

MIRROR MIRROR



Leonardus G. Rougoor

A mirror of questionable origins appears out of nowhere in a shipment of furniture. It calls to those it finds compatible. The owners soon find out why, and wish they hadn't. Can a mirror actually be possessed? What happens to the people it encounters?

This chilling story takes place over several decades as the mirror becomes the possession of many different people. Who is immune from the call of the mirror, and what is it in the mirror that beckons? Pray you don't find out...

KUDOS for *Mirror, Mirror*

In *Mirror, Mirror* by Leonardus G. Rougoor, everyone who comes into close contact with an ebony-framed mirror is in danger of disappearing forever. Over the decades, the mirror calls to certain people, who have no idea of the danger they are in. Buying the mirror comes with a price far more than any money paid for it—a price no one would willingly pay if they knew the true cost. Well written, fast paced, and chilling, this is, in my opinion, one of the best books the author has released so far. A really great read. ~ *Taylor Jones, The Review Team of Taylor Jones & Regan Murphy*

Mirror, Mirror by Leonardus G. Rougoor is an excellent example of how very talented and versatile this author really is. The story follows the ownership of an unusual mirror, which is made of smoked glass framed in ebony. What the buyers of the mirror don't realize, until it's too late, is that the mirror is evil and means them harm. Can they resist it? And what happens to them if they can't? Is the mirror possessed, or is there something evil inside it? Beautiful and unique, the mirror ensnares many innocent victims, who thought only of how beautiful and exotic it was, and what a great deal they got on it, not knowing the real price was yet to be paid. I was very impressed with *Mirror, Mirror*. Chilling, intense, and compelling, the story grabs you by the throat and holds on from beginning to end. You won't be able to put it down. ~ *Regan Murphy, The Review Team of Taylor Jones & Regan Murphy*

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MIRROR MIRROR

Leonardus G. Rougoor

A Black Opal Books Publication



GENRE: HORROR/OCCULT/SUPERNATURAL

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MIRROR, MIRROR

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*Dedicated to my dear friends,
Marita, Maureen, Bill, Karlina, Elli, and Richard.*

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Old and young, it does call.
Pray the Lord your soul to keep,
For it beckons while you sleep.

PREFACE

James parked the car on the side of the road. Getting out, he walked unsteadily toward the garden outside what he knew to be Margaret's bedroom. Slowly, being careful not to make any noise, he snuck toward the French doors. When he felt safe he leaned close to the glass. Looking through the window pane with anticipation, he saw the sleeping form of the girl he wanted.

Off to the side, he noticed a slight glow in the mirror on the wall above the dresser. There seemed to be some movement reflected in it. Suddenly, he saw something unholy in the glass of the mirror, and immediately there was a sensation of extreme pain in his head.

As fear took over, he screamed in agony, running away from the house. The swing in the garden wasn't even seen, and he hit the protruding upper support beam with his head. Falling to the ground, he cursed and tried to regain his footing. The fear in him was so great that he didn't even feel the gash on his forehead.

Stumbling off the farmer's property, James ran to the car. The lights had come on in the house, and the front door was opened. James didn't even see the man holding a shotgun in his hands as he sped away.

The only thing in James's mind was that he had to get away from there. He knew, without a doubt, that he would never return to that place. His hands were trembling uncontrollably, and he almost drove off the road into the ditch several times.

CHAPTER 1

New York, New York, 1912:

Come on, Bobby, we have to go. Mom and Dad are leaving,” Jenny yelled. “Hurry, they’re getting me a new dresser.”

“Awright, awright, I’m coming. Gee whiz, what’s the big rush? It’s just a place to put your stuff,” Bobby returned with a sigh.

Out the front door they went, with Jenny, thirteen years old, bouncing up and down with excitement. Bobby brought up the rear at a much slower pace. They got into a shiny two-year-old Packard. This vehicle was their father’s pride and joy. He owned several stores that sold ladies clothes and was fairly successful so he could afford this kind of luxury.

All the neighbors were so envious when Father drove it home for the first time, Jenny thought as she got into the back seat with her younger brother. Because of the success of the ladies stores, Mother always dressed quite stylishly. Others had to pay full price for clothes, but Father acquired them wholesale and sometimes for even less if he could find a defect. Father, of course, didn’t let Mother know there was a defect.

Father drove slowly making sure everyone around could see him in the black 1910 Packard. It was 1912, and very few people could afford an automobile such as this. It was wonderful living in New York City. Now and then when he had time, he would drive the family to Central Park to spend the day and sometimes they even ended up at Coney Island, if the day started early enough.

That day they were going to visit a friend of their father's who sold furniture. The two men bartered back and forth, giving each other far better deals than regular customers got. The streets were a little rough, but it was far nicer in the automobile than it was riding in a horse-drawn carriage like they used to do. It was also far quicker getting to their destinations.

After half an hour of navigating the streets to the store, they finally arrived, parking in front of the sign, *Benson's Furniture*. The usual people stopped to admire the car, but Father walked right past them without a word.

"Come, come, children, we don't have all day you know. I have a business to run," he said as he opened the door leading into the large store.

"Good morning, Marcus. How do you do, Abigail?" the store owner said as the Weatherbys entered.

"Good morning, Franklin. We're here to look at a dresser for Jenny. Can you show us what you have?" Marcus asked.

Leading the family to the section reserved for bedroom furniture, Franklin chatted with Marcus about business. Bobby, ten years old, got distracted, as usual. He stopped in front of a bunk bed set. He wondered if he had a brother, who would get the top bunk.

Jenny was shown the inventory of dressers available. She inspected each with a critical eye. She knew what she liked and what she wanted. As Jenny checked one after the other, she dismissed most and reserved judgment on only two.

Coming back and opening drawers in each she finally decided on one, except there was a slight problem, as far as this young lady was concerned.

“Mother, may I speak with you please?”

“Yes, dear, what is it?” Abigail asked her daughter.

“I like these two,” she said, pointing her finger at the ones that were her favorites. “The problem is that the one I really want doesn’t have a mirror. A mirror is such an important thing as you well know, Mother.”

“I’ll speak with Mr. Benson. He may be able to help you.” Turning to face the proprietor, she asked, “Oh, Mr. Benson, may I have a moment of your time?”

“Why, certainly,” he replied as he walked over. “Have you made a choice already, Jenny?”

“I have, sort of. I like these two here,” she said, pointing again to her favorites. “But I really, really like this one. The only thing wrong with it is that there’s no mirror.”

“Oh, I see. That does present a problem, doesn’t it? I have a few in the back that might do. Why don’t you come with me and you can decide if any will suit your needs,” he said as he led the way to the storeroom.

Abigail and Marcus followed the pair as they went to inspect the much-needed mirror. Marcus thought, *Gosh, twelve years old and she is already so much like her mother.*

Franklin made his way past the crated items that would soon be put into the showroom. At the side, off to the right, were several mirrors that he proceeded to show Jenny.

“The dresser you have chosen is made of a rather dark wood, so in my opinion, a dark mirror would be the best choice. Do you agree, Jenny?”

“I do, Mr. Benson, sir.”

“I have two here that may be suitable. Do you like either of them?” he asked the well-mannered young lady.

“Oh, they are beautiful, but do you have any others?”

“I’m sorry to say that—” He stopped in mid-sentence and thought, as an idea came to mind. “There is one that was sent here by mistake. It is a rather odd mirror, and I wasn’t sure you would like it. Here let me show it to you.”

With this, he moved a crate out of the way and pulled a mirror from behind a piece of packing. Holding it in two

hands, he grunted with effort as he lifted a truly unique mirror.

“This one is made from a wood imported from Africa. It’s called Ebony and is a very strong exotic wood. As you can see it has a very different style to it and almost looks a trifle lopsided. I checked it over, and it really is uniform. It’s the texture and coloring of the wood that makes it look odd. The glass is also unique as it has a smoked effect in it. Kind of spooky, don’t you think, Jenny?”

A warm feeling came over Jenny. “I absolutely love it. Can we get this one, Father, please?” she asked as she gave him that special pleading look, the same one that worked so well when Abigail used it.

“Gosh, Jenny, it is a trifle different. Do you really think it will look good with the dresser for your room?”

“Oh, yes, indeed it will, dear Father,” she said with a smile.

Turning to Franklin, Marcus asked, “Do you know anything about it?”

“I’ve checked it over and there are no markings indicating who made it or where it was produced. It is of very good quality. The piece came here by mistake, and even the shipper doesn’t recall anything about it. It’s almost as if it appeared in the shipment out of thin air. I can let you have for a very reasonable price,” he said.

The two men bartered back and forth and came to an agreement. The mirror was brought out and placed on the dresser, just to make sure it looked all right. Jenny squealed with delight as she visualized it in her room. Delivery preparations were made, and Jenny was one happy young lady.

It took several long days for the dresser and mirror to arrive and be carried by two workmen up into Jenny’s bedroom. The men had been instructed to mount the mirror on the wall above where the dresser was to be placed. Jenny had decided ahead of time the best spot for the dresser and so it took very little time for the mirror to be hung in its proper place.

When it was all finished and the packing materials were removed, Jenny sat on her bed. Looking at her new treasures. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a slight movement in the mirror. She was actually looking at the dresser when it happened. Stunned for a moment, she approached it and gazed at her reflection in the smoky glass. Taking a hard look at this beautiful mirror, she realized that the open window off to the side must have had a light breeze come through it and rustled something in the room. This must have been what she saw in the glass. Funny thing was, she never felt the breeze.

Her friends would be so envious of her. None of them had anything quite this exotic. "I love my mother and father," she said softly to herself.

The door opened and Bobby entered the room.

Jenny scowled. "You're supposed to knock before you come into my room. You know that, Bobby."

"Ah, geez, I forgot. What's the big deal anyway?"

"You're just supposed to, so please do it from now on," she retorted.

He looked at the new dresser and then the mirror. "Why did you pick this one, it's so dark? How can you see anything in it?" His head reached just high enough to see his face and that was about all.

He saw nothing special there so he left. Jenny walked over to her doll house and played make-believe with her favorites. In the mirror, a shadow moved, but Jenny was unaware of it.

"Jenny dear," her mother called. "It's time to come down for supper."

Off she went, closing the door behind her. Bobby was already at the table, but his mother had a word to say.

"Bobby, your hands are filthy, please wash them, and use soap this time."

"Awh, Mom, I washed them a little while ago." Receiving a look, he said, "Okay, okay. I'll do it again, geez."

Supper consisted of roast beef with potatoes and carrots. Marcus and Abigail chatted as the children were silent and ate. Desert was a slice of apple pie and a glass of milk, accompanying the evening meal. Marcus had a business acquaintance coming over shortly, so the children were asked to go upstairs.

“For heaven’s sake, please be quiet.”

School was out for the summer, which made Bobby happy, although Jenny missed her friends. As the two ran up the stairs, Jenny announced that she was going to have a bath, and Bobby occupied himself in the temporary tent made from a bed sheet in his room.

Once the water was drawn, she got in and relaxed in the fragrant bubbles. Now and then she scooped up a handful and blew them into the air to land at the other end of the tub. After half an hour, she was eager to cast her eyes on her new dresser and possibly rearrange her clothes in the drawers.

Drying off and putting her nightgown on, she entered her bedroom. There it was, the beautiful new piece of furniture and the wonderful mirror hanging on the wall directly above it. She studied the looking glass, inspecting every detail. She could see that it was a very-well-made item and wondered how it came to be included in the shipment to Benson’s Furniture. There must have been a mix up when the workers loaded the other things to be shipped.

As she walked toward the closet, there was the movement of a shadow in the mirror. Looking back quickly, she studied it intensely. She was sure she had seen something move. Looking around the room to make certain Bobby wasn’t in there trying to frighten her, she saw that she was alone. Again as she turned to look at the glass, she saw movement out of the corner of her eye. By the time she was actually looking at it, there was nothing out of the ordinary to be seen.

“I think my imagination is getting the better of me. I’m sure that the light hitting the glass is making me see things that aren’t there,” she said to herself.

The door opened and Bobby stuck his head in asking, "Who are you talking to?"

"Oh, nobody, I'm just playing."

The door closed again, and she was alone once more. "It had to be Bobby that made the movement in the mirror," she mumbled.

Picking up a book, she lay on the bed and read *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. This book was almost as entertaining as *Anne of Green Gables*, which she read a short time ago.

Getting lost in the book, she read till her eyes started to close. She put the book down and cleaned her teeth before retiring for the night.

Hearing her daughter upstairs, Abigail came into her room and tucked her in, saying, "Goodnight, dear."

"Goodnight, Mother, thank you so much for the dresser and mirror."

"You're welcome, dear."

