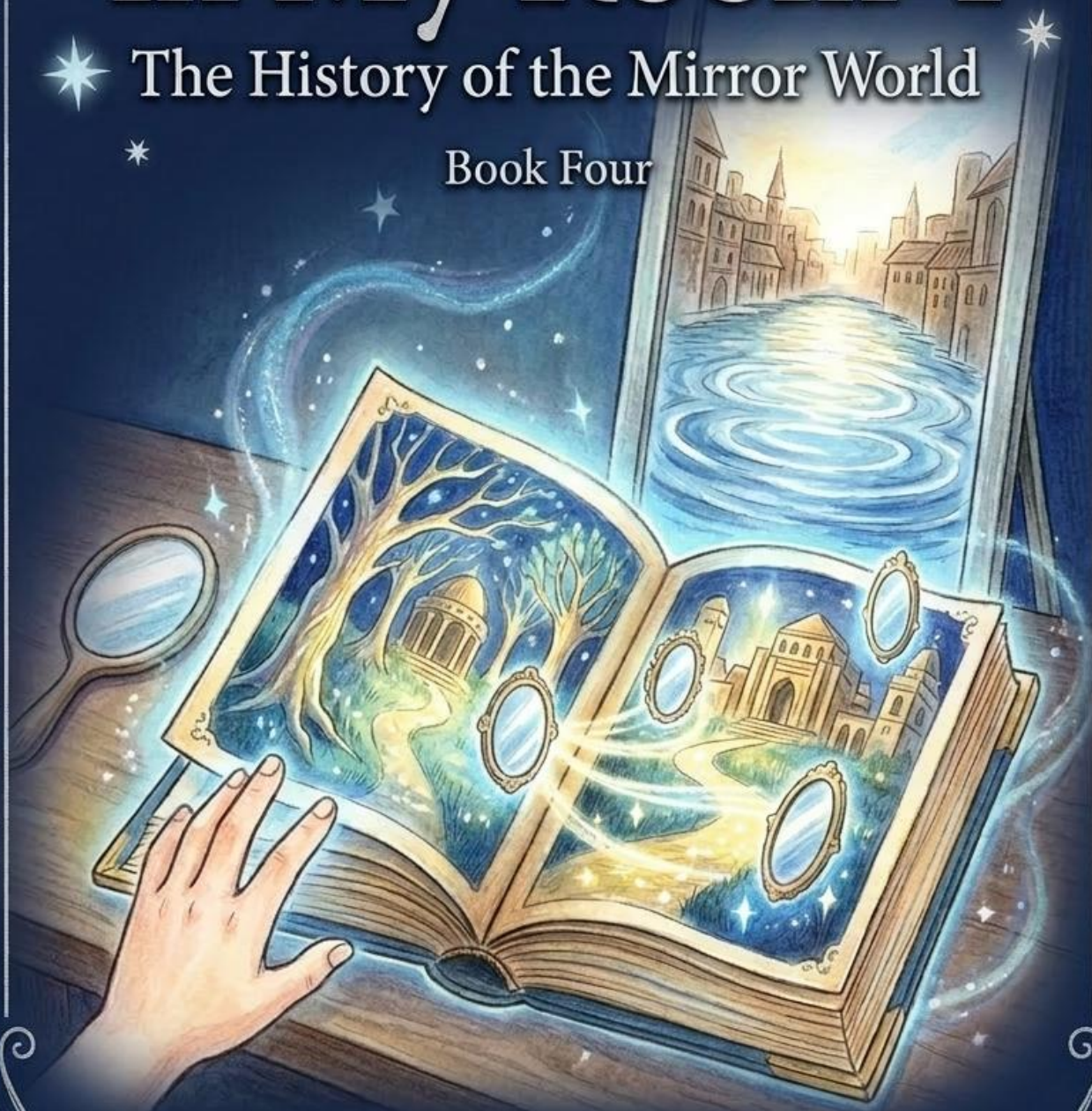


The Mirror in My Room 4

The History of the Mirror World

Book Four



Dan's English Student Original Story

Stage 1

The Mirror in My Room – Book Four

The History of the Mirror World

(About 3,000 words / Stage 1 level)

Chapter 1: A Strange Book

One quiet Sunday morning, I cleaned my room.

When I moved the big mirror away from the wall to dust behind it, something fell on the floor.

A book.

It was old, with a dark blue cover.

I had never seen it before.

On the cover were silver letters:

“History of the Mirror World”

My heart jumped.

“Mira... did you leave this here?”

I opened the book.

The pages were yellow and soft, and many pictures were drawn inside—old worlds, glowing trees, strange cities, and something like long shining roads between mirrors.

