

THE MIRRORS OF THE BROKEN GLASS

CHAPTER ONE

What Have We Here?

Along the wondrously colored glass beach I walked, next to my Dad, looking for just the right pieces to pick up and look at.

All of them glimmered in the sun, but every so many steps, one bit had a funny aura, a glow that seemed to spike when I picked it up. Unlike all the blue, red and green ones that had so much flash, there were these dull little semi clear almost clear chunks that seemed to feel alive in my hand. Smoothed and polished by the sea, they looked like jewels.

Each piece went into an old small blue velvet pull string pouch I found in the attic at the family beach house we were staying at.

Though, each time I see the sharp little glint of a stone, putting it into my pouch seems to cause a bit of heat.

Our walk took half the morning and I picked up enough glass to fill my bag to the top. It felt like a little heater which seemed a good thing on this crisp morning

Dad asked me if I was done hunting treasures, with a smile, and I shook my head yes.

As we were walking towards the car, I caught a bright sparkle in the corner of my eye. Turning and seeing that there was a single spot behind a rock, I asked Dad to wait a moment, leaned over, picking it up and putting it into my swollen pouch, just to fit.

As the final shard touched the other pieces a tone, almost musical came from the pouch. Dad turned and asked, “What did you ask?”

“Nothing, Dad,” I said. He shook his head and kept walking but I think I heard something besides the music too...a word... “Help!”

At home, I went upstairs to my room, threw the bag on my bed and could have sworn I heard a muffled “Oomph!” Looking around, I saw no one else. Dad called from downstairs, “Lunch!”

Down the stairs I flew, but the noises were on my mind.

“Dad how long has our family owned this summer cottage?”

“Let’s see...I was a lad and remember my grandfather being here, so, you would be the fourth generation of our family here.”

“Who owned it before, Dad?”

“Odd you should ask. Only last week I found journals in the attic while cleaning up for our summer usage.” “It talks of the original Owner and builder in the middle 1800’s.” “About 1866 as best as I can figure.”

“The Man, a Grandfather, lived here with his Daughter and Granddaughter.” “It seems he was an outspoken old gent and got on the bad side of some rather strange women in the countryside by buying up great plots of land then fencing them off. This whole beach and probably as far as you can see was all his, so the story went.”

Not responding to their wants, then threats, these ladies gathered on the beach, one night,

built a great bon fire and chanted around it until the family came outside.

The Grandfather told them to leave but all they did was chant and circle the fire, dancing. He told his daughter and granddaughter Isla to go in the house, lock the doors and hold onto his rifle while he took the horse and rig to fetch the sheriff.

Off he rode like the wind leaving his family safely locked in and armed.

Well...safe, until a seven year old curious little girl slipped out the back door to see the wild women dancing against the fire and full moon light.

Closer she walked, crouching all the way as not to be seen.

As soon as she set foot on the wet beach, her foot made the slightest noise, the dancing stopped and the women disappeared.

By this time her mother saw through the front window, unlocked running straight towards them and hearing what was being said.

Isla stood up straight to see where they had gone when she felt a hand on her shoulder. Frozen for a long moment, she slowly turned to see not just older women but haggardly crones with red in their eyes chanting something in another language, till it stopped. One held up a mirror saying, “Oh so much beauty, so much beauty must be saved.” With the wave of her hand and just as her Mom arrived, the mirror sparkled, and Isla disappeared!

The crone handed the mirror to Isla’s mother saying...

“On the brightest night of every full moon, you may see her beauty in this looking glass forever.”

Her mom fell to her knees and clutched the mirror to her breast. When next she looked up, they were all gone. All that was left was the burning fire and the mirror.

Not too very long later, Grandfather and the Sheriff came barreling up to the front of the

house on their exhausted horses. "What is going on? Where is Isla?" He shouted.

"The old women spoke this curse, and my little girl disappeared in front of my eyes." Isla's Mother said, not admitting, in her tortured mind, that her little girl was trapped in the mirror.

The search party was so large, and it went on for days but to no avail. Her mother just sat on the porch rocking in her chair and singing her daughter's favorite song quietly to the mirror she held close to her heart.

That was the end of the journal.

What wasn't written was that.....

