

SIDE KICK
(Psychic)
A Ghost Story

It was an ordinary day at the manor. Every day was the same. This is Britain with lovely weather.

Foggy and drizzle rain. Again. I have lived in this manor for more years than I can remember. I wait for the sun. Again.

“Ready for your breakfast Molly?”

I can’t recall how long she has been my maid, here at my manor. Over the years we have built a kind of friendship but one without trust. She helps me with my daily needs, but she doesn’t always listen to me. I know that she steals from me. She steals my money, but I forgive her. She is just a maid, and I am the lady of the manor.

“Can you see them?” I ask her, but she ignores me or refuses to answer. I think she sees them too. Perhaps she is too afraid to answer. Instead, she offers me another cup of tea.

It was different when my son lived with me. Back then we had joy, conversation, music and laughter. I didn’t mind the drizzle then. It seems so long ago since he left to get married. He never comes to visit me anymore. It’s her fault. I blame her. His wife. I never liked her. She smiled too much. Perhaps he will visit me on this drizzle day.

“Is Tommy coming?” I ask the maid. Again, she refuses to answer or maybe she doesn’t hear me. Perhaps she needs a hearing aid too.

“Come on Molly, it’s time to shower and then have a lovely breakfast”.

I don’t know why she calls me that. My name is Madame Matilda. I loved that book, Matilda. I used to read it on drizzling days, as I waited for the sun. My son. But now my eyes are too tired to read, and the maid took my glasses. I know that she steals from me.

“Do you see them?”.

I tell the maid that it’s not only at night. But I see them during the day. It began one evening when I was alone in my room. Where my tall mirror stood was a woman. She had long grey hair and was dressed in a torn night gown.

I shouted “Go away. I don’t want to see you!” and I jumped into my bed and put the covers over my head. As I peeked above my bedding she was no longer there. That was the moment that I realized that I was a side kick.

The maid came in to check on me, as she did every night, to turn out the lights and see if I needed anything. Still shaken I tried to explain to her what I had just seen.

"She was there in the corner of my room. In front of my mirror. She was staring at me. And then she disappeared".

"O.K. Molly that's enough. I'll clean the mirror tomorrow".

"It's not the dust that scared me. It was the woman in my room. Stop calling me Molly. You know my name is Matilda. Like the book. Will you read it to me tonight?".

I tried to explain to her that the dust on the mirror was not the problem. The problem was that I saw people. Ever since I lived in the manor. I see ghosts. I tell her that I am a side kick.

"Yes, you are my side kick. Now get some sleep and I will see you in the morning".

I know that I live alone in this huge manor of mine. I can't remember how many years I have lived here. I have my maid, a gardener and a man in a suit that visits me and gives me candy that makes me sleepy. He calls me Molly too. I don't trust him. He smiles too much. I will tell my son when he visits me again, that I don't like the smiling man and I don't like his candy.

"Is Tommy coming tomorrow? I need to tell him about the woman that comes to my room at night and stands in front of my mirror. I need to tell him that it's not just the woman in my room but that I see people. I hear people. I see ghosts."

"Where's my red lipstick. Did you steal it. I know that you steal from me".

"Check your pocket, Molly. And get ready for breakfast".

Every day I see them with my tired eyes. I shout at them to go away, but they just turn and stare at me. They float through the halls of my manor. I hear them talking. Sometimes groaning. Whispering. Some of them scream. I wish I didn't see them, every day and every night.

I ask the maid "Can't you see them? I must be a side kick". She must not see them. Or she isn't a side kick like she claims to be. Although she says she is my side kick.

I would leave the manor but where would I go? I have lived here for many years. I can't remember how many. I wish that there were more people living here. Real people not the whispering ghosts. I wish my son Tommy was still living with me. I blame his wife.

This manor is too big for one person. It is so big that the doors are numbered. My door is 22. I have cleaners that come to mop the floors every day. They don't live in my manor. They don't see ghosts. Or perhaps they do? I have watched them mop as if to mop around the ghosts that float around the halls. Are the cleaners too afraid to admit that they are side kick. I don't trust the cleaners. They smile too much.

"You are going to have a visitor today. Tommy is coming to see you" said the smiling man with the candy. I smile back with my red lipstick smile and reply "Who is Tommy? While I wipe away the lipstick on my teeth with my tongue.

Then I hear the maid talking. I turn I see that she is talking to a ghost.

"My name is Miss Jones. I hope that you will enjoy your stay here at Mid Life Manor, Mr. Walker".

So, she didn't lie to me. She is a side kick. She can see him. She walks with the ghost and seats him in a chair next to me. His hair is grey to match his trousers and he wears slippers on his feet to help him float. I hear him whisper and he stares at me. But he doesn't scare me. I am used to seeing ghosts now.

I look around the room, then lean over, and ask him "Can you see them? When is Tommy coming?"

While outside it's just drizzle rain.

Note to reader: Saying "side kick" Molly means Psychic. Hard to pronounce correctly when she has been taking all that..... candy.