

## Shadows in the Mirror

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In a quaint Village in a distant land, there stood a home in disrepair, abandoned by its owners, as the village perceived it to be. Today was the day all furnishings were being removed, as the home was being filled with the joys and sorrows of new occupants. The contents of the home would be brought to the local thrift shop as qualified antiques of a distant time. Though the whereabouts of the last occupants were not known, and the county records showing no will, to probate, nor heirs to inherit. Thus any monies gathered for the sale, would remain at the courts discretion.

The furniture had reached its destination, at the local thrift store, not to be abandoned, but rather to have a chance to start a new life. It was very knowledgeable in its many years of service, and caring.

The furniture had been displayed, for sale in the back room, just as it had in its home before. All the contents, but for the stand-up mirror that had showed its age and many constant repairs, had taken their place close to the trash, likely where they would join in time.

As customers would enter the store, few would even take notice of the mirror; some made faces for their immediate satisfaction, and pointed out its fragilities, which were many, but still no buyers.

One day, before closing, a young couple with a child stood admiring the mirror. The couple started to walk away, but the child showed much interest, looking closely at the mirror he said. "Mommy can you buy this mirror for my room?"

"No Johnny, it's old and really cruddy," his mother replied.

"I really want it Daddy, for my room, can you buy it for me?"

"We'll think about it", his Dad replied.

"Ok Dad," his son replied, and they then left the store.

The next morning, the father came in and purchased the mirror for his son's room. As his dad entered the room with the mirror, his son jumped out of bed happy as can be. "Thank you, Dad!" he exclaimed.

"We'll have to paint and do repairs on the mirror, Johnny it's very old."

"That's ok Dad, I like the mirror just the way it is." The Dad left John's bedroom, and went to the kitchen to join his wife.

"Don't know what John sees in that old mirror."

his wife responded,” It’s a mirror Hon, what do you think he sees?” And they left it at that.

Back in John’s bedroom, John was rubbing the mirror, using towels, soap, and water, talking to himself aloud, saying over and over to the mirror, “I saw something in this mirror and it wasn’t me, who was it, what was it?”

Eventually, with continuous rubbing, the mirror had become transparent, and in doing so, Johnny was able to see, much more clearly, what he had seen at the thrift store, he couldn’t believe his eyes.

There were two white rabbits, deep inside the mirror, surrounded by fields of green, hopping closer, as if they were touchable. The closest rabbit signaled to Johnny that he should rub harder at the top of the mirror, and Johnny did with all his might.

As if by magic, the rabbits hopped out of mirror, to the floor, speaking rapidly to each other to Johnny’s astonishment. “I told you dear; the first rabbit said, that he was the one that would release us, and you said he was too young”

The second rabbit answered,” Yes Harry, you were right again, she continued, I’m Harriet, and that’s my husband Harry. We were not always rabbits, we were human like you, and owned a beautiful home in the Village that we loved. One day Harry became ill and passed. I prayed that I would give anything to be with my Harry, I do regret at times, but he’s my Harry, and the next day I was with my Harry. We were in a land of solitude and plenty, but not home, where as we had lived for many years. Our only contact to the world, as we knew it, was our mirror. We could see out, but as the years went by, it became impossible to see because of the dirt and grime, which had gathered so plentiful with time. When our house was foreclosed, and the furniture taken, we knew we might have a chance to escape, from the thrift shop,”

Harry interrupted,” Harriet, let Johnny digest it all”

“Yeah, it sure is a lot to digest” Johnny answered, and continued, “How come you picked me?”

Harry answered, “It was dumb luck, you were so nosy, and we watched you, tried to signal you at first, as your parents looked at the mirror, and when you came back, we hoped for the best”

“Anyway, what can I do for you guys?” John asked,

Harriet replied, “Can you get us to our Village, we would love to see our home, it’s been so long.”

“I’m way to young to drive, but maybe my Dad will without knowing. I’ll have to return the mirror.” After lunch Johnny told his Dad, that he didn’t want the mirror any more,

and wanted to return it today, at the same thrift shop in the Village. We lived a little ways from the Village, and his Dad told him they would go whenever he's ready. Johnny ran to his bedroom and fetched a couple of shoe boxes, emptied them, put a rabbit in each, and put them in the back of the car. He then went back to his bedroom for the mirror. His Dad had come to help him, to bring the mirror. Johnny told his Dad that the shoeboxes in the back of the car were his old shoes, which he wanted to give to the thrift shop.

When Johnny and his Dad arrived at the Thrift Shop, his Dad returned the mirror and Johnny took both shoeboxes to the rear of the building, letting Harry and Harriet out to freedom.

"Thank you, Johnny", Harry said, "you're a good friend",

Harriet said," You have been a blessing, now we're able to see our home, and all because of you. You better get back to the car, your Dad may be looking for you".

"Thank you, guys", Johnny answered, "and be careful, I've learned to respect animals, so much more, and I'll miss you guys."

"Johnny, we'll always miss you!" Harry yelled, "We hope to see you again!" as they hopped away into the night. Johnny returned to the car, for the ride home, sad that Harry and Harriet were gone.

"Dad, can I have a rabbit?"