

THE WORLD IN A MIRROR.

Why did her friend always do the same as her? When she opened her mouth, so did her friend. When she moved her head, so did her friend.

That was because 'she' was a cat in the glare of a mirror.

'She doesn't know it's herself,' said Sarah to her friend. 'Suki thinks it's another cat.'

'If only they could see the world as we see it,' said Reema.

It was such a respite for Sarah to have Suki for company. She gave Sarah comfort in those dark moments, when she felt there was no one else close to her in her life, not since she had lost her other half, Paul, in a road traffic accident. He had been the only person who had ever really understood her, and the loss was unbearable.

'She must think it's a coincidence that the cat on the other side does exactly the same as she does,' said Reema. 'Can you imagine meeting a human being just like you?'

Yes, Sarah could. She had. Sarah had to escape from those thoughts.

'Look at the time!' she said. 'Sorry, Reema, but I've got to get the shopping done.'

Some bread, some milk, and twenty tins of cat food. The final item was what reminded Sarah that she was not totally alone. The list was not as long as it used to be, of course, and even such a mundane task as doing the shopping brought back memories of the way life used to be.

In the supermarket, Sarah wandered past the soft drinks. She saw one that promised to 'make you a new person in one gulp!' at least it made Sarah smile to herself. 'The absurdity of some advertising slogans,' she thought.

Making her way to the counter, Sarah noticed a story on the back of the local paper. It was about a woman who had been given a new lease of life by going to a séance. 'There's more chance of getting a new lease of life that way, than there is by drinking some fizzy liquid,' she smiled.

Ironically, the positivity brought about by Sarah's humorous reaction to the slogan had created a positive response to the newspaper article.

The next day Sarah contacted the medium and arranged to meet with her the following week. The table was set and the medium made contact with a spirit.

'Hello,' said Sarah.

'Hello,' came the reply, in a voice so familiar.

'Who are you? You can't be...'

'You know who I am. We were the only two people on Earth that knew how much Suki loves food flavoured with salmon.'

Sarah was stunned. It couldn't be, but it was. Suki's dietary preference had, in some strange way, joined Paul and Sarah together again.

This was no coincidence for Sarah. It was meant to be. Now, each day, Suki would play with her friend in the mirror, and Sarah, inspired by her pet, would talk to her beloved companion through the ether.