whoops, no exit behind this one. Just another reflection. Just another reminding reflection-Oh, he's gone now.

Don't give me that weepy look, you saw it coming. You saw me coming, and you know I'm not here to play with smoke. Your shards seem much more brittle than the others you hid so well behind. Does that mean I'm getting close?

Break it, break it, Crack it open wide. Dig into the backboard-

of a mirror ootsteps

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I still can't find my exit. and years of punching through is Even with years of trying, that hasn't worked out so we I'd only recommend breaking your way our

And now I'm all bloody.

on the wall.

with your jagged ingertips. that you're going to cut and claw open there's only going to be a new one underneat Sure, rip apart the layers, tear into the backboa scratch out the shards,

screaming pain and crunching death. Death to the reflection I liken them to a cross between when they're broken. The mirrors make such attention-seeking sounds Whatever happened to subtlety?

who shatters and falls from his pose of grace

And now you're dust. Why did you have to do that? I didn't do that. Don't guilt me, you're the one who gave me this s staring at me like that. He wasn't doing himself much good up there I certainly don't get why. In fact, I think I did him a favor. The last one that broke seemed angry at me. Did that one look frightened? How funny.

> Xavier no. III: Welcome to My Hell of Mirrors Welcome to My Hell of Mirrors Xavier no. III:

Ah, right. Fury. No. That's not right. Wasn't it that melodramatic crying? But that one didn't cry. He didn't even frown at me before my boot kicked in his heart. What was it?

and it certainly wasn't Envy.

This one behind here shatters nice. It has that crisp crack before it crumples into a tinkle of tears. What was that look he gave me today?

It wasn't Anger, I've taken care of him,

the broken sh

1sten to

Did that one look frightened? How funny. The last one that broke seemed angry at me. I certainly don't get why. In fact, I think I did him a favor. He wasn't doing himself much good up there staring at me like that. Don't guilt me, you're the one who gave me this scar. I didn't do that. And now you're dust. Why did you have to do that?

Whatever happened to subtlety? The mirrors make such attention-seeking sounds when they're broken. I liken them to a cross between screaming pain and crunching death. Death to the reflection who shatters and falls from his pose of grace on the wall.

Sure, rip apart the layers, tear into the backboards, scratch out the shards, there's only going to be a new one underneath that you're going to cut and claw open with your jagged fingertips.

And now I'm all bloody.

Next time you get trapped in a hall of mirrors, don't expect me to help you. I'd only recommend breaking your way out, and, well, that hasn't worked out so well for me. Even with years of trying, and years of punching through layers of glass, I still can't find my exit.

You know, I think I like that sound the best.

Listen to the footsteps; can't you hear it, too? I can hear some screams in there. Can't you? Just like when the mirror falls from the wall and smashes into itself.

Listen to the footsteps crunching and grinding the broken shards of a mirror into the cement.

> apart the layers, tear into the backboards, And now I'm all bloody. still can't find my exit. unching through layers of glass,

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And now you're dust. Why did you have to do that? t me, you're the one who gave me this scar. I didn't do that. staring at me like that. He wasn't doing himself much good up there In fact, I think I did him a favor. I certainly don't get why.

The mirrors always break to reveal just another stupid mirror hiding beneath a reflection. If I get rid of you, will you leave me alone with your contriving glances and grimaces? I don't wander down here for sightseeing, that is true, but I don't care to acknowledge my own haggard face. After all, you spend enough time here, and it all starts to feel the same.

my reflection

boxing in a doorwa leaving only the frame The remainder of the board is pee l e a and break into empty air grind and tunnel through the lay Fingernails punch into paperand so does the reflection himself The dirty-grey backing smears with a dark and tossed to the floor. as they're ripped off the paper backboard Pointed mirror shards like sharpened knive

and the desperate scratching into glass fractu and the whimpering Listen to the heavy, gasping breathing, Listen to the footsteps, listen to the glass grind into the soles of my boots and the pores of the concrete.

Well, if there wasn't, then why am I so upset? Was there a reflection and made that snapping scream. and out and out and out the other reflections made when they spiderwebbed It didn't have that melodious crunch that all the others once had. but it didn't have that body the sound was nice, this one didn't do that, But-

Butthis one didn't do that, the sound was nice, but it didn't have that body that all the others once had. It didn't have that melodious crunch the other reflections made when they spiderwebbed out and out and out and out and made that snapping scream. Was there a reflection? Well, if there wasn't, then why am I so upset?

Listen to the footsteps, listen to the glass grind into the soles of my boots and the pores of the concrete. Listen to the heavy, gasping breathing, and the whimpering and the desperate scratching into glass fractures.

Pointed mirror shards like sharpened knives as they're ripped off the paper backboard and tossed to the floor. The dirty-grey backing smears with a dark crimson, and so does the reflection himself. Fingernails punch into papergrind and tunnel through the layersand break into empty air. The remainder of the board is peeled away, leaving only the frame boxing in a doorway.

The door shatters several more reflections as it flies open.

,srorrim fo llah a ni deppart teg uoy emit txeN .uoy pleh ot tcepxe t'nod llew, dna, tuo yaw ruoy gnikaerb dnemmocer ylno d'I .em rof llew os tuo dekrow t'nsah taht gniynt fo sraey htiw nevE ,ssalg fo sreyal hguorht gnihcnup fo sraey dna .tixe ym dnif t'nac llits I

> How much more must I break before what I think is my reflection is really just myself?

he's been slammed into Terror and Neediness. I remember that oneprobably one of the most beautiful sounds I've heard from this place. It was as if a choir harmonized together,

glass scraping against glass against backboard against cement ripping into each other's souls and tearing apart themselves in a thundering storm of glass hurtling into a pile of its own gore.

> is really before what I thin How much

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ng in a doorway eaving only the frame the board is peeled away, and break into empty air. and tunnel through the layers-Fingernails punch into paperd so does the reflection himself grey backing smears with a dark crimson and tossed to the floor as they're ripped off the paper backboard binted mirror shards like sharpened knives

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