Years flew by, and Grandfather passed on leaving a daughter who never really got over the loss of her little one. Sit, rock and sing were her daily routine till one day, the Crones, again built a fire and danced in the rays of the full moon.

Going out to them, she saw that they hadn't aged a day in the passing of the ten years since that night.

"What are you doing "Now!?" She cried.

One of them answered, "We heard the old man who fenced off our land has left this world and have come to claim ours back!"

"You'll never be given permission to be on this, 'MY' land." as she began throwing huge handfuls of sand on the fire to put it out.

"We believe you and think you should suffer the same fate as the little girl,"

Again, as once before in the same spot, the old women chanted and held an enchanted mirror in front of the Mother. In a Sparkle and before the mother could speak another word, she was gone.

With the abandonment of the home, many things were dumped right there on the beach as no one claimed the property, I guess the glass came from there.

The property passed through hands for several years till Dad's grandpa bought it and we've been here ever since. Oh, by the way, I'm Amy Johanus and I come here with my Grandpa

Mike, Dad Michael and Mom, Joanne. Yeah, I know, Joanne Johanus. She gets all kinds of looks but always smiles. She's great like that.

Now, we're up to today or "Up to speed" as Grandpa says it.

Now, back to me the glass pieces and my bed.

Spreading out the pieces on top of the bed spread, I could see a faint color difference in the glass. One was a pearl color and the other, with an ever so faint pink shine.

"This means there are "Two" mirrors. So back to the spot I ran.

Looking under rocks and by plants, I found two more handfuls of sparkling glass like that which I had.

One last look around the sand and dirt, lifting rocks, yanking out grasses and under bushes then back like a shot up to my room.

On the way back up the stairs, Mom yelled out, "Going to a fire?"

"Nope, Mom, just to do a puzzle."

After separating the pearly ones from the pinks, I could see that the piles were exactly the same size!

I'm great at puzzles, I get that from Dad who puts together some of those monster ones but without any picture and the glass edges were a bit worn smooth.

Well, how to fix the pieces from moving.

"Hey Dad!" I yelled to down stairs. "Can you come up here and give me some Ideas?"

He came up curious as to how he could help, looked at the two piles of sea glass and smiled.

"This looks like a good challenge for you."
"Why not flatten some clay out with a wooden roller and fix the pieces to it for stability?" he said.

"Super, Dad" and off I ran to the work shed.

I found a round stick of wood, Dad calls a dowel, grabbed a saw and proceeded to cut off a two foot piece smoothing the edges so I wouldn't get a splinter.

Back to the table in my room, I smooched the clay as flat as I could and rolled it with the dowel.

Hey, this is kinda like helping Mom flatten out pie crusts, I thought.

There...Now with the colors in separate piles, I started with the pearly one.

Dad always says to start with the edges in a puzzle. Let's see. Which...Hey, it looks like most are curved. Hmmm, maybe a circle. Ahead I started, shiny side down, with that in mind. Before long I stopped and there in front of me was the outline of a pretty good circle. Now, the insides of it.

This part didn't prove to be as easy, as a few hours later, out of the pieces I had left, I just couldn't seem to match any sides, so I called Dad, the Master Puzzle doer!

Up he came to my squeal and asked how I was doing?

"I remembered what you said about the outside and started out like a wild fire, then quickly burned out. I'm stumped.

"Let me see what you have," he said as he put his hand to his chin, leaning over my shoulder.

"Put all the left over pieces close together in the center of the circle you have done, then twist a bit here and wiggle one a tad there, then you might be surprised."

The pile went into the middle, sticking over the edges and I stopped to take a stare just like Dad does.

"Hey, that one goes there and this one here, look at these two, right on the top."

Within minutes, I had a complete mirror.

Dad said, "Nice job," kissed me on the head then left the room saying, "Call me if you need help on the other one dear."

"I think I can handle it Dad, but thanks bunches."

Taking a look at the water polished hunks of glass, they still seemed to shimmer even the sun wasn't shining on them, very curious.

Well, I need a break before starting the next one, let's see what the sun is doing outside.

END CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO

WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?

Or...What's That Fire on the Beach?

More of the day had passed than I knew, while putting together the mirror. The sun was getting low over the sea and it would soon be time for dinner.

