

# Mirror, Mirror

Jack Williams



First Edition

Mirror Mirror

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Hi my name is Sean. I live in New York. I'm going to tell you how I went crazy. Really fucking crazy. I'm in my twenties. And I live alone. I don't have a girlfriend. I don't want one. They're so yucky. And fucking annoying. I wish I was one though. I'm not. Which is a real bummer. I'm not sure if I like my penis or not. I sort of wish it wasn't there. I love to dress up as a girl and pose in front of the mirror. It's so much fun. At least until this shit happened. I also like to take photos of myself. It's so much fun. Just too much. I don't work. I'm on welfare.

One thing you should know about me. I'm a tranny. I suffer from transvestic fetishism. It gets me off so much. I just love to look at myself dressed up as a hot girl. Especially when I'm stoned on pot. It's the best. It really is the shit. I have so many sexy clothes. Only now I'm afraid of the mirror. The mirror. My favorite thing. I've kissed girls. It was good. Don't get me wrong. I just can't figure out what I want. I can't at all. Girls or be a girl. Or be a girl with a girl.

Anyway I'm not doing that. I was always kind of crazy. Sometimes really crazy. But now I'm not even sure I'm sane. I probably belong in an institution. Which is bullshit. I don't want to live in an institution. That would suck. I mean really suck. I just like to stay at home.

So there I was. I arrived at the E.R. The hospital. I hate the fucking hospital. There's so many germs. It is so depressing. Just really fucking depressing. I arrived. And I was bleeding to death. I mean really bleeding. I knew I was going to bleed to death. To death. That sucks. And it was taking so long. I was soaked in blood. I was really bleeding profusely. The paramedics had brought me and they were unloading me from the ambulance. They put me in a wheelchair. And I looked ridiculous. I was dressed up as a girl. I had on a dress. Stockings. Make-up. I left my wig at home. I left it in the commotion. I wish I was drunk and not fucked in the head like I am. So they wheeled me into the E.R.

“I'm gonna die.” I cried.

“No you're not. Just relax.” said the paramedic.

“Come on hurry it up.” I said.

I could push the chair faster myself. They wheeled me up to a desk. A nurse sat at it. She was typing on a computer. She stopped. She looked at me. She didn't laugh or anything.

“What happened to you?” she asked.

I didn't know what to say. It was so complicated. I wasn't even sure how I winded up like this. I looked at myself. I was a mess. A big gay tranny mess.

“I got hurt.” I said.

“Oh. Well my name is Wanda. Lets get you fixed up then. Your age?”

“Twenty-eight.” I replied.

“Twenty-eight year old male. Severe lacerations to the forearms. How did you receive these injuries?”

“I don't know.” I said.

I felt stupid. I looked stupid

“Your name?”

“Sean.” I said.

“Sean what?” she asked.

“I don't know.” I said.

I didn't feel like telling her. My brain felt weird. It had felt weird all day. Ever since this afternoon. It was now the middle of the night. That's when the trouble started.

“So how did Sean wind up like this?” she asked.

“I said I don't fucking know.” I said.

“Well did someone hurt you?”

“Yes. Yes someone hurt me.” I said.

I didn't know what to say. What did it matter?

“Listen what the fuck does it matter? Hurry up and fix me before I bleed to death. Okay.”

I was rude. Sometimes I'm rude. Sometimes I'm nice. Usually I am nice. I am nice. I'm a nice person.

The nurse was starting to piss me off. Why

wouldn't they just fix me up? I wished I was someone else. Someone completely. Just for one day. Like a girl. A pretty girl. A beautiful girl. That would be great.

“Okay lets go get you stitched up.” she said.

She came around the desk and started pushing my wheelchair. She wheeled me down the hall to a room. Then she wheeled me inside. The paramedics stayed behind.

“Okay up on to the bed Sean.” she said.

So I did just that. I got up and sat on the bed. It was hard. It was lined with disposable wax paper.

“The doctor will see you shortly.” she said.

“Good. I'm going to bleed to death.” I said.

I had no patience. No patience at all. And now I was a patient.

“I'll come back and see you shortly.” she said.

Then as she was leaving the room she said her name again.

“And I'm Wanda by the way.”

