

Mirror Magic

by Hannah

Angelina felt as though the devil started controlling the neighborhood children and made them not want to play with her during this beautiful weather. She felt as though a gate separated her from happiness and led her to misery. She felt as though she was captured in a paper bag that led her to boredom, nothing going on in her mind except for terribly horrid thoughts about the children playing outside without her—thoughts that are too horrible to tell you. So guess what she did? She dreamt her day away.

The dream wasn't that nice either but it wasn't as bad as her thoughts. She dreamt of one day sprouting out of her small five-year-old self and blooming way up into the fluffy white clouds that tickled her nose. Then she stepped on all the children who didn't welcome her into their games. If they ran away she would reach out her long arms and grab them, shaking them up and down, throwing them up into the air and catching them just before they hit the hard sidewalk.

Her dream ended when she heard her mother call from the kitchen to brush her hair. Angelina tossed and turned, moaned and groaned and finally rolled off her comfortable couch. Her knotted golden hair lay spread out on the white carpet. She felt as tired as a baby cuddled up in their mother's arms in the middle of the night, and she felt as heavy as an elephant sinking in sixty feet of deep water. So she pushed and pulled herself to roll over again and again towards the wooden stairs to get to the bathroom.

Yawning heavily, she pulled herself up the stairs. At the top she lay down and rested, practically falling asleep

again until she felt a wet glob drop onto her face, which could only mean an Emimay alert! Emimay was Angelina's pet lab. She was as brown as a chocolate bar, and as friendly as when your best friend in the whole world smiles and waves at you.

Angelina quickly wiped the glob from her face away with her palm, and now with some energy she shooed Emimay off and walked into the bathroom. Her bathroom had tiled walls that were turquoise with white stripes and her bathtub had little paws to hold it up that always made her laugh when she was younger.

Angelina looked at herself in the mirror for a few seconds. She not only saw herself but the reflection of the kids that were playing outside. That was enough for her, she practically bounced off the walls. She jumped up and down again and again and then ran to the sink and banged her head on the white porcelain.

"What are you doing up there?" screamed her mother, who was confused and worried about Angelina. She lifted her face from the sink. Her head was a little red but otherwise no harm was done. "Nothing mother" she said, "I'm fine." Then she looked down to see if the sink was okay and to her surprise instead of the white porcelain, she saw something that looked like whipped cream! She dipped her finger into the soft cream and put that finger into her mouth. In that second her face turned pea green and she spit it out of her mouth onto the mirror. She looked at the slimy white cream that had trickled down and thought that it tasted like something she had eaten before when she was younger, not knowing what it was.

"That's it!" she cried out loudly. "It tastes like my father's shaving cream, he must have left it out!" Her face looked

even greener as she remembered. Staring at the cream intently, she realized the it looked like an eyeball and made another eyeball next to it.

Her grandmother was visiting and she had put all of her makeup neatly around the sink. Angelina dipped her finger into one of her tanning creams that had bumpy lumps in it and she flung it at the mirror to make a messy nose. Now she needed a mouth. She used a red makeup pencil to trace her mouth onto the mirror. This delighted Angelina so that she also traced her eyebrows with the pencil even though they weren't red. The makeup that really caught her eye was a glittering gold body spray bottle that was the exact color of her gold shimmering hair. She gripped the bottle nice and tight and sprayed all around the eyes, nose and mouth. Now all she needed was to color in the eyeballs. She found a bluish bottle that glistened on the shaving cream. The best part of it was that it smelled like blueberries.

There staring back at Angelina was her masterpiece of all masterpieces that enchanted her heart. It had changed her boring day into a fabulous day. "Angelina" she heard he mother call. "Dinnertime, hurry, the landlord will be coming soon." Angelina glanced one last time at the picture in the mirror before she needed to go down to dinner and then gleefully skipped down the stairs.

She smiled throughout dinner eating all her veggies and slowly savoring her dessert. But her smile turned around when the doorbell rang and the landlord walked in. He hated them. He thought they were slobs and didn't like their sense of humor. Angelina and her family didn't care for him either.

His tie was purple, resting on his green shirt. His thick eyebrows were neatly combed but Angelina couldn't be

100% sure because the hair on his head was resting down on them, just about covering his green as grass eyes. He had a habit of fiddling his fat fingers, which bothered Angelina.

"So how's my baby doing?" he said as he patted a table to his left. "Fine" said Angelina's father, Tony. "Was I talking to you?" questioned the landlord as Tony turned around and grumbled under his breath. That basically kept happening between the two as they walked throughout the first floor.

Walking up to the second floor, Angelina felt as bored as she had in the morning but then she remembered her masterpiece in the bathroom. They were all heading in that direction when she stopped and decided to wait in case she was going to be in trouble. She heard her mother gasp and the landlord exclaim, "wonderful!" Her dad never liked anything the landlord liked, so as he was about to say "ugh" instead he said, "It is wonderful." They looked at each other, slapped each other's backs with a loud "thud" and chuckled, as they walked down the steps to have dessert together.

Angelina sat down at the table looking at her half eaten dessert of cherry pie and whipped cream listening to her father and the landlord chatter away gleefully.

"I guess my artwork brings people together," she said proudly. Then she frowned and said "Now I need to make something for my mother and the neighbors." She quickly gulped down her dessert and took out some paper, glue, string and a few markers.

Angelina's day had definitely changed.