As I took my last bite of Mom's super tasty Meat Loaf, there was a glimmer of light I visible through the window from the other side of the hill.

Just a small crown of glow over the edge of the sand dune giving a shadow to the trees like eerie goblins moving to a dance.

After helping Mom with the dishes, I took a stroll to the other side of the sand dune point.

I found the embers of a burned wood still hot from someone's bonfire.

What could have they been doing so far off the public beach, starting a fire so near our house...?
Hmmm.

I spent some time on the second mirror, but its pieces were way smaller without as much "Looky"

help in them by putting them in the middle like Dad said with the first one, but I was not going to give up, well maybe tonight I would. First thing in the morning it would be "Mirror Building Time!"

Much later that night, I was awakened to the low chanting outside and off in the distance.

Not wanting you get up from my comfy warm bed, I just rolled over to ignore the faint mumblings.

"O.K." It's been half an hour, what the heck is going on out there?!

As I opened my bedroom window shutters and threw up the glass, I could see, better, the glow I noticed earlier...This time the faint shadows of figures around it. It looked like they were holding hands, moving in a circle.

There's no way I wasn't going to take a peek at this.

Threw on my jacket over pajamas, slipped into my fuzzy boots and swooped, quietly, down the stairs then out and across the yard to the dune.

As I approached, especially quiet, the dark figures became clearly visible.

They looked like...like...just like the witches in the Fairy Tales to scare little kids! Gnarly and all in

black with the much important bent noses and a wart on the end.

Say, this must be a joke. No such things as Witches, and if there were, they wouldn't look like the did in the old time books, unless...

Maybe they did and "Do" exist but don't show themselves as much anymore. What if all this is "Real." No, calm down girl, just be quiet and....

"Who goes there?!" one of them shouted, more like a cackle.

"Show yourself if you know what's good for you!"

Not much chance of making a clean get away, so I stood straight and walked out and said, "Good evening." "Nice bonfire."

This seemed to throw them off a bit as no one must have ever been polite to them before.

"Where do you live little girl?" The scragliest one asked. I pointed to the big house over the hill.

Turning to each other then to me asking, "Is there anything you wish to ask us?"

"No ma'am...oh yes." as they leaned and stared with an evil scowl. "Please clean up after yourselves as this fire could cause a terrible mess."

They then leaned back, seemingly completely confused with me and only nodded as I walked off.

Once over the other side of the dune hill, I took off like a shot, up the stairs, into my house and up then under my covers.

"Whew" what the heck was I thinking?

The next hour or so was spent running things over in my head, couldn't sleep, so I sat up working on the second mirror. That's when I heard it for the first time.

END CHAPTER TWO

CHAPTER THREE

Who...When....Where?!

I sat straight up and looked around. "Nope, Completely alone" I said to myself, settling down again to piecing glass together. Then, there it was again. This time I swore I heard words.

"Help me." A soft plea came from down in front of me. from the completed mirror!

Holding it up, I started to make out a reflection of a face. "Not Mine!" Down it went.

Gathering my self, again I lifted the "Not my reflection" towards me.

It was a young girl, my age, looking directly at me. "My name is Isla, who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Evelyn, please to meet you, I guess."
Although I was pretty far from pleased at that point.

The "Who" was sort of answered, but "When and Why" were next on the list.

Isla went on to tell me of her Grandfather and Mother, how they loved it here by the beach...Until that day, when the bonfire brought her to meet the Witches.

"What?!" I met them too! I told her, and by a bonfire with them dancing around it singing in some other tongue a scary chant."

"That was it!" Isla said, just before I ended up in here.

"I must have confused them," I said and gave them a command to clean up the mess when they were done with the fire. This must have thrown them off their horrible intentions."

"I suspect so. My how brave you were telling them to pick up after themselves," as we both had a little giggle.

"You know," Isla said, with a sigh in her voice, "It has been so long since I have been able to smile alone laugh. Thank you ever so much Evelyn."

"Enough with the introductions and story of what has past. How do we get you back out of there?" Was my next question.

"It's been so long since that night, I don't think my memory is good enough to help," said Isla.

"I will think hard and between the two of us, we will come up with a plan, ok Isla?"

This seemed to give her a glimmer of hope as she smiled, while I put her down to get a good, rest of the night's sleep as to get right on the job at mornings first light.

