**The Circus Remains**

I slowly revealed the contents of which hid behind the ragged shawl; a mirror with a crack perfectly lined up in the centre. I brushed off the many layers of dust and revealed a perfect reflection of the paintings on wall standing proudly behind.

“Do you not see it?” insisted Jack, “The tent, standing in the abandoned crop!”

I stared into the mirror; no image as I thought.

“Rose? Are you awake? Please Rose…awake my friends want to meet you!”

I turned to see Jack’s glowing eyes, glaring into the mirror. I saw a glimpse of light red in his eyes. I saw it all. The pain. The fear. The dread of the circus fire.

“No! Jack…you don’t understand. “ I howled, “It’s all in your mind!” I implied.

“But now….. I see them and you do to: The circus, it’s back! Oh dear friends, how we missed you so very much. How are you all? “

His eyes jolted open with joy and relief. A tear shed in my eye.

“What’s happened to you Jack?”

I casually strolled over to the shawl and lifted it over the looking glass slowly and carefully.

“This shall snap Jack back to reality, his real life!” I muttered to myself. “Sorry Jack, please come back!”

But, as the shawl re-covered the contents, Jack just stood there: motionless.

“Oh D….D……DIANA! There you stand, right there in the balcony, hair blowing in the wind, looking prettier than ever!” squeaked Jack.

Nobody had stood on the balcony that night.

“Oh Diana, where have you been for all of these years? I thought you died in the-“

“Jack, who’s Diana? Your wife? Friend? Girlfriend? Sister? PLEASE, WHO?” I said. Jack ignoring me blankly.

“Diana, why don’t you reply, Diana? ……Diana………DIANA!”

The balcony door flew open, crashing into the neighbouring wall. I cautiously followed behind.

“Jack, Please….the clock has struck 12, come inside. It’s cold outside!”

By Jack N

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