

“Mirror”

By Tin Cetic

In horror stories you expect something you never see. Evil clowns, zombies, ghosts. You expect to see a little girl afraid of the dark or a psychopath hallucinating in his past. If you expect that, then I guess you should just stop reading. This is a true horror story. This is the story of your life.

Let's go to the beginning. To say the least, you're born screaming your lungs out. You've already caused your mother unexplainable pain that threatens her health for the rest of her life. Good Job.

Then for the next five years, your parents probably love you very much. They enjoy the good times as you do nothing all day, wet your diaper, do something... um... else in your diaper, and drain their money.

After that, your parents lock you into fate. They decide your school, your home, your interests, and train you to think whatever they want you to. It ends up that you really have no freedom at all. Never think that you control your life; your surroundings control your life,

Then you become a teenager. You struggle with grades, friends, parents, expectations, personal goals, love, little mistakes become bigger mistakes, and privacy. You never get what you want and you want what you never get. Once in a while you want to kill yourself, because you always want to be more than you are. You won't accept that you'll never be what you want. The harder you try, the longer you cry.

After that you're on your own. Out of nowhere you are left alone and have to deal with the real world. This time there are no parents, there are no rules, and there's no going back. Every mistake you make doesn't just go to the past. Every mistake follows you for the rest of our life.

Now you get married. The love you feel for that person dies quickly and you realize that you have to spend the rest of your life with that one person. And if you divorce, well, that's horror no doubt.

You have the problem of kids. You have to raise these little dudes to be prepared in life. You teach them to learn from *your* mistakes. Of course, they don't listen. In life, no one learns from others. People don't truly learn until they make mistakes themselves.

Now what? Let's see, we've had school, single life, marriage, and kids. That means that all there's left is getting old. You face horror like never before. You take many medical pills daily, you probably have a heart attack or a stroke, and you worry about your health during every breath you take. All of your friends are dying. Your husband or wife could die before you do. You feel lonely and loneliness is the greatest horror of all.

But, it ends differently than you expected. There's a happy ending to the story. You die. No more pain. No more worry. No more loneliness. The worst story of all has the best ending. They say, "All good things must come *to* an end". The truth is that all good things come *at* the end.

I believe that "life is a beautiful thing".