With the sun's light just starting to come over the dune, I leapt from my bed and started thinking of a plan while getting dressed.

"I need a list of Ideas and possibilities to follow up on. Let's see. HmMMM.

MY LIST

- 1... Look back to where the Witches had their fire for clues.*
- 2...Keep watch for their return and "Stay Out Of Sight!"*
- 3...Get to work on second mirror*
- 4...Talk to Isla more to see if her memory can recover anything from that night.*

No one can know of this ...at least not yet!

Evelyn

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Now...it was off to the scene of the
crime...that's how they say it on television.

END CHAPTER THREE

CHAPTER FOUR

If I Can Only Make Out What They Are Saying!

Out the door and over the dune I ran. Stopping before going over the top to see if I was alone or were there some unwanted visitors lurking around.

Nope, nothing but a large pile of ash, Hey, they didn't clean up! Well, didn't really expect them to, but now, on to any clues.

The ashes, they seemed to make a shape, a circle of sorts, and there were many footprints going on a circle, then off towards the woods.

I'm going to follow the to see just where they end up.

Over the other side of the far dune and into the woods I slowly went. Not knowing who I may run into.

Then, half way into the thickest part of the treed area, the prints, they just disappeared in front of the gnarliest, dead giant tree stump I'd ever seen!

Taking a walk around it, not a foot step was apparent, only those right up to this trunk, wider than I was tall and ten times up just stood there, daring me like, to figure out it's secret.

Dad always told me, "Take a few steps back, tell yourself what is right there in front of you and sometimes, the solution will come to you in a flash."

So, back I stepped. "Let's see...Big dead tree trunk, footprints end in front of it. Now where could they go?"

Up in the air, was one of my answers. Climb the tree, another...Into the tree. Hey, "That's it!!"

There must be an opening somewhere in that big old thing!

Softly, I rubbed my hands over the trunk, trying to feel any odd edges that may lead to an opening.

After almost an hour, and two splinters, I was about to give up and leaned on a nub of a branch long ago broken annnnnd "Click!"

An edge, ever so faint, appeared in the face of the tree. Placing my finger nails against it, I

was able to open a tall slender door to a deep, red lit stairway.

As the door opened more, a smell, like rotten eggs came from deep inside. I wasn't truly thrilled about going into this den of "Who knows what."

"Ok then, here I go. The steps felt alive with some sort of softness that my shoes sank into. The smell and the redness of the light became stronger the deeper I went.

Down nearly fifty stairs, I reached a great room with a fireplace at the far corner from which the eerie red light came.

Low growls came from near the light. Oh great, I thought, they have a dog! Probably some hound from a very dark place that loves to eat little girls. "Get a hold of yourself, Evelyn," I told myself. At which point, a few steps into the room, I was able to see five beds off to the left, just at the rim of the fire's light, with five snoring Witches in it fast asleep.

Boy, now what. I've found them, so what the heck do I do now? Then one stirred, snorted,

took a look around from her bed and rolled over, back to sleep.

I wanted to back up, but my feet couldn't. Had to see all I could while here as I surely did not wish to make a return trip.

Finally, I was able to lift my feet in a silent slid backwards. As I passed a table near the stairs, I read the word "Spells" on its cover.

Oh, so quietly, I opened it to the page marked with a black feather.

There was a drawing of people dancing around a fire saying the words,

"Spiritum tuum in speculum nobis."

I had to remember this sentence and see if Dad could help me figure out what it means.

Quickly but so silently, I swished up the stairs to the crack in the door through which a shaft of sunlight led me to freedom.

I ran with such speed as to amaze myself, right to my front door before taking a look back.

Once inside, with the door shut and locked, I gazed through the door's stained glass window to see I had made it back unnoticed.

Wait...Did I shut the Spell book and put the feather back in when I was done reading it?

Oh goodness, another worry to overcome.

END CHAPTER FOUR

CHAPTER FIVE

Hey Dad...Ever Seen Words Like This?

Quickly, I wrote down the phrase I kept repeating in my mind, hoping I got the spelling near to correct.

Heard Dad in the kitchen and made a Bee-line for him.

"Hi Dad, whatcha doin'?"

"Just reading the paper honey...Why?"

