

The Magic Mirror



The Magic Mirror

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Ella spent every sunny Saturday at Grandma Rose's house, a tall crooked cottage with a garden full of bees. One rainy afternoon, Grandma Rose smiled and said, "There's something wonderful in the attic. Go and look, my brave girl." Ella climbed the creaky wooden stairs with her red sneakers thumping, her hazel eyes wide with wonder at every dusty box she passed.



The attic smelled of old books and lavender. In the corner stood a tall mirror with a golden frame, covered in a soft white sheet. Ella pulled the sheet away. The glass did not show her curly puff buns or her mustard jumper. Instead, it glowed a warm, rosy pink, like sunrise on a summer morning. "Oh!" whispered Ella. "You're magic!"



A tiny creature flew out from behind the mirror. She was no bigger than Ella's palm, with shimmering blue skin and silver hair like dandelion fluff. "Hello! I'm Pip, the mirror sprite," she chirped, her little wings sparkling. "This magic mirror never shows faces. It shows what's in your heart. Pink means kindness. Blue means courage. Gold means honesty."



Ella leaned closer, and the mirror flickered. A soft blue glow swirled beside the pink. "Look!" said Pip. "Blue for courage, because you climbed up here alone. And gold for honesty, because you always tell the truth." Ella touched her silver locket and grinned. "So the mirror doesn't care what I look like?" Pip winked her big violet eyes. "Not one tiny bit."



Down in the village, news spread fast. A tall magician named Marvo heard about the mirror. He had slicked-back black hair, a curled moustache, and a deep purple velvet coat with gold trim. He loved nothing more than being called handsome. "A mirror that finds beauty?" he declared. "It must find the most beautiful person in the kingdom. That will be me!"



That very night, while everyone slept, Magician Marvo tiptoed to Grandma Rose's cottage with his golden cane. He wrapped the magic mirror in his cloak and carried it away to his shiny tower. In the morning, Ella found the empty golden frame and gasped. "Pip! The mirror is gone!" Pip buzzed with worry. "We must get it back!"



Ella was brave, so she packed a snack, put on her red sneakers, and marched to the tower. "Open up!" she called. Marvo peered down, smug and grumpy. "Go away, small person. I am busy finding the most beautiful face in the land." He turned the mirror toward himself and waited proudly. But the glass stayed grey and dim.



"Grey?" Marvo sputtered, tapping the glass. "Why is it grey? I am the handsomest magician in the kingdom!" He twisted his moustache in a huff and spun the mirror around. "I will find someone beautiful!" He marched into the village, holding the mirror high, and turned it toward the baker, the blacksmith, and the mayor, one by one.



"Grey, grey, grey!" Marvo grumbled louder with each try. The baker blushed, the blacksmith shrugged, and the mayor hurried away. Ella followed quietly, watching from doorways with Pip tucked safely in her jumper pocket. "The mirror isn't broken," Pip whispered. "It just doesn't measure faces. It measures hearts, and Marvo keeps turning it toward people who are busy showing off."



Marvo stomped back to his tower and slumped on a velvet chair. Ella knocked politely. "Excuse me, Magician Marvo," she said in her honest voice. "May I show you how the mirror works?" He frowned, but he was too curious to say no. "Fine. But make it quick, small person." Ella held up her little silver locket and smiled her bright, curious smile.



"This mirror shows kindness, courage, and honesty," Ella explained. "Watch." She thought of Grandma Rose and how she always shared her warm cookies. The mirror glowed rosy pink. Marvo's sharp dark eyes went wide. "I've never seen it do that!" he whispered. Pip peeked out of Ella's pocket and twinkled her tiny lantern in three cheerful colours.



"Now you," said Ella. "Think of something kind you did, even once." Marvo frowned, then remembered the day he mended a sparrow's broken wing with a spell. Slowly, the mirror glowed soft pink. Then he thought of the stormy night he helped his neighbour carry firewood, and blue swirled in. "Goodness," he breathed. "It's beautiful."



Marvo stared at the glowing colours for a long moment. "I wanted to be the most beautiful person," he said quietly, "but I kept looking at faces. I never looked at hearts." He turned to Ella and bowed, his star-covered hat sweeping low. "I am sorry I took your mirror. You are braver and kinder than I have ever been, small person."



Ella smiled and shook her head. "You have kindness and courage too, Marvo," she said. "You just forgot to use them." Marvo handed the magic mirror back to her, and Pip did a happy little spin in the air. "Thank you, Pip," said Marvo. "And thank you, Ella." Together they carried the mirror down the tower stairs, its golden frame gleaming in the sunshine.



Back in the attic, Grandma Rose hugged Ella tight. "You did a brave, kind thing, my girl," she said, her pearl necklace jingling. Marvo visited the cottage every week after that, bringing spells for the garden and stories for Ella. The magic mirror stayed in its golden frame, always ready to glow for anyone who opened their heart.



Ella learned the mirror's biggest secret: faces fade and change, but kindness, courage, and honesty shine forever. Every Saturday, she and Grandma Rose polished the golden frame and watched the colours dance. Sometimes Marvo came too, and the mirror glowed three bright colours at once. After all, the brightest beauty of all comes from a good heart.