

Create writing final piece

It was a strange day in July

Dacey had just woken up feeling more tired than usual, along with a wave of dizziness and a sweaty forehead from the rays of sunlight seeping through the thin, light curtains. After a few minutes of tranquillity, she finally decided to get out of bed and a flutter of chills tore down her spine as she left the realm of warmth. Dacey proceeds towards the bathroom, sapped and slow. Suddenly she was still as she looked in the mirror at a startled face looking back at her. She caressed her face trying to convince herself that she was in a state of dreaming. However, nothing changed. A stranger was still looking back at her copying her exact moves. she was too shocked to speak but thoughts rushed through her mind.