"I have something for you to read. Maybe you can translate it for me."

"Let's see it and I will give it my best," he said.

Handing him my writing, he read it aloud, stopped and looked at me asking, "Where did you get this?"

"Oh, just something in an old book I saw. what's it mean?"

Again, he said it "

" Spiritum tuum in speculum nobis."

It means, "Into this mirror we send your spirit!" "Does this have anything to do with those mirror fragments you are fooling with?"

"Dad...as soon as I know, I will surely tell you." He nodded with a curious smile and I was off, back to my room.

Picking up the finished mirror, with my newly found friend inside, I stared into it hoping for, well, I don't know what! Then she came. Wispy like a cloud at first, then clear, more so than the first time.

"Evelyn, you've called me back, thank you so much," she almost cried.

"Have you ever heard these words said, "*Spiritum tuum in speculum nobis?*" I asked her.

"Yes, I believe, right before I was no more in your world, I can remember this chant!"

"It is what put your spirit into the mirror and I plan to find out how to get you out." I said more bravely than I thought I could.

Isla almost jumped up and down as I felt a jiggle, almost of joy in my hands holding her.

"I have to leave you now to find answers to this puzzle, but I will return, I promise."

Isla faded away but with a hopeful smile on her face.

Perhaps I can ride my bike into town to the library and look up such things as "Spells" from the history around here.

"Hey Dad...need a book at the Library, taking a bike ride, see you later." He looked up from his newspaper and waved "Bye" to me as I rode off to town.

Once to the library, I asked the Librarian if there were any books...need to word this so I don't sound crazy or attract attention, "Do you have any local books on Witches and Spells?"

She tilted her head and gave me a squinty look, slowly pointing to a far corner of the room upstairs, in the back of the mezzanine, that's sort of a half floor open to the first one.

Up the circle stairway I went, two steps at a time, all along under the eye of this woman near the front desk. She watched me as I bounded up and as I hit the top step I froze in my tracks, looked back as if a force grabbed me.

She nodded to me as I walked, still watching her, to the spot of the books.

Running my finger over the old, leathery volumes, I suddenly felt a hand on my shoulder.

It was the woman she had a book in her hand and said, "This may be what you are looking for."

Taking it from her and opening it, I could see the circle of fire with five old women dancing around it. It was the same book as in the cave!

Looking up to say that this is what I saw, and she was gone.

END CHAPTER FIVE

CHAPTER SIX

These Pages Feel Almost Alive, Like... Skin!

As I stared at the strange feeling pages, I saw that it seemed that the writing was into the paper, not like ink, but like a tattoo! Oooohhh, this was not doing well with my stomach.

On the Contents page, "Spells and their undoing." That's where I wanted to read.

Slowly turning the pages, I could see all types of drawings, but something seemed even stranger than the book's make up. I could swear the pictures moved as I slammed shut the book...and over my shoulder was the woman, again, who gave me the book asking. "You wanted to know, didn't you?" As I turned to say "Yes" all I could see was a sparkle where she would have been standing.

Well, onward to the task at hand and read deeply into the book.

Going down to the front desk, the Librarian stood up and back from me and the book saying, "Bring it back when you are done...if you can."

That wasn't exactly the answer I was expecting but what the heck...it'll work, as I scooted from the library, putting the book into my bike basket and cycling home like the wind.

As I pedaled, the thought of the woman behind me who handed me the book got me to thinking. "If there are bad Witches in this town, I wonder if good ones exist too?"

No time for that, gotta get home and read over this old book.

Dropping my bike on the porch, I can still see Dad reading, this time in the parlor and it looks like a history of the town.

"Whatch got there Evey?" Dad asked.

Oh...just a book from the Library to keep me on such a nice reading day." Hope that does it.

"Me too, have a great read." and he went back to his book.

Skated by that one by an inch. Now to my desk.

Turning the pages gave me the heebee jeebies, (the freakiest feeling all over) but I couldn't take my eyes off the writing, in an ancient form Dad called "Latin" but the strange almost spine grabbing pictures of all sorts of awful things.

Ah...here is a drawing of a mirror. Let's see, hey, here is that words that the Witches were chanting, "*Spiritum tuum in speculum nobis?*"

I wish I took better notes in third grade Latin in school cause only some of these words made sense to me.