Then she left. I was alone. All alone. My wrists didn't really hurt. They were bleeding quite a bit though. I needed to be on anti-psychotics or something. I used to be. A long time ago. Luckily I was not in the psych ward this time.

I started to get bored. I was nervous. So I got up and paced.

Quite a bit of time passed. Maybe like half an hour. Then Wanda returned. She wasn't alone. With her came the doctor. He came right up to me. I must have looked ridiculous. Covered in blood and in a dress.

“Lets have a look.” he said.

He didn't look very long. Only seconds

later they were stitching me up and then they put gauze on my wounds. He was good at it to. You could tell. He had done this many times before.

“There all done.” he said.

“Now do you feel better?” asked Wanda.

“Yes.” I said.

“Good.” she replied.

“Why don't you rest before you leave. You lost a lot of blood. Make sure he rests for two hours before going home.” said the doctor.

“Okay doctor.” said Wanda.

Then the doctor left. Wanda stayed. She looked at me. I felt nervous. I thought about leaving. But of course the doctor said not to.

“So please explain to me how you ended up like this? Did you hurt yourself? That's okay you know.” she said.

“Listen I don't want to talk.” I said.

And I didn't. Not at all. But I did though.

“Tell me. How?” she pleaded.

I said nothing.

“We could keep you for observation.” she continued to say.

“Okay I was in my apartment.”

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I was at my apartment. I had just had lunch. When there was a knock at my door. It was Chris. My friend. My friend Chris. And he had some fucked up guy with him. So we all started hanging out. I kept on leaving to look at myself in the mirror. I was having fun doing it.

We were all having drinks. Not getting drunk. But having drinks. Then after I finished mine they confided in me. They had put LSD in my drink as a joke. They were both in on it. They seemed fine though.

Then they both took some more. After a while I decided I wanted to be alone so I asked them to leave. They did. They were tripping right out.

They left and I went back to my business. So I was pretending I was a girl. I started dressing up in all sorts of fun clothes.

Quite a bit of time passed. Then I started to feel weird. I started to sweat. I started to breathe heavier. I was having so much fun looking at myself in the mirror. Then I noticed it. My pupils. They had grown huge. They were absolutely gigantic. I was looking at myself in the mirror. I looked so sexy. Just a hot bitch. I was one hot bitch. And I loved it. I kept on posing for myself.

Then I decided I was going to take some pictures of myself. I have a digital camera. I use it for that sometimes. Taking sexy pictures of myself. So I went to get the camera. Only I couldn't. I started to wonder what if there was a rat hiding in the drawer. Then I started to get really paranoid that there was rats hiding all over my apartment. It was New York City.

I then realized that it must be the LSD. But there was nothing I could do about it. It wasn't going to wear off anytime soon.

LSD lasts all day. I knew that because I had taken it before. I've also done morphine, shrooms, pot, cocaine, crack, G, and peyote. A lot of drugs. But this LSD had me really fucked up. I was afraid to be alive.

I started to feel like I was superhuman or something. Like I had superpowers. I don't. But I sure did feel like I did.

Little did I know that time was ticking away. Soon I was going to go completely insane. I kept on trying to have fun.

I managed to get the camera without any rats attacking me. Then I set it up on the tripod and put it on a timer. Then I got in front and started doing all kinds of sexy poses. It was going well too.

Then it happened. I heard a voice.

“Sean.”

I ignored it. But it persisted.

“Sean. Sean.” it said.

I started to think someone was really there. Now I can see that there was not. But then I just couldn't see reality.

“Sean.” said the voice.

It seemed like it was coming from the washroom. So I went to inspect. I entered the washroom and no one was there.

I looked in the mirror. I sure did look hot. I had on a nice wig. I looked like a sexy redhead. Then I became obsessed with my appearance. I started to feel my face. It felt so weird.

Then the strangest thing happened. My reflection spoke to me.

“Sean. Sean. Kill yourself Sean. You're scum. No one cares about you Sean.”

“What the hell.” I thought.

I was truly fucked up. I couldn't believe what was happening.

“Am I talking to myself?” I wondered.

“Sean.” My reflection said.

“Sean I am David. I am here to make sure you die soon. You see you are a worthless person Sean. So you must die. Get a knife and slit your wrists.”

