

The Silver Mirror

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Prologue

Nottingham, England

December 2nd, 1948

Alexander Jackson buried his head in his hands. He had just received news that his youngest son had recently died in a fire. His wife and his son survived and were mourning their loss. He then paid a visit to his daughter in-law and his young grandson and approached the burned and blackened house. He wanted to salvage something from the house. He entered the only bedroom that was not scorched. Something minuscule scuttled across the bedroom, and he jumped back. The wall, to his surprise, started to slide, revealing a pair of doors. He cautiously opened the doors, walked in, and suddenly fell about twenty feet. He had landed on a soft mattress, and he sat there for a while, shell-shocked. After a while, he got up and started to examine the room. It was quite plain, nothing extravagant, but immediately his eyes were drawn to a mirror that had silver bordering the outside. When he started to observe it closely, he noticed that it was big enough to fit him. It attracted him, and he instantly had to repress the voice inside his head telling him to keep it for himself. He scanned the room for an exit and was surprised to see an elevator cleverly camouflaged in the background. As soon as he stepped in, he shot towards the surface and suddenly he was back in the bedroom again. He dragged the intriguing mirror out of the house, and many people, (including his daughter in-law), asked him varying questions about how he obtained it, for they had never seen it before. He bequeathed it to his grandson, who was very young, only two years old, and his grandson gazed at it mesmerizingly, intrigued by it. They held the funeral two days later, and Alexander's daughter in-law was in tears. His grandson simply stared at the coffin, looking scared and confused. The procession took a long time, and at the end, Alexander returned to his home filled with grief and sadness. Whenever he thought about his grandson or his daughter in-law, he always wondered about the silver mirror. His grandson passed the mirror through generations until it reached someone very special.

Chapter One

Santa Monica, Los Angeles

December 2nd, 2018

Selena woke up, stretched, and rubbed her eyes. Then, she glanced at her digital clock and bolted out of her bed. *Oh my god, I am so late*, she thought to herself frantically. After 15 minutes of hysterically running around, she finally managed to get out the door and start running to school. Selena went to Lincoln Middle School, and her classes started at exactly 8:30 a.m. She skidded to a stop right in front of her English classroom. Selena then walked calmly in with everybody staring at her like she was covered in blood. Ms. Carver looked at the clock and ignored Selena who slumped at her desk. "What happened?" Harper, Selena's neighbor whispered with a worried look. "I just overslept, that's all," Selena replied. "Ok..." Harper said, unconvinced.

After school was over, she trudged back to her house and sat down, feeling bored. 5 minutes later, her best friend, Malcolm Wright came over to her house. "Why so glum?" he said, mockingly imitating her annoyed face. "I was bored, okay?" Selena muttered. "Don't you have homework to do?" Malcolm asked innocently. "You very well know that I always finish my homework immediately after I get home," Selena said, annoyed. "Okay, okay," he said placidly. "So, if you're all done, what do you want to do?" he asked. "That's my point, I don't know," she murmured. "Well, we could always play board games," Malcolm said. "Care to challenge me at chess again?" Malcolm asked, winking. Selena elbowed him playfully. "Sure, why not," she replied, smiling.

On their way upstairs, Malcolm caught a glimpse of a tall mirror with a silver border. "What's that?" he asked. "It's a mirror, you dummy," Selena answered, nudging him up the stairs. Immediately, Dallas, Selena's Siberian husky ran up to her, leapt up, and started pawing Selena's long, straight, black hair. "Down boy," Selena commanded. Dallas immediately sat down obediently and looked at her trustingly. "Wow. How you did you train him like that?" Malcolm asked in awe. "I have my ways," she replied, her silver-blue eyes glinting.

After 4 games of chess, Selena's tabby cat came to her room and walked up to Selena, purring contently. "You really do have a way with animals, don't you?" Malcolm commented. "Um, I guess so," "Again, how did you get that mirror?" Malcolm asked. "One of my ancestors obtained it somehow, and it was passed down generations, until I had ownership of it," Selena explained. "Oh," was the short reply. "Go ahead, you can examine it," Selena said, seeing the entranced look in his eyes. Malcolm staggered toward it, and ran his fingers over it, impressed. "Wow..." he uttered, speechless. He put a single finger on it, and it inexplicably passed through the glass surface. He pulled it back, staring at it, shocked. He tried putting his entire hand in, and it plunged through the glass, as if

it was water. “What the...” Selena said, her eyes widening. She walked over to the mirror, and put her foot in the glass, and it also disappeared from sight.