With the lights out, Jenny closed her eyes. Just as she drifted off to sleep, she thought she heard a soft whispering, but couldn't be certain. Falling into a deep sleep, she woke in the middle of the night having to make a trip to the bathroom. As she was about to get out of bed, half awake, there was a faint whisper again.

She couldn't make out what it was and wasn't even sure that she actually heard anything at all. It might just have been the sheets rustling as she was about to get out of bed. This, however, was doubtful as the soft voice seemed to speak just before she moved.

Wow, this has been a strange day. First shadows moving in the mirror and then sounds in my room coming from nowhere. What is going on?

CHAPTER 2

In the morning, Jenny woke to the birds chirping outside her slightly open window. There was a large maple tree outside her room, whose branches were only ten feet away. Sometimes a sparrow would land on the sill with a tiny click of its claws and look in, but this only happened occasionally. Maybe a bug or some other morsel enticed it to come this close to the glass.

It was seven-thirty, and her father was already up and sitting at the kitchen table. Mother had prepared the coffee and a light breakfast for him. He'd always been an early riser and claimed this was one of the reasons he had succeeded in business.

“Good morning, dear,” her mother said.

Her father just smiled in her direction as he continued to read the newspaper. Watching the stock markets had paid off for him. There was always money to be made if you were aware of the opportunities. Marcus Weatherby had done well in life and was a pillar of the community. He served on numerous committees and was respected by all.

Abigail was an avid churchgoer and did what she could to help those who were in need. There was a women's movement starting to gather momentum. There was, of course, much resistance to this, and tempers of the male population

flared out of control at times. Abigail didn't see what the fuss was all about, but then again, she had a husband who looked after her needs quite well.

Bobby made his appearance at this time, and his mother asked what he would prefer for breakfast. The choices were few, but he liked the idea of having porridge that morning. He had awakened with a slight chill and felt that warm porridge would hit the spot.

At eight-ten, Marcus got up, hugged his wife, and patted his children on top of their heads as he headed for the front door.

Their mother had a church meeting later in the morning and asked, "Do you want to come with me? You can keep yourself occupied in the Sunday school for an hour if you like. Or you can stay at home, and I'll ask our neighbor, Mrs. Richards to check in with you periodically."

Jenny had plans other than sitting in a room with Bobby for an hour or more, so she said, "I think that I would prefer to arrange things in my new dresser, if you don't mind, Mother. Bobby and I will keep ourselves busy, and with Mrs. Richards next door, I'm sure we will be just fine, right, Bobby?"

"Yeah, we'll be okay, Mom."

Plans made, Abigail set out to wash the dishes and clean all the items that had gotten dirty. Half an hour later, she was getting ready to go to the church meeting. Colleen Williams was picking her up, and she found that she was actually looking forward to the short ride in the horse-drawn buggy. She and Colleen had had a close bond for years. The two had gotten together on many occasions when each needed someone to talk to. In this modern new world, the second decade of the nineteenth hundreds, things had changed far more quickly than some had been able to adapt to.

Looking out the parlor window, she saw the buggy approaching and called out to her children. "I'm going now. If you need anything, just ask Mrs. Richards."

Both kids said goodbye with Bobby running down the stairs to give his mother a hug. Jenny, however, was far too mature to do this and just answered from the top landing. After she left, Bobby locked the door as instructed. Having heard the sound, Abigail felt safer, as far as her children were concerned, knowing that the lock was of a superior type.

Waving to her friend as she walked down the front path beside the gravel driveway, she felt happy. She had had to persuade Marcus to install the pathway because he saw no need for two ways to get to the front door. Abigail told him that the gravel would damage her good shoes and they would then have to be replaced. Unless he wanted his wife to go out in public with shoes that looked old and worn.

Since appearances meant a lot to Marcus and the fact that he hated to spend more than necessary, he had the path put in rather quickly. Over the years, she had learned how to approach these kinds of situations. It had paid off more than once.

CHAPTER 3

The two children played together for a short time till Jenny asked, “Bobby, do you want to help me straighten out the clothes in my new dresser?” She already knew the answer, but this would make it seem like the choice to play by himself was his idea.

“Yuck, I don’t want to touch your stuff. I’ll play in my tent. You take care of it yourself,” he said, pulling a face as he ran off preparing to fight the Injuns that had surrounded his wagon train camp.

Jenny entered her room in order to find some answers. She wanted to see the back side of the mirror, but that was impossible since it had been mounted to the wall with hooks and wire. The only thing she could do was open the curtains on both windows and turn on the lights.

Picking up her magnifying glass, she studied the wood holding the glass in place. The joints in the frame were flawless. The craftsmanship was truly remarkable, and she was pleased that she picked this one over the others. Climbing on the dresser she looked at the top and then down the side.

When she had her head close to the dresser in order to inspect the bottom of the frame, something in the mirror drew her attention. A slight movement in the darkened glass startled her. Looking around the room, she tried to see if Bobby

had come in unannounced. No one was there with her, and so she quickly looked back at the mirror. Again, there was something that just managed to evade her attempts to catch a good look at it.

She no longer had any doubts that there was an odd quality about this new addition to her room. If she couldn't find out what it was, she might have to enlist Bobby's help, a thought that was unappealing to her.

In an attempt to get to the bottom of this mystery herself, she stepped out of the room, leaving the door partially open. Walking down the hall loudly, she stopped, turned around, and snuck back on tiptoe. When she got to the door, she looked through the gap between the door and the frame where the hinges were.

Once again, she was just quick enough to see something move, but not fast enough to actually see what it was. It was almost as if whatever was making the reflection knew what she was trying to do. Jenny loved a good mystery, and this was proving to be a very formidable one.

She wondered if it was possible that there could be someone hiding in her room. If so, how could she find out without endangering herself or Bobby? She hadn't seen anything or anyone, and there really were no good places to hide. With this in mind, she re-entered her room, staying in the doorway.

Looking slowly around the room, she felt a slight tingling in her fingers. There was an eerie feeling going through her as she carefully scanned all around her, trying to discover a prankster. Nothing was found, and so she walked over to the closest window and looked to see if anyone was outside. Seeing nothing but the tree, and no one in it, she went to the second window. Again, there was nothing to be found.

With the search done, there was only the mirror itself that could be the source of this mystery. She looked at her reflection and asked, "What is going on here? What do you want from me?"

Of course, there was no answer. She really hadn't expected one, and when there was only silence, she hadn't been surprised.

Thinking it might be a good idea to check on her younger brother, she exited the room. At the last instant, she turned her head quickly. There was no faint flash of movement in the glass this time. Either that or she had been just a bit too late to see it. Maybe she had been imagining it. She couldn't be sure. Either way, this was becoming frustrating.

CHAPTER 4

The front door closed with a slight thump, and Mother called out, “I’m home, where are you?”

“We’re up here, Mother,” Jenny said as she arrived at the top of the landing. “How was your meeting?”

“It was just fine, dear. Do you and your brother want to come down for lunch?”

“I’ll go get him, Mother, and be right down,” she said, walking to his room. “Bobby, Mom’s home, and it’s time for lunch.”

“I’ll be right there. I’m being attacked and have to shoot them Injuns before I go.”

“I’m sure they’ll still be here when you get back,” she said.

At this, they both went downstairs for a fried bologna sandwich and a glass of milk. A cookie topped things off and, as Abigail watched her children eat, she asked, “Do you want to go to the park? We can drop by the butcher on our way back.”

Both wanted to go, and once they were cleaned up, they headed to the green space. The park had the usual swings and sandboxes, but what made things interesting for them were the large ponds with their assortment of wildlife. A few

pieces of stale bread had been brought along. The ducks just loved this treat.

All three had a wonderful time at the park, and by the time they had had their fill, it was time to go to the butcher and then home. Abigail took the items from the butcher to the kitchen and, once they were put away, she began preparations for the evening meal. Marcus would be home in one and a half hours, and he liked to eat right after he had his evening cocktail. Sometimes, they each had one, but quite often Abigail would not.

Today, the two sat down together in the study and chatted while they had their drink. The children were in their rooms with Bobby playing and Jenny reading more of *Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm*. At least she was trying to read. Her eyes kept shifting to look at the mirror, hoping to see something.

So far, the mirror was just that, a mirror. Nothing unusual was going on, so she decided that she might as well enjoy the book. Another half hour and she heard the voice of her mother asking her and Bobby to get washed up for supper. After this was done, the two ran down the stairs to give their father a hug.

“So do you still like the mirror?” Marcus asked.

“Oh, yes Father, I really do.”

“That’s good. I would hate to have paid a tidy sum for it and you not have been happy with it,” he stated with a smile.

CHAPTER 5

Life had been good to this family, and both Marcus and Abigail knew it. At church on Sunday, they gave their tithes quite willingly. They knew that New Life Baptist Church needed their help. Not everyone in the congregation could afford to contribute enough to keep the church functioning as it should.

At one point in his life, Marcus had considered going to seminary to become a pastor. He soon realized that he was more cut out to be a businessman and could help the church in what he considered a more practical way. He had strayed for a time after that decision had been made, but when he met Abigail, she soon showed him the error of his ways.

When the children came, he knew he had made the right choice. Life got better and better with the woman he loved. It took years to develop the ladies fashion stores. There were a few moments when things got a little precarious, and he was on the verge of losing it all. What saved him was having made a few contacts in the supply end of things who gave him some real breaks in cost for favors to be repaid in the future.

This he did, and the playing field had been leveled with all debts paid and favors repaid. Ladies fashions changed quickly, and he had to stay on top of procurements constant-

ly. Luckily, he had an arrangement with his suppliers that allowed him to sell things off at a reduced rate when the items were just not moving. The supplier then took a cut, but this was better than having items returned and not sold at all.

Yes, life was good. Jenny was growing up quickly and seemed to have inherited many of the good qualities her mother possessed. Bobby was still very young and not as mature as his sister but did show promise. In the next few years, as the boy became a teenager, he would be gently brought into the business.

Boys were the lifeline of a family. Girls grew up to marry and the family name ended there, but boys retained the name their entire lives, and through them, the name lived on. There was a change, called the Suffragette Movement, building momentum. What on earth did the troublemakers think they would accomplish? Good grief, where would it end? The next thing you knew, they'd be asking for equal rights, maybe even asking to vote. Strange times were ahead for this world.

Marcus had seen things come that he would never have dreamed possible. The automobile was a perfect example. It had been almost ten years since those crazy Wright brothers actually flew that contraption through the air. Imagine being so reckless as to risk your life sailing through the air, twenty feet above the ground. If a man was meant to fly, the good lord would have given him wings. What on earth did these people think would come of this foolhardiness?

Marcus let his mind wander for a time and then came back to reality. It was time for bed, and he had to get to work early to supervise a shipment that was due to arrive.

CHAPTER 6

Abigail lounged for a time in the evening after the children were in bed and her husband was in his study. Her friend Colleen had been going to meetings where the wives of prominent men were having a speaker come shortly. Through the grapevine, it was said that the lady was part of the Suffragette Movement and looking for recruits.

Colleen had always been somewhat radical in her views. She had even gone so far as to say women banding together could accomplish much in the way of change. What kind of change these women thought would come about was beyond her.

Abigail had serious reservations about the motives of the women leading this charge. If Marcus found out she was contemplating attending a meeting, he would be so upset with her. He would say, "A woman's place is in the home. Are you lacking in anything? I provide for you and the children very adequately, and you should be more than satisfied. What do you actually think will be accomplished by this act of rebellion? I'm certain this whole fiasco will end in disaster. Can you imagine what the people at church will think of this?"

These thoughts and others went through her mind and bothered her greatly.

CHAPTER 7

Jenny lay in bed in a shallow slumber. There were whispers in the air that were preventing her from falling into a deep sleep. The soft, barely audible voice came from the mirror on the wall and was ever so faint, it almost seemed to be only in her head. Jenny was unaware that it was even happening or of what was being said, as it only entered her mind subconsciously. If she knew this was happening, she would have been frightened, very frightened indeed.

Because of the whispers, she had dreams of being pulled into a pool of quicksand. It was almost as if the soft voice was telling her what to dream of. It started with Jenny being pursued by an unknown person. She ran through the woods in an attempt to get away. No matter what she did or where she ran, she wasn't fast enough to get away. In the end, she broke into a clearing and ran right into the sticky muck.

There seemed to be no end to the depth of the quicksand, and she had no way to get out of it. As she sank, deeper and deeper, she screamed more and more. When she was up to her neck in the sticky mess, the person chasing her came into the clearing. Her back was to her would be captor, and she couldn't see the face. Jenny heard the heavy breathing behind her as she slipped under the mud. A scream escaped her lips, and she found herself awake in her own bed.

