**Lost in your own mind**

“Don’t you see his face?” asked Bertha charmingly, “a beautiful, handsome man!”

And I did what I could but nobody could get her to forget Charles. She wouldn’t get changed out of her wedding dress since the big day was meant to be.

“He’s there, he’s there!” Shrieked Bertha excitedly, “Oh darling, do these flowers look nice?”

I took her hand in mine and begged her to compose but all she would do is stare at him believing he would come back.

“Oh darling, why did you have to do this to me? “ questioned Bertha, “Where are you? You said ‘I will come back.’ But I’m still waiting. I do remember your words.” she cried.

Her fingers clutched the mirror in desperation. I draped a shawl over the looking.

“No….No….NO!” howled Bertha. “Don’t you like him? Don’t you love that face?”

And with that she teared the shawl off. Her madness had made the mirror.

Hours passed by.

“NO, don’t you dare!” yelled Bertha.

I rose out of the wicker chair to try and calm her. But as soon as I did she yelled. She screamed. She demanded it to be shut.

“If you open that wretched thing , the souls will come in and haunt me.”

“Oh darling. Oh Charles. Why? Just why?”

I moved closer and closer as she glared into the mirror. I opened it. But then: BANG! CRASH! My hand was torn away.

“Why did you do that? “ wailed Bertha, “you know I’m fearful.”

“I understand dear, but it’s ridiculously hot.” I sighed.

I tried to make her retire but nothing happened. I had realised she was delirious. I became convinced by her subsequent actions and rantings. She looked out of the window.

“Arrrrrrrrrghhh!” She screeched, “That thing. That thing. It was them!”

But there was nothing there. Blue sky was all to be seen. Not a single cloud. I placed her favourite shawl over it.

“No. No. Not that one.” Commanded Bertha.

Suddenly it fell off. I was about to pick it up but was stopped by the most piercing sound ever.

“They’re here. They’re here. Come here..” Bertha yelled.

I stood next to her as she clutched my hand. She clutched my clothes. She had created the mirror and the window with her madness.

“Oh Charles, Please come back. “

Emma

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