20 minutes later, Selena had prepared a survival kit that would help them survive wherever the mirror led to. She took a deep breath, and walked right through it, and Malcolm followed suit. Immediately, a cocoon of a cool liquid enveloped them and whirled them around for about 30 seconds and they deposited them on solid ground. Malcolm groaned and sat up, taking in their surroundings. Everything seemed normal, until he spotted a small being about 4 feet tall hovering around, about 30 feet away from them. “Selena!” he whisper-shouted, shaking her shoulders. “Get up!” Malcolm hurriedly urged her, dragging her in the opposite direction of the unknown being. Selena finally stood up, and even though she spotting the being, she seemed relatively unconcerned. “Quick, how do we get out of here?” Malcolm asked urgently. She pointed at the silver mirror standing right behind them, looking amused. “Relax, even if that thing was aggressive, we could probably take it on,” Selena commented, though she didn’t look very worried about that matter. She walked up to the creature, even though Malcolm tugged on her arm, trying to pull her back, unsuccessfully though. The being turned around and Selena studied its features. It had a slim structure, pointed ears, and a regal and unfazed stare. She stared it down, but it didn’t seem that concerned about her. “Hello. Are you lost?” it asked. “Um, no, I don’t think so, but thank you anyway,” Selena replied. “I am an elf, by the name of Moon.” Moon informed Selena. “Um...okay,” Selena said, unsure of what else to say. “Would you like me to take you back to your territory? You seem to be lost.” Moon asked. “No thanks,” Selena said quickly, sure that Malcolm would lose it if he heard that they were going somewhere with this elf. “Just in case you decide you want to go back to your home,” She pressed a scroll of paper into Selena’s hands. “Thank you,” Selena replied courteously and walked towards Malcolm as Moon continued to head eastward.

“Well?” Malcolm asked nodding at the scroll that she clutched tightly. “Apparently, this is a map of this... place,” Selena said, gesturing at nothing in particular. Selena opened the map and stared in amazement. It was huge, and the detail was perfect, almost too perfect. Malcolm gasped; the map had suddenly morphed into something similar to a tablet. Selena flipped it around, trying to figure out what caused it to morph. She flipped it back up and looked at the map, now a digital document on the morph map (she had decided to refer to it as a morph map) and studied it closely. She zoomed in on a glowing red dot and examined it. It turned out that the glowing red dot was their location. “Well, this is interesting,” Malcolm commented. “What? The fact that we actually managed to pass through a solid surface to another dimension? Or that we encountered an elf?” Selena asked

sarcastically. “Geez, relax,” Malcolm muttered. “Anyways, this place is huge, and it’s split into several different lands, territory, to be exact,” Malcolm informed. “I can see that,” Selena replied, annoyed. Selena glanced around, looking for any possible threats. “Actually, we should head back and study the map at home, in friendly territory,” Selena said importantly. “I was just about to say that,” Malcolm muttered, annoyed.

Even though they were best friends, they were always extremely competitive, competing against each other in competitions, such as chess, spelling, writing, and a whole lot more. They each took a deep breath and walked through the mirror once more.

Chapter Two

“So...” “Should we tell anyone about this?” Selena asked nervously. “Even if we tried, everyone is probably going to think we’re crazy, having hallucinations, or just playing a stupid game,” Malcolm listed. “Well, what if we show them the morph map?” Selena asked, gesturing at the map. “They’ll probably think it’s something we invented, or some clever trick,” Malcolm replied, exasperated. At that exact moment, Malcolm’s older sister who was 4 years older than them, 16, walked in and wordlessly motioned for him to come with her. “Well, I have to go. Bye!” Malcolm exclaimed. “Bye,” Selena muttered unenthusiastically. Malcolm quickly left the room and Selena was left alone, staring at the morph map. “Honey! Dinner’s ready!” Selena’s mom called out from the kitchen. “I’m coming!” Selena yelled back, gathering up her stuff and stuffing it in her closet. She trudged down the stairs and sat down at the dining table. “Selena, would you set the table please?” Selena’s mom asked, not really asking. “Okay,” Selena murmured, not really caring. 5 minutes later, Selena’s older brother, Rei, and her younger sister, Terra came down, sitting down for dinner. Selena picked at her food, while her sibling wolfed down their meal. “Why aren’t you eating?” her mom asked worriedly. Selena forced a smile and said, “I was just thinking about something.” 15 minutes later, Selena’s siblings had completely devoured their food and were glued to the TV. Selena slowly trudged up the stairs and went back to her room, still mystified by everything that had happened. 2 hours later, she pulled back her covers and drifted off to sleep. As Selena drifted off to sleep, she didn’t expect peaceful dreams, since she had experienced frequent nightmares, especially when jarring events had recently occurred, and tonight was no different. First, it

