

Long time ago, there was a child called Alex. He spent lots of his time alone as his family lived in an old house way out in the country. And there were no other children at his age around him.

Alex's house had many small rooms. In the corridor, there was a closet where Alex's father stored his tools. Alex loved to get in there and played with tools. This was the only hobby that Alex had.

One day, Alex found an old mirror at the back of the closet. It was a square shaped bronze frame. It was old and dusty but the glass was very clear and Alex could see himself perfectly. Once when Alex was looking at the mirror, he saw something mysterious and he was shocked. He saw a strange girl standing behind him but when he turned around quickly, there was nobody. He immediately looked back to the mirror, and the girl was still there. Alex was an innocent child, so he wasn't scared of her. The girl had long, dark hair and pale, white skin. 'Hello,' the little girl suddenly said.

'He.....Hello,' Alex stammered.

They started talking to each other. The girl said her name was Lala. Alex often went to chat with her when he felt lonely. Alex's parents started to wonder why he spent so much time in a dark and old closet.

One day, Alex was chatting with Lala as usual.

'Come to my place and play with me,' Lala said.

'Can I go over there?' Alex was surprised.

'Yes, sure!' Lala replied.

'Alex remembered that his parents had demanded him to tell them before he went anywhere.

'OK, but I have to ask my mother,' Alex replied.

Lala said, 'So you'll come and play with me tomorrow.'

That night, Alex didn't sleep much and he hadn't told his parents about Lala because some questions kept swirling around in his head, such as 'How could I enter the mirror?', 'Why wouldn't Lala come over here?' and 'How could I get back when I get over there?' After some careful thoughts, Alex felt anxious and a little scared of Lala.

Not surprisingly, Alex didn't go to see Lala the next day. In fact, he never went into that closet again since that day.

After a few years, Alex grew up and got married. He had a one-year-old baby. Alex's wife went to visit her parents one day. So, Alex stayed at home alone. When he walked into the toilet and wanted to wash his face. He was shocked and his hand was shaking. He saw a familiar face in the mirror. He remembered Lala at that moment. But when he looked at the mirror again, she disappeared. Alex thought it was just a creepy dream. The next day, in the morning, Alex went into the toilet again. Lala was already in the mirror and greeted him, 'Hello.' 'Why didn't you come back that time?' she asked.

'I've been waiting for you all these days,' she added.

Alex was silent and didn't know what to say.

'Hey, come here and play with me now.'

'Let's play here forever,' she said.

'It's no good,' Alex screamed. 'I won't get out of there if I play with you.'

'I already have a wife and a baby. I can't play with you.'

Lala was silent for a minute.

'I see,' she said. 'You become an adult and you don't want to play with me anymore.....'

'If you don't play with me, I'll find someone else, someone just like you!'

Soon, she was gone and Alex didn't understand her last words. Lala never appeared in front of Alex again.

Later that day Alex's wife told him their baby was dead in front of the mirror.

Then, Alex finally understood what Lala meant by 'someone just like you'.