CHAPTER 8

There was the sound of a door opening and the voice of her mother softly spoke to her. “Are you all right, dear? Were you having a bad dream?”

Jenny shook all over. “Gosh, Mother, I was running through the woods being chased by someone and fell into a pool of quicksand. It was so frightening. I couldn’t do anything.”

“It was just a dream, sweetheart. There’s nothing to be afraid of, dear,” she said as she hugged her little girl and tucked her in for the night. “Just put it out of your mind. Everything is all right, these things are normal and, in the morning, you will laugh about it. Goodnight, dear.”

In the dark, with only a little light shining through the window, Jenny lay in her bed. She wondered why she had this nightmare. This was highly unusual for her. She had always had such pleasant dreams in the past.

Hanging on the wall was the mirror. Looking at it, she saw a slight illumination in the glass. *It must be as a result of the light coming in through the window.* She looked at it and didn’t remember any light on the wall where the mirror was before it hung there. The light must have been hitting the glass because of a reflection from something that had been

moved lately. This was all very strange. She fell asleep and the soft whispers were no longer there, allowing her to rest.

The morning sun shone through the window, illuminating the room. Jenny woke to the sound of birds chirping in the tree outside. The dream she had during the night was but a distant memory and hardly seemed real anymore.

Downstairs at the breakfast table, Mother asked, "How did you sleep, dear? Were there any more dreams to wake you?"

"I slept very well, Mother. I don't know why I had the dream, because I normally don't have scary ones like that."

"That's good. What would you like for breakfast, dear?" Mother asked.

Marcus sat at the table, reading the morning paper, oblivious to the conversation going on around him. If there was anything important to talk about, he would be told. With his breakfast done, he said goodbye to his family and went to work.

CHAPTER 9

In her room, Jenny thought back on the previous night. Sitting on the bed, she tried to discover where the light coming through the window would be reflected back into the mirror. Walking to the open window, she looked at where the street light came from. Moving to the wall behind her, she tried to locate something that would reflect it back to the mirror.

The dresser and mirror were placed on the same wall as the window, so whatever reflected the light should be very near where she was standing. Knitting her brow in concentration, she delved into the problem. There was nothing in the immediate area that had a reflective surface. So where the light came from that illuminated the glass was a mystery.

Unable to resolve the problem, she walked to the dresser and attacked the problem in reverse. Looking around the room, she tried to ascertain how the light could have hit the spot where she was standing. There was nothing she could see that indicated a solution to her dilemma.

As far as she could determine, there was only one solution to this mystery. That evening when it got dark, she would have to sit on the bed with the lights out. When she saw the light in the mirror, she would walk to it and see where the reflection came from. A smile crossed her face at the thought

of being able to come up with a method to resolve the problem.

As she left the room and glanced back, she saw yet again a slight movement. This was now being looked at as a challenge. Jenny thought that some kind of game was being played and that she was smart enough to figure out who was behind it. With that in mind, she waited eagerly for the day to pass.

“Do you two want to go to the park this afternoon? I have some stale bread that we can feed the ducks with,” Mother called up.

At the top of the stairs, the two answered together, “That would be great.” Bobby continued, saying, “Can we bring a snack with us?”

“I don’t see why not. Let’s go at one-thirty. That will give me time to tidy the house and prepare lunch.”

“I thought that was the housekeeper’s job,” Bobby said, slightly perplexed.

“It is, but I like to do the little things myself. What would I do with my day if I let someone do everything for me?”

In the afternoon, the three walked to the park nearby and, as they approached the pond, Bobby made a run for it. Because there was a downhill slope leading to the water, he misjudged the stopping distance and with the grass being slightly wet, he slid feet first into the pond. The water had the murky look it always got during the hot weather.

A few duck feathers floated on the surface. The warm water had soaked the boy’s clothes. As he got to his feet, he stood knee deep in the water with a stunned look on his face.

“Bobby, what on earth are you doing? You could have been drowned,” his mother shouted.

“Aw shucks, Mom, it was an accident. How was I to know that the grass was wet? I’m only a little wet, and it will dry up in no time,” he said.

“I can’t have you running around soaked to the bone. What would people think?”

As he walked on the grass, the squishing sound coming from the wet socks and shoes filled the air. Off they went back home to change the boy's clothes and wash him up.

"God only knows what you could have picked up in that dirty water. I don't know what to make of you sometimes, Bobby." Abigail said to her boy.

Aw, gee whiz, Mom, it really wasn't nothing, you know."

"Wasn't anything, not, nothing. Learn to speak properly, please."

Sorry, Mom. Can we go back to the park now? We still have the bread and snacks. It would be a shame to let it all go to waste."

"What do you think Jenny, should we go back?"

Looking at her younger brother, she saw a pleading look on his face. She was tempted to say no but realized that she may need him to help solve the mirror mystery. Smiling at her brother, she said, "It seems to mean a lot to Bobby, so yes, I'd like to go back too."

Bobby gave a sigh of relief and was already putting his shoes on by the time his sister and mother got to the front door. He gave his sister a smile as he opened the door, and they all left together. Back at the park, Bobby made sure he didn't make the same mistake again.

Supper was finished and Marcus asked the children to play in their rooms while he and their mother talked about adult things. When they were gone he said, "I hear that your friend Colleen is involved in that movement that is causing such a ruckus. I certainly hope you steer clear of it. There are going to be very big ramifications for those who try to push this issue."

"Why do you say that? Don't you believe that women should have a few more rights? We aren't all simple you know."

"I know you aren't, but not everyone is as forward thinking as I am. One day women may even be allowed to vote, but I can't see that happening in the near future. What I'm saying is, be careful, I hear things," Marcus said seriously.

“I’m not involved with anything at this point, and I’ll discuss it with you before I do. Does that make you feel better?”

“Yes, it does, thank you. I have a reputation to maintain and something of this nature could adversely affect my interests,” he said with a concerned look on his face.

The discussion drifted to other topics and the mood became lighter. The children occupied themselves for a while. Soon it was bedtime, and each brushed their teeth. This was something many of their friends didn’t do, but their mother insisted on this ritual.

Abigail tucked them in, saying their prayers with them. Marcus was busy in the office and shouted his goodnights from there.

CHAPTER 10

The door to Jenny's room was closed, and she waited for her eyes to adjust to the darkness. As they did, there appeared a soft glow in the mirror again. It was so faint that she had to stare at it in order to know it was really there.

"Maybe it's not dark enough in here to see the reflection," she mumbled.

Waiting for fifteen minutes, she got out of bed and carefully walked close to the mirror. The very faint light was still there and so she placed herself in a position where she could see where the light was being reflected from.

No matter where she stood, there wasn't a light that she could see. She turned to look at the mirror. There it was again, that ever so slight movement. By the time she was looking directly at it, there had been nothing to see. *Maybe it's just an imperfection in the glass*, she thought, trying to look at every possibility.

The soft glow was there and, when she moved sideways, from one side to the other, the glow could always be seen.

"How can this be? If I'm right, there is no reflection, which can only mean that the light is coming from the mirror itself. No, this cannot be. There is no light in or behind the glass. I was here when they put it on the wall. I looked at the

back of it when they unpacked it too. What's going on?" she asked herself in a mild state of disbelief.

Studying the glass, she attempted to come up with a viable reason for the glow. Try as she might, she could not fathom any reasonable answers, no matter how she studied the problem. There was only one thing to do, unpleasant as it may be, she'd have to ask Bobby to help her.

Going to his room as quietly as she could, she snuck in to see if he was still awake. "Bobby, Bobby, are you asleep?" she whispered.

There was a soft groan before he answered saying, "What do you want?"

"I need your help. Can you come to my room and look at the mirror for me. I think there's something funny happening."

"Can't it wait until morning?"

"No, it has to be dark to see what I want to show you. Don't say anything. I don't want Mother or Father to hear us," she said, almost pleading.

Reluctantly, he got out of bed and followed his sister into her room. They closed the door and slowly, not wanting to bump anything, they moved to the dresser. As their eyes adjusted to the darkness, Bobby asked what he was supposed to be looking for.

"Wait a minute. I don't think our eyes have adjusted enough yet." They waited a while longer, but nothing happened. It was dark and there was nothing to see. "I don't know what's going on. There was a light coming from the mirror earlier. I don't see it now," Jenny said, perplexed.

"Aw, how can that be? I don't see nothing. I'm going back to bed."

He left the room with Jenny looking at the mirror. The door was closed, and she looked around the room. When her gaze returned to the mirror, there it was again, the soft glow, ever so faint in the glass.

"My goodness, what on earth is going on?" she said softly to herself.

Unable to come up with a reason for the phenomenon, Jenny crawled under the covers and tried to go to sleep. Every so often, she took a peek at the mirror. Nothing unusual happened and soon she fell asleep. As she drifted off, the whisperings started once more.

The sound of the voice almost roused Jenny, but not quite. The whisperings were only heard by the sleeping girl, and then only in her head. It was almost as if there was a direct communication between the voice and Jenny. Things said entered Jenny's subconscious mind and seemed like a dream. The voice appeared to be telling her of impending events, things that upset the young girl in her sleep.

Jenny woke with a gasp. A dream so vivid had frightened her terribly. In her dream, Jenny saw herself as if she were someone else. There was an unrecognizable figure attempting to pull her into a dark hole in the wall. The misty form was unknown to her, and she felt deathly afraid of it. She was sure that it meant her harm in some fashion.

Sleep for the rest of the night was not particularly restful. The voice continued throughout the night, and it became obvious that something was attempting to communicate with her subconsciously.

As the nights went by, the voice started to seem friendlier. She still could only faintly hear the voice whispering just as she was drifting off to sleep, and she wasn't sure of this at all. The soft glow was still there, but only she could see it.

At bedtime, she asked, "Bobby, come into my room and see if there is anything out of order here."

He walked in and when the door was closed with no lights on, he said, "Yeah, there is something odd here."

In anticipation of hearing that he actually saw something, she felt a bit of excitement come over her. "What do you see Bobby?"

"I see that it's dark in here and I'll trip on something if I move. What is it that you think I'm supposed to see?"

“Nothing, Bobby, I was just wondering is all.” The disappointment was evident in her voice. “Thanks for coming in. You can go back to your own room now.”

That night the voice in her sleep became a little more forceful. There was something that it wanted to communicate to Jenny. Her dreams became more upsetting and she woke in the middle of the night with a scream.

CHAPTER 11

Her mother entered the room. “Jenny, what is it? I heard you scream in your sleep. Are you having a nightmare?”

“Yes, I dreamt that there was a thing trying to drag me into the darkness. I don’t know who or what it was. I’m frightened, Mother.”

“Do you have any idea what is causing you to have these awful dreams?” Abigail asked.

“I have no idea.” She wanted to say it started when she got the mirror but hadn’t wanted to take the chance of having it removed from her room. It was a most unusual piece, and she wanted to keep it, despite the disturbing events that she suspected were being caused by it.

“Try not to worry about it anymore. Whatever it is that may be causing the dreams. I’m sure it is nothing that need concern you, so try to sleep, dear,” Abigail said gently.

Jenny fell asleep again and didn’t wake until morning. She got up and recalled the strange dream she had. In the light of day, it didn’t seem as bad as it did in the middle of the night. At the breakfast table, Marcus read the morning paper. Studying the financial section, he wondered what the market would do in the near future.

Abigail poured him his morning coffee, to which he mumbled a cursory response. The children were given freshly cooked waffles and corn syrup. "Thanks, Mom, these smell so good. Can we go to the zoo today? School starts in two weeks, and we won't have the time to go after that," Bobby said.

"Yes that would be great, Mom," Jenny piped in.

"All right, but it will have to wait till this afternoon. I have a meeting at the church this morning. Marcus, do you have some money with you to pay our way in? I'll see if Colleen wants to go with us."

At the mention of Colleen's name, Marcus's attention was gotten. "What is this about Colleen?"

"I was asking if you have the money to pay our way into the zoo this afternoon. Colleen may be able to drive us."

"Oh, yes, I have extra money in my wallet. Here it is," he said, handing her a few bills.

A short time later, Marcus had gone to his office. Abigail got ready and asked, "Jenny, come to my room while I get ready, dear."

"What is it that you want, Mother?"

"Last night you had a bad dream. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, Mother, why do you ask?" Jenny queried in return.

"This is something that you haven't done before, and I find it a trifle concerning. Is there a problem, is something upsetting you?"

"I'm fine, Mother, no need to worry."

"Bobby said that you asked him if he saw anything in the mirror. What is that about?"

Thinking quickly, Jenny said, "Oh that, there was a reflection in the glass, and I wondered if he saw it too."