was just pure black. After that shapes started forming and taking unfamiliar forms. There was a ghostly pale woman who had raven black hair and deep green eyes. She didn't make a sound, but her eyes were pleading for help. She faded away, her mouth opening and not making a noise.

Selena sat through all her classes, not really paying attention to any of them, until her math teacher announced they were having a pop quiz. "Wait, we're having a pop quiz?" Selena exclaimed a little too loudly. The teacher glared at her accusingly. "Sorry," Selena whispered. The math teacher, Mrs. Johnson handed out the sheets and Selena stared at it, hoping she would pass. 15 minutes later, she buried her head in her hands, sure she would fail. Oh well. At least she could bump her grade up, by acing her math test next week. At lunch, Malcolm and Autumn, her friend, sat beside her. Selena told her "tragic" story to Malcolm, and he responded by bursting into laughter. "Seriously, this isn't funny!" Selena exclaimed, annoyed. "It is!" Malcolm retaliated playfully. "Seriously, though, that sucks for you. You should pay attention in class," Malcolm commented. Selena smacked him on his arm, annoyed at him. "Hey!" Malcolm protested, leaning away from her. "Sorry," Selena muttered, even though she didn't really mean it. Malcolm chuckled, "Its fine," Their conversation continued normally, and they decided to meet up at her house. The rest of her day passed like a breeze, until school was over. She quickly jogged to her house to find Malcolm waiting for her at the front door. "Took you long enough," Malcolm said, grinning. "Oh, shut up!" Selena playfully reprimanded. She opened her door and headed upstairs, Malcolm following her slowly. "Do you still have it?" Malcolm asked nervously. "The map? Yeah, I do," Selena answered carefully. "Well what should we do with it?" Malcolm asked. "Are you kidding? We should keep it, study it, and eventually, go back into that world!" Selena exclaimed a little too strongly. "Relax, we're not in court!" Malcolm joked. "Whatever," Selena muttered, walking away. Malcolm made no attempt to rekindle conversation, until they reached Selena's room. "So..." Malcolm said awkwardly. Selena silently examined the map again, taking mental notes. "It seems we were in Althea, the land of elves," "What is that?" Malcolm inquired. "This dimension seems to be split into different lands, like I said before, each belonging to a type of mythological creature." Selena explained effortlessly. "Um...okay, I guess," Malcolm said, feeling a little bit defeated. "Anyways, I was thinking that we go back there, this time a little bit more prepared. What do you think?" Selena asked, not really asking. "Sure, we could go," Malcolm answered absentmindedly.

Selena dreams weren't exactly better that night either. That night, the same woman appeared, though this time she spoke, in an old, gravely, mysterious voice that didn't seem to suit her. "Arcadia, at sunset. The crescent moon," she said

ominously. As she faded away again, she gave a plea for help that was in voice that seemed more human, more real. "Please!" the woman cried. Selena suddenly woke up, still remembering the dream. "What the heck..." Selena muttered, slightly confused. Obviously, it meant something having to do with the other dimension. Oh well. She would have to discuss the matter with the only person who had experienced the dimension as well, Malcolm. Since it was a Saturday, Selena could have slept in, but since she was already awake, she decided she might as well have breakfast. Selena felt tired, but she was still very curious about everything, and she tried to put the puzzle pieces together. She wondered if she could possibly contact Moon again somehow, but then again, even if she could, what would she say? Moon had believed they belonged in her dimension, so maybe there were humans living in that world.

