

## Mirror Image

By Peter S. Jacobs

“Come on, lets try the next pub. We’ll have to be in barracks before we know it. Mind you, the rate we’re going, we’d have more fun in barracks.”

“Not in Greece we won’t. That is where we are off to. I hear it’s all duty rosters and mind your backs. You would never think that we have victory over Europe.”

Tommy looked at Terry and Fred. “Well, at least we’ll get a pint at the Red Lion, and who knows, there may be some girls there.”

The three soldiers walked with a disciplined step along the broad walkway. A young women walking ahead of them came into view. As she was moving in the same direction, only the back of her could be distinguished.

Fred eyed her up and down, “Now there is a sight for sore eyes.”

“She looks just like a girl I new in Catford.” Tommy remarked. “She’s the right height, slim waste with pitch black hair. A mirror Image you might say.”

“And she’s certainly a stunner. Look at the seams of her stockings, they are straight and go right up to her skirt,” Terry chipped in. “Perhaps she is the girl you knew, Tommy. Catch her up and ask her.”

“She couldn’t be the same. The girl I new lived miles from here.”

“Go on.” persuaded Fred, what harm can be done?”

“No, I couldn’t do that. What if she isn’t. I’d feel a real idiot.”

“Well. If she isn’t, she may like to join us for a drink. She may have some friends who would like to come along to the Red Lion with us.”

Tommy paused in thought. They could certainly do with some female company, “Okay, you chaps stay here, and I’ll see if she is the girl I knew, or a mirror image of her.”

Tommy caught up to the trim figure in a few swift strides. Speaking in a hesitant manner, he sort to catch her attention. “Hello it’s a nice day for a walk, isn’t it?”

The young nicely proportioned figure, turned to Tommy. “You talking to me darling?” She asked with a hopeful tone in her voice.

For the first time her face could be seen. Tommy stood agape. The girl had no teeth, and a cast in one eye.

He said the first thing that came into his head. “Oh, so sorry love, I thought you were someone else.” He then swivelling in an about turn, red faced, he strode back to his grinning mates.

“She wasn’t a mirror image then,” they quipped.

“No. But I feel dreadful doing that. She may have been very nice.”