

DAN'S ENGLISH STUDENT ORIGINAL STORY

THE MIRROR IN MY ROOM

BOOK THREE

THE STRANGER WITH NO REFLECTION



LEVEL: STAGE 1

The Mirror in My Room – Book Three

The Stranger with No Reflection

(About 3,000 words / Stage 1 level)

Chapter 1: A Quiet Month

One month passed after the Light Tree was saved.

My life became calm again. I worked at the café, talked with Leo, and sometimes looked at the hand mirror before sleeping. But the hand mirror didn't shine. The big mirror didn't move.

It was peaceful.

One night, I sat on my bed and looked at the hand mirror.

"Is everything fine in Mira's world?" I whispered.

Of course, the mirror didn't answer.

I put it on the table and got ready for bed.

Just before I turned off the light, I felt something.

A soft cold wind moved across my room.

"That's strange..." I said.

I looked at the big mirror.

It looked normal.

But the room felt different.

As if someone else was here.

Chapter 2: A Shadow at the Café

The next morning, I walked to the café. It was a cool day with a gray sky. Winter was coming.

Leo waved as I arrived.

“Morning, Hana! Can you help me with the new menu?”

“Sure,” I said.

But I didn’t feel comfortable. Something sat heavy in my chest.

At lunchtime, a strange man entered the café.

He wore a long dark coat and a hat that covered most of his face. He walked slowly to a corner seat.

“Can I help you?” I asked.

He didn’t look up.

“Tea. Hot,” he said in a low voice.

I went to make the tea, but something caught my eye.

He was sitting in front of the window. The sunlight came in, and I could see his shadow on the table...

No, I couldn’t.

There was no shadow.

I felt cold.

I looked again.

Everyone else had a shadow.

But he didn’t.

I brought him the tea with shaking hands.

He looked up for a second.

His eyes were gray, almost silver.

Cold eyes.

Empty eyes.

“Thank you,” he said without smiling.

I stepped away quickly.

Leo came near me. “Are you okay? You look pale.”

I whispered, “Leo... that man... he has no shadow.”

Leo blinked. “What? That’s impossible.”

“I know,” I said. “But look.”

Leo looked... and gasped softly.

“You’re right...”

The man finished his tea, stood up, and walked out without a sound.

The air felt heavy after he left.

Leo whispered, “What was that?”

I didn’t know.

But I had a bad feeling.

Chapter 3: The Mirror Calls

That night, I sat in front of the big mirror.

“Is the stranger from your world?” I asked the mirror.

It didn’t answer.

But the surface moved—just a small ripple, like water touched by a finger.

Then the hand mirror on my table glowed blue.

Finally.

I held it tightly.

A soft image appeared inside it:

Mira’s face.

“Hana... can you hear me?” she said.

“Yes!” I cried. “Mira, something strange happened! A man came to the café. He had no shadow!”

Mira’s face became serious.

“That man... he is from our world.”

I swallowed. “Who is he?”

“He is called **Silas**,” Mira said. “He has no reflection. No shadow. He moves between worlds without permission. And he is dangerous.”

My heart beat fast.

“What does he want?”

Mira shook her head. “I don’t know. But if he comes to your world, he is looking for something... or someone.”

“Me...?” I whispered.

Mira’s voice became soft. “Be careful, Hana. Silas can walk through mirrors. He can take light from living things. Even from you.”

The hand mirror flickered.

“Mira! Wait—!”

The light went out.

I was alone again.

And the room felt cold.

Chapter 4: The Visitor in the Night

I couldn’t sleep that night.

Every sound made me jump.

Every shadow on the wall looked wrong.

At midnight, something woke me up.

A soft tapping sound.

tap... tap... tap...

It came from the big mirror.

My heart stopped.

I sat up slowly.

The mirror was dark.
But a shape stood inside it.

A tall shape.
A man in a long coat.

Silas.

He lifted his hand and tapped the inside of the mirror again.

tap... tap...

I couldn't move.

Silas spoke with a soft, cold voice.

"Hana."

I bit my lip. "W-what do you want?"

"You have something that belongs to my world," he said.

"The hand mirror."

"No," I whispered. "It was given to me."

Silas smiled—but it was not a kind smile.

"I want it."

He pressed his hand against the mirror's surface.

The glass started to stretch and bend like water.

He was coming through.

I jumped off the bed and grabbed the small hand mirror.

The big mirror door opened halfway.

Silas stepped out—silent as a shadow.

I ran for the door.

But Silas raised his hand.

The lights in my room went out.

Chapter 5: The Escape

“Hana,” Silas said softly in the dark. “You cannot run.”

But I could.

I opened the apartment door and ran down the stairs. My heart pounded.

Outside, the night was cold and empty. No cars. No people. Only the wind.

I ran toward the café. It was the only place with lights on at night because the sign stayed lit.

I reached the door and pulled it—locked.

“Come on... come on...” I whispered.

Then the door opened from inside.

I gasped.

“Leo!”

He looked confused. “Hana? What are you doing here?”

“No time! Let me in!”

He stepped aside, and I ran in.

Leo locked the door again.

“Hana, what’s happening? You look terrified.”

“He’s coming,” I said. “Silas.”

“Who?!”

I was breathing fast. “The man with no shadow!”

Leo swallowed. “Okay... you need to sit—”

The café lights flickered.

Leo stopped speaking.

Then the windows turned black.

Covered by a moving fog.

No—by **shadows**.

Leo whispered, “Hana... is that him?”

“Yes.”

A shape moved outside.

Silas.

Chapter 6: The Hand Mirror’s Light

Silas stood outside the glass door.

