The Mirror

I took a glance in the mirror. What I saw truly petrified me and a piercing scream escaped my mouth. But the creature just copied me. An old lady with a walking stick stared at me, with icy blue eyes filled with misery. Her face was wrinkled and forlorn - the years had evidently not been kind to her. My eyes travelled to the background and I noticed an army of soldiers with weapons were walking towards her; she was targeted. I clutched my clothes and covered my eyes but something forced me to strain my gaze towards the glass. Who was this person, looking at me? The lady’s haunted countenance was pleading for help, but I didn’t know what to do. She had a permanent frown glued onto her face and a skull-like appearance. Suddenly, the woman reached out of the mirror and grasped my shoulder desperately. I shrieked again, louder this time, and crumpled to the floor in a heap.

I was busy cleaning the kitchen when I heard a yelp from one of the bedrooms. I dashed to Mrs Linton’s room and saw her lying on the floor with her eyes closed. Her face was ghostly pale.

“ Mrs Linton, Mrs Linton, are you okay?” I cried, terrified. I ran back to the kitchen and returned with a jug full of ice-cold water. I splashed some over her clammy hands and face and tried to shake her awake. Slowly, her eyes flickered open and she grabbed my hand.

“ Nelly,” she whispered, “ there is a hideous creature in my mirror!”

I looked in the glass, but all I saw was a normal reflection.

“ There’s no hideous creature,” I replied, bewildered. Abruptly, Mrs Linton screamed as loud as a siren and rushed to a corner of the room.

“ It’s there, it’s there, it's there!” she shrieked. I frowned deeply. What was going on here?

“ Mrs Linton, it’s-” I began saying gently.

“ STOP!” she cried. Her head was buried in her hands. I started towards the door, thinking to find help, but Mrs Linton pulled me back.

“ That animal in the mirror haunts me in my dreams,” she said softly. “ Stay with me, for I fear what will happen when you are gone.”

I waited for a few minutes and covered the mirror with a shawl, as I didn’t know what else to do. When she seemed calm enough, I said, “ Mrs Linton, it is you in the mirror, and nothing else. Should I take off the shawl now, so you can see?”

I thought that she would say “ no” immediately, but, surprisingly, she took a deep breath and said,” You may, but I fear of what is to come.”

As slow as a snail, I lifted off the shawl.

“You see, Mrs Linton,” I said, “there is you, and there is me, by your side. There is no monster.” Mrs Linton blinked a few times and the colour returned to her face again.

She said, “Ah, so it is! I must have had a hallucination. Thank you Nelly, but stay with me, for I dread it happening again.

And so, I stayed.

Alveena Hasan, aged 11