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Free Writing – No smartphone, magical notebook
6A Michael Shek

Argh. What time is it?

I opened my eyes as they were closed for quite a while, and stretched my arms as they were held under my head serving as a pillow. It actually hurt a bit.
I looked left and right, seeing the classroom I've been in for years, but not feeling quite familiar with it. Meanwhile something looking futuristic sat right next to my table.

"Magical Notebook, send questions to your class teacher for maximum learning efficiency!" I read as I tore the cheaply made label off the thing. I walked out of the classroom to see if anyone was here. A strange chill froze my spine and I could see nobody. Though lights in the classrooms were on, nobody, and nobody, could be seen.

"Is anyone here?" I yelled, I yelled from my lungs.

Dead silence.

It must be a joke, right?

I went back into the classroom to try the magical thing, and I started typing.

"Hey Ms Sum, is this a prank? I am sorry for sleeping in your class. Have you guys come out already?" 10:22, message seen.

"Okay maybe I failed to hand in my free writing again, I promise I'll stay after school and get it done. It's not funny to scare someone like this!" 10:23, seen.

I sat quietly as I stared at the "Typing…" notification.

"Michael, come upstairs to 5th floor and see me right now" 10:23

I took a deep breath, knowing that someone was still in the school.

I decided to go to the toilet on the 4ᵗʰ floor first. While I was washing my hand, I looked up the mirror and I saw two reflections of me. The other reflection seemed to be…holding a knife with his left hand?

I looked back, nobody was there. "Just my imagination, huh."

I walked out of the toilet, and someone barely cut my face off with a knife. A ferocious-looking "me" was holding a knife. I couldn't comprehend what was happening, until "I" took another stab to me. I dodged it in the last millisecond, and I started running in confusion.

I ran until I felt safe, and I hid in a small room between the staircases.

I once heard an urban legend that if a doppelgänger, the person who looked just like you, met you, you would die, and so that person could live on with your identity.

"Ms Sum! Help! I am being chased by a guy who wants to kill me!" 11:32

"What do you mean? If you are being bullied, come to 5ᵗʰ floor, I can handle things for you." 11:32, my class teacher responded instantly.

I took a deep breath, readjusting my heartbeat and I walked slowly towards the teachers' room to not make the guy who wanted to kill me hear me.

"Good morning teachers, I am Michael Shek from 6A. May I speak to Ms Sum, please? Thank you" I talked at the microphone attached to the wall softly.

The door opened but nobody seemed to be coming out of the room.

I was too scared to stay outside. After all, there was a killer behind me. I walked towards the door.

Suddenly, the other "me" peeked from the teachers' room with a knife, stabbing me in the stomach.

Then in the heart.

Then in the lungs.

Then in the stomach.

Then in the heart, in the lungs, in the stomach, in the lungs, in the heart, in the lungs…

And then, one last stab in the stomach. I couldn't control myself but to cough blood, twitching on the floor like a cockroach.

"You're as stupid as your look, perhaps it's better for me to live," the other "me" said, pulling out a smaller "magical notebook", showing me the chat record that I've had with Ms Sum. "It was me all the time, you silly thing!"

As my vision went dim, a portal opened up. Inside the portal was the classroom that I was familiar with. My doppelgänger walked slowly into the portal, grinning a pitiful smile at me. Then, I saw him waking up inside the portal in the classroom.

He had replaced me.

My vision became even dimmer while I was swimming in a pool of my own blood. It was the last time that I fell asleep. A long, long sleep.