Malcolm came over to Selena's house again, this time a little more reserved because of her constant outbursts that happened the other day. Selena noticed, but didn't say anything, slightly ashamed. They decided to do a little experiment, involving Selena's siblings and the mirror. Selena asked her little sister Terra to touch the mirror with a single finger, and Terra obligingly did so. Nothing extraordinary happened, and the only thing that happened was that Terra's finger left a smudged fingerprint on the glass surface. "Thanks," Selena said, smiling and Terra left to continue playing on her iPad. "Well that information was useful," Malcolm commented. "Yeah, apparently only we can pass through to that dimension," he said, not really caring that much. "Why though?" Selena wondered, not asking anyone in particular. "Who knows?" Malcolm answered exasperatedly. Selena decided to tell him about the dream, and he seemed very curious about it. "So, you think this has to do with that dimension?" Malcolm asked for the millionth time. "For the millionth time, yes. I felt a strange connection to it and for part of my dream she had a weird voice that didn't suit her, that seemed it belonged to some extra-terrestrial being," Selena replied. "So it's probably a trap," Malcolm summed up. "Yep!" Selena said unenthusiastically. "But we should totally walk into a trap unprepared and save some random lady we don't know," Selena suggested sarcastically. "I do think we should investigate though," Selena said, seriously. "We should be prepared for everything, otherworldly, or not," Malcolm agreed, nodding. "Do you know how to pick locks?" Selena asked suddenly. "Um, yeah," Malcolm answered, unsure of where this was going. "Well, do you have any specific material that you use for that?" Selena asked. "Well, it depends on the type of lock, but I have a kit specifically for it at my house," Malcolm replied. "Great. Bring that over tomorrow and I'll pack some other essentials," Selena informed.

Sunday afternoon, Malcolm hurried over to Selena's house with his lock-picking kit and rang the doorbell. Selena opened the door, and let him in. "So, you have survival packs?" Malcolm asked nervously. "Yep!" Selena answered confidently. "I want to ask your opinion on the items, and then we'll be all set," Selena listed her items, "Nonperishable food, 2 full water canteens with a filter, binoculars, phones, first-aid kits, morph map, rope, a watch, a flashlight, a whistle, and a sleeping bag in each pack," "I think it's good enough," Malcolm said, not really listening. "Um...okay," Selena said, noticing Malcolm's blank stare. "So, when are we going through the mirror again?" Malcolm asked confidently. "Before the next crescent moon," Selena answered immediately. "I'll check the lunar calendar when I get home today," Malcolm assured.

At nightfall, Selena walked outside and glanced at the moon. It was a new moon, an invisible circle in the sky. It worried her, there was only so much time before they would have to go the other world again. She estimated that they would probably leave within a week. Selena wondered what excuse she would make to explain her absence. It wouldn't really matter. She went back inside her house, feeling confused.

Two days later, Malcolm came over and they shouldered their packs. Selena had told her mom that she was going to a camp nearby for a week with Harper, her neighbor's daughter. Selena walked in first and Malcolm followed suit. They emerged, feeling nervous. Selena took a breath of fresh air and took note of their surroundings. They were in the same place, and Selena looked down at her map. According to her map they were in the territory of elves. They had to travel west if they were going to make it to Arcadia in time. With a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, Selena continued walking west, at least it was west according to her compass. She wasn't sure if cardinal directions were the same here. It didn't matter, either they helped the woman or not. It wasn't as if that woman was very important to either of them, unless one of them was hiding something. She wasn't very sure why she was even doing this. *Well, there's no turning back now*, she thought to herself, slightly regretting her choice.

Malcolm, on the other hand was feeling quite confident compared to Selena, which was not unlike him. He was still pretty unsure of his surroundings, even though he normally had an amazing sense of direction. Malcolm had even made sure that they both had walkie-talkies connected to their packs, in case of emergency. He was always very cautious in new places, very much unlike Selena who was adventurous and sometimes reckless. She was very smart, though sometimes her impulses overtook her control over her actions. Malcolm shook his head. He lifted

his head and started to pay attention to his surroundings. They were in an amazingly cold place, and Malcolm was surprised he didn't notice the temperature change immediately. He also didn't notice the humongous shadow looming over him, or the fact that Selena was no longer in front of him. Not until he was quickly knocked out by a large blunt object.

