

# EBOOK GHOSTWRITING SAMPLE

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*You ask me what disturbed me so much. How would I describe it to you...? I was in an apartment I encountered an unknown person in my apartment. I walked out and stopped. There was a clinging of women's blue eyes to me. She was staring at me, not flashing. A strange woman, and yet somehow known, around her gloomy haze. It seemed to me that I had seen the ghost. I did not recognize it immediately. First, my hair is not gray, look. It's neat every month with L'Oréal light blond. And there are many other colors, some sounds oddly appealing: champagne, strawberry, cognac, as something to eat or drink, but my favorite is this, I've always used it. I'm afraid of myself, I've been getting used to all these years since I retired. But not so much in the hair, that color is bright enough to look like gray in the crescent. Actually, I was scared of that face. You understand, that's the face of the old man. Like I was in my mirror seeing my older sister, who's been dead for ten years. We were quite similar. Well, I could not possibly see my dead sister! It took me a moment or two to assemble and realize that the woman who saw me was no display, but my own reflection in the mirror. And the realization that I was really, I was even more shocked. Why did I think she was in front of me? Well, it was already late, the dusk, only the contours of that person were seen. Somehow it seems to be ... burning? Like when you look at a very old mirror with brown spots. Stains spread all over the parts become blurred, and the rest of the image is hovering, the edges are unclear, crooked. Somewhat scary.*

*It's easy to say that this is not the real picture of a person, but still, as it is. So you see others, or you do not see them. Like you're a ghost. And the actual person myself, I have experienced it, becomes somewhat spotty, more transparent. I thought an unknown stranger, somehow, entered the apartment somehow because I did not lock the door. I know this happens more and more often, to forget to lock it. Or to leave the key in the lock on the outside. And then it seemed to me that I was the one I saw the other. My own picture. The mirror was always there, in the foyer, right next to the exit door. A big, old mirror, from late mum, from their old apartment. With a baroque frame with a wavy wormhole. I've already forgotten that there, so many unnecessary things have accumulated for years. I'm constantly planning to clean the apartment thoroughly, throw starvation, but I have no power. I am tired. Maybe I pulled the coat out of the hanger or the curtain in the window, revealing the shielded mirror again. But I noticed it only after I saw that strange person - herself. After this meeting, all my mirrors became a real deal. I always look again at the person standing in front of me.*

*I wonder how impossible a man cannot see, he does not immediately recognize his character. Is it possible to see myself so different? True, my view in the direction of that person is usually fleeting, fast, passionate, superficial, as we look at passers-by. But, for God's sake, I almost collided with myself!*



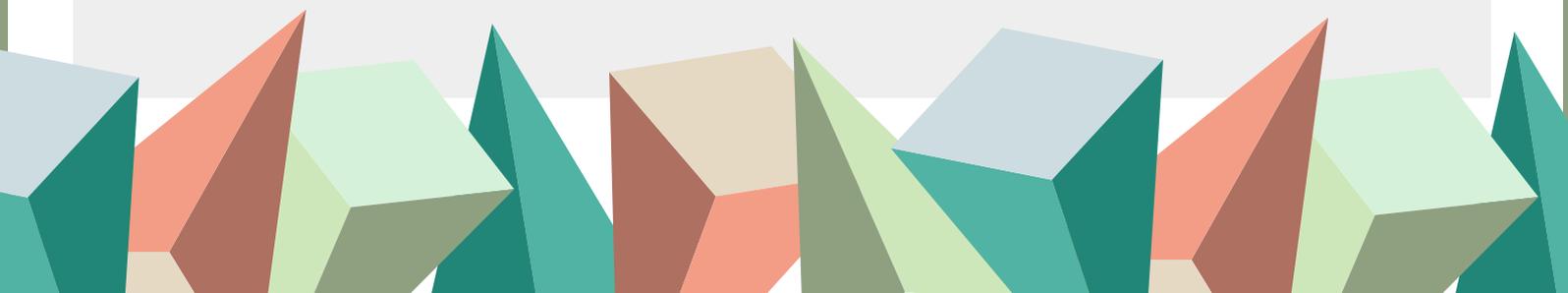
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*I walked straight to the woman who approached me, not showing intention to get out of my way. I stopped at a few steps away, and only then did I see myself in that woman. The way I see another. When they see me at all. This encounter with myself, as others see me, has been disturbed for another reason. He reminded me of something else I did not see for a long time. Look at the man. But no, not a certain man! Sometimes something happens sometimes when I walk on the sidewalk and I see an unknown man going to me. The deck is narrow and you must pass by. When two people pass, they usually instinctively look at each other in the eye. Unless they just want to escape, and why should they? Their eyesight met, that's inevitable, I believed. Maybe because I got used to it. He has, say, in the middle years, his temples are already gray, but you cannot be a son, though he is younger. And then you see his look. He looks at you and you see he does not see you. Looks through you, just like you're out of glass. You see how his look goes through you. Of course, yours is the first thought that he is a madman, a sleepwalker who is going to hit you. It does not look like you're going to go through you all over the body, not just the look.*

