

The cold fills our house more every day as winter gets closer. Winters here are dreadful. We live in Alaska where the snow is never ending and temperatures are so cold frostbite could attack any minute.

I don't go to school, I wish I could. I don't have the money for it. I'm one of the few people left who want to go to school. I used to go but when we stopped paying money, I got kicked out. Barely anyone has money these days because the government shut down, saying things like "were creating something new," or "Where making a whole new world," but nobody believed them, or really knew what they meant. Every now and then I'll still see lights coming from this big factory someone said they were working in.

Nobody goes outside but those who have nothing and need to find food and supplies, like me. The streets have become silent as more and more people vanished. At night the lights flicker as I walk down an empty street to see if the bakery might still be open. I brought one of the last pieces of bread with me for my walk. I saw a squirrel run across the road, it stopped in front of me hoping for something, anything.

"I know how you feel," I say as I throw some bread toward it. Dad wouldn't be happy with me feeding an animal food when we can barely stand on our own, but I had to escape from him, just for a little while. He was trying to starve me more than I was for storing food and hiding it from him. I also stole some of his stuff for the little homeless kids who run around begging for just anything.

I walked up to the bakery and rubbed the frost off the window. I looked in the dark window to find that it was empty. I sighed and walked away. I knew I walked over here for nothing but I thought I might as well try. Then a light came on from inside the bakery. I turned around and there was an innocent looking child searching the building for what I thought was bread but instead she grabbed a knife out of a drawer. She looked up and saw me through the words "FRANK'S BAKERY" on the window.

It took me a few seconds to realize who it was, it was the little girl who

hid in the broken down house with all her brothers and sisters, but I never knew her name. She looked different, cleaner. All her close are clean. I started to walk toward the entrance, when she darted for the back door. I hid behind a tree so she wouldn't see me when she came out. I wanted her to think I was gone, like maybe if I wasn't here she would act differently. I waited for the girl to come out but, she didn't. Maybe she went another way.

I decided to turn around and go home because I might have frozen to death in the cold if I had stayed any longer. I saw a figure standing by a pay phone but I didn't pay much attention. I followed my footprints, when I realized that there weren't any from that little girl, but I didn't have time to think about it, I had to get home.

When I got home I saw my dad sleeping on the couch with a beer can in his hand. I snuck upstairs into my room avoiding the wooden boards that creek when you step on them. I got to my room and laid down on my bed. I started to fall asleep when my dad came bursting through the door "Get out," he yelled at me sounding as drunk as ever. "Get out of this house!" "Why? What did I do this time?" I asked. "You know what you did, you little-" he fell over on my floor, passed out. I moved him to his room so I could sleep.

The next morning he was gone, all of his stuff was gone, well most of it. The occasional beer bottle was still on the floor and all of his old news papers that reeked of old wine from all the previous months.

I looked out the window. It was still dark, too dark to see his footprints. I walked over to my kitchen to make breakfast. I pulled open the fridge and he came bursting through the door. I turned around to see his face, angry, bright red. There was a pause of silence, he opened his mouth about to say something stupid or hateful, but instead he lifted his hand, It was in a tight fist. My face went pale, "Was he gonna hit me?" I thought to myself. I braced myself to stand it. He opened his hand slowly like it was rusted metal trying to move, and he hit me right under my eye. I fell to the floor with a giant

red mark. It was as red as the blood rushing through his veins. His eyes were bloodshot. He looked more serious than I've ever seen. I wanted to run, far away, somewhere he couldn't get me. Instead I sat there, soundless. I couldn't move. I was too afraid, like he would do it again. I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see what he was going to do next.