"All right, dear, but if there is anything bothering you, be sure to let me know."

"I will, Mother."

With this, she left her mother's room to go to the kitchen.

CHAPTER 12

Shortly after lunch, there was a ring of the doorbell, and Abigail answered it. “Come in Colleen. Would you like a cup of tea before we go to the zoo?”

“Yes, that would be lovely,” the soft-spoken, perky, reddish-blonde-haired lady said.

In no time at all, the group parked the horse and buggy at the gated area outside the city zoo. Even outside the walls, there were sounds of large animals and the smells one would expect. The two ladies walked close together, arms linked, and chatted as the youngsters went from cage to cage looking at the wild animals.

The monkeys swung around their cages, using the branches of trees to hang from. The elephants used the water in pools to douse themselves, so they could keep cool. There were zebras with their striped bodies and giraffes with those impossibly long necks and beautiful colors.

When Bobby and Jenny approached the leopard cage, the fierce cats acted very aggressively. The felines paced back and forth in the cage, obviously agitated. The same thing happened at all the big cat pens.

“Geez, what’s the matter with them? They never acted like that when we came here before,” Bobby said as he headed to the next area.

Jenny stayed by the tiger pen as the cat paced back and forth, growling. Then, suddenly, it lunged toward the front of the cage as if attacking. With a shriek, Jenny jumped back and ran away. Only when she left did the huge feline finally settle down.

This is so curious, she thought as she looked back at the then-calm tiger. “The same thing happened whenever I approached the other cages with cats in them. Why would they act up when I’m close and then calm down when I leave?”

“Jenny, did you do something to make the tiger jump at you?” Abigail asked.

“No, Mother, I was just standing there, and it started acting crazy. I have no idea why.”

The rest of the day was spent away from the big cat pens. None of the other animals reacted strangely to her presence. When they were on their way home, Jenny decided to go to the library to borrow a book on feline behavior. There was a city library a few streets away from her home. If they could get home early enough, she would try to go that day. Unfortunately, as it turned out, it had to wait until the following day, because Mrs. Williams had had to make a stop before driving back to their home.

After another disturbing night, Jenny asked her mother, “I need to go to the library this morning. I have my card ready and will use my bicycle to get there. Is that all right with you, Mother?”

“It will be fine as long as that is the only place you go and that you come straight home afterward.” Looking closely at her, Abigail asked, “Is everything all right, dear? You look very tired lately.”

Waiting a moment before she answered, Jenny said, “I am a little tired, but I am sleeping enough. I’m not sure why this is, but I’m sure it will correct itself in due course, Mother.” At the library, Jenny asked the attendant, “Could you tell me what row the books on feline behavior are placed?”

“Follow me please,” the librarian said as she walked ahead of the polite young lady.

There were several to choose from. The librarian, whose name tag read, Alice Truman, helped Jenny choose two of the more informative ones and checked them out for her. Placing the rather large books in the basket hooked onto the front of the handlebars, Jenny rode home.

The rest of the morning was spent studying the information. Much of it was of little value to her. Halfway through the second book, Jenny found something of interest. As she worked her way through the paragraphs, she started to read aloud.

“It has long been thought that cats have a sense humans don’t have. In the days of the pharaohs, cats were thought to be able to see or connect with the spiritual realm. In the occult, cats are used as a medium, in order to contact the dead. Felines have been known to become very agitated when in the presence of a person thought to be in contact with an evil spirit. This has been difficult to prove, although there have been documented cases where many people were convinced of the validity of the accusations.”

My goodness, can this possibly be true? I’m sure this is just fanciful and printed in the book in order to make things more interesting, she thought. There were, however, doubts running through her mind.

Bobby called from the hallway, “Mom says that you have to come down for lunch.”

“I’ll be there in a minute.”

The rest of the day was not as pleasant for Jenny as it normally was. There were unsettling things flitting back and forth in her mind. She was starting to wonder if the mirror was behind her nightmares. If so, how could she deal with the problem and still keep it? *What is happening to me? Why did those animals react the way they did?*

“Maybe I should get a few books on the occult. Oh, boy, Mother would be so upset if she found out I had them in the house. I could always just read them at the library. Yes, that’s what I’ll do. Tomorrow, I’ll think of a reason to be gone for a few hours.”

Another bad night with more nightmares had Jenny waking up later than usual. She came down the stairs and almost tripped. Catching the banister at the last moment, she managed to prevent a fall down the long winding staircase. No one was within seeing distance so this went unnoticed by the family members. Her ankle, however, was a touch sore. By the time she reached the kitchen, most of the discomfort had worked itself out.

After breakfast, she asked, "Mother, I want to return the books to the library. I won't be very long."

"Why don't you take Bobby with you?"

Bobby, hearing this, decided immediately that the last place he wanted to go was a place filled with books and informed his mother, "Ahh, Mom, I don't feel like going there. School is gonna start soon, and I'll have to look at books all the time. I wanna play in the backyard on the swing. Okay, Mom?"

Abigail thought for a moment before answering. Looking at her daughter, she asked, "Is everything all right? You still look like you haven't been sleeping very well. Are you still having those nightmares?"

"I'm not sure what's wrong. I go to sleep and it's almost like there is someone in my room whispering to me. I have these stupid dreams lately and I don't know how to make them stop."

"I think we need to have you see the doctor. I'll make an appointment this week. Be careful riding your bicycle to the library, dear."

CHAPTER 13

Finishing breakfast and brushing her teeth, Jenny was on her way. When she saw the librarian, she asked, “Could you please tell me where the books on the occult are, Miss Truman?”

“I’m not sure that you’re old enough to be reading that type of book, young lady,” she informed Jenny.

“My mother knows I’m here to do some research before school starts. I won’t be taking them home. I just want to check on a few items of interest, and then I’ll go home,” she said, smiling at the older lady.

Although not totally convinced, Miss Truman showed Jenny where the books were shelved. Browsing the titles, Jenny waited until the lady left before picking out one labeled, *Communicating with Spirits*. Bringing it to the nearest table, Jenny started to read silently.

There are good and bad spirits that can have a devastating effect on people’s lives. Bad spirits try to take control of the person they are in communication with. It is often difficult to tell which are which. By the time the attacked person realizes what they are dealing with, it is already too late. The animal kingdoms, especially cats, are very sensitive to bad spirits. By the time cats are affected by the presence, posses-

sion is already well underway. There is very little information available on how to stop or reverse this taking over of the host.

My goodness, what am I to do? How can I find out if this is really happening to me?

Getting up, Jenny headed back to the row of books. Looking the titles over, she tried to see if any of the books indicated how to deal with an evil spirit. To her dismay, there were no books that were of any use to her. Going back to the table, she sat down and continued to explore the book she already had.

When she was finished with the book, she had only one suggestion offered to her. It was thought that a certain kind of priest could be of help in dealing with this type of issue. The church that she attended with her parents was a Baptist Church. There had been no mention of this church as a remedy for her ills.

Going home and into her room, she started to wonder if she was reacting to a nonexistent problem. This was all most likely an issue related to growing up. She had already felt adjustments in her body and was aware of subtle changes taking place. This must be what was happening to her. She almost laughed as she realized how silly she had been to think along these lines.

The rest of the day was much better as she had put out of her mind the disturbing thoughts that had dominated her those last few days. She even had a nice time playing with Bobby after supper. Soon it was bedtime and, after having a bath, she said her prayers and was tucked in by her mother.

Because she had had several nights that were not restful, she fell into a deep sleep quickly. There were little whisperings again, but she was already asleep before they started. The soft voice speaking to Jenny was not heard by anyone else in the household.

The voice continued through the night. It penetrated deeper and deeper. As it did this, Jenny lost control over her

body. A few moments before three o'clock in the morning, Jenny got out of bed at the urgings of the voice in her head. She slowly walked toward the dresser with the mirror hung over it, totally unaware of this happening. Jenny walked closer and closer to the mirror. She was being drawn there by something unseen.

A few inches from the dresser, she stopped. As she stood in front of the mirror, the air grew cold. Jenny's long hair seemed to have a life of its own. To anyone watching, it would have seemed that there was a breeze in the room. However, this was not the case.

The familiar glow in the glass grew slightly brighter. From inside the mirror, a very inhuman thing slowly reached toward the girl. Taking hold of the dressing gown, it gently pulled the girl toward the glass. As she leaned forward, her hands bumped the dresser and a picture was knocked over, making quite a loud sound as it crashed to the floor. This was enough to break the hold on her, and she awakened.

Jenny screamed as she woke up with the feeling that she was about to be taken from this world, into another. This other world frightened her to no end. The sound of a door opening was heard in Jenny's room.

CHAPTER 14

Rushing across the hall and into her daughter's bedroom, Abigail asked. "Jenny, are you all right? What are you doing out of bed?"

"I don't know. All I know is that my hand for some reason hit the picture on the dresser, and when it fell on the floor, I woke up, freezing cold. It doesn't seem cold now."

"This is getting out of hand. I'll contact Doctor Spring in the morning and make an appointment for you as soon as possible. I'm sure he can get to the bottom of this. He was educated in England, and they're more advanced than we are."

Walking back to bed, Jenny lay down as her mother tucked her in and stroked her hair. Staying with her daughter for a time, Abigail worried that things may be more serious than they appeared to be. Looking around the room, in the shadowy light, her eyes came to rest on the dresser and mirror. *This all started shortly after these additions were purchased and moved into this room. Could it be that these items are the cause of my Jenny's nightmares? No, how could this be?* But the feeling persisted as she got up to go to her room.

As Abigail left the room, the soft glow that was in the glass returned. The voice though remained silent for the rest

of the night. What had happened in this room, no one of this Earth could explain. This, of course, did not mean that there was no explanation.

CHAPTER 15

Morning came and, for Jenny, it was none too soon. Her nights were getting worse, not better. The day before, she thought that she had had it all figured out, but things were worse than ever. Waking up in the middle of the night, standing in front of the mirror, had shaken her up immensely.

Abigail called the doctor's office and said to the receptionist, "Hello, this is Abigail Weatherby calling. There is something terribly wrong with my Jenny, and I need an appointment as soon as absolutely possible." She listened to the voice on the other end of the phone and said, "Yes, we can be there in two hours. Thank you so much."

The visit to the doctor was made with the expectation that all would be resolved. As Jenny and her mother entered the examination room, Dr. Spring asked, "So what seems to be the problem, young lady?"

Abigail answered for her daughter, explaining what had been going on.

Looking directly at Jenny, he asked, "Can you tell if there have been any changes in your sleeping pattern?"

Jenny thought about telling him about the mirror and dresser but decided not to. She had no interest in looking like a fanciful girl. Instead, she said, "There's something that is

making me have nightmares. I'm not sure what it is. Maybe there is a rustling in the trees outside my window, or possibly there's a mouse in the walls."

"These are things that are outside my ability to control. They would have to be taken care of by your mother and father, I'm afraid. I could give you something to help you sleep, but I think you are too young to be taking things like that. This could actually be a detriment and create long-term concerns."

Abigail asked, "Then what can be done to help my Jenny?"

"The first thing that should be looked at is the noise Jenny is talking about. Second, if this persists, then maybe she should sleep in a different room for a while. It might change the dynamics and help her to relax. If none of this helps, I believe a psychiatrist may be in order. Other than this, I don't know if I can help you. I will give her a complete examination today, though. Would you be so kind as to leave this room while I do this?" Dr. Spring asked.

"Yes, of course, Doctor."

The exam took place with nothing new discovered. In the end, mother and daughter left the office with Bobby in tow.

"How come I had to wait so long, huh? I was getting really bored. They don't have nothing to play with there," Bobby complained, but he was ignored.

That evening Marcus was told, "It's important that we call someone in to see if we have a mouse problem in our home. Could you look outside Jenny's window to see if there is anything that might be brushing against the house? The doctor thinks one of these things may be responsible for her nightmares."

"If we had mice, I'm sure that we would have noticed long before now. As far as the noise by her window is concerned, I'll look right now."

Climbing the staircase, Marcus entered the room in question and walked to the window. He opened it and, sticking his head through the opening, studied the exterior surround-

ings. As far as he could tell there was nothing in the immediate area that accounted for the manufacture of any noise. The tree outside was nowhere near the house, so it couldn't be the problem.

"I've looked around and there is nothing outside the house to account for any noises," Marcus informed Abigail and Jenny. "I'll call the exterminators today and have them inspect the property for rodents, but I doubt there are any."

"Thank you, Father, I don't know why this is happening," Jenny said. In her mind, thoughts were going around that disturbed her. She suspected that the mirror was somehow responsible but was afraid to put these ideas into words.

