

Suddenly everything went dark. I won't ever forget the feeling of being held by two warm hands, the hands of that girl that ten years before had found me, and now they were picking me up. I can't explain how I ended up there, probably at the lowest point of my life, shattered, broken into a million pieces. Actually I can: it was Mave. Let me explain. It wasn't her fault. She was never guilty of anything.

Our, it was a complicated story, and her life, that was a difficult one.

Everything started when she was just seven years old in the ceiling of her grandma's country house. In that sultry afternoon of August, the suburbs of a rural city of Italy became the place where destiny decided to intertwine our existences. I can't remember anything before her.

I'm sure that I had another life before Mave, I had another owner, but it is just like someone decided to delete it all and store me in that cramped place, hoping for me for a fresh start.

The moment I realized I was alive was when Mave reflected herself in me. The first time in a long series.

She was shorter than me, blond hair, lively eyes, expression of the vitality imprisoned in her little body, with those soft short fingers that couldn't stop drawing and writing on the veil of dust that covered me all.

I must admit it. Initially I felt a little bit uncomfortable with her staring at herself in me.

However I got used to it because she decided that I was the most beautiful mirror she had ever seen, the mirror of a queen. From that moment on she has been my queen and the writings she had done on my glass sealed our pact of love.

I watched her grow through the years, from a corner behind the door of her bedroom with pink walls. She would energetically close the door every time she needed to adjust her air, check her fit, repeat some history lessons that she had to study, and I never got tired of it. It was a pleasure listening to her speaking on her own. It happened quite often. She used to think aloud and cry a lot. If I learned something during this long period of time, it is that she would have cried every time she needed to unwind her heart, free it. It was mirable. Those moans, those melancholy songs made out of tears, had the power to overreach the glass that separated me from her. I was actually able to feel her pain, suffer her torments, and participate in her misery.

However I've never understood my relationship with her. Though I felt so close to her, I don't think it was the same for her. Though I've always loved the way she looked in me, I don't think she liked what she saw reflected in me, or rather, there was a moment she stopped loving me.

I remember her trying on her purple headband, laughing, dressing and undressing her dolls, sitting on her fluffy carpet with her legs crossed and her back leaning against the bed. Then I remember her a little bit taller, longer hair, body changed, a little bit similar to her mother's body, who I managed to see when she would drop some clean clothes in Mave's room, but still a kid's one. Lately I got used to seeing her doing her makeup, being soiled by that black substance she used to cover her lashes, and to the river that sometimes flew out her deep eyes and dragged away everything she would eventually put on that already beautiful portrait that her face was.

The more time passed, the more she seemed to give me importance. We spent plenty of hours, standing facing one another; sometimes she sit down with her knees collected to her chest, as if those would have been an impenetrable wall to protect her heart, who knows,

maybe from me, and she moved her head closer and closer till the cold of my glass and her thoughts could touch each other.

Almost every night, the moment that demons leave their refuge and move around in the darkness, threatening the fragile mind, she checked her body in front of me, starting by surrounding her waist with those hands that wouldn't have ever been big enough to reach each other. She measured with her span the width of her legs and occasionally she turned in a 360 rotation just to be sure not to have gained any kilos and check that nothing had changed from the previous night. Her eyes seemed to have lost the light that distinguished them from every other one and in the apathy that was filling her glance, I could read the chaos and the confusion that were actually ruling her.

In those ghostly nights, the only thing I've dreamed about was talking with her. I would have given anything to pronounce just a few words, just some reassurances. I wanted her to feel as beautiful, breathtaking, magnificent as I saw her and I might have desired to be loved as I loved her.

Some nights, when her despair would have overcome the usual one, when she couldn't stand the idea of fitting into that body that she considered to be too cumbersome, I would have wanted to scream, shout with my glass fragments. I couldn't and I suffered.

I knew how she felt. I can't explain how and not even why, but I precisely know what was going through her mind and that feeling that she had to be too heavy can be compared to mine to be useless.

So we ended up here. I've never felt so close to her. The moment she threw that punch her blood must have mixed with mine. She freed me. I was her help request, her despair scream.

Although my life is over, it is better than seeing the person you love struggling every day with herself, better than not being able to help her, and better than participating in an indirectly proportional love where your love is the one increasing. She hated me, or rather, she hated the reflex she saw in me. I guess it doesn't change anything at this point.

Now she is sitting on the floor with her seventeen years old of innocence, surrounded by millions of pieces of my glasses, my substances, the one which made me up before she broke me, ending our love at first reflex.