

TEXT 7

The Stare Beyond the Reflective Surface

"Another one?"

"Seems so detective."

Detective Finn Higgins, the best man you could wish to ask for in the police force, coincidentally also the man who was no step closer to solving all these missing persons reports.

"I swear they all 'ust disappeared ta thin air." Will, his colleague, comments in his thick accent. When they first had started working together Mr. Finn would always comment on it, but now? He didn't mind it as much.

Mr. Higgins just grunts in acknowledgement. None of this made sense to him. You don't just go around kidnapping people without leaving even an ounce of evidence. No one can be that careful. And if someone that careful existed they wouldn't just kidnap people on random. He rubs his forehead feeling a migraine coming on.

Detective Finn enters the victims living room and looks around with the eye of a seasoned detective, and there is a lot to look at. The missing man was clearly a very posh lad, yet a lonely one at that. A sofa stood in the middle of the room in front of a modern TV and it might've once carried a cozy atmosphere, but now there was nothing joyful about the place. The dark, brush painted walls were lined with intricate paintings of people and amongst them, sat a huge mirror.

The detective's gaze lingers on the piece of art and his instincts scream at him. Didn't the last victim have a mirror just like this? He unconsciously smooths his fingers across the things frame and shivers. It's cold. Freezing. How can something so beautiful be so cold?

It would be silly yet genius if all these kidnappings were somehow connected to these mirrors, wouldn't it? Mr. Higgins breathes out silently, hearing his partner trudge behind him. Mr. Higgins focuses his eyes onto his own reflection before settling onto the reflection of Will. Quickly putting his hand back into his pocket.

"I want to know where he bought this."

"T' mirror?"

"Obviously." Mr. Finn states in a deadpan tone like always. He turns away, marching past his companion.

"Well, aight" Will shrugs his shoulders and begins fiddling with it to take it off its spot between the paintings. The detective takes a step aside and looks on, glowering at his reflection from afar until, it looks back at him.

Mr. Higgins shudders, forcing his gaze away. That's impossible.

That's it, he decides, time for a cigarette. Not being able to take the gnawing silence anymore the man takes out his pack and brings one between his fingers, fishing a lighter out of his pocket while Will stands the heavy mirror against a wall.

One of his senior colleagues always loved pestering him about smoking on crime scenes, that lad had a radar or something. A mystery he has grown to accept is bound to never be solved, simply accepted.

He lights the cigarette. Watching a pair of officers inspect the victim's working desk.

"Mr. Higgins." Ah, there he comes.

The famed detective inhales, unapologetically. "Sorry, yes, I'll put it out."

"No." He can hear the room quiet down as they all look his way. No. They're looking past him. His colleague flinches looking behind Mr. Higgins' shoulder.

"Your reflection. It's looking at us."