

Once upon a time, in a small village surrounded by hills and open fields, there lived a woman named Ayotunde. What had Ayotunde meant by "The truth is in the touch, not the reflection"? And more importantly, what would happen now that the mirror rule had been broken? The air in the room felt heavier, and the quiet hum of the salon seemed to grow louder... Ayotunde greeted him with a warm smile, her usual kindness flowing through her. She asked, guiding him to one of the plush chairs by the window. Adu settled into the chair, glancing around at the vibrant decor. He raised an eyebrow at the absence of mirrors but didn't think much of it. After all, he had been to places where mirrors weren't the focus. Ayotunde, sensing his curiosity, said softly, "You'll see the beauty once I'm finished with you. On the rare occasion someone questioned them, Malika would smile knowingly and say, "The truth is in the touch, not the reflection." Her words always carried weight. Then, one day, a young man named Adu walked into the salon. Adu had recently moved to the village, still new to the town and trying to find his place in the community. He had heard about Ayotunde's salon from the villagers, but unlike most, he was skeptical. He thought. Adu entered the salon and was greeted warmly by Ayotunde, who invited him to sit in one of the plush chairs by the window. As Ayotunde began her work, Adu raised an eyebrow and asked, "So, why no mirrors? Instead of mirrors, the walls were full of colorful paintings, flowers hung from the ceiling, and the air smelled sweet, like lavender and sandalwood." "Yes, Adu. I told you the rule was there for a reason. The mirrors—they reveal things that were never meant to be seen. When you look into one, it doesn't just show your reflection. It shows the hidden parts of your soul—the parts that should stay untouched. And once they are seen... once the mirror exposes them, they can never be undone." After all, Ayotunde's hands were amazing—she could braid hair beautifully, curl it into perfect waves, and cut it so smoothly that it looked brand new. He had heard the stories—stories of people leaving Ayotunde's salon full of confidence, feeling transformed—but Adu wasn't one to believe in superstitions. Her hairstyling skills were famous, but it wasn't just about how she twisted hair into beautiful braids or turned messy hair into perfect curls. People from all walks of life, from villagers wanting a simple trim to high-ranking officials with complicated needs, trusted Ayotunde completely. I get that you're trying to be different, but isn't that a bit strange?" Ayotunde smiled but didn't answer right away. She had heard this question countless times. Instead, she simply said, "Let the experience speak for itself." Ayotunde nodded slowly, her face softening with a mixture of regret and sorrow. She had heard about Ayotunde's skill, but she was still puzzled by the missing mirrors. Ayotunde welcomed Leila with her usual warmth and invited her to sit in the cozy chair near the window. She twisted, combed, and styled Leila's hair with such care that Leila started to relax. Ayotunde was no ordinary woman. When someone left her salon, they didn't just have a new hairstyle—they felt better about themselves, like Ayotunde had worked a little magic on their hearts too. Ayotunde's salon was successful not only because of her skill but also because of one simple rule: No mirrors. Adu, unaware of the tension he had just caused, glanced at her and shrugged, holding the mirror in his hands. Ayotunde interrupted, her voice full of disbelief and fury. The reflection that stared back at him wasn't his own—it was something darker, twisted, and wrong. She took a deep breath and said, "I've heard you're great, but I don't understand why there are no mirrors. How can I know I'll like my hair if I can't see it?" Ayotunde smiled kindly, but didn't answer right away. As Ayotunde started working on her hair, her hands moved smoothly

and skillfully. The walls were painted in soft pastel colors, with calming nature paintings that made everyone feel at ease. He didn't understand why he couldn't check himself in a mirror, why he couldn't see how Ayotunde was doing. There was a tense stillness as Adu's heart raced. Ayotunde's face flushed crimson with anger. She stepped forward, her hands trembling, her voice sharp and rising