

"Who do you think you are?": Michael Morgan

There are always two people in the elevator when I get in.

One on my left, one on my right

They both look familiar. They both look alike.

Familiar, not so much because I see them every day but because they remind me of someone. Someone I think I know.

I greet them the same way every day. I turn to the left, smile and ask. 'Who do you think you are?'

I wait. No reply. Just a smile.

I turn to the right and ask, 'Who do you think you are?'

I wait again. No reply. Just a smile.

They never respond. They never answer my question. They just seem to mimic me.

I smile, they smile. I frown, they frown. I point my finger. They point back.

I ask again, 'Who do you think you are?' No reply. It's as if they are asking me the same question; waiting for me to answer my own question. It's as if I should already know the answer.

The elevator stops. The doors open and I get out, but none the wiser. My question unanswered. They never get out.

My guess is they will be there next time I get in. They always are.