Chapter Three

Selena groaned and then immediately became alert, even though she felt exhausted and dizzy. She looked around and saw that she was trapped in a large cell with no guards. She inspected the lock and was relieved that it seemed like it would be easy to pick. Selena slowly retrieved her lock-picking kit out of her right combat boot, and selected a bobby-pin. She jiggled it in the lock and to her relief it swung open creakily. She peered around the stone wall corner and saw Malcolm at the end of the passageway, still unconscious. Selena stifled a laugh, she had heard Malcolm snoring. She then glimpsed a large hulking figure shifting around a cell that contained a short figure, a dwarf she presumed, probably a male. Selena was worried that she might encounter the large figure that seemed pretty threatening. She looked around and grabbed a big wrench that just happened to be lying around. She held the wrench close to her, feeling scared and inched along to Malcolm's cell, where he was starting to wake up. Selena selected the same bobby pin and in her other hand she held the rusty wrench. She freaked out when the figure moaned and started limping towards her. She hoped that it had terrible eyesight and she slowly walked over to Malcolm's cell and furiously shook it, keeping her eye on the hulking thing slowly making its way over to them. It unlocked and Selena ran in, grabbed the groggy Malcolm, and sprinted away from the gigantic being. It turned out that running with a sleepy Malcolm is like dragging an 80-pound life-size rag doll while running. Basically, not the best situation to be in. Malcolm started to wake up and start sprinting on his own. They spotted the exit and both ran to it as fast as their feet could carry them. They burst out, grabbed their packs, which were conveniently located outside the door, and continued running. They ran until they were sure nothing was following, and then set up camp.

Malcolm took watch first, even though he felt like he was about to fall asleep immediately. Selena had unrolled her sleeping bag and fallen asleep right away. He yawned, fighting to stay awake. He decided to walk around within sight of their camp to keep himself awake. Eventually, his legs grew tired and he sat back down

in his original position. Soon, his eyelids started to sag downwards, and before he could stop himself, he fell asleep.

Selena shook Malcolm awake, half exasperated, and half amused. “Wha...” Malcolm murmured sleepily, his eyes still closed. “Come on!” Selena said, energetically. “We have to get moving if we’re going to make it in time for the crescent moon!” Selena exclaimed, poking him. “Fine...” Malcolm muttered unenthusiastically. 10 minutes later, they were heading west again, with Selena in the lead. Malcolm made sure he looked up and was always sure that Selena was there in front of him. Selena had pulled him over to assure him that it wasn’t his fault, but he still took all of the blame. Selena made sure that they always kept moving, and she estimated that they had two more days until they reached Arcadia, unless there was another disaster.

After an entire day of walking west, they stopped to rest for the night. The sun was setting, and Selena had volunteered to take watch first. She was quite restless, and didn’t feel tired at all, which was why she volunteered to take watch first. They had both agreed it wasn’t safe in this dimension and each had fashioned some sort of weapon that could be used to fend off hostile beings. Selena brandished her large shield that she had made to knock things out, and to shield herself, at a small dark shadowy shape, and when it leapt into the moonlight, she realized it was just a red fox. Selena glanced at the moon and felt worried, it was almost a crescent moon, but right now it was just a tiny sliver of silver in the dark night sky. She glanced at her watch and realized it was time for Malcolm’s shift. She should’ve gotten more sleep yesterday, but today she was wide awake. *Oh well*, she thought to herself. *No loss in trying*.

Malcolm had been watching over their camp for over three hours, but nothing unusual had happened. When the sun started to peak, he shook Selena awake, she had managed to fall asleep after all, and they started to travel west. Malcolm noticed that Selena had seemed distracted and she continued to glance at her map, making calculations to see if they would make it in time. He worried about her, since she was like a little sister to him, and he was very protective of her, even though he would never admit it. As they continued westward, Malcolm began to think about their plan, how they would accomplish it, the steps, and the little improvements they could make. Malcolm realized that if he ever told this story to anyone else, they’d probably think he was crazy. He didn’t care that much. It would just be a little secret between him and Selena. Selena suddenly stopped and Malcolm bumped into her, but she didn’t really seem to notice or care. “We’re here.” She said, the first thing she had said in hours.

