

Mirror

By Anaisha, MMJ

As the birds soared across the sky gracefully, the trees swayed swiftly in the mid-breeze.
We were heading to our new house, which I don't know how I felt about it
I looked over the barricade of our bags and suitcases and saw my brother reading his favourite scary book.

After hours of hearing my brother complaining, we finally arrived at our house. It was not quite what we expected though. The place was completely barren and lifeless, no plants, flowers, it was nothing like what the picture showed when my dad got the house! The worst part of it was that I had to hear my brother's whiny, monstrous voice complain. We stepped out, we all carried at least our bags and some boxes that had our stuff in it.

Dad unlocked the door and a storm of dust busted out the door. The house looked old, creaky and antique, ripped walls, creaky and dusty floors, my heart sank, "I was not going to live in this house", I screeched to dad! Calm down! It looked like people from the 1500 lived here exclaimed Max!
At least I could agree on something with my brother. Max and I ran upstairs, we both chose our rooms. Our rooms were somewhat decent to the other rooms, they weren't as old and dusty as the other ones.

I explored my room, since I was paranoid something was in there. I looked around and saw nothing but there was definitely something hanging out from underneath the bed. I crawled under and clasped something with my hand. I slid backwards, and revealed it. It was a... mirror? Why would there be a mirror under the bed?!

I stood the mirror up against my bed. For some odd reason the more I got closer, the more it felt like a strong force was pulling me into the mirror like a magnet. I stepped forward. I could feel the force dragging me forward. I tried to hold onto bed with my nails screeching. It was too heavy. I tipped over.

"Where am I? How'd I get here?" I thought to myself. It was like I just woke up from a concussion, I couldn't remember things! I rubbed my eyes gently and stood up, with just one look, I already knew where I was, it was my old house! But why would a mirror bring me to my old house? I walked towards the house, with my hair flowing in the wind, grass swaying back and forth. I stepped into the house and browsed around. Luckily the lights still turned on. Just then my eyes jolted open. I could see transparent imaginary pictures of me as a kid playing. All my memories I had were still in this house, a tear drizzled down my cheeks.

I wiped the tears with a handkerchief. Then I thought to myself, why would the 'mirror' bring me here if I didn't have anything to do with it?

My hands were freezing and felt as if they would turn to ice, since it was winter. I shoved my hands into my pocket. Nothing was too interesting downstairs. I snuck quietly on to the stairs and headed towards my room. The room was dusty but fortunately it was still furnished. I ran to my childhood doll house, the one house, the one I used to always play with as a kid. I grabbed the car from the shelf, I pushed it back and forth to get the right momentum, and let go. It went zooming. I got up to go and get it and as I picked it up, I saw a mirror. It was the same mirror as the one at the house. It definitely felt like déjà vu, it stood right against the door. Then I thought, maybe this was my way home!

I stood in front of it and I already guessed it, the mirror sucked me back into my new room!

I ran over to Max and told him all about what happened! He was really gullible, so he obviously believed me. We went over to my room and whispered all about what we would do when mum and dad would go to sleep that night....