I kept my eyes shut for so long I fell asleep on the dirty kitchen floor, because when I opened my eyes it was three o'clock. I slowly got up and walked to the window. I rubbed the frost off, and there was the little girl. Standing two feet away, with what looked like cataracts in her eyes. She was pointing backwards toward my front door. I jumped backwards, and hit my head on the corner of the counter. I could feel something trickling down my neck. I checked to make sure I wasn't hallucinating and sure enough, it was blood. I sat there for a few moments acknowledging the pain. I started to put my hair up so I wouldn't have to wash as much blood out later, when I remembered about the girl. I carefully walked up to the window. I looked through the window and she had vanished. I didn't see any foot prints from her, so I wonder how long she had been standing there.

I look down at the dishes in the dirty water. I need to do them. I stared at the dishes for a while, deciding whether now is the time to do them or not. I was about to turn away when I noticed in the reflection of the water, the door was open. Everything in our house was either dirty or broken except for the front door. It had a cracked window but that's it. I turned around and the door was shut, and there was no sign of any movement. I turned back around to the sink to make sure I wasn't seeing right. Because if I was, something was wrong. I looked hard at the sink, because I couldn't believe it. The door was open when I looked in the dirty sink water, and closed in real life. I walked up to the door. I just had to touch it. It didn't seem real. How could the same old wooden door do two things at once?

I walked back to the window by the sink, turned around and held my arm out to see what the girl was pointing at. My finger landed on the

cracked window. I looked at the sink one more time and that window was fixed, as I expected. I walked up to it and saw nothing unusual. I stared at it for a few moments and realized the door in the sink was a reflection to this one. So I took a step back so I could see what was behind me in my reflection. It wasn't what I was expecting, I was expecting the little girl to be there, ready to kill me or something, but instead there was nothing.

The more I look the less I see. There was barely a reflection at all. Of what little I could see, things look unbelievably luxuries, neat, and the total opposite of what it is now. All the stains were gone, along with the newspapers and old wine bottles. All the furniture is replaced with brand new looking furniture, it looks untouched. It all seems to perfect to be true. I must have hit my head too hard.

I slowly went upstairs, counting each step as I go up. When I reach the top, all the lights are off and I can't see anything. I open the first door I can see, sadly it's the closet. I keep walking to the next door still unable to tell what door it is. When I open it, I can tell just by the smell that it's my dad's room. It smells of old cigarets and alcohol. I quickly shut the door and a burst of the gross air brushes against my face. I cough keep moving down the hall. I reach the next door, and find it's the bathroom. I decide to go in and wash the dried blood off my neck. I find the light switch and turn the water on. I put some hot water on my neck and thats when I realize how much my head hurts. The hot water makes it worse too. I take a handful of water and pour it on my neck. All the water pours on the ground, and I greet my teeth while it stings.

I look up to reach for the towel sitting on the counter, and I see my face in the small crooked mirror. I look exhausted. I turned around and out of the corner of my eye, I see light coming from the hole in the wall that my dad made when he got angry at me. Could this be from the little girl? But this time it wasn't in a reflection. I kneeled down in front of the hole and

peered through. It looked like a little girls room, with the bright pink walls and the well dressed dolls carefully placed on every shelf. On the perfectly white floor is a big fluffy orange cat, sleeping under her pink bed. I look over to the dresser with the mirror on it, and see a pink with blue poofs on the shoulders and pink see-through sleeves. Next to it are white lace gloves and glass slippers. On top of it all is the most beautiful crown I've ever seen, not that I've ever seen a crown. Its small, the size of a little kids head.

I felt a cold breeze on my back, and turned around to face the mirror on my door. I can see the little girls room. I start to put my hand through And a burst of light filled up my room. I felt something pull on me. I looked up, face to face, staring into her eyes. I feel like she telling me to come, I feel her pulling me into her world. I took a step forward into the light. Everything got dark. I hear voices and feel something rubbing my hand. Suddenly I open my eyes, everything is blurry. I hear voices but I can't tell what there saying. after a few seconds I can see what looks like a doctor shining light in my eye. I look over and see my mom, crying with joy. "where am I?"

"Your at a hospital," she said, barely able to speak.

"Why?"

"You were in a coma," said the doctor.

I look back over to my mom and she hugs me, and whispers something in my ear, but I can't tell what she said.