Somebody I used to know

The doctor's words were unequivocal. " I'm sorry, the test results were conclusive. It's terminal. "

I remained calm, there seemed to be little point in outwardly reacting. I shook his hand, ignoring his mumbled platitudes and the leaflets he thrust at me and walked out into the gloomy evening. Looking up, searching for even a chink of sunlight, all I could see were darkening storm clouds billowing like angry grey duvets ready to tussle with my body. Even the air held a threat with a heaviness that weighed down my footsteps as I headed home.

The crowded pavements with jostling bodies, wrapped up in their perfect worlds, increased my sense of isolation.

Arriving home, the familiar stillness of the house wrapped itself around me comfortingly. The small table lamp threw out a gentle glow. I walked towards the window and glancing up, saw a woman. I stood perfectly still in case she saw me watching her. She was wrapped in a warm coat, not particularly elegant but she didn't look like somebody I should be afraid of. The strong features, the long wavy dark hair falling across her shoulders like a velvet cape. She wasn't a classic beauty but pleasant enough looking. She wasn't smiling but her face held a knowing expression as if she knew my pain. But, how could she? The idea of having a friend appealed as I felt so totally alone. I know I've seen her before, perhaps I know her? Just as I reach up to straighten my hair she lifts her arm too. I'm scared and let out an involuntary yelp. Suddenly the room is flooded with light and a man stands there, another stranger.

" I'm your husband, Martin. Did you go to the doctors again?"

I looked at him blankly, having no idea who he was. He appeared kind. I pointed to the face in the window to see the woman pointing back at me. Who was she?

"Darling we knew this might happen with this disease. Don't be scared, a reflection can't hurt you"

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