to move, as if they were in a coma. Their eyelids protected their delicate pupils, their body engulfed by the same pattered robe that clung to my fragile corpse. My reflection shone through the pane of glass, eerie and death like; my body was frail and thin, the bone peering through my delicate skin.

He appeared-the man in the mirror. He stood, solid, stiff, his eyes piercing my reflection; the glass as if shattered. I turned to look behind me to see where the suited man had once stood; the historical archway embedded into the busy architecture in front of me. He was gone.

That's when I heard the scream.

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