He raised his hand.

The lock began to shake.

“Hana,” he said. “Give me the mirror.”

I stepped back.

“No.”

Silas’s voice became deeper. “Your light is strong. I want it.”

The lock clicked.

The door opened.

Silas stepped inside the café, silent and dark, like smoke turned into a man.

Leo grabbed a chair. “Stay back!”

Silas didn’t look at him.

His eyes were fixed on me.

“Hana,” he said. “You cannot hide.”

He reached out—

I held up the hand mirror.

Light filled the café—bright, warm, strong.

Silas screamed and pulled back, covering his eyes.

The shadows on the windows melted.

Leo stared. “What is that thing?!”

“The only thing he’s afraid of,” I said.

Silas hissed, “It won’t stop me for long...”

And then—he vanished.

Like smoke blown away by wind.

Chapter 7: Into the Mirror Again

Leo locked the café door again.

“Hana,” he said, still shaking, “you have to tell me everything. Now.”

So I told him.

About Mira.

About the mirror world.

About Silas.

Leo listened without speaking.

When I finished, he sighed. “Okay. Then we can’t stay here. We need help. We need to find Mira.”

“Yes,” I said. “But how do we open the mirror door?”

The hand mirror glowed.

A soft voice came from it.

“Hana... come...”

“Mira?” I asked.

The voice was weak.

“Hurry... Silas is... too strong...”

Then the big mirror in the café—normally just decoration—began to glow.

Leo jumped back. “Not again!”

A blue circle appeared on its surface.

A doorway.

I looked at Leo.

“I have to go.”

“I’m coming too,” he said.

“No! It’s dangerous!”

He shook his head. “You helped me a hundred times at work. Now I help you.”

I smiled. “Okay. Let’s go.”

We stepped into the mirror.

Chapter 8: The Broken World

The mirror world looked wrong.

The colors were dim.

The sky was pale.

The air was cold.

Lina ran toward us.

“Hana! You came!”

“Where is Mira?” I asked.

Lina pointed to the forest. “She’s fighting Silas. He came here too.”

Leo whispered, “He can be in two places...?”

“No,” Lina said. “He moves quickly. Like a shadow.”

We followed Lina into the forest.

The trees looked sick.

Black marks spread across their trunks.

“Silas brings darkness,” Lina said. “He wants to take the Light Tree.”

“Why?” Leo asked.

Lina looked at the ground. “If he controls the Light Tree, he can control both worlds.”

My heart beat fast. “We can’t let that happen.”

We ran faster.

Chapter 9: The Final Mirror

At the center of the forest, we found Mira.

She stood in front of an old stone mirror—a giant, ancient mirror with strange marks around the frame.

She looked weak but still brave.

“Mira!” I ran to her.

She smiled softly. “Hana... you came.”

Leo bowed awkwardly. “Hi. I’m Leo. I make coffee.”

Mira blinked. “Thank... you?”

Before we could speak more, a cold voice echoed through the trees.

“Hana.”

Silas appeared beside the stone mirror.

Mira whispered, “That is the First Mirror... the oldest door between worlds. If Silas uses it, he can open all mirrors.”

All mirrors...

Every mirror in every world.

Leo whispered, “That’s bad, right?”

“That’s very bad,” I said.

Silas stepped forward.

“Hana. Give me the hand mirror. With it, the First Mirror will obey me.”

I held it tight. “Never.”

Silas lifted his hand.

Darkness spread across the ground like water.

Mira stepped forward, her blue light shining.

Lina held her small hands up too.

But their light was weak.

“Hana,” Mira said, “the hand mirror holds the strongest light. Only you can stop him.”

I took a deep breath.

“What do I do?”

Mira pointed at the stone mirror.

“Touch it with your mirror. It will choose the right world. Our world.”

Silas shouted, “No!”

Shadows flew toward us.

Leo grabbed my hand. “Go, Hana! Go!”

I ran.

Everything seemed slow.

The shadows reached for me.

Silas’s voice echoed, “Stop!”

I touched the stone mirror with the hand mirror.

The world exploded with light.

Chapter 10: A World Saved

The light spread through the forest, the sky, the ground.

Silas screamed—louder than before.

His shadow-body broke apart, like smoke in strong wind.

And then he was gone.

The stone mirror shone brightly, then slowly dimmed.

The trees regained their colors.

The sky became blue again.

Mira stood tall, strong once more.

Lina laughed with joy.

Leo fell onto the grass. "I want to go home. And sleep for a week."

Mira touched my shoulder.

"You saved both worlds again, Hana."

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

Mira smiled. "The First Mirror is safe now. Silas is gone. For a long, long time."

I looked at the hand mirror.

It glowed gently—warm and calm.

"Can I still visit you?" I asked.

"Of course," Mira said. "The mirror-door will open when our worlds call each other."

Leo sighed. "Next time... let's meet in the café instead."

We laughed.

Chapter 11: Home Again

We walked back to the big mirror-door.

Mira hugged me.

"Thank you, Hana. You are always welcome here."

Lina hugged Leo too. "Thank you for helping!"

Leo looked embarrassed. "Uh... you're welcome."

We stepped through the mirror.

Back in the café.

The lights were normal.

The windows clear.

No darkness.

Leo locked the door.

“Hana,” he said, “your life is very strange.”

“I know,” I said.

“But I think I like it.”

That night, at home, I placed the hand mirror on my table.

For a moment, I saw Mira and Lina smiling in the reflection.

I smiled back.

My life was normal again.

But I knew the truth:

Magic can visit anyone, even in a small room with an old mirror.

The End