

Cracked Mirror of Broken Dreams(Cierra's Challenge)

By : Mistress of Word Play

How easily a life changes as does our reflection in a mirror.



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She stood in front of the floor mirror, the one with the fancy silver frame, the one she had wanted for her tenth birthday, the one with the glass that was shattered and she looked deep into its surface. She was eighteen and had been away. It sounded good she told herself, almost like being on vacation. She had spent the last eight years of her life in an institution. There had been counseling sessions, drugs, and group sessions day in and day out. They poked and prodded her and analyzed her until they deemed she was well. Now she was back home in her old room and her image had changed. She was no longer the little girl that dreamed of ponies and butterflies, she was a young woman.

She stared intently at the mirror and from the depths came the girl, the girl she had been so many nightmares ago.

There were other images in the glass as well. Images of the things which had happened that night. She had no other choice but to watch as the story retold itself.

She woke up as she felt the hands clamp down over her lips. She could not tell for sure who it was, but the smell of liqueur was on his breath. She tried to fight but the person's other hand was holding her hands together. She was helpless. Terrified she started to fight. She kicked and scooted her hips back and forth but to no avail she was trapped like a moth in some hungry spider's web. He leaned close kissing and nibbling on her ear. She sobbed still trying to free herself from his grip.

"I'll take my hand away," he grunted in her ear, "if you promise not to scream. Nod your head girl if you understand."

She was shocked it was her step-father hovering over her and holding her down. She slowly acknowledged by bobbing her head up and down slowly.

"Okay, then," he said with a soft chuckle, "that's a good girl."

He pleased himself with her and though she fought and begged he continued until he finished with her. He had raped her as if it didn't matter that she was only ten and his stepdaughter. She sobbed and wrapped her covers about her body.

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“Best clean up girl,” he said with a smirk in his voice, “we don’t want your Mom finding out now do we?”

She lay there crying as he left her room. When she was sure he was gone she walked to her bedroom door and closed it quietly. She placed the straight back chair under the doorknob so he would not be able to re-enter that night. Moonlight streamed through her window and reflected off her mirror’s glass. The mirror had been a gift for her tenth birthday. She caught sight of herself in the mirror and gasped. The young girl that had been there just hours before was now a grotesque creature from some horrible fairy tale. She pulled her robe on over the bloodstained gown she wore and made her way to the door. She listened for an instance to see if anyone was stirring. Satisfied that her mother and stepfather were both asleep she made her way to the garage.

Tucked away in the back of his toolbox was the large ball pin hammer she had watched him use to dislodge hubcaps. It was all she could do to carry it with both hands back to the house. It weighed a ton. Once inside the house she made her way silently to their bedroom. She knew they were both asleep, because she could hear him snoring. Peaceful as a baby, she thought to herself. Without hesitation she made her way to his side of the bed and drew the hammer back with all her strength. A dull sound came as the hammer struck the soft tissue of his head. He would not hurt anyone ever again she told herself. Tired from exertion she returned to her room. Her last act of the night was to strike the mirror so that the glass shattered.

Her mother had called the authorities the next morning and they had taken her away.

The images in the glass began to cloud and finally disappeared. She watched the young girl wave and smile at her one last time.

“Thank you,” she whispered and vanished.

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