

The Rainbow Man

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Day 1

I woke up this morning as a black man. I'm not completely certain of the circumstances that led to this happening, or why I specifically turned into a black man, but I recall being confused. Scared, even. I didn't realize this right away, of course. I woke up that morning with sleep in my eyes and death on my face. I lifted myself from my bed as if I was a corpse that had suddenly been jolted back to life. I felt groggy as I dragged towards the bathroom of my minuscule apartment. I twisted the noisy knob which opened the passage of loud water into the wash basin. I was looking down at the waterfall that was filling up my hands as I prepared to splash myself awake. I noticed something was off about my palms, but since I had just woken up I didn't exactly realize what it was. After a few seconds, I felt that my hands were holding a reasonable amount of liquid. I started raising them towards my face and I instinctively looked in the mirror. I paused. The water continued to gush from the tap and drip from the cracks in my hands. I stared. Everything was quiet. Nothing was loud. Something had captured my attention: me. Specifically, my face. It was different. Completely different. It was darker, much darker. I touched my skin and felt it. It was soft, yet rigid. Almost like touching a smooth, textured piece of charcoal. I was black. Why was I black? I wasn't black. I had never been black in my life. I specifically remember having a much lighter skin tone than the face that was staring back at me from the mirror. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. I continued to feel my skin, and at this point, began poking myself softly. Then I began pressing against my skin with more pressure. Then I started jabbing sharply at it. I looked at my face from all angles and lightings. Maybe it was just dark in the bathroom. It wasn't. Maybe I didn't have my eyes open all the way. I did. Maybe I was just going crazy. I wish. Why was this happening? How did this happen? Did I switch bodies with someone over night? No, that wasn't possible.

I was clearly in my apartment inside my bathroom. Therefore, I was still me but I wasn't the actual me. I stopped stabbing my skin and turned off the tap. I stared carefully. Then, I left the bathroom and started pacing around my small room. My heart felt like it was being beaten by someone who it owed money to. I tried to clear my thoughts, but I failed and ended up getting frustrated. My next step was immediately to go back to the mirror and look at my face again. Positively black. No way around it. I went to another mirror and looked again. My skin looked a bit lighter in this specific mirror, but I was still black. I started looking at my hands and arms. They were also black. I took off my shirt, and my chest was also black. But there was something I noticed. My body structure wasn't different. I was still the same height and the same build I had always been. I looked closely at my left hand, specifically the palm. Sure enough, the burn mark that I got when I was 7 years old was still there. Although it was harder to make out since my skin was darker, I could clearly see it. I went back into the bathroom and looked once again into the mirror. I was black. It made no sense, but I was black. However, I wasn't a different person exactly. The fact that the burn mark was on my palm proved that. And it made one distinction very clear to me: I hadn't switched bodies. I had switched races.

Day 2

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