These thoughts were put aside, as she had a difficult time coming to grips with the situation. How could a piece of glass and wood do any of this? The book said that a priest from a certain sect of the Catholic Church was required to correct this occurrence. Her hands trembled slightly as she pondered the dilemma. Maybe, she thought, it was time to go to Saint Andrews Church for a chat with the local priest.

The evening came to an end and it was bedtime. In Jenny's room, Abigail asked, "Do you want to sleep in the guest room tonight, dear?"

Jenny wanted to say yes, but there was a warm feeling in her which made her say, "That's all right, Mother, I think it will be fine." It was almost as if something had taken over her for a moment.

Sleep, despite her slight anxiety, came easily that night. *Are there things that are taking hold of me?* This was the last thought going through her head as she drifted off. The whisperings started again without her knowing or hearing it.

These continued through the night, growing in forcefulness. At three in the morning, Jenny was sound asleep, but for some unknown reason, she slid out from under the covers. Getting out of the bed, she slowly made her way over to the dresser. As she approached, something in the mirror moved toward her. There was a slight bump as she made contact with the front of the dresser.

This noise was just loud enough to wake her mother, who had fallen asleep in an armchair just outside her daughter's room. Opening the door, she gasped as she saw Jenny at the piece of furniture. Abigail did not see the change in the mirror.

As the door opened, whatever was coming out of the glass retreated quickly. There was anger within the glass. It wished to lash out, but only had control over the youngster that it desired. It knew all too well that patience was required. Over the centuries, it had had to wait for the right moment many times.

CHAPTER 16

Jenny, what are you doing out of bed?” Abigail whispered.

Her question was not heard, as her daughter turned and walked back to her bed. Getting under the covers, Jenny remained asleep as if nothing was amiss. Abigail stared at the girl, wondering what on earth was going on.

Memories of her own childhood came back to her. When Abigail was fourteen years old and going through physical changes, she too walked in her sleep. Those memories helped her to dismiss this episode as a normal part of life in this family. Tucking her daughter properly under the covers, she kissed her on the forehead and went to her own bed. The problem for her was solved, no real need to worry anymore.

As she lay down in her bed, Marcus murmured, rolled over, and continued to sleep soundly. Abigail felt she had figured out Jenny’s sleeping issue. This would all end after Jenny went through the changes her body was adapting to.

CHAPTER 17

Morning came and Jenny awakened with no recollection of getting up during the night. Coming to the kitchen table, she took her seat and prepared to dig into the pancakes her mother had placed before her. Pouring the syrup on, she slowly started eating. For some reason, she was not very hungry lately.

“How are you this morning, dear,” Abigail asked.

“I’m fine, Mother. I slept well, but I’m still waking up tired. Maybe I’m starting to get sick. These pancakes taste a bit weird. Is this a new recipe?”

“No, this is the same way I always make them. Your taste buds may be a little off.”

Marcus left for work and Abigail asked, “When would the two of you like to go shopping for your school things? I have time, late this afternoon when your father can drive us downtown. Or would you rather do it on Saturday morning, unless you’re not up to it?” she said, looking at Jenny.

Finishing the pancakes, Jenny said, “I feel all right now, Mother. Let’s do it today. There are a few things I would like to get, like pencils and a notebook. The ones I get at school never seem to write as nice as the ones you buy.”

“I don’t need nothing. Do I really have to go to school?” Bobby asked.

“Of course you do. First thing is that this is the law. The second reason is, you will one day take over your father’s business, and you won’t be able to if you don’t have an education,” Abigail pointed out.

“Oh, awright, I guess if I have to.”

The things were bought and the shopping trip done. Bobby was happy because he managed to get his mother to buy him a piece of hard rock candy.

Jenny seemed to be distracted much of the time, and when asked about it, she said, “To tell you the truth, Mother, I really don’t know why my mind isn’t able to stay focused.”

“It could be that your hormones are changing, and this is affecting your ability to concentrate,” Abigail told her.

Abigail tucked her daughter in bed that evening. The two talked for a few minutes about the seasons of life.

“There will be many changes in your life as you grow up. Some of them will be more difficult than others. Just remember that I will always be there for you, Jenny.”

“Thank you. Don’t worry about me. I’m sure what I’m going through is perfectly normal, and it will pass soon enough. Goodnight, Mother.”

CHAPTER 18

The lights were turned off, and Jenny immediately fell asleep. Soon after, the whisperings started. The voice again was directed only at Jenny. The clock downstairs ticked away, hour by hour. At three in the morning, Jenny stirred. The tone of the voice she heard in her subconscious had changed. It was no longer soft and suggesting, but rather forceful and commanding.

While she remained asleep, Jenny pulled the covers back. Swinging her legs over the side, she got out and stood beside the bed. Ever so quietly, she walked toward the dresser. As she approached it, a queer thing occurred within the glass of the mirror. It began with a slight bulging in the surface.

As Jenny came closer and closer to the dresser and the mirror, she reached to the side and moved a chair in front of the dresser. Getting on the chair, she raised her arms to almost shoulder height. Something in the mirror pushed at the glass, attempting to reach toward the girl and touch her hands. A mere few inches apart, a breakthrough was made. Slender, discolored, boney, blackish fingers extended from the glass to Jenny's outstretched hands.

Reaching past the girl's fingers, the apparition's hands closed around her wrists. Remaining asleep, Jenny was

pulled toward the glass. Slowly, the boney hands, belonging to who knew what, pulled Jenny into the mirror.

There was no sound made as Jenny kneeled on the dresser and was pulled into the mirror. She disappeared from her world to a place beyond imagining. Darkness enfolded the young girl and, as she woke, a horrible scream escaped from her lips, but it was too late for Jenny, far too late.

CHAPTER 19

Bobby, go wake your sister. It's not like her to sleep in this long," Abigail asked.
"Awright, Mother."

Running up the stairway, eager to get back to his breakfast, Bobby headed to his sister's room. Knocking before entering, he opened the door and peeked inside. Scanning the bed and then the rest of the room, he saw nothing. Walking to the closet, he expected to find her there, so he called out to announce his presence.

"Jenny, Mom says you have to come down to eat."

No answering reply forthcoming, he opened the closet door—empty. Speaking to himself, he said, "This is strange, where could she be? I got it, she's in the bathroom."

Leaving her room, he walked down the hall and knocked on the door to the washroom. No answer there either. Going to the head of the stairs, Bobby yelled, "Hey, Mom, I can't find her."

"What do you mean, you can't find her? She has to be somewhere upstairs."

"I looked everywhere. She isn't here," he insisted.

Abigail said, "Marcus, put down the paper and come upstairs with me, I think something is wrong."

“I’m sure she is in one of the rooms. Where else could she possibly be?” he answered as he got up, following his wife.

The two entered Jenny’s room and a search began. Marcus looked under the bed and in the closet, finding nothing. The search continued in the other rooms on the second level. The results were the same, and so the entire house was searched. No sign of Jenny was found anywhere.

Marcus, by that time very concerned, said, “Let’s go back to her room and see if we can find any clues as to where she may be. Don’t touch anything, though, just in case we have to contact the police.”

Abigail, with a very worried look, frantically almost ran to her daughter’s door. Once there, the two stood by the doorway and studied the bedroom. As their eyes drifted around the room, Abigail’s eyes stopped at the dresser and the chair that was in front of it. “Marcus, look at the dresser. One of Jenny’s photos has been knocked over again, and she would never leave the chair like that. She would never knowingly leave either thing like that. Look, there is a little scuff here at the front edge of the wood.”

“Was her window open last night when she went to sleep?”

“Yes, it was. Why do you ask?” Abigail returned, as she wrung her hands in worry.

“I’m going to have a look at the window to see if someone came in through it and took our little girl,” he said as the fear of disaster took hold of him. Going to the window, he studied the sill and the exterior wall and then the grounds near the house. Finding nothing, he turned to his wife and told her, “I think we have to call the police. I believe she has been taken.”

At that, Abigail burst into tears. Marcus grabbed his wife as she started to collapse to the floor.

CHAPTER 20

Forty minutes after the call was made, the police arrived at the Weatherby home. As they came up the front walk, Marcus opened the door.

Abigail stepped forward, crying. “We think our daughter may have been taken from our home during the night.”

“Can you fill me in on all the details, Mrs. Weatherby, while my men do a complete search of your home?” the sergeant asked.

Between sobs, she said, “We have already looked, but if that is what is needed, please do so.”

The events of the previous evening and that morning were relayed to the policeman. When Abigail was finished, she was out of breath and her hands trembled.

“Is there anything unusual that you noticed today?” the sergeant asked.

“There are a few things in her room that were not as they should be. It’s probably nothing, but it is out of the ordinary. Come, I’ll show you,” she said as she led the policeman to Jenny’s room.

The three mounted the stairs and entered the bedroom. She showed him the chair, the knocked-over photo, and the scuff mark. “Jenny is very fastidious. She would never leave the picture like this, and as for the scuff mark, how would

that happen? She never wears shoes in her room so where would the mark come from? Plus, this chair would never be left like this. Look at the rest of the bedroom. Everything is as neat as a pin.”

“I have no explanation for the photo, the scuff mark, or the chair at this point. Mrs. Weatherby, has your daughter ever run away from home? Is it possible that she snuck out of the house last night and went to a friend’s house?”

Marcus answered. “Our daughter has never done any such thing, and this is totally out of character for her. I think the alarm should be sent out. Maybe she has been kidnapped. Something has to be done. We’re wasting time, while our daughter could be taken to who knows where.”

“Let me and my men check this room and the grounds outside, and we’ll see if anything can be discovered. If you would be so kind as to wait in the kitchen, we’ll get on with it.”

Even Bobby was questioned, with no positive results.

An hour went by with the parents fretting and worrying the entire time. Finally, the sergeant came into the room and informed the Weatherbys of their findings. “We have searched the entire property and every square inch of the home. We have found no trace of an intrusion into your home. There is nothing at this point that indicates your daughter was forcibly taken. This, of course, does not mean that it didn’t occur as you said. It just means that, if she was taken, the perpetrator left absolutely no evidence behind.”

“What are we to do? How will you proceed with this?” Marcus asked with a tear running down his cheek. Abigail was crying loudly as she suspected the worst.

“There will be an alert sent out, and we will use all our resources to find your Jenny. An officer will be left here, just in case there is a ransom demand. I’ll get back to the station and get things started. If you hear anything, anything at all, be sure to inform me as soon as possible. Do you have a photograph of Jenny?” the sergeant asked.

Marcus got one from his office and gave it to him. With this, he quickly left, seeing himself out. He gathered his men, and they all went back to headquarters. The family was in a state of anxiety as they wondered where their little girl was.

CHAPTER 21

The day passed by slowly, with no sign of the missing girl. The evening came, and standing in the doorway of Jenny's room, Abigail looked around, just on the off chance that this had all been a horrible dream or joke. She cried quietly as she wondered where her little girl was.

Abigail recalled the conversation she had with Jenny the previous night. She told her girl that she would always be there for her. How quickly that had turned out to not be the truth. *Where is my girl? If this is a kidnapping for ransom, why haven't we been contacted?*

The smells in the room brought back too many memories for her to handle, so she turned and went to her bedroom. Abigail slept very little during the night. Marcus too, hardly slept, expecting a knock on the front door, or the ring of the telephone at any time. Even Bobby didn't sleep well, but he slept better than his parents.

Morning came, and it was evident that this household had a difficult night indeed. Breakfast was picked at as everyone waited for any kind of word that the situation had been resolved. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, they called the police station.

The sergeant answered the call. "I'm sorry, but there is no progress to report. Every station in New York has been noti-

fied and a description has been sent. So far we haven't heard anything in response to the case."

"What can we do? We can't just sit here and wait. Our girl is missing, and we feel helpless," Abigail shouted into the mouthpiece.

"I'm afraid that, for the moment, it's all you can do. We need you at your home in case someone attempts to contact you. We will get in touch with you if anything develops." With this, he hung up the phone.

The day passed. The next day came and went. The week slipped by, and still, nothing happened. The strain showed on the parents. It was obvious that they did not sleep. Friends came to lend their support, but in the end, nothing helped.

A month slowly drifted by, and it was assumed that the girl was gone. The police no longer thought the issue would turn out favorably.

Two months went by, then three, then six. Jenny's room was closed up and all hope for her return had been gone for some time. Jenny was never heard from again, and ten difficult years later, the home was sold as both parents were now deceased. Marcus and Abigail Weatherby never got over the loss of their daughter, and it had taken its toll on them. Bobby, without his older sister to guide and help him, was not fit to run the business his father had let slide since the disappearance of his daughter.

The contents of the home were put up for auction. One by one, the items were bid on.