*Nevertheless, he forsakes in the last moment as if an indefinite object, a disturbance, a living obstacle, has come to an end. I did not recognize myself and it's already terrible enough, but now others do not see me either! I became an obstacle, just that. And that is just the beginning. The beginning of what? Well, let people watch me. Or, if they keep their eyes on me, to feel their pity, sometimes I would say disgust. I feel more invisible, as if I'm missing out. Yes, of course I exist, but what does it mean when I do not get confirmation of my existence from others? When they behave like they do not see me. I live near a large crossroads. But sometimes when the traffic is smaller and in daylight, I dare to cross the street, not waiting for the green light to light up. I should not do this because the cars are running fast and I can easily run into someone who runs the road, though it's red for the pedestrians. It happened to me that the driver did not see me, not to slow down. That experience frightened me. Of course, I cannot run anymore, nor do I want to. Sometimes I stand at that crossroads and observe that drivers or drivers, in any case, stumble upon the street crossing the mother with a wheelchair, women with children, young people. I'm just as fat as a girl who just before me, in that same place, crossed the corner while there was a red light at the traffic light. And yet, the driver behaved as if I did not.*

*He woke up so I had to step back to the sidewalk. Of course, that was not the same driver who was stuck in front of the girl. But still ... You ask me how to explain it to myself. It seems to me to reveal a new dimension of existence. At the same time I exist and I do not exist because I'm getting ... pale. Perhaps there is a custom in society that does not allow older women to say they actually turn into glass? First it is blurry, then in a very clear way. Their size means nothing, weight and height are neglected.*

