Miss Havisham

1.

Sitting on a dusty chair, gazing around a room decorated for the most life-changing party of my life, I stare impatiently at the large, engraved, oak door, waiting for him to arrive.  In the corner or my eye I can see an old grandfather clock which had stopped at twenty to nine, the time I had my heart torn in two pieces. I can still taste the sadness I felt as I remember myself as I once was.  Proudly, a cobwebbed cake stands in the centre of the table, untouched apart from the spiders. I feel abandoned, alone, melancholy, I can just make out the faded mouldings on my dusty ceiling, the taunting chandelier looking down on me with a cold look, mocking me with its flaming eyes.  I am overcome with feelings of anger, but heartbreak at the same time. I wonder to myself, why? Why did he leave me here like this? Why did he make this the party that never happened? I can feel the ghastly chill running down my spine, I smell the rotting, old cake on the table. I am blinded by the glow of my jewels on my dressing table.  I can feel the only present he ever gave me the gift of sadness and betrayal. I can hear his distant voice calling to me in my mind.

Daisy

2.

From where I sit, I can just make out the delicate cups and plates from underneath the sticky cobwebs.  Candles sit on the dusty dining table as well as a once grand cake which is now rotting away. I stare at the cracked looking-glass above the cold mantelpiece.  My bony hand is on the old dressing-table. An ancient prayer book is heaped on my dressing-table. My expensive jewels are scattered across my dressing table as well.  In the corner of my eye, I can see the dull curtains sway slowly in the breeze from the open window. Heart torn in two and a small tear in my eye the mouldings on the ceiling remind me of him.  Carefully, I pick up my abandoned torn shoes. My, faded yellow dress hangs loose on my short thin body so when I move my fragile hand the long sleeve drowns it. On the floor, by my foot a golden pocket watch lies motionless, like a dead snake and says the time is always twenty minutes to nine.  My gaze falls upon the looking glass, and I can see the reflection of my head and can see my holed veil dependent on my snow white hair. Suddenly a faint knock came on the great oak door which separated m from the happy world. “Come in” I replied solemnly.

Clarissa