

Yet another tiring morning, a screaming climate, and four naked walls surrounding her, forced Irene, the skinny individual, who had great symphonies of stories to share, to recall the most precious victory that had embraced her, her beautiful thirty year old son's, truly cherished birth. These empty days in the cold and forgotten hospital, (a characteristic which both Irene and her 'home' had in common), were filled with pleasant conversations, with the woman trapped inside the mirror. This old and retired chef was grateful that she was indeed more 'blessed' than this unfortunate woman who resided in the mirror.

Three years back, Cancer, his cunning mistress, claimed her husband, taking him away from the sweet embrace of his wife, who then got possessed by the wickedness of sorrow. He bid farewell to this merciless world, after being heavenly victimized by twenty nine prosperous years of marriage. That day, Irene considered it to be the death of not only her husband, but also her beloved son, as the rainy funeral of her gone husband, overflowing with dreadful moments of a grey and silent lover, was the last day she had witnessed her only son.

Till thirty years back, her faith and uterus were both weak, after Irene lost her third baby. This cascade of tragedies resulted in gaining Shawn, her now married son, the title of 'Miracle Baby', not only to the young and hopeful couple but, also to the 'Gods' of our everyday who have the power to welcome new life, from their bumpy ride from heaven, the white coated heroes.

Irene commenced on her daily task of dreaming about her two favourite men, who had abandoned her, for her to live a rotten and broken journey. Now that she had survived three horrific years of a happy and comfortable life, she was now ready to join her soul mate in an even more secure habitat among the clouds. She recalled and experienced again, the utter happiness of her husband, which he conveyed through his tight hug, after she provided a gift box with the tiniest of jerseys inside(as her husband was a great fan of basketball), which indicated that there was life, indeed a miracle growing inside his mesmerising wife.

The dying widow produced a slight chuckle after thinking of the waves of annoyance she passed on to her husband, with the time of

labour approaching, as she was four days late. She recalled and almost could feel the pain oozing out of her, as her body was hesitant to invite a bouncing baby boy into this mother planet. The line, "five more minutes of pain, for a lifetime of happiness", which she had heard from a movie the other day, inspired her to achieve what she thought then, was impossible.

The happy screaming, and glamorous crying, of a little bundle of joy, ruled over the pain, and tears which seduced the soft cheeks of the new mother. Feeling her child against her breasts, kissing his forehead, her child's entire little hand grasping almost her one index finger, and she was eternally crowned, a proud mother.

As the nurse brought Irene her daily dose of blue pills, she started to blabber to the nurse, about the deep love her son used to have, for a specific type of blue candies, which were irregularly shaped like elephants, till about the age of nine. The nurse handed her patient, a plastic cup filled with nothing but enriching yet somehow boring water, which the grey haired woman reluctantly appreciated.

As this old woman started, struggling, in her dooming mission of sitting upright, a flash of memories, emotions and moments struck her to physically hurt her. This led to the plastic cup leaving, her snake-veined hand, to land on the unhygienic and dirty hospital floor, allowing the original white colour of the floor, to be loudly revealed. As the spectrum of water drops, splashed on the floor, tears which rose to a stranger's eyes, while betraying his heart, mimicked the same move.

As opposed to what one would naturally assume, this was not just any stranger standing outside witnessing an old woman talk to herself on the mirror, giving rise to tears, like lava in a volcano, instead, this was the infamous son who apparently left his mother to die, so that he could enjoy life as a journalist with his wife and two kids in Italy. His mother suffered from a very rare disease, which even the white coated heroes couldn't figure out, which enabled her, to create her own fantasy world or 'suffering lies', which she completely believed and lived in. This disease unfortunately urged the hospitalized widow to reject the fact that her son, who , 'couldn't care less about her', waited everyday outside the wretched hospital room, putting his own life on

halt for her, waiting ,hoping that one day his mother would be able to recognize him.

The previous time that he tried to view his mother's face, she screamed at the stranger who was sitting in her room, gazing at her familiar face. The young man looked at his reflection on a mirrored door present in the hospital, only to cry out, “ Seven billion people in this world and you chose my mother”. And now, he was talking to the soul trapped in the mirror...

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