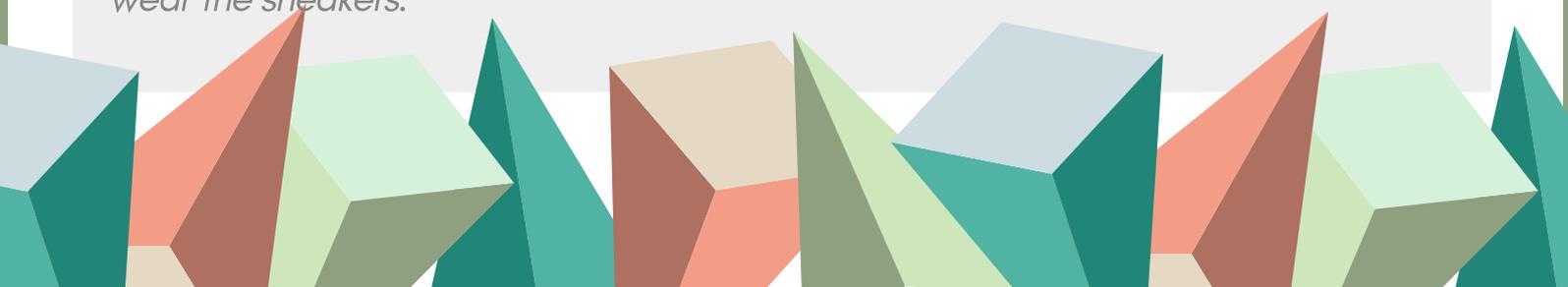


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*Clothes also. It's not like you do not exist, but it's like you live in some other dimension. Everything is the same and yet - it's not the same. People are different about you, and you, as an invisible woman, need to adjust it. Only that does not go to my hand. Indeed, it took me a long time to understand how I became invisible. In the shop, at a bank, in front of any counter, on the street ... It took me a long time to notice how I disappeared, I saw it first in the eyes of others. Actually, it was somehow the hardest thing to see myself as clear as before. I'm aware of the changes, but still I'm still a real, alive person, even though I'm old. I thought, when I already exist in that invisible form, maybe the transparent substance I'm pretending - a pure spirit? Yes, I wonder, although I know you do not have an answer. You have noticed that until now I have not used the word "aging". This is a process, initially quite slow and almost inexplicable. At some point it starts to accelerate, but you can notice it at some point because someone else already notes that you almost become an old man. Do you say it is a negative idea about yourself? No no! Well, the problem is that I do not have such a negative idea, but I see myself different than I see another. Certainly not like an unknown woman in the mirror. Or as an illustration. Or a transparent spirit. The thing is in others, in their perception. When these other people fail to notice, then you cannot see yourself anymore. I'm interested in you when I started feeling changeable, old? My body changed first. I noticed it first by buying new clothes. Suddenly he did not like me anymore. Or better, I felt as if I was trying out somebody else's clothes. And even yesterday, my dressed gowns and t-shirts were pretty good. How was there nothing more to suit me? Everything has become too narrow and too short, somehow inappropriate. I did not have the power to try anything anymore. It made me bored, meaningless. You need to spend hours looking at the stack of clothes and getting something you like. Then, I bothered the cabin, that neon light, and the tight space in which you waked, avoiding the look of your tired, clothed body, over the pounds, on the sunken skin. No, no, it was not because of my current mood. Exactly the other way round would be to make me the fact that nothing fits me. I began to hesitate in front of the shops where the retailers had greeted me warmly yesterday, because I spent a lot of myself, and that was obvious. Now, if I decide to go in, the young salesman is measuring from head to toe, assessing whether I'm taking her time alone. They are not kind to these beautiful girls. They are condemned, make me painfully aware of my age. In my years I should have more confidence, I say to myself. Do not let a shakeup prevent you from buying. As long as you have the money, you are a mistress. But that does not help either.*

*I feel bad, I do not go shopping anymore. I used to enjoy nice shoes in the past. But when I could not walk in high heels, I found that elegant salons with a small fifth were a real rarity. I did not pay attention to that before, it seemed to me to have all kinds of shoes and that they were all modern. When I began to hurt the floorboards - your feet are lowering, Mrs., there was an explanation of the orthopedist - I started to wear the sneakers.*



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*I remember when my friend of one summer showed my nipples. It was only fifty-six years old. Your feet are down, I said, and she looked at me in wonder. This will pass, she shook her hand. It did not go away, the pain grew stronger as long as she did not start wearing comfortable, flat shoes. But you asked me when my invisibility began, as I call it. Recently I would say that she started with this encounter with an unknown woman in the mirror, with her being unprepared. When I think about it today, I would say that it is a long-lasting process. That process would call a chronicle of disappearance. It's strange how some parts of a person disappear gradually. Does the first person disappear? But what, is not the face first! From today's perspective, I know the face disappears the last. You do not look at him, but you see him, you meet him every day. And those around you, just look at your face. The first symptoms of invisibility begin in bed, not on the street. In the double bed. My husband and my invisibility are closely related. It started on my sixty-third birthday. He was drinking a little. Later, in the bedroom, as I got down, he told me I was fat. That's right, fat! Never told me before, he never used that word. Nor did he just be skinny.*

*He said it was just like that then - after a long time - looked at the body, my dead body. And he did not know him. When he recognized him, though, as though he had admitted and rejected his team at the same time. Disappeared, as I felt at that moment. I still remember the terrible feeling of shame that caught me as I stood naked before him who saw me like that. I remember, I was in menopause and made a tummy that I could easily swallow with clothes. This is happening to all women. I had maybe five kilograms of surplus, but I looked far better than him, with that beer stomach. I know, I should have gone on a diet, losing those damn pounds. At gymnastics or yoga ... I needed to worry about myself. But I did not have time, I was still working, I had an interesting job, company. After all, did he struggle around him? It is not. It was normal for me to try and not to. It was as if I had suddenly shuddered, though it never happened. I felt more and more like a piece of furniture, a useful piece that only occasionally talks, hears more, cooks, rescues him from loneliness and depression. My husband was a good man, but he was mostly interested in books, not people. He did not live entirely in this world. I was his only connection to reality until he died, demented. So, this evening I pulled to my side of the double bed. He put his hand to draw me and embrace it as before sleeping. He knew he said something ugly. I did not think so, he whispered to me. He did not think so, but he said that because he saw me that way. I stayed on my own.*

