

The Mirror in My Room



Dan's English Student Original Story

Stage 1

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(About 3000 words / Stage 1 level)

Chapter 1: A Normal Morning

My name is **Hana**. I am twenty years old, and I live in a small apartment in a quiet town. I work at a café near the station. Every morning is the same. I get up at seven, make a cup of tea, take a shower, get dressed, look in the mirror, and go to work.

The mirror in my room is tall and old. It stands near the window. My grandmother gave it to me when I moved to this apartment.

"It is a special mirror," she said.

I only laughed. "A special mirror? How?"

"You will see," she said with a smile.

But I never saw anything special. It was only a mirror.

That Monday morning felt normal too. I went to the mirror to brush my hair. But something looked strange. My hair looked a little longer than yesterday. That was not possible.

"I am tired," I said to myself. "Maybe I didn't sleep well."

I finished getting ready and went to work.

Chapter 2: A Busy Day

The café was very busy. People came in and out all day. They bought coffee, tea, and sandwiches.

"Morning, Hana!" said my co-worker **Leo**.

"Morning," I said.

"You look different today," he said. "Your hair is nice."

I looked at him. "Really? It is the same as always."

"No, it is a little longer," he said.

I touched my hair again. This morning I thought the same thing. Something was strange. But I did not want to think too much.

After work, I walked home. The sun was going down, and the sky was orange. It was a beautiful evening. When I arrived home, I was tired. I made dinner and sat down to read a book. After a while I felt sleepy, so I went to my room.

I looked in the mirror again. My hair looked even longer now. Almost five centimeters longer than the morning.

“What is happening?” I asked the mirror. Of course, it did not answer.

I went to bed with a strange feeling.

Chapter 3: The First Sign

The next morning, something new happened.

I woke up and sat on my bed for a minute. I stood up and walked to the mirror. I opened my eyes wide. My hair was back to normal. Not long. Not different. Just normal.

I felt confused. “Was it only a dream?”

I touched the mirror. The glass felt cold. I looked very carefully. Then I saw something else. Behind my reflection, the room looked a little different. The window looked bigger. The curtains were not the same color. The small plant near my bed was taller in the mirror.

I turned around. The window was normal. The curtains were white, not blue like in the mirror. And the plant was short, like always.

I looked back at the mirror again. The room in the mirror was not my room.

I felt cold inside. I wanted to run away, but my feet were heavy. Slowly, I took a small step closer to the mirror.

“Hello?” I said to my own reflection. Of course, it did not speak. But something strange happened. My reflection smiled at me, but I was not smiling.

I fell back onto my bed.

Then the reflection moved its hand and pointed at something in the mirror-room. A small wooden box on a table. I looked at the real table. There was no box.

I looked back. The reflection put its hand on the box and opened it. A soft light came from it.

I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, the mirror showed only my normal room.

Chapter 4: Talking with Friends

The strange mirror stayed in my mind all day. At work I made mistakes. I dropped a cup. I forgot a customer's order.

"Hana, are you OK?" Leo asked.

"Yes... I think so," I said. But I did not sound OK.

During lunch break, I told Leo everything.

He listened. Then he laughed. "Maybe you watched too many movies last night."

"I didn't," I said. "I really saw it."

"Mirrors don't do that," he said.

"But this one did."

He looked at me and sighed. "Okay. Let's go to your place after work. I want to see this special mirror."

I felt better with this idea. I did not want to be alone with the mirror again.

Chapter 5: The Mirror Shows Nothing

After work, Leo and I walked to my apartment.

"So," he said, "the mirror shows a different room?"

"Yes. And my reflection smiled on its own," I said.

He laughed again. "Maybe your mirror just likes you."

We entered my room. The mirror stood by the window, quiet and ordinary.

"Show me," Leo said.

I stood in front of the mirror. My heart beat fast.

But nothing strange happened. The reflection was normal. The curtains were white. The plant was short. My hair was normal.

"Do you see anything strange?" I asked.

