Who's That in the Mirror?

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Amma had a new mirror. It wasn’t small like the bathroom mirror that Manasa was too short to see. This mirror was as tall as Amma. When Amma stood in front of it, another Amma looked back.

“Who is THAT?” Manasa shouted.
“Come and see yourself, Manasa,” Amma said. Manasa moved in front of Amma, chomping a biscuit.

In the mirror, another Manasa’s mouth opened and closed.
Manasa went around the house to the back of the mirror wall. She hit it. **THUMP!**
No extra Manasas there.

“Hi Manasa,” Titus came running from his house.
Titus followed Manasa back to the mirror. Manasa was getting angry now.

She took the mirror off the wall and peered at the back. It was just wood. No people hiding there.
Manasa walked around the mirror and peeked. Maybe it wouldn’t see her.

But no. There was Mirror Manasa, looking sneaky.
Manasa stomped towards Mirror Manasa and lifted her leg high.

“HAI YA!”

Mirror Manasa did the same thing. She didn’t look scared at all.

“I don’t like them,” Titus whined.
Manasa swung a cricket bat. It slipped from her hand and flew **KRACK** into Mirror Manasa’s face.

**CLINK! CLANK! CRASH!**

Bits of mirror flew everywhere, glass flashing. Titus began to cry.
“Manasa!” Amma came running. “Don’t move! Don’t touch the glass. It’s dangerous!”

She picked Manasa up, and then Titus. She carried them away from the broken mirror. Then Amma carefully swept the glass up.
“I was so angry,” Manasa told Amma in bed that night. “I don’t understand where Mirror Manasa came from!”

Amma drew a mirror. “See, it’s just glass. The shiny layer at the back? It turns light back to you. **BOUNCE**!”

“You stand in front and the mirror will BOUNCE you back as a picture.”
Manasa looked at the picture. Manasa in, Manasa out.
“Like a ball!” Manasa said. “BOUNCE!”

“Yes,” Amma nodded. “You show the mirror your face and the mirror bounces it back.”

“But no sound,” Manasa said. “Mirror Manasa didn’t speak.”

“No sound,” Amma said. “The shiny bit only bounces light, not sound or taste or smell.”
“So Mirror Manasa won’t be there in the dark?” Manasa asked.

“The mirror needs light to see, same as you,” Amma yawned.

“Aha!” Manasa was pleased. “That’s what Mirror Manasa is. Light bouncing.”

“Mmmm,” Amma said and fell asleep.
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Who's That in the Mirror?
(English)

Who’s that in the mirror? Manasa is going to do what she does best —find out.

This is a Level 2 book for children who recognize familiar words and can read new words with help.

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