

Every morning, when I look in the mirror, a girl looks back at me. We are identical—not only in looks, with the same hair, the same eyes—but in motions. I raise my hand, she does the same. I take a deep breath, she takes her own. I close my eyes, and I presume she does too.

Maybe she doesn't. Maybe in those short moments, when my eyes are closed, she's mocking me to her other friends inside the mirror. Maybe she's sticking out her tongue and mouthing cruel words about my worst insecurities. She is me, after all.