

Pretty Vain

Genevieve was a beautiful girl. Unfortunately, she knew it and she made sure that everyone else knew it too. She spent hours in the bathroom, washing and brushing her hair. She pestered her parents for hours to buy her expensive clothes and makeup. She was always preening around school, talking about the latest fashion tips and magazine articles with five different ways to take care of your skin. Her room was covered in mirrors! How boring!

One day, Genevieve was walking downstairs to get some breakfast, when she heard a knock at the door. Hoping to find someone new to admire her beauty on the other side of the door, she pulled it open to find nobody there at all!

“How annoying!” she grumbled and went to pull the door closed again. However, as she did so, the bottom of the door caught against something that certainly hadn’t been there the night before. A mirror! Golden and glistening, it sparkled happily up at Genevieve from its resting place on the doormat. She couldn’t help herself. She picked it up.

Looking into the depths of the mirror, Genevieve was horrified! That was no beautiful little girl staring back at her. That was... nothing. The house was there, perfectly clear and reflected perfectly in the crystal clear surface. But her face wasn’t there. She held the mirror further away. Nothing! She tilted it to contain all of her body. Nothing at all.

“Mum! Dad!” called Genevieve. Her parents came running, hearing from her tone that she was quite upset.

“Genevieve? Where are you, sweetie?” they called in vain. Try as she might, Genevieve could not make them see her. She tried waving her hands in front of their faces, but there was no reaction. How scary!

Genevieve looked into the mirror again. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a tiny person in the corner. The tiny person was wearing her clothes. Her hair. Her shoes. It was her!

All day, Genevieve had to cope with being invisible. Nobody could see a thing, even when she was right in front of them. That night, she put the mirror on her bedside table and slept, unseen, next to it.

In the morning, she woke up and looked down – she was visible again! Genevieve was so very happy! But she’d learnt her lesson. “Can you take all my mirrors away, please, Mummy?” she asked.

From that day to this, she has never spent an unnecessary second in front of a mirror.