The auctioneer sold one piece after another until he came to a dresser and mirror combination. Here, he said, "Next up for bids are a beautiful dresser and an exotic handcrafted piece with a very unique smoked glass mirror. Do I hear twenty dollars? Yes, I have twenty dollars from the young lady. Do I hear..."

CHAPTER 22

Margaret Louise Perkins was going to New York City on a visit to see Aunt Lucy, her father's sister. She was bringing her six-year-old twin boys, named Harold and Wayne. She came from a reasonably well to do family but was, unfortunately, a widow. The date was Saturday, June 28, 1922.

Her husband had died overseas during the Battle of Amiens in early August 1918. After his death, which took a long time to get over, she moved back home with her parents outside Davenport, Iowa. Daniel and Wilma Purdue lived on a successful horse ranch. Through excellent breeding practices, Daniel has raised many quality racehorses, which he sold for a good deal of money.

Margaret was a nice enough looking young woman, but some men considered her rather plain. Not that she was unattractive. She just wasn't what most men called pretty. Her disposition, however, was pleasant, and this made up for the other shortcomings. Slender of build and standing at five foot four, she didn't make a lasting impression on those she met. Brown hair and eyes completed the picture.

Life on the ranch had been good for the boys. The city of Davenport was nice enough, but there were just too many people for Margaret to get used to. She had been raised on

the ranch, but when they were married, Frederick had insisted they live in the city. It was a wife's duty to follow her husband. After all, he was the breadwinner.

After Frederick died overseas, Margaret had been lost for a time. When her father suggested that she and the boys move to the ranch, it seemed like the only reasonable thing to do. Living there, the boys were happy and growing so quickly. Life on the ranch was pleasant, and Margaret had the chance to spend time with the animals that she loved. Often times, she could be seen riding her favorite mare along the country roads.

Plans had been made to travel to New York City. Aunt Lucy had invited her and the boys to come for a visit. The tickets had been purchased and her father drove her and the children to Davenport. The New York Central Railroad train pulled into the station, and when the engineer sounded the loud whistle, it had startled her boys. The rumbling sound of the engine announced the train's arrival. The heavy locomotive sent vibrations through the floor they were standing on as it rolled to a stop.

People from all walks of life exited the passenger compartments. A large number of people were standing on the platform welcoming friends and relatives. The voices of happy people echoed through the air. Finally, when everyone had left the train, the conductor allowed the passengers to board. He checked the tickets held by each new person as they got on to the train.

Her boys had already been told what was expected of them, and Margaret was pleased that they were actually behaving. The two pieces of luggage were stowed and the three found their compartment. There was seating for six in the section. By the time the train began the jarring start of the trip, Margaret and the boys were joined by an elderly couple.

"Boys, we are going to be on this train for almost twenty hours, so I want you to behave. I have brought along some things to eat and plenty of water. If you get tired, just go to sleep."

“Mom, how fast are we going? Everything is moving so fast away from us,” Harold asked.

When the older gentleman saw that Margaret wasn't quick to answer, he said, “We are traveling at almost thirty-five miles an hour. It is very fast indeed, isn't it?”

“Wow, it sure is fast,” Harold replied.

The man smiled and went back to reading the *Davenport Daily*, a newspaper he had probably picked up at the station. The lady with him looked out the window as the scenery changed from city to country views.

After an hour of swaying and steady bumping, both lads were sound asleep. By the time they woke, almost half the trip was over. A visit to the washroom and both boys and their mother were ready for a bite to eat.

CHAPTER 23

When the train arrived in New York at ten in the morning, the three were more than eager to get off. Trying to keep the boys reined in had been quite a task for Margaret. The locomotive pulled the long line of cars into the railway yard before coming to a halt, with the boys looking out the windows at the unfamiliar sights.

“Is Aunt Lucy going to meet us here, Mommy?” Wayne asked.

“Yes, she is. Are you eager to see her? It has been quite some time since you saw her last.”

“I guess so,” he replied.

Entering the station and waiting for her luggage, Margaret looked for her aunt. “There she is, boys, the lady getting up from the bench on our right.”

Both lads looked in the wrong direction. One looked to the left and the other straight ahead. Aunt Lucy was a lady in her late forties and slightly plump. At just over five feet tall with red hair, she was fairly easy to spot.

“Yoo-hoo, Margaret, here I am. It is so nice to see you. Hello, boys, come give auntie a hug,” Lucy said. Which they did as Lucy gave each a big kiss on the cheek. Boys being

boys, they both quickly wiped the cheeks off with their sleeves.

When the luggage had been unloaded, a cabby was hailed. The driver placed the pieces in the trunk of the car.

The ride to Aunt Lucy's home took twenty-five minutes, with the boys staring out the windows. They were now in the western section of the city, known as Cliffside Park, not too far from Union City.

The homes in this district were mostly three-bedroom, two-story red brick structures. Trees lined the streets with birds chirping as they flew here and there. A sense of community could be felt as people walking by smiled at Aunt Lucy. The boys saw a park with children playing in it nearby and, looking at auntie, Wayne asked, "Will we be allowed to play in the park?"

"Oh, my goodness, yes. We can go there tomorrow, right now it will be best if we get you all settled in. After all, it has been a long trip."

The boys were situated in their own room with two single beds in it. Taking her by the arm, Aunt Lucy led Margaret to another bedroom. "This will be your room while you're here, dear. Would you like me to make you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, that would really hit the spot, Auntie."

"Do you suppose the boys are hungry? I can make them and you a nice sandwich, if you like, dear," Lucy asked.

"Let me go ask them."

Margaret walked back to the other bedroom and found out that they were indeed hungry.

With the boys in tow, she seated them at the white painted kitchen table, while tea and sandwiches were being made. A glass of milk was poured for each of the boys.

While the lads ate their meal, the grownups got reacquainted. The two caught up on what had been going on in each other's life.

Aunt Lucy said, "By the way, your cousin, Jeffery, is looking forward to seeing you. He won't be here for a few days yet, though. He's working for New York Central

Railway and is in some other state at the moment. As soon as he gets back, he said he would call.”

“That will be nice. I haven’t seen him for three years. How is he, has he got a girlfriend?”

“With him being out of town so much, he said that he hasn’t had the time to meet anyone, but I keep hoping. I really would like to be a grandmother,” Lucy said with a faraway look in her eyes. Bringing herself back to the present, she asked, “Come, why don’t we go for a little stroll around the neighborhood?”

“That will be nice. I’m sure the boys are eager to have a little physical activity. What do you say, boys, want to go for a walk?”

Both at the same time said, “Yeah, let’s go.”

Once outside, the balmy, but slightly humid air, tussled Margaret’s hair. Harold and Wayne both saw the park a short distance away and asked to go there first.

Aunt Lucy looked at her niece. “It is probably a good idea to let them run off a little of their excess energy, don’t you think?”

“I agree. Otherwise, they will be running here and there. We won’t be able to enjoy ourselves at all.”

Off to the park, it was. In the central area of the park was a playground. Swings and slides occupied the lads for the next half hour. With much of their restlessness dissipated, they ran over to the fountain for a long drink.

“My goodness, you would almost think they were camels, the way they’re filling up on water,” Lucy said with a laugh.

Playtime finished, the group walked around the streets. Tall trees, planted years ago, lined the edges of the sidewalks and the center median of the streets. Trees alternated between maples and oaks, with a few crab apple and locust trees put in here and there to break things up a little.

The walk was slow and pleasant. The lads stayed close by as they no longer had an abundance of energy. On some of the tall wooden poles used to carry electricity to all the homes, papers were stapled. Many of these advertised ser-

vices offered and items for sale. Margaret casually glanced at some of them as she passed.

There were several flyers advertising an auction to be held the following week. The date printed on the flyer was two days before she and her sons were due to leave on the train ride back to Davenport.

Listed at the bottom were a few of the items that would be auctioned. She stopped long enough to read the list, and the descriptions of two items piqued her interest. A dresser and an unusual mirror were two things that she could really use. Getting them back home was a concern, though.

“Is there something on the auction list that you’re interested in?” Lucy asked her niece.

“Yes, I like the sound of the dresser and mirror. My dresser at home is falling apart, and I don’t have a mirror in my bedroom. How to get them home would create a problem.”

“Jeffery works for the railway and, because of that, he can bring it to Davenport free of charge. Would that help you, dear?” Lucy said, smiling at her niece.

“That would be wonderful. Is there a way to view the pieces beforehand, do you think, Auntie?”

“I do have a friend that knows the auctioneer hosting the event. I’ll call Gertrude and see if she can arrange it for you.”

CHAPTER 24

Lucy talked to Gertrude two days later and asked her for a favor. Gertrude contacted the auctioneer and received approval for Margaret to come and see the dresser and mirror Monday afternoon at one o'clock. The address was written down, and Lucy explained that because it was only four blocks from her home, it would be an easy walk.

The rest of the time, until she was due to see the pieces of furniture, was spent going to various places of interest in the massive city. The boys absolutely loved Coney Island, with its amusement parks. The rides were great fun for them. However, Margaret wasn't quite as thrilled about them as her sons were. Some of the rides were more than she could handle.

The cotton candy and caramel apples intrigued the two as well as the hotdogs and sodas. By the end of the day, the lads were so tired they fell asleep on the way home. The taxi driver's offer to carry the boys into the home was immediately accepted by the ladies.

The time in New York sped by ever so quickly. It had been one of the best vacations Margaret and the boys had had in quite some time. Before she knew it, Monday arrived and she and Aunt Lucy were walking down the street with

the boys. Several times Margaret had to stop the boys from running too far ahead or out into the street. At Danvers Road, they turned left onto Barker and then to Fowler Road.

Soon the troupe entered a rather large building. The entrance led to a large open area, which had a great many chairs placed in neat rows. There was a platform with a podium on it for the auctioneer.

A pleasant older gentleman asked, "May I be of service ladies?"

Lucy took the lead. "We are here to see a dresser and separate mirror. My friend, Gertrude arranged it with the auctioneer."

"Oh, yes, Mister Ewen informed me that you would be coming to view the pieces. Please follow me," he replied as he walked to a door on the right-hand side of the large, high-ceilinged room.

Through the heavy door, they all went. The man led them past a number of items and finally stopped in front of a very nicely built dresser. The sturdy, ornate piece was made of a wood that was much darker than woods grown in North America. The mirror, which stood behind the dresser was pulled out and uncovered.

The mirror had smoked glass. The wood was very finely detailed and even darker than the dresser. It presented a striking work of art indeed. The beauty of the workmanship took Margaret by surprise. A warm feeling came over her as she lightly ran her fingers over the two items. Turning to the older man, she asked, "Can you tell me anything about these two pieces?"

He thought for a moment. "I believe that these items came from an estate in New York City. The people have passed away and, if I'm not mistaken, the daughter, whom these two items were purchased for, disappeared one night years ago. The son is still alive and is liquidating the contents of the home."

"Oh, dear, was the child ever found?" Margaret asked.

A sad look crossed the old man's face as he answered, "No, I don't believe she was ever located."

"I will return for the auction and would like to bid on these two pieces. Do you have any idea what would be a fair price to pay for them? My funds are limited, but I really would like to have them for my home in Davenport."

"My, what a coincidence. My son lives in Davenport. I think that you may get them with a bid of...say, twenty, to twenty-five dollars. Of course, you should start at five dollars, in order to size up your competition. I'll let Mister Ewen know the situation. He may be able to help you buy them at a decent price. Please don't tell anyone about this. If word got out that there is favoritism, we would be in big trouble."

"We won't tell a soul, I promise," Margaret said sincerely.

The walk home was pleasant because the weather was warm and sunny. The temperature was in the low eighties, and there were few clouds in the sky. The boys were having a great time and just loved Aunt Lucy who treated them wonderfully.

The day of the auction came, and Lucy had a neighbor look after Harold and Wayne. The two women got seats off to the left and five rows back from the podium. There were many empty seats as it was a weekday and most of the items up for auction were more for the average person. There were a number of high-end pieces on the block that day too, but they were of no interest to Margaret.

Several pieces were bid on and the prices seemed reasonable to the two ladies. In order to keep the interest of the patrons, items were mixed up, but followed a list. Almost halfway through, the dresser and mirror were brought out. There had been some discussion as to why these two were not being auctioned off separately.

The ones that had complained wanted either one or the other, not both. This worked in Margaret's favor as she did want both. The bidding began with Margaret opening at five

dollars. Someone immediately countered with a ten dollar bid. She decided to wait for a moment, not wishing to appear too eager.

Another bid brought the price to fifteen dollars. The auctioneer rolled this number around and said "Going once."

