

Jacob Lombardi #13 307

Mirror mirror in my hand.

It was a normal Wednesday^{night},
And I had strep throat. I knew I
wasn't going to school tomorrow, because the
doctor said it was contagious. I took a shower
and went to bed. I would have never known that
my best friend Brayson would be at my window,
banging on my window to wake me up. "I'm in
trouble and I need your help. I'll explain everything
later. Please take care of this for me until I come
back for it after school," said Brayson. He shoved a
small velvet bag in my hand, looked around, and took
off running as fast as he could. I opened the
bag, and there was a mirror inside. There is also a
note that says, "This mirror has the ability to move
objects with your mind," as I was reading, I was thinking
that this mirror is from generations that still
have to come. I thought, did Brayson build a
teleportation device, or did somebody come from the
future.

I was becoming very mysterious. My mom
had to take me to the doctor's for a check-
up. I took the mirror with me, because Brayson asked
me to take care of it.

I heard a very soft voice saying something
but I couldn't hear it clearly. It got

louder and louder when I could hear the
noise clearly, Jamie get up, you're gonna
miss your bus. As I sighed in relief that
it was all just a dream, my mom said
"Held the bus Branson, Jamie is getting
dressed."