I turned one more page.

But suddenly—

The hand mirror on my table glowed bright blue.

And the big mirror rippled like water.

“It’s opening again...” I whispered.

A soft voice came from the mirror.

“Hana... please come.”

It was Mira.

I took the hand mirror and stepped into the glowing doorway.

Chapter 2: A City of Mirrors

I arrived not in the forest, but in a large city.

Tall buildings made of white stone rose high into the sky.

All the windows were mirrors.

People walked in long white clothes, some holding small glowing stones.

The air was warm and clear.

Lina ran toward me. "Hana! Welcome back!"

I hugged her. "Where are we?"

"This is **Lumina City**," she said proudly. "The oldest city in the mirror world."

Then I saw Mira walking toward me.

"Hana," Mira said with a smile, "you found the book."

"Yes," I said. "It was behind my mirror. Did you send it?"

Mira shook her head. "No. The book chose you."

"The... book chose me...?"

"Yes," Mira said. "And that means the mirror world is ready to show you its history."

She looked serious.

"We need your help again."

Chapter 3: The Silent Library

Mira took Lina and me to a tall round building made of white stone.

Lina whispered, "This is the **Silent Library**. Only the oldest stories live here."

Inside, thousands of books floated in the air, moving slowly from shelf to shelf.

A tall old man in silver clothes walked toward us.

His eyes were bright and kind.

“This is Master Orin,” Mira said. “He knows all our history.”

Orin bowed to me.

“Hana, child of the other world. The book called you. That means our past wants to speak.”

I showed him the book.

“Why did it appear in my room?”

“Because your family and our world share a long story,” Orin said. “A story you never knew.”

“My family...?”

Before he could answer, the lights in the library flickered.

A cold wind passed through the room.

Lina grabbed Mira’s arm. “Not again...”

Orin frowned.

“The shadows return.”

My heart dropped.

“Silas is gone. So what is it?”

“Silas was only one shadow,” Orin said. “But long ago, there were many.”

“What are they?”

Orin opened my book to a page with a picture of a huge mirror.

“The first mirrors,” he said, “were made by two great sisters. One from your world. One from ours.”

Chapter 4: The Two Sisters

Orin touched the picture.

The book glowed and the picture began to move like a movie.

I saw two young women standing before a giant bright mirror.

One looked like someone from my world—short hair, simple clothes.

The other had long glowing hair and a blue dress.

Orin narrated:

“Long ago, before cities, before the Light Tree, two sisters were born.
The older sister, **Ayla**, came from the light of our world.
The younger sister, **Sara**, came from the light of your world.”

I blinked.

“Sara... That’s my grandmother’s name.”

Mira and Lina looked at me.

Orin nodded slowly.

“Yes. Your grandmother was named after the original Sara. Your family is one of the ‘Mirror Families’—people who can walk between worlds.”

My hands shook.

“M-my grandmother never told me...”

“Because the power sleeps,” Orin said. “It wakes only when needed.”

He turned the page.

The picture showed the sisters building many mirrors.

“They made mirrors as bridges,” Orin said. “So both worlds could learn from each other.”

Lina smiled. “That sounds nice.”

“But it did not stay nice,” Orin said sadly.

He turned the page again.

The picture went dark.

Chapter 5: Birth of the Shadows

Now I saw a black fog rising from one of the mirrors.

“The shadows began as mistakes,” Orin said. “Ayla and Sara created too many mirrors too fast. Light and time became twisted. The shadows were born from broken reflections.”

Mira looked down.

“Silas was one of these.”

“Yes,” Orin said. “But there were others. Stronger ones.”

My heart felt heavy.

“So... they can come back?”

Orin closed the book.

“They already have.”

A deep sound echoed through the library—like a heavy drum.

The lights went out.

When they came back, dark shapes stood in the corners.

Black, tall, empty.

No eyes.

No faces.

No shadows of their own.

Mira grabbed my arm.

“They’re here!”

Chapter 6: Escape From the Library

The shadows began to move.

Slow at first, then fast, like wind.

Leo wasn’t here to say “This is bad,”
but I said it myself:

“This is VERY bad!”

Orin raised his staff.

A blue circle appeared on the floor around us.

“The shadows fear the old light,” he said. “But this shield will not last.”

A shadow hit the circle.

The blue light shook.

Mira looked at me.

“Hana, the book wants to show you one more history. We must reach the Bright Hall—the center of Lumina City.”

“How do we get there?” I asked.

Lina pointed. “There’s a back door!”

Orin nodded. “Go! I will hold them.”

“No!” I said. “We can’t leave you!”