Margaret raised her hand slightly, just high enough for the auctioneer to see it, but not the other bidder.

"I have a bid of twenty dollars." He looked around, and before a counter bid could be made, he said, "Sold, to the lady to my right." There was a groan from the other side of the room, and a rumble as a man complained that the set was sold too quickly. The next piece was brought out.

Margaret was happy at the turn of events. This had worked out better than she thought it would. Catching the auctioneer's eye, she gave him a quick smile. There was a slight grin in return as he started the bidding on the next item.

The money was paid and arrangements were made so Jeffery, her cousin, could have the newly acquired furniture picked up and shipped via train.

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Lucy, this has worked out just beautifully."

The two walked back home and retrieved the boys. Lunch was made and the rest of the day spent with the boys playing in the park, while the two ladies talked. The last two days of the vacation went by far too quickly. The ride to the train station was a little sad.

Aunt Lucy said, "I will miss having the three of you here. I'll have to see if I can come to Taylor Ridge for a trip to spend time with you and your parents. I've already contacted Daniel, and he will meet the train with the truck, in order to take your furniture to the farm."

"Thank you for everything, Auntie. Boys, give Aunt Lucy a hug."

This they did, and their aunt got tears in her eyes, knowing she wouldn't see them for some time.

CHAPTER 25

How was your trip dear?" Margaret's mother asked.

"We had a wonderful time, Mother."

"Your father is talking to the conductor about having your things loaded onto the truck. Did you miss me, boys?" Wilma asked her grandchildren.

Having been warned ahead of time, the boys answered, "Yes, Grandmother, we did."

This brought a smile to Wilma's face, as she hugged the pair. She gave them each a kiss on the cheek, which they immediately wiped off.

The truck was loaded and the group headed for home. The dresser and mirror were brought into the house and then into Margaret's room. There were several hooks on the back of the mirror which would allow it to be hung sideways or up and down. The wire had been removed long ago, so the hooks were placed on to two heavy screws newly anchored into the wall. The dresser was then placed against the wall under the large looking glass.

Standing back, Margaret admired her new possessions. The smoked effect in the glass gave the mirror a unique look. The wood used to construct both items worked very well together. Looking around the room, which was situated on the

opposite end of the home from her parent's bedroom, she liked what she saw.

A double set of French doors led to a small garden with seating area. This was very unusual for a farm property, but because their daughter lived with them, it was built there so she could spend time by herself. The doors and garden were added when Margaret moved back home after her husband died in that awful war overseas. Sometimes at night when she couldn't sleep, Margaret would sit in the boat swing in the moonlight. The summer nights were warm and she found a little peace in the garden.

Having to raise the two boys on her own had been difficult until her parents asked if she would like to move back home with them. Thank goodness she had had them to fall back on. Life on the farm was helping the boys grow into well-adjusted young males. This was mostly due to the influence of her father.

Most men she knew paid little if any attention to their young children. This was woman's work and, as the children grew up, they were thought of as being a cheap source of labor. Education was thought of as a necessary thing that may or may not be of use to a farmer.

The long trip on the train had taken its toll on both her and the boys. They were all in bed early that evening. As Margaret lay in bed and just as she started to drift off, there was a barely audible whispering in her room. The ever so soft voice didn't even register on her conscious mind. If she were to wake at that moment, she might not even remember hearing anything.

In the morning, she remembered nothing but did wake up a trifle anxious. Something was disturbing her, but she was unable to pin it down.

"Did you sleep all right, dear?" her mother asked.

"I slept right through the night, but I'm just a little tired for some reason."

“It’s probably just because of the trip. I’m sure you will feel better tomorrow. The boys have already eaten and are in the barn with your father,” Wilma informed her daughter.

Having had her breakfast, Margaret went to her room to prepare for the day ahead. On her way into the closet, she glimpsed a movement reflected in the newly acquired mirror. Turning, she saw nothing. To herself, she said, “I could have sworn that there was something reflected in the glass.”

Looking around the room, she wondered if one of her sons was playing a trick on her. Finding nothing, she walked back to the closet. Just as she entered it, there it was again, a tiny movement reflected in the mirror. Determined, not to be taken in, she ignored what she suspected was a trick being played on her.

The rest of the day, she didn’t re-enter her room. There were chores to do and supper to help with. She peeled the potatoes and chopped up an onion and a few carrots. The aroma of a roast that had been cooking for hours, and was almost ready, filled the air. This was her father’s favorite meal. The cow, after a good number of years supplying milk, was supplying their meat. An arrangement with the butcher allowed for a practical division of the meat over a period of time.

The butcher deducted the weight that the Perkins family used from the records he kept. When they’d nearly used up all they had, a new cow would be brought in. The icebox in the Perkins home would have to be replaced one day in the near future, for one of those new-fangled refrigerators. At the moment, they were too costly and not dependable. But their friend, who sold these items in town, said they were getting better and better, and the cost was also coming down, due to new manufacturing processes.

In the barn, the chores were done and the males all came in to wash up and sit down for the evening meal. The boys were all excited.

“Mother, Grandpa let us help feed the cows and chickens,” Harold said. “He said he’ll teach us how to drive the tractor when we get a little older, isn’t that right, Grandpa?”

“It sure is. You boys are growing up really fast, and one day you’ll be running the farm. Isn’t that right, Mother?” he said with a smile, revealing the teeth of a smoker.

Wilma smiled at her husband. “That’s right, dear. Now, who’s hungry?”

Both Harold and Wayne shouted out, “Me.”

After supper was finished and the dishes were done, there was a knock on the door. Daniel being the closest to it answered it. Opening the heavy wooden door, he peered through the screen door and saw someone he didn’t much care for.

“Hello, James, what is it that you want?”

“Hello, Mister Perkins, I’ve come to see Margaret.”

“Why do you want to see my daughter?”

“There is a social this Saturday evening, and I thought she might want to go with me,” James told him.

“Your wife died less than six months ago. Isn’t it customary to wait at least a year before you start seeing another woman?”

“I’m sorry, but those are customs from the old days. This is nineteen twenty-two, you know, and things have changed,” the young man said to the older farmer.

“I disagree with you. There are things that are right and things that are wrong. This is wrong,” Daniel retorted, with a glare in his eye.

He didn’t care for this all-too-forward young man in the least.

Margaret appeared beside her father at this moment. “What brings you over here, James? I’m sorry about Nancy dying of consumption not long ago. How are you and the girls doing?”

“We’re getting along fine now, thank you for asking. I came over to ask you to the social on Saturday evening at the town hall.”

“Thank you for asking, but it is a little soon for that. The people would be shocked if we went there together. There would be all kinds of talk and gossip. I’m sorry but I have to decline your offer.”

Perplexed, James said, “I don’t care what people think. They can just mind their own business. I don’t think there is anything wrong with my asking you. I’m sure you’ll have a perfectly pleasant time, so I’ll ask you again, will you go to the social with me?”

Just a bit taken aback, Margaret said, “Please don’t press the issue, James, *I* do care what people think, and this is improper. It’s just far too early.”

With an angry look on his face, James turned on his heels and stomped off the wooden porch. He cranked his well-worn automobile and drove away in a huff. At the crossroad stop sign, he drove right through it without even slowing down.

Daniel looked at his daughter. “My goodness, that young man has a temper. I heard that Nancy had complained of his abusive nature to the women folk at the church all the time.”

“Yes, I heard the same thing. Nancy claimed he even struck her on a number of occasions. I don’t like James, and I’m certain that if you hadn’t been here, he would have tried to push his way into the house.”

Deep in thought, Daniel thought that he would keep his shotgun, the one he used to hunt geese with, handy. He’d, of course, have to warn the boys not to touch it. He had a feeling that this incident with James was not over.

The rest of the evening had the adults in the family slightly on edge. At eight o’clock Harold and Wayne were put to bed and tucked in by their grandmother. Margaret and her parents discussed the event that happened earlier. It was obvious that Daniel was upset with this incident.

He started the conversation by saying, “I doubt this is the last we’ll see of James. I heard that once he had his sights on Nancy, he didn’t let up until she agreed to marry him.”

Wilma concurred. "I heard that too. When they were married, he got her pregnant and started drinking. Now he has three little girls, and I've heard he is looking for a mother for them."

Margaret sighed. "I, for one, certainly don't want him for a husband. Frederick was such a pleasant man, I couldn't bear to be with such a lout as James."

"If he comes here again, I'm going to go to the police station and put in a complaint," Daniel informed the lady folk.

Bedtime arrived and Margaret slipped under the covers. Just as she dozed off, the whispering started. If anyone else had been in the room, they would have heard nothing. The voice was for one person only, and in her subconscious alone.

At first, the voice was soothing and pleasant. This continued for several nights. Close to the end of the week, it began to become more assertive. It had an agenda and meant to fulfill a desire. It had been far too long in a state of hibernation. It did have company that it had acquired, one by one, but its needs had to be replenished.

Friday evening, after she had gone to bed, the voice was interrupted by a knock on the French doors leading to the garden. There was an unpleasant young man peering through the glass. The entity was angry at being disturbed and wanted to lash out at the disturbance. Unfortunately, at that time, it could only handle one task at a time—Margaret.

Margaret awakened at the sound. In the glow of the moonlight, she saw a figure looking at her. It took a moment for her to recognize James. She shouted at the young man outside, "Leave me alone. What are you doing here?"

"I just want to talk to you," he answered. "I really like you and want you to come with me to the social tomorrow evening." There was a slur to his words, and it was evident that he had been drinking.

Hearing the rather loud voices, Daniel got out of bed. Grabbing the shotgun, he ran to the front door and confronted the drunken young man.

“What are you doing on my property, James? You’ve been drinking, haven’t you?”

“I just wanted to talk to Margaret. There’s nothing wrong with that,” James said, still slurring his words.

“I want you off my property, and if you come back, I’ll press charges against you, do you understand me?” Daniel shouted angrily.

“You can’t stop me from seeing Margaret. I want to marry her. She’ll come around, you’ll see,” he said as he turned away and staggered back to his poorly maintained vehicle. Driving off, he swerved back and forth on the road.

Through the glass, Daniel asked, “Are you all right, dear?”

“Yes, although he did startle me when he banged on the glass.”

“I’m going to the police tomorrow morning and swear out a complaint. That boy is dangerous,” he told his daughter.

“I think you’re right, Father.”

Margaret got back into bed and fretted about the persistence of the young man. That kind of attention she did not want. It took quite some time to fall asleep again. When she did, she had no idea that there was a dark brooding within the looking glass. It was as if the entity within the mirror had thought that, if only it had more strength, it would have handled the unwanted intruder and possibly captured two new companions at the same time. However that was not possible, so the work here would need to be hurried.

CHAPTER 26

The next morning after breakfast, the boys were asked to help their grandmother, while their mother and grandfather went to town. The ride into town was fairly quiet as each formulated what message they wanted to relay to the policeman.

Parking the truck on the road in front of the building which housed the police department, they entered. They were directed to the officer that handled these types of problems. After explaining what had been going on and giving a brief description of the person, the complaint was filed.

Officer Frank Benson recognized the name and said that he would have a word with the young man.

“What will happen if he doesn’t stop harassing my daughter?”

“If that happens, a restraining order will have to be sworn out. If he doesn’t comply with that, he will be arrested. I’m sure this will be enough to stop the unwanted attention, though.”

On the way home, Margaret said, “Thank you, Dad, this whole affair frightens me. I don’t know why James feels that he can do as he pleases.”

“I don’t either. You would think that he would know better. Maybe he has gotten away with this kind of behavior all his life and thinks it’s normal.”

Daniel took the boys around the farm as he fixed fences that had come loose from the wooden posts. In his apron, he carried fence pliers, a hammer, and U-shaped fence staples. Now and then, he found a staple on the ground where it had fallen. The animals bumping and pushing against the fence to get at the green grass on the other side had loosened the staples to the point where they sometimes came out of the wood.

The afternoon sun was warm and, as the three made their way along the fences, the two youngsters found little things to keep them occupied. A garter snake was spotted and the two chased after it to get a closer look. The way it slithered through the grasses fascinated the pair.

Their attention was held for only a short time as a mouse scurried away, only to be caught by a hawk. They watched gleefully as the bird of prey flew away with the rodent firmly held in its claws.

At supper, Wayne told the tale of the snake to his mother. When he was finished, Harold took over, going to great lengths to tell of the mouse and the fierce screeching hawk.

“You should have seen it, Mother, that mouse didn’t stand a chance. That hawk was the biggest one we’ve ever seen.” The story was told with great enthusiasm, and by the time he had finished, he was almost out of breath.

