

The Mirror in My Room 2

The Hand Mirror's Secret



Hana

Dark Fog

Dan's English Student Original Story

Stage 1

The Mirror in My Room – Book Two

The Hand Mirror's Secret

(About 3,000 words / Stage 1 level)

Chapter 1: A Calm Week

A week passed after Mira returned to the mirror world.

I went to work at the café every day, talked with Leo, and tried to live normally. But every night, before sleeping, I looked at the hand mirror.

The hand mirror was small and round, with a silver handle. My grandmother kept it for many years. Now it was mine. It sometimes felt warm, as if it was alive.

I didn't see Mira again. I didn't see the mirror world. But I felt that something was coming. I didn't know if it was good or bad.

On Friday evening, I was cleaning my room when the hand mirror suddenly shone with a soft blue light.

My heart jumped.

"Mira?" I whispered.

But no face appeared.

Only the light.

Then the big mirror in my room shook for a second, like water touched by the wind.

Something was happening again.

Chapter 2: A Message

The next morning, I asked Leo to meet me in a quiet park near the station.

He came with a cup of coffee in each hand. "Morning, Hana. What's up? You look serious."

I told him about the hand mirror shining.

He sighed. "Not the mirror again..."

“I know it sounds strange,” I said. “But last time, the mirror really opened. Mira was real. You didn’t see her, but she was real.”

“I believe you,” he said. “Well... half believe.”

Before I could answer, the hand mirror inside my bag shook. I quickly opened the bag.

The mirror was glowing again—bright this time.

Leo stood up. “Okay, I believe you now!”

A soft voice came from the mirror.

“Hana... help...”

I gasped. “Mira?!”

The voice was weak.

“Hana... the mirror world... is in danger...”

Then the light went out.

Leo stared at me. “Did your mirror just talk?”

“Yes,” I said quietly. “And Mira needs help.”

Chapter 3: The Mirror Opens Again

That night, I sat in front of the big mirror. I put the hand mirror on my lap.

“Please open,” I whispered. “Let me see Mira.”

Nothing happened for a long time.

Then, slowly, the glass of the big mirror began to glow.

The surface turned blue.

The air moved like wind.

Finally, the mirror opened like a door again.

But this time, no one stood on the other side. The mirror world looked dark. The sky was gray, and the trees were losing their color.

I stepped back. “What happened...?”

A shadow appeared at the edge of the mirror-door, small and shaking.

It was a child.

A girl, maybe ten years old. She wore simple clothes and had dark hair tied in a short braid.

She looked scared.

“H-help,” she said in a small voice. “Please... Are you Hana?”

“Yes,” I said gently. “Who are you?”

“My name is **Lina**,” she said. “Mira sent me. She said you can help us.”

“Where is Mira?” I asked.

Lina’s eyes filled with tears.

“She is trapped.”

The mirror shook again.

“Hurry,” Lina said. “The door is closing!”

I took a deep breath.

I had no time to think.

I took Lina’s hand and jumped through the mirror.

The door closed behind us.

Chapter 4: The Fading World

The mirror world was cold. The colors were fading, like old paint on a wall. The trees were pale blue. The ground was almost white. Even the air looked thin.

“What is happening to your world?” I asked.

Lina held my hand tightly. “The Light Tree is dying.”

“The Light Tree?”

She pointed to the distance. A tall, glowing tree stood on a hill. But its light was weak, flickering like a candle in the wind.

“Mira protects the Light Tree,” Lina said. “But a dark fog came last week. It made the Tree sick. Mira went to stop it, but... she didn’t come back.”

So the world was losing its light because Mira was missing.

“We must find her,” I said.

Lina nodded.

We began walking toward the hill.

Chapter 5: The Dark Fog

As we walked, the light grew weaker.

Small animals ran past us, scared. Some trees turned gray right in front of our eyes.

I felt a cold fear deep inside.

“Mira... where are you?”

Suddenly, Lina stopped. She pointed ahead.

A thick, black fog moved slowly across the ground.

“What is that?” I asked.

“The Dark Fog,” Lina whispered. “It eats light. It makes everything weak.”

The fog made a low sound, like a heavy breath.

We moved quietly around it, but the fog suddenly turned toward us.

“It sees us!” Lina cried.

“Run!” I shouted.

We ran as fast as we could, but the fog was faster. It reached for us like long fingers.

Just when it was about to catch us—

A beam of blue light shot from the trees.

