**The Mirror**

By Radhika Shah (Age 9)

In the dark, dusty attic, I had been sitting on the hard wooden floor, trying to forget the replaying events in my mind. Me, standing at home, in the spare lifeless bedroom, staring at the creepy mirror next to the table. I never remembered that being there.

All of a sudden, my attention changed from that image to something much scarier, something that made me freeze in fright for a second. My blood turned to ice. My heart stopped beating. There was only silence. The mirror, the mirror I saw in that horrifying event was there. A scarlet cloth lay peacefully next to it. Walking forward anxiously, I faced the mirror, holding the cloth like a bullfighter would. Before covering the mirror though, my feelings changed. I couldn’t resist a tiny look. But, I saw something else terrifying me.

I couldn’t bring myself to believe what I was seeing. It was me, however I wasn’t the young, beautiful person I am. There was a face in that mirror, with the same freckles, the same hazel eyes, the same chocolate brown hair. But, I had a depressed expression and I was clutching my heart. My legs trembled as I fell to the floor in agony. I shrieked. I was dying.

Then, Nelly almost magically appeared in the room. I had never felt so relieved to see her. I had explained, taking deep breaths, what had happened to me. The queer thing was that Nelly found the mirror, the mirror which showed me dying perfectly ordinary.

But now, no-one, even Nelly can pull that event out of my mind. Am I going to die?