Selena stopped at the edge, almost teetering off and falling. She looked up and her eyes were wide in shock. Everything was barren, cold, and gray; nothing was alive. It was just dead plants, stone, dust and basically nothing else except a large dark grey castle that matched its surroundings so well, it was almost invisible, except for the windows that were made of red stained glass. "Are we going to assume we have to go in there?" Malcolm asked, gesturing at the castle. "Yep," Selena said, rolling her eyes at the hilarity of their situation. They cautiously snuck to the opening gate of the castle and Selena peered around the edge of one of the pillars. There were no guards, nothing alive that Selena could see, so she walked right up to the center of the gate, in plain sight. On the gates, no lock was visible, yet they stayed tightly shut. Malcolm crossed his hands and helped Selena climb over the ten foot wall easily, and in return she helped him up by giving him her hand. Once on the other side, they looked around the castle, looking for an entrance. Malcolm did find an entrance, but it was locked. Selena reached into her pockets and pull out the bobby pin and unlocked it, but the tip of the bobby pin had started bend, and eventually it would snap. So, she probably would not be using it again anytime soon. Malcolm entered first, and Selena followed slowly. They didn't find anything, but Selena felt like they were being watched, so they moved cautiously. Selena found a winding staircase, and motioned for Malcolm to come with her. They continued walking up, their feet making clattering noise on the stone steps. After a particularly loud step, which they both winced at, Selena realized that they had arrived at the top of one of the castle towers. She then spotted a shadowy figure that looked like the one limping around a dwarf's prison cell. She shuddered, then realized it was talking to something else, something thinner, taller, more sinister than the large figure. She couldn't exactly understand what they were saying, but she heard glimpses of it. Something about captive, visions, and blood. *Wow...she thought to herself. That's just weird.* Selena quickly ran past that particular floor with Malcolm following suit. She raced all the way to the top past many rooms with sinister, shadowy figures in each one. When she was at the top of the tower she glanced out the dark red window. It was sunset, and she caught a glimpse of a pale crescent moon. Selena hurried to the room to find that it was locked. She picked the lock quickly with another bobby pin that Malcolm had lent her. She burst through to find the same woman in her dreams with her head hanging down, her arms chained to the wall. "Um..." Selena said awkwardly, skidding to a halt. "Should I um, you know," Selena asked, gesturing at the chains on her arms. "Yes!" the woman said urgently. Selena freed her from her chains, but just as she did so, two large sinister shadows started to glide over to the room where the three of them were occupying. "Oh no," the woman murmured, her face paling. "We have to jump," She said, gesturing at the wide window. They just

stared at her like she was nuts. “Are you crazy?” Selena exclaiming, freaking out immensely. “It’s the only way! Once you’re in their grasp, there’s no escaping,” The woman insisted. Selena glanced at the two sinister figures approaching quickly, and she grabbed Malcolm’s shoulder and they jumped.

Malcolm braced himself, waiting for the hard impact of them slamming onto the ground, but it never came. He opened his tightly shut eyes, wincing at what he would see, maybe he was dead. His eyes adjusted to the dimness, and he saw Selena sitting on the ground, looking at him with an expression of amusement. “What?” he asked exasperatedly. “Nothing, it’s just funny to see your facial expressions when you’re freaked out,” Selena said, smirking. “Hey!” Malcolm exclaimed, annoyed, attempting to slug her, but missed. “You have a terrible sense of aim,” Selena commented, her face expressionless. Malcolm was annoyed, but there wasn’t really anything he could do about it. Now that he was alert and not scared out of his mind, Malcolm could be aware of his surroundings. Unlike the land that they had seen previously, this place blossomed with life. Plant life was everywhere, sprouts shooting through the rich soil. Animals trotted by them, each one unafraid. In the center of it all, stood the woman, smiling. “Thank you,” she said, smiling warmly. “I cannot let you remember any of this though, the law I abide by forbids it,” “I can send you back home safely. It’s the least I can do,” The woman murmured, looking slightly sad. Before Malcolm could even protest, black darkness enveloped him, and he fell asleep.

When Selena woke up, she felt slightly dazed. She felt weird, terrible, and slightly exhausted as well. It was like she had a physical dream but did all the painful things involved in it. “Ugh,” She moaned, fatigued. She pulled back her covers and tried to go back to sleep, but she couldn’t fall back asleep. Selena did remember something about her mostly-forgotten dream; it was something about magic.

The End