“No.” I thought.

“Yes. Do it or we'll really make you suffer. Now get a knife and slit your wrists Sean.”

“No.” I said.

“Yes. Yes Sean.”

“No why would I do that?” I asked.

“Because Sean. Because you have to die. This is the countdown to your end. It's time to meet your master. Now get a knife and slit your wrists Sean.” it said.

“No I can't do that.” I said.

“Yes. Yes you can. Now get a knife and slit your wrists. You know what you are Sean. You're a faggot. A faggot that dresses up in women's clothes. You're not a woman. You're disgusting. Just absolutely disgusting. Now come on faggot kill yourself. I'm not going to leave you alone until you do. You're just a

faggot. A worthless faggot. Now get a knife and slit your wrists.” it said.

“No.” I said back.

Then I got very afraid and left the washroom. But the voice continued.

“Sean. Sean. Kill yourself. Kill yourself Sean. You faggot. You're just a faggot you know.” it said.

I couldn't take it. I couldn't take the voice anymore. I had had enough. Then an idea struck me. I could block the voice out. So I turned on the stereo. I turned it up real loud too.

But the voice kept on going.

“Sean you're worthless. A faggot. A worthless faggot. If you don't kill yourself soon we will come kill and torture you. Do it Sean. Slit your wrists.” It said.

I thought about it.

It's name was David. But it was my reflection. I was finding it hard to be alive.

The LSD had me really fucked up. I was truly tripping. I had never had an experience like this.

I considered calling the police. I needed help fast. 911. Rescue.

I was truly afraid. I felt paranoid of everything. And I was alone. I hated that. If only Chris and his friend were still here. This was their fault. All their fault.

The voice was like a monster.

“Sean. Kill yourself you faggot. You're just a queer Sean. Now get a knife and slit your wrists.” it said.

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“Well Sean. That is quite the confession. Do you suffer from mental illness? Maybe we better keep you for observation.” said Wanda.

“It's not mental illness. It was the LSD.” I said.

“Well how come your fine now.” said Wanda.

“I'll get to that. So I was in the living room listening to music. And the voice – David was still talking to me. Commanding me to kill myself.”

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I was really frightened then. I sat down on the couch. I looked at my empty glass on the coffee table. That fucking poison. The LSD.

The voice continued.

“Sean you're just a little faggot. Now kill yourself. Kill yourself Sean. Get a knife from the kitchen and slit your wrists. You faggot.” it said.

“Go away. Fuck you!” I shouted.

I was really fucked up now. I felt like the world was melting. I considered fleeing my apartment. It was no use. The voice had me so depressed. I didn't like being called a faggot. I couldn't take being called names. It hurt so much.

“Sean. Sean. Kill yourself Sean.” it said.

So I did it. I got up. I went to the kitchen. I got a knife. Then I went to the washroom. I looked in the mirror. Everything seemed fine. Then my reflection looked at me.

“Do it. Slit your wrists. Go on faggot.” it said.

I sighed. I had had enough. I couldn't take anymore. I took the knife and started to cut at my wrists. It didn't really hurt. I was hyped. Pretty soon both of my wrists were bleeding profusely.

“Now die Sean. You little faggot.” it said.

I couldn't take anymore. Why didn't I just die? How much blood did I have to lose? Then I laid down. I curled up and started to shake.

The voice continued.

“Sean you're going to die. You're going to die you little faggot.” it said.

I was really afraid. After a while I didn't

die. Instead I fell asleep. Then hours later I woke up. I wasn't dead. I had not bled enough. I was soaked in blood. I was in a pool of blood. I got up. The voice was gone. I felt considerably better. I wondered if I was going to die. I decided I needed help so I called 911.

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“So that's how you got here?” said Wanda. “Yep that's how. It wasn't my fault though. The voice – David would not leave me alone. What was I to do I was trapped with the voice. It's not my fault I tell you.” I said.

“That doesn't matter. You need psychiatric care Sean. Somethings wrong with you. I am going to have to ask you to stay in the psychiatric ward. Do you have anyone that can come bring your stuff?” she said.

“No. No I don't. I guess I'll stay. I feel so stupid.” I said.

“Well don't Sean. It's not your fault.”

**THE END**