Off to the Internet to find translations.

Dad told me that curiosity was a gift, well, this must be Christmas cause I am full of the gifts of curiosity!

O.K. translate Latin to English. The first part I know, how to get someone into the mirror.

How to get them out was my quest.

The words were in Latin alright but written in a scroll fashion and on what I could only figure out was...."Skin!" The letters were not crisply written so reading was triple hard.

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Return to [BB Hidden Menu](#)

I'm not sure if me and online translator can do as well as Dad can. Do I ask him or not? This is going to be a hard one to choose.

END CHAPTER SIX

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Hey Dad...What If I Had This Book?"

"Hey Pops..."

"O.k. missy...you only call me "Pops" when you have a hard one and can't figure out what to do or did something, shall we say, wasn't well accepted by your mother. Which is it my dear?"

"Well, I have this book I need translated and it's in Latin, and pretty weird, so I need your help. Without asking why."

He looked at me with the Dad look, smiled and said, "Let me see this mystery book."

As I placed it in his hands, even before he looked at it, he tensed up.

"Whoa...this is one strange, almost horrible feeling book. What is it?" Then he stopped himself and smiled opening it to the page I had marked.

"There is the phrase you had me translate before. It is from part of a...."and he read on.

Then he shut the book with a slap.

"This is a Witches book and not meant for others to see." "Now, you need to tell me "Where, How and Why." he said nicely but with a bit of power in his voice.

I started with the seeing of the glinting glass on the beach, putting it together. Then hearing and finally meeting and speaking to the trapped girl in the mirror.

He sat back in his chair and nodded. "Go on." he said.

"I went to the library met a woman for an instant that gave me this book," "Oh...did I forget the part of finding and sneaking into the Witches cave where they were sleeping and seeing the match of this book?"

"No, that must have slipped your Mind!!!"

"Dad, I have no choice, I must find a way to release Isla."

"Isla," Dad asked

"Yes, the little girl in the mirror."

He quickly turned, picking up his book of the town's history, stopping at a pictured page.

"Is this her?"

"Yes Dad"

She went mysteriously missing one night."
"Even after an exhausting search, no one ever heard of her again." "Years later, the same fate befell her mother."

"The Second Mirror!" I yelled as we both ran up to my room.

There lay the pile next to the finished one and Dad went right to it.

Funny, how the pieces started to fall right into place right away, sort of felt stupid, in the puzzle area.

Within half an hour...we were with a second full mirror and Dad was just wiggling up the pieces to form a tighter and more reflective face.

"Done" he said, sleeves all rolled up and a bead of sweat on his forehead.

"Boy Dad, you did that like you were Possessed!"

You know, Evey...I sorta felt that way."

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Return to [BB Hidden Menu](#)

Wiping off the face of the new mirror with a clean wet rag, I could see the cloudiness appear in its center as did with Isla's the first time...and there she was.

END CHAPTER SIX

CHAPTER SEVEN

Isla...Meet Katherine...Your Mom!

Her face appeared, confused and alarmed. I figured I'd better speak first. "Hi, Ma'am, I am friends with your daughter Isla." Hoping that this "Was" her Mom.

"Isla, how is she?" "Where is she!?"

"Calm yourself a bit, she is safe and close by," I explained softly...and you're name is?

"Please excuse my actions, I'm Katherine, Mother of Isla.

I explained, to the best of my knowledge, what had happened to them both, done by the Witches and we were looking into a way to reverse the spell.

Dad gave me a "What the heck are you saying" look as all I had was a Latin Witch book, but I had high hopes I told him quietly.

"O.k., now, just be calm and we will call on Isla," I told her.

Tilting up Isla's mirror, her cloud started to appear and there she was, smiling at my return.

"I have some pretty wonderful news for you, just keep calm so you don't scare her, o.k.?"

"Scare whom?" she asked.

"Your Mom." I just splurged out to my Dad's rolling of his eyes at my not so great easing into the matter.

Well, she had a happy fit as we turned them towards each other. I could almost feel them hug between the mirrors.

They would have talked back and forth forever, but we needed some answers in order to find a reversal to this spell...if there was one.

Dad always said I wasn't much for the mushy stuff and always wanted to get right down to the job at hand, well...and I did.

