Mysteries of a Mirror

*Mrs Linton:*

I glanced into the ancient, mossy mirror, and what was ahead of me was no good. I clenched my shoulders together and was frozen, struggling not to look. What I saw felt like a tempestuous nightmare. A pale little girl stood on the other side of me - and it looked as if she was copying me. Her eyes appeared as if they were near to oozing out with gushing blood. She was wearing a stained, lace dress.

“Who are you…?” I cried.

For it did not move, nor respond. Trembling and bewildered, I clutched my blanket and gathered it over me. My stomach turned and flipped like twisted vines. Suddenly, as I stumbled back, its arm reached towards me. Crumpled and unshaven, my eyes awakened as I revealed the blanket off me and leaned closer to cover the beast.

I kneeled down when - all of a sudden - a piercing scream escaped my trembling mouth, and I heard footsteps dashing towards my room.

“What is wrong miss?!” Eleanor exclaimed, with a panicked look on her face.

“This room… It-it’s haunted!” I screamed.

I clenched my hands around her and drowned her dress in my tears.

“Oh nonsense, you're fine, just go to sleep miss!” she responded, while leaving the room.

Suddenly, like a gaping black hole, I was sucked into what looked like the mirror. Everything went black after that.

*Eleanor:*

Once again, I approached her room and this time she was unconscious…

“Miss! Miss!” I yelled tugging on her nightgown but she didn't respond. “Someone, help! Miss is unconscious…” but no one was home. Gradually, she gasped and began to cough. “Oh phew! Miss, are you okay?” I exclaimed in a rush. This time she was even more pale.

“Be careful it might get you!” Miss cried, still gasping for air.

“It’s over now.” I said, reassuringly.

Melissa Eleftheriou, aged 10