

The Mirror

By Sasha Gabriel

Copyright © 2011 Sasha Gabriel

Chili Pepper Creations LLC Edition

Chili Pepper Creations LLC Edition, License Notes:

Thank you for downloading this free ebook. Although this is a free book, it remains the copyrighted property of the author, Sasha Gabriel, and may not be reproduced, copied and distributed for commercial or non-commercial purposes. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy. Please visit ChiliPepperCreations.Com, where you and your friends can also discover other works by this author.

Thank you for your support.

The bed felt as it had for the past 79 years. The clothes were the same. Her hairstyle, a tight bun high on her head, seemed to form itself without much help. Her tea, chamomile with milk, tasted the same.

That was the problem. Everything was always the same. As she was.

But, deep inside, she remembered.

Looking at herself in the mirror, seeing only a thin, frail, helpless reflection, a tear slid between the hills and valleys of her cheek.

Too late, she thought, and a sob escaped.

I wanted to do so much! The weight of the loss of her dreams caused her to stumble back to bed.

She had to get hold of herself - put on a happy face for her family, who were visiting. They expected her to be happy and insulted if she just wanted to be.

She loved them but they didn't understand. She never wanted to be "the same." She wanted a life of adventure. Her life wasn't over! But they thought it was... and sadly, she had begun to believe it, as well.

Her grandson called. Breakfast was ready. Chamomile with milk was waiting for her.

Sighing, she tested her smile in the mirror her son brought her as a gift, an antique mirror with mysterious carving around its corners.

He told her he found it in the basement of a home he sold. The owners, a young couple, left only this mirror.

Called again, she walked by the mirror to the door and stopped, as though a hand reached out and held her still.

What did she see out of the corner of her eye? Nothing.

Her name was called again, nearer this time. She slowly turned to the mirror, and seeing her reflection, stumbled back letting out a small cry. There in the mirror was her image as she had been when she was 25.

How cruel was this? Now she was losing her mind as well as her dreams?

She closed her eyes tight, hot tears escaping down her face. She opened them slowly, realizing it was only an illusion of youth. That was all.

Her younger self smiled at her gently.

"Who... what... are you? How could this be?" she stammered quietly, afraid her family would hear her.

Her younger self gestured for her to come closer but she did not.

The image spoke. "Em... it's real enough. You're not mad. Come closer and touch me."

She was angry now. "Don't tell me it's real! I'm no fool!" and started to cry in earnest, not caring who heard her.

“Em...” her younger self soothed, “it’s not a joke. Didn’t we always know there are things in life to still be discovered? Strange, wondrous things? Didn’t we, Em?”

“Yes,” she whispered, nodding her head. “Yes, so many things to be discovered...”

“This is one of them, Em! Your son didn’t realize what this mirror does because he has no need for it. But you do... come Em... just touch me... and live our dreams...”

She looked through the door and saw her family having the same breakfast, wearing the same clothes, talking about the same things and saw her chamomile with milk, waiting.

What could it hurt? Just a silly old woman’s dream... and touched her own, younger hand, as it reached for her.

Her son knocked on her door and opened it. Scratching his head at the empty room, he saw a note slid into the edge of the mirror.

“Live your life but never forget to live your dreams, too! I’m living mine!”

###

Discover other titles by Sasha Gabriel at:

ChiliPepperCreations.com