Leo shook his head. "It's only a mirror."

"But this morning—"

"Hana, maybe you were tired," he said gently. "Mirrors can look strange when you are sleepy."

I wanted to believe him. Maybe I was tired.

But deep inside, I knew something was happening.

Chapter 6: The Second Sign

That night, I woke up suddenly. The room was dark, but something was shining. A soft blue light came from the mirror.

I sat up slowly.

In the mirror, the room was bright. The curtains were blue again. The plant was tall again. And this time, my reflection was not alone.

A girl stood beside my reflection. She was about my age. She had long black hair and a soft smile. She wore a white dress. She looked kind, not scary.

She waved at me.

I felt fear, but also curiosity.

“Who are you?” I whispered.

The girl in the mirror touched the wooden box again. She opened it. The soft light grew brighter.

She pointed at me, then pointed at the box.

“What? You want me to... open it?” I asked.

She nodded.

“But the box is not in my room...”

Suddenly, the box appeared on my real table. I gasped. It was small, brown, and old. Exactly like the one in the mirror.

The girl smiled.

I walked slowly to the table. My hands were shaking. I touched the box. It was real. I opened it.

Inside was a small, round mirror. A hand mirror.

When I touched it, the room became bright. I heard a voice behind me.

“Thank you.”

I turned around. The girl from the mirror was standing in my room.

Chapter 7: The Girl from the Mirror

I stepped back. “Are you... real?”

She nodded. "Yes. My name is **Mira**."

"Mira... like 'mirror'?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yes. I come from the other side of the mirror."

I didn't understand. "Why me? Why my mirror?"

She touched the big mirror. "Your grandmother knew me. Many years ago, I was lost in the mirror world. She helped me. She gave this mirror to you because she knew you could help me too."

"My grandmother...?" I felt warm. She always told strange stories.

"I must go back to my world," Mira said. "But I need the hand mirror to open the door."

"Door?" I asked.

"Yes. The mirror-door between our worlds." She pointed to the large mirror. "It will open for only a few minutes."

"What must I do?" I asked.

"Hold the hand mirror with me."

I took the hand mirror. Mira held the other side.

A strong wind blew in the room. The big mirror shone like the sun. The glass surface waved like water.

Chapter 8: The Mirror Door Opens

The big mirror opened like a door. Behind it was a bright blue world with tall trees and soft clouds.

"It's beautiful..." I whispered.

Mira smiled. "Thank you, Hana. You opened the way."

"Can you go home now?" I asked.

"Yes. But..." Her face became sad. "The door will close in seconds. And the hand mirror must stay with you. It belongs to your family."

"So we can't meet again?" I asked.

Mira shook her head. "Not now. But one day, the mirror may open again."

I felt tears in my eyes.

She touched my hand. "Don't be sad. Because of you, I can go home."

The wind became stronger. The mirror-door began to close.

Mira stepped into the mirror-world. She turned and waved at me.

"Goodbye, Hana!"

"Goodbye, Mira!"

The door closed with a soft sound.

My room became quiet again.

Chapter 9: A Quiet Morning Again

The next morning, everything looked normal. The curtains were white. The plant was short. My hair was normal. The mirror stood quietly.

But the hand mirror was still on my table.

I held it gently. It felt warm.

At work, Leo looked at me. "You look better today."

"I am," I said. "I slept well."

He nodded. "Good. You were very strange yesterday."

I smiled. "Yes... but I understand things better now."

Inside, I felt light. Something magical had happened, but also something good.

Chapter 10: A Promise in the Mirror

That evening, I looked into the big mirror again. It showed my normal room. Nothing strange.

But then, for a second, I saw Mira's face in the mirror. She smiled.

And I smiled too.

I knew she was safe. And I knew the mirror would open again someday.

Until then, I kept the hand mirror in a box near my bed. A small light shone from it, soft and warm.

My life was normal again. But I was not the same.

I had seen another world.

I had helped someone.

And I felt happy.

The End