The fog screamed and moved back.

A tall figure stepped out.

It was **Mira**.

Chapter 6: Mira's Condition

"Mira!" I ran to her.

She looked tired, almost transparent. Her skin was pale. Her dress was torn. But her smile was still warm.

"Hana... thank you for coming," she said weakly.

Lina hugged her tightly.

"Mira, you're hurt!" I said.

She nodded. "The Dark Fog took my power. I can't protect the Light Tree alone now."

"What can we do?" I asked.

Mira took my hands. "The hand mirror. It holds a piece of your world's light. If we take it to the Light Tree, we can save both worlds."

I touched the hand mirror in my bag. It glowed softly.

"But the Dark Fog watches the Tree," Mira said. "It will try to stop us."

I swallowed hard. "We will go together."

Mira nodded. "Yes. Together."

Chapter 7: Toward the Light Tree

We walked toward the hill.

The Dark Fog moved around us, watching, waiting. Mira held her hand up, and a faint blue light surrounded us like a thin shield.

But I could see the shield getting weaker.

"Hana," Mira whispered. "The hand mirror... hold it up."

I took it out and lifted it. A soft white light shone from its surface.

The Fog hissed and pulled back.

“It’s afraid of the mirror,” Lina said.

“Yes,” Mira said. “Your world’s light is strong.”

We walked faster.

At the top of the hill, we saw the Light Tree clearly. It was tall and beautiful, with leaves like small stars. But its branches were dim, as if the stars were dying.

“We must give the mirror’s light to the Tree,” Mira said.

“How?” I asked.

“Just touch the Tree with it.”

I nodded.

But at that moment, the Dark Fog gathered around the hill.

It was waiting.

Chapter 8: The Last Light

The Fog rose like a black wave, taller than the hill. It made a terrible sound.

Lina held my arm. “Hana, I’m scared...”

“I’m scared too,” I said. “But we’re not alone.”

Mira stepped in front of us. “I will give you a path.”

She raised her hands. A blue light opened a narrow road through the Fog.

But her light was weak. The road was closing fast.

“Hana! Go!” Mira shouted.

I ran forward, holding the hand mirror tightly.

The Fog pushed against me, cold and heavy. I felt it pulling at my strength.

I thought I might fall—

But Mira's voice came behind me.

"Hana! Believe in your light!"

I took a deep breath and lifted the hand mirror high.

A bright white light burst from it.

The Fog screamed and broke apart.

I reached the Tree.

I touched the trunk with the mirror.

Suddenly, everything exploded with light.

Chapter 9: A New Dawn

The white light spread across the hill, the forest, the sky—everywhere.

The Dark Fog vanished like smoke.

The Light Tree glowed brighter and brighter until I had to close my eyes.

When I opened them again, the world was full of color. Blue trees, golden flowers, rivers like green glass.

The air was warm.

Mira stood beside me. She looked healthy again, full of light.

"You did it," she said. "You saved our world."

"No," I said. "We did it."

Lina ran to us and hugged both of us.

The Light Tree shone with beautiful leaves again.

"Will the Fog return?" I asked.

"Not for a long time," Mira said. "Your light is strong. It will protect us."

I looked down at the hand mirror.
Its glow was soft now, peaceful.

“Can I return home?” I asked.

Mira nodded. “Yes. The mirror-door will open.”

We walked back to the big mirror-door.
It shone quietly.

Mira took my hands.

“Hana, you are a friend to our world. You can come again anytime the mirror calls you.”

“I will,” I said. “And you can visit me too.”

She laughed. “Maybe one day.”

Lina waved. “Goodbye, Hana!”

I stepped through the mirror.

And I was back in my room.

Chapter 10: The Warm Mirror

My room was quiet.

The big mirror was normal again, reflecting my room, my face, my tired smile.

I looked down at the hand mirror.

It glowed softly for a moment, then stopped.

I felt warm inside.

At the café the next day, Leo asked, “So... did something strange happen again?”

I smiled. “Yes. But everything is okay now.”

He laughed. “I don’t know what’s going on, but I’m glad you’re safe.”

That night, before sleeping, I looked into the hand mirror again.

In the reflection, for a second, I saw Mira and Lina standing beside the Light Tree, waving at me.

I waved back.

The mirror world was safe.

And my world felt brighter too.

Things would be normal again.

But now I knew

normal life can still have magic.

The End