All in all, it had been a very exciting day for the boys. After they had a bath, both were soon sound asleep in their beds. Unfortunately for Margaret, that day had been full of worries. To make matters worse, James was spotted driving slowly by the house as the three adults were relaxing on the bench located on the front porch.

When he saw that he had been observed, he sped away.

Daniel shook his head. “My goodness, the young man is persistent. If this continues, I’ll call Officer Benson and have him deal with James. This nonsense has to stop.”

At bedtime, as she lay in bed, the whispers were heard again, just as Margaret fell asleep. The voice, which until then had been only suggestive, took on a more insistent quality. It did its work throughout the entire night.

There was a glow in the mirror, which, until then, had been very faint. Whatever was in this glass hanging on the wall was growing stronger. It was drawing strength from the sleeping form in the bed.

Outside the home, a poorly maintained vehicle stopped by the side of the road. The young man sitting behind the steering wheel let his thoughts run in directions that were not conducive to Margaret's happiness.

In the morning, Margaret awakened, feeling like she hadn't rested properly. She would have stayed in bed, but her sons were eager to start the day. Wearily, she got up and dressed. In the bathroom, she washed her face with cool water. This made her feel a little better.

At the kitchen table, Wilma looked at her daughter. "Did you have another bad night, dear? You look very tired this morning."

In response, Margaret said, "I actually slept right through the night. I don't know why I feel so tired."

Daniel looked up from the newspaper he was reading. "It's probably because of James. He drove by again this morning. I'm going to have to call Officer Benson. The complaint isn't working. That stupid young man doesn't take no for an answer, and I believe stronger measures will have to be taken."

Officer Benson watched as the father and daughter entered the station. He had a very good idea as to why they were there. The two saw the man they wanted to talk to and walked straight to his desk.

"Good morning, Mister Perkins, I take it that my warning to James Matthews has gone unheeded."

"That's right. He has driven slowly by our home several times staring at Margaret's bedroom. When he saw us watching him, he sped off. We want to file a restraining order

against James. This has gone on long enough,” Daniel said with obvious frustration.

“Yes, sir, it has. There’s another way that this can be handled if you’re of a mind.”

“What way is that?” Margaret asked.

“Do you have any relatives that live away from here? If you do, you could go away for a while. This, of course, may only delay things, and won’t fix the actual problem,” the policeman said.

“I have an aunt in New York City, but to tell you the truth, I don’t want to run from this stupid young man. If he bothers me anymore, I want him arrested. He needs to be stopped. If he isn’t, he’ll just turn his attention to someone else, and who knows how that will end?” Margaret said quite forcefully.

“I’ve got the paperwork here. Have a seat, and we’ll get to it,” Officer Benson said, reaching into a drawer.

Everything was filled in, and Officer Frank Benson headed toward the rundown home at the edge of town. The young man received the restraining order but was not happy. He was told of the consequences if he did not comply. This included driving by the Perkins home. Poorly dressed young girls ran around the overgrown yard in tattered clothes.

CHAPTER 27

A week went by with no sign of the rude young man driving by Margaret's home. However, in the middle of the night, James still parked his car on the side of the road, hoping to glimpse the object of his desires.

All the while, the entity in the mirror grew stronger and more forceful, draining energy from its unsuspecting host. The voice continued to enter the subconscious mind of the young lady in the bed, taking a deeper and deeper hold on her.

Two weeks later at the breakfast table, Wilma looked at her daughter with concern. "Margaret dear, I am worried. You look sicker with each passing day. I think you should see Doctor Walters today."

"I don't know what is going on, I sleep through the night and yet feel like I haven't even gone to bed at all. Maybe I *should* see the doctor."

The appointment was made and Daniel drove his daughter to see the family doctor who had delivered Margaret years ago. As they walked into the doctor's office, they ran into a few people that they'd known for quite some time. Saying hello, the people's eyes turned toward Margaret.

An elderly lady asked, "Margaret dear, are you feeling poorly? You do look quite under the weather."

“Yes, I do feel poorly. I’m not at all sure what the problem is. It started a few weeks ago and has been getting worse with each passing day.”

A voice called out, “Margaret, the doctor will see you now.”

Slightly unsteady on her feet, she walked to the examining room. The doctor asked the usual questions, “Why don’t you tell me what the trouble is, Margaret? What is it that you feel? When did it start and have you been in contact with anyone who has exhibited these symptoms?”

“I get a full night’s sleep every night, and yet I wake in the morning as if I haven’t even gone to bed at all. It started about three and a half weeks ago. I was in New York City visiting my Aunt Lucy recently. I had my boys with me. I don’t recall meeting anyone who was sick, and my boys are just fine, so I have no idea what is causing me to feel this way.”

“I’ll do a thorough examination, and we’ll see what turns up.”

Taking out his stethoscope, he started the exam. Her blood pressure was measured, and he inspected her throat. When he was finally finished, he said, “I have checked everything I can think of and have found nothing wrong with you. I’m at a loss as to what it can be. If you weren’t sleeping, I could give you something for that, but you are. I will prescribe some special vitamins for you and see where that leads.”

He wrote out a prescription which she could get filled next door at the drugstore. This taken care of, the two drove home. Trying to relax, Margaret went for a long walk around the farm. As she walked by the fence enclosing a pasture, a few of the cows came toward her and followed her around the field.

This took her mind off things as the nearest cow’s tongue brushed her arm and lightly scratched her soft skin. A large cloud drifted across the sky in front of the sun and cooled her

for a short time. The early summer weather was pleasant. She enjoyed this time of year very much.

Supper finished, the boys were put to bed. They wouldn't be starting school for quite a while yet. Both were eagerly awaiting this new event in their lives. Margaret was feeling very tired and decided to retire early herself. She went to sleep, totally unaware of the commanding voice. The entity in the mirror gained strength nightly as it drained the sleeping figure's energy. The time for action approached. The thing inside the looking glass was almost ready to take another victim soon, very soon.

On the road, later in the night, a car quietly pulled over to the side and parked. The figure of a young man could be seen in the moonlight as he cautiously made his way to the garden beside Margaret's bedroom.

CHAPTER 28

I just have to see her. They have no right to stop me from talking to Margaret. Why won't she marry me? I have needs and she can supply them for me. My girls need a new mother to replace Nancy. What the hell was wrong with her? I'll bet she got consumption on purpose. She didn't like me. What an ungrateful, stupid woman. I gave her a house and kids, what more did she want? I said I was sorry when I hit her. I was drunk. What is it she expected, when she wouldn't let me have my way with her after a night out with my friends," James muttered to himself. "The cop told me I'd be arrested if I go near Margaret. Well, they can't arrest me if they don't know I'm there, can they?" With this, he looked at the clock on the wall in his kitchen, seeing that it was two in the morning. The girls were sound asleep and wouldn't wake until morning. The oldest would be in school in a number of weeks. James wondered where he'd get the money for some clothes for his eldest to wear.

He started the car and drove toward Margaret's house. He thought she should jump at the chance to have a new husband. He could take his girls and live at the farm too. There was plenty of room in that big house. He could even help the old man once in awhile, if he had to. "Why won't they cooperate with me?" he asked himself angrily.

He parked the car on the side of the road. Getting out, he walked unsteadily toward the garden outside what he knew to be Margaret's bedroom. Slowly, being careful not to make any noise, he snuck toward the French doors. When he felt safe, he leaned close to the glass. Looking through the window pane with anticipation, he saw the sleeping form of the girl he wanted.

Off to the side, he noticed a slight glow in the mirror on the wall above the dresser. There seemed to be some movement reflected in it. Suddenly, he saw something unholy in the glass of the mirror, and immediately there was a sensation of extreme pain in his head.

As fear took over, he screamed in agony, running away from the house. The swing in the garden wasn't even seen, and he hit the protruding upper support beam with his head. Falling to the ground, he cursed and tried to regain his footing. The fear in him was so great that he didn't even feel the gash on his forehead.

Stumbling off the farmer's property, James ran to the car. The lights had come on in the house, and the front door was opened. James didn't even see the man holding a shotgun in his hands as he sped away.

The only thing in James's mind was that he had to get away from there. He knew, without a doubt, that he would never return to that place. His hands were trembling uncontrollably, and he almost drove off the road into the ditch several times.

CHAPTER 29

A scream and then a crash awakened Daniel and his wife. Jumping out of bed, he grabbed his gun and headed for the front door. Over his shoulder, he shouted for Wilma to go check on Margaret and the boys.

Standing in the doorway, he saw what he believed was James behind the wheel of his car. The driving was erratic, and it was really a wonder the fool hadn't gone into the ditch. Quickly walking to his daughter's room, he went to see if she was all right. Margaret too had been awakened by the scream and was being comforted by her mother.

The boy's room was at the back of the house away from where the commotion had occurred, and Daniel saw that they were still asleep. Turning on a lantern, Daniel inspected the grounds outside Margaret's bedroom. He found that everything was in order until he inspected the boat swing. Here he saw that it had been moved and soon realized that the intruder had run into it. There was a substantial amount of blood on the gravel and he knew that James probably screamed because of the impact.

Daniel was fairly certain that it was James that he saw in the speeding car, but he couldn't be positive of this. He'd call the police in the morning. If they talked to James and

saw that he had a bad cut, it would prove that he had been there.

Immediately after breakfast, the police were contacted, and the same officer came by the farm to assess the situation. As he looked over the scene he said, "Going by the distance the swing has been moved, and the amount of blood on the gravel, the person who ran into it got cut badly. The height where the skin is on the swing indicates that he more than likely hit his head."

"I am fairly certain that it was James Matthews that I saw driving away," Daniel said angrily. "The restraining order hasn't stopped him from coming around."

With a look of frustration on his face, Frank Benson informed the farmer, "I'll go over to his house and see if he has any cuts on him. If he does, I'll take him in and the judge will deal with him. I'll call you to let you know how it turns out."

As the policeman drove away, there was a feeling of relief that came over the family. "I sure hope this puts an end to it. I am getting really tired of that nincompoop disrupting our lives," Daniel said.

The day went by rather slowly as the family waited for the call from the officer. At just after supper, the phone rang, and Daniel hoped that this was the news he'd been waiting for all day.

Lifting the earpiece off the forked holder, he leaned close to the mouthpiece. "Hello."

The voice in his ear said, "Hello, Mister Perkins, this is Officer Benson calling."

"Yes, did you take James Matthews into custody? He did have the cut on his head, right?"

There was a slight hesitation before he answered, then, "I'm afraid that we couldn't locate him. He and the girls were gone by the time we arrived. I'm sure he'll turn up soon enough. He is probably staying at some relative for a while."

"What do we do now?" Daniel asked.

“We have to wait till he comes back, which I am certain he will. Most of his possessions are still at the house, and he’ll have to come back for them sooner or later. When he does, we’ll bring him in and question him. I’m sorry to call you with this bad news, but don’t worry. I doubt he’ll come around your place again anytime soon.”

Daniel took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I hope you’re right. This whole thing has gotten out of hand. Thanks for the call.”

The rest of the evening was not as pleasant as the family had hoped it would be. With the youngsters in bed, Margaret retired too. It wasn’t long before she fell sound asleep.

There was a foreboding atmosphere in the room. Whatever was in the room with her was not happy. There was an angry presence because of the intrusion made the previous night. The entity now pushed harder at the sleeping form under the covers.

Soon, Margaret, while deep in sleep, pushed the covers back and slowly got out of bed. She was subconsciously directed to walk toward the mirror. The intensity of the commands allowed for no other course of action. Whatever was controlling her movements had taken her over completely.

As she got close to the dresser, a pair of boney, discolored hands came out of the glass. They reached out to the girl, who now reached toward the mirror herself. All this was done without any conscious thought on Margaret’s part.

There was a small chair in front of the dresser, which she stepped onto. Slowly, she was pulled toward the mirror, and moments later, this new victim was gone, just as many in the past. With newfound strength supplied by the newest addition to the stockpile, the entity focused on the lock on the French doors.

It took much expenditure of energy, but slowly the knob controlling the mechanism turned and the door was left unlocked. This task finished, the scene was set and a relief of sorts came over the presence in the finely crafted mirror.

Margaret woke up inside the mirror. When she saw the entity, she screamed in terror, feeding the inhabitant even more.

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About the Author



Leonardus G. Rougoor was born in the Netherlands. His parents and most of his family moved to Canada to start a better life years ago. He was raised on a dairy farm, which made for an abundance of work. Educated in southern Ontario, he tried a number of different jobs before he ended up in a major tool and die shop, starting a lifelong career.

Having a heart for the underdog, although causing many sleepless nights, has been the driving force in a writing career. He now writes in three genres: crime, young adult mystery adventure and the supernatural.

“If you like rejection, become a writer.”