But Orin smiled, sad and strong.

“I am old. You are young. The world needs the young.”

Mira pulled my hand.

“Come, Hana!”

We ran through the back door.

Behind us, Orin’s blue light shone bright—
then faded.

Chapter 7: The Lost Hall of Mirrors

We ran through shining streets.

The city that looked peaceful this morning was now full of fear.

People closed windows.

Lights went out one by one.

Lina led us to a tall building with a golden roof.

“This is the Bright Hall,” she said.

Inside, long stairs went down into the ground.

Mira pushed the heavy door open.

A huge circular room spread before us.

Dozens of mirrors lined the walls—tall, short, round, square.

Some were broken.

Some were covered.

And in the center was a giant mirror like the one in the book.

Mira whispered, “This is the **Original Mirror**, built by Ayla and Sara.”

I touched the book in my hand.

“Mira... what does the book want to show me?”

She pointed to the mirror.

“It wants you to remember the past.”

I took a deep breath and held up the hand mirror.

The Original Mirror glowed.

And a scene appeared.

Chapter 8: The Fall of the Sisterhood

I saw Ayla and Sara again.

Older now.

Tired.

Around them were broken mirrors.

A deep voice echoed:

“STOP MAKING DOORS!”

It was a shadow—bigger and darker than Silas.

Ayla shouted, “We can fix them!”

Sara cried, “Please, give us time!”

But the shadow rose high.

“Your mirrors destroy balance,” it said. “The light must be divided again!”

Then I saw the worst part:

Ayla stepped forward to protect her sister.

The shadow touched her—

And she disappeared.

Just... gone.

“No...” Lina whispered.

Sara screamed and broke the biggest mirror with her hands.

The world in the picture went white.

The book closed by itself.

And the Original Mirror became silent.

Chapter 9: A Message From the Past

I was shaking.

“Ayla destroyed... Because of the shadows...?”

Mira nodded sadly.

“After Ayla fell, Sara closed all doors. Only one family in your world, and one in ours, could still open mirrors.”

“My grandmother’s family...” I whispered.

“Yes,” Mira said. “Your grandmother helped protect both worlds for many years. But she grew old. And she chose you next.”

“But... why me?” I asked.

“Because you have Ayla’s courage,” Mira said. “And Sara’s heart.”

Before I could speak, a cold wind blew into the hall.

The shadows had followed us.

A deep voice echoed:

“Give us the book. History must be forgotten.”

“No!” Mira shouted.

The shadows moved forward.

We stepped back.

And then—

The Original Mirror glowed bright gold.

A woman stepped out.

Chapter 10: The Woman of Light

She looked young and tall, with long shining hair.

Ayla.

Not a memory.

The real Ayla.

But how...?

She touched my cheek gently.

“You carry the book. And the book carries me.”

“Mira...” I whispered. “Is this really her?”

Mira nodded, eyes wide.

“Yes. The first sister.”

The shadows froze, shaking.

Ayla turned to them.

“You grew from mistakes,” she said softly. “But you do not belong in this world anymore.”

She lifted her hand.

The shadows screamed as golden light filled the hall.

One by one, they dissolved into dust.

When the last one was gone, Ayla smiled at us.

Then her body faded.

Before she disappeared, she whispered:

“Remember the truth... and protect both worlds.”

Then she was gone.

Only warm light remained.

Chapter 11: Farewell to Lumina City

Mira, Lina, and I walked back to Lumina City.

The sky was bright again.

The buildings shone.

People came out of houses, smiling with relief.

A messenger ran to us.

“Master Orin is alive! He is weak, but safe!”

I felt tears.

“That’s great news.”

Mira took my hands.

“Hana, the mirror world is safe again. Because you came.”

Lina added, “And because you have the heart of two worlds.”

I smiled.

“But I didn’t do this alone.”

Mira nodded. “History chose you. And you helped heal it.”

We walked to the big mirror-door.

It opened softly.

“Hana,” Mira said, “you now know our past. That means you are part of our future.”

“I’ll come again,” I said.

“And we’ll be waiting,” Lina smiled.

I stepped through the mirror.

Chapter 12: A Book That Never Ends

Back in my room, the old book rested on my bed.

I opened it again.

New pages had appeared—telling the story of today, the battle at the library, Ayla's return.

The last page had a drawing of me holding the hand mirror.

Under it were words:

“The story continues.”

I smiled.

My normal life would start again in the morning.

Work at the café.

Talk with Leo.

Drink tea.

But now I knew something important:

History is not only in books.

Sometimes it lives in mirrors.

Sometimes it chooses you.

And I was ready for whatever the next page would bring.

The End