"Katherine, would the last thing you remember be these words, "*Spiritum tuum in speculum nobis?*"

"Those words are burned into my mind like a brand, I will never forget them."

"Good, now we're getting somewhere," as Dad gave me the "What the heck" look again.

"Don't you see, Dad, they're both under the same spell, so what works on one will work on the other!"

He shook his head in agreement and said "But what is that?!"

"Well, I'm not quite sure, but I'm full of energy and hope." Dad smiled and nodded his approval.

Telling the girls that Dad and I had to read up on Witch things, we left them to talk, pointed at each other as into the home library we went.

Page after icky feeling page we looked over till there it was. All in Latin with a sketch of the fire and those dancing around it with the words, ... "" *Spiratum tuum in speculum nobis,* "pasted across the top of the page.

Dad started to read, mumbling to himself as I asked him to say it aloud so I may put in my ideas too. He smiled and said, "Great idea."

On he read first in Latin, then in English, for me, till he came to the word, "*frangendi*"...which simply means, "To Undo!"

"Oh, it can't be that easy." I blurted out till Dad kept on reading.

*"Pessumdare incantatores ... capillus
incantatores factor exigere debet in incensum super
locum in dicendo cantus reverse." Dad said.*

"Ok...Yeah, we can do that!" Looking at Dad who gave me the look again. "What does it mean?" I asked sort of dumbly.

"To undo the spell, a hair of the spell doer must be burned on the exact spot while saying the chant in reverse" He said.

"Great, I can get some hairs.... Oh." I then stopped talking.

"I just have to go back!" I said, before I even thought.

Dad looked at me and said, "WE have to go back, but this time when they're here dancing around a fire."

"Super idea, Dad. All we have to do is wait, and be ready."

Wait we did. Night after night, till the coming of the next full moon.

END CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER EIGHT

Shhhh, This is No Time to Split Hairs...

"Tomorrow' night's the full moon Evey...are you sure about this?" Dad asked.

With the craziness of the thought that we may get this family back together after way over a century made me blurt out "YES!" "Oops, sorry for yelling Dad" He sort of half smiled knowing of the danger that would be if we were discovered in their lair.

While waiting, Dad read more of the book and discovered something that peaked his interest a whole lot.

"Looke here Evey" he said excitedly, a way to keep the Witches at bay."

"At "What" Dad...

"Oh, sorry." "At Bay" means sort of backed away, afraid to mess with us!"

"Well, I certainly like that idea, I don't think I would fit well in a mirror.! Again, he gave me the half smile.

The night of the full moon came and we were ready. "Oh, one more thing" Dad said as he slung a bag with a long strap over his shoulder. "Now I'm ready!"

From the front window we watched till the moon was full and bright, seeing the glow of the fire over the dunes then we went. Circling around the dancing crones we made our way through the woods to where I remembered the huge dead tree was.

Maybe it was just fear or common sense kicking in but it seemed farther than the first time. Dad just followed closely behind.

Through a thick part, we came to an opening as before...and there was the gnarly huge trunk, standing tall, twisted and most of all scary.

We could hear the faint song of those dancing around the flames off in the distance, not a far enough distance if you know what I mean.

Feeling around for the secret branch, my hands ran up and over the area till again... "CLICK," and an ever so small opening gave way to my little fingers.

Dad helped me this time so it was easier to open but just as difficult to take the first step down those scary, nasty steps to their home.

Dad whispered..."How 'Far' down is the bottom?' As we wound around ever descending into the red glow.

"Soon, we will be to their main room Dad, I promise."

Then it opened...the fireplace glowed red like the eyes of a demon. Dad said, look for hair." "We need their hair!"

With my little flashlight and a strength that had to come directly from fear...I turned over... checked under and looked behind everything... till, "Dad...here!"

I had come across a space in the far corner of the cavern where there were five wooden stools placed exactly at the foot of their five beds.

Atop each one was a beautiful silver handled mirror. Picking one up, I admired the

beauty of scrolling on it till I jumped to the roof when Dad slapped me on the shoulder saying "Great...You've found some!" His praise didn't do to much for slowing down the speed racer heart thumping he caused.

"Here are five numbered zip plastic bags."
"Put at least five hairs in each as I take clippings from their blankets to match.

We were done in a flash, probably due to the wonderful reason we were doing this...
Naaawww, we were just scared to our bones!

As we took the first step up the stairs, there it was, "Click!"

Someone had come home and it wasn't who we wanted.

END CHAPTER EIGHT

CHAPTER NINE

*This Doesn't Look Really Good..
Maybe ...Awww, Were In Trouble Now!*

We could hear them cackling as they shuffled down the stairs.

Feeling around in the dim red lit darkness, I came upon a small cut out in the wall under the stairs. Grabbing Dad and pulling him into it right behind me we froze like the stone that hid us.

The Witches went directly to their stools, sitting and proceeded to brush their long hair.

One stood up and shouted. "Someone had been here...and touched my brush!"

"Mine Too!"

"Me also!"

"Yes...Yes!" they all chimed in agreeing.

Dad turned to me with that "Now is the time to get to running look and it was almost not necessary as I was up and in the stance already.

Up the long stairs we ran and squished, slipping and helping each other till we got to the top...but the door was shut.

I didn't have to know how to open the door the first time as I left it cracked a bit. This time we had to fumble in the dark to the pounding footsteps of the Witches coming up the stairs behind us.

"The heck with a door knob!" Dad said, and I saw him curl into this tight ball, wonder what the heck he was doing, as he sprang into the doorway breaking it open.

Now outside, Dad stopped. "What are you doing?!"

He looked to the side of the tree and saw a boulder. "Come her and push with me!"

We got our backs into it and it started to move a bit. We could hear the shrieks of the five stomping up the stairs.

I know it was only moments before they reached the top that Dad and I were able to push the boulder into the path of the opening door, stopping their exit and getting of us.

I don't remember much of the run home as my mind was full of what had just happened and how we almost became witch's food!

At the house, we both took double jumps up the front steps and right up to my room.

Boy...I'm glad no one else is around as we'd have to do some "Tall Explaining" after tonight!

Dad separated the hairs into two piles and with that, he paired one of them with the blanket piece.

Winding a strand of thread from each blanked cutting, he tied five cloth and hair little bundles. and put one hair from each Witch into its own little tie up.

"Now Evey, to the bonfire and I hope it still has some lit embers left.

We ran towards the dunes, not able to see any red from the fire.

As we reached the top, there was still a bit of glowing coals in the fire.

To its edge, we ran, stopping just short and kneeling down.

Dad asked be first for the mixed hairs.

Placing them atop the still red char, he said the incantation backwards ... slowly.....

"Nobis speculum in tuum spiritum"

There was a flash as he said the last word.

Then, the five packets of hair and blanket. Into the remaining glowing embers and that was all it took as the blinding flash, and explosion knocked us on our backsides and covered us in ash. The last heat of the bonfire gave forth with a reaction not soon forgotten by Dad or me.

Not knowing what, if anything would come to pass from our actions, we sped back to the house.

Coming over the dune, we could see shadows on the front porch.

As we ran nearer, we were able to make out the silhouettes of a woman and a young girl.

"It Worked, Dad." "It Did!" Beating Dad to them, I hugged Isla and we jumped up and down like best friends seeing each other after a long separation. Her Mom had tears in her eyes as Dad held her hands.

We started to all walk back into the house when we heard the rumble from deep in the woods.

Looking back towards the horrible noise, we saw a blinding tongue of light go straight up into the sky. It was from where we had been.

Carefully going back, we finally all stopped in front of where the giant tree stood...Only to see a burned piece of what once was along with scorched earth in the shape of a star.

The witches and their domain was sealed for all time, never to do evil upon the world again.

It seemed to calm Isla and her Mom as the walk back had smiles and even a bit of laughter.

When we returned, Katherine had a concerned look on her face that Dad recognized.

"You and Isla will be as Family and may live here as long as you like.

With this, Isla hugged me and Katherine the both of us, looking to Dad and simply smiling.

All went as one could believe a happy ending to have ...

The Mirrors of the Broken Glass by Mike Romano (page 51)

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Return to [BB Hidden Menu](#)

That was until one day...this thin plume of smoke wafted up from the center of that very spot where the Witches were destroyed.

Yeah, I'm sure they were.

Well...Pretty sure.....

THE END.....WE HOPE