**Who am I?**

By Nora Khediri (Age 11)

Emelia took one last look around as her eyes surveyed the corridor. No-one was to be seen: perfect! She silently opened the door and slipped into the forbidden room. In her path stood the cursed mirrors. Rumours, that surrounded it, said that it was supposed to tell you your future, your past and maybe even your fears. Above the water, Emelia acted as though she didn’t have a care in the world for that sort of stuff but deep down her heart pleaded to know. The mirror stood proudly in front of her with a smirk as if daring her to fall into its trap. The temptation was too much and she ran towards it. “Who am I?” she whispered. “What is my purpose here, trapped in the towers of this house with my one true love, Tristan, at arm’s reach but never in touching distance?” the young girl enquired raising her voice with every word. “What am I meant to be?” she said now screaming while tears ran down her face.

Emelia was getting desperate; she had an aching hole in her heart which had been filled with lies and mysteries. Her reflection gazed back at her with the look of discomfort. Suddenly, the mirror began to stutter. Emelia’s reflection changed as her eyes darkened with sadness and her hair greyed with age. A cold, brooding man walked into the picture and put his hands on her hunched shoulders. Emelia, as insanity flooded her mind, swatted at her shoulders trying to push him away. The man sneered, “Copy these words my beauty, copy these words. I will give you my soul, I will give you my life.” Not in her right, she repeated the words. As she spoke the last word, she fell to her knees and the mirror shattered. The last word Emelia ever said was…life.