

Reflection

Jorge didn't even remember when he first saw the fox. It feels like it was always there, maybe he just couldn't see him sometimes. He was near, but not too close. Near enough to see him well, but not enough to interact with or just reach with bare hands. The fox followed Jorge everywhere and did almost the same things, like if they were twins. People didn't really notice Jorge like if he was not there but only the fox.

In the mornings, when Jorge went to the shop, he found the fox sleeping on a bench that was in the park next to the entrance. His fur was orange-red like the setting of the autumn sun. While he was inside looking for his favorite cereal and a big red juicy apple, he didn't even care about the fox wandering inside between the shelves. His long fluffy tail meandered around the corners like a slithering snake.

Not long after shopping, he got hungry and went to the cafe nearby. Most of the time, he brought a big cup of hot chocolate and a bowl of tomato soup with mozzarella, because it was cold outside. When turning towards the table next to him, he laid eyes on the fox enjoying his everyday sun-bathe, leaving marks on the round surface with his claws sharp as a knife.

Jorge felt shy in front of other people that's why he was alone all the time at home. Just like the fox who was also fearful and suspicious with almost everyone. When Jorge was washing the dishes, the fox stood outside on the balcony looking inside with his eyes like two amber marbles. While relaxing in the bath, Jorge let the hot water to flow into the tub endlessly. Meanwhile he listened the to the fox that was snoring like a horse on the shower exit.

Just after Jorge stepped out of the bath, he thought that he was ready to sleep. As he walked to the bed, suddenly he realized he didn't brush his teeth. He returned to the bathroom, made the toothbrush wet and started scrubbing his teeth. As he looked up in the mirror, he couldn't see himself but the fox with a mouth full of toothpaste.

All night in the bed he was asking himself tons of questions. Who am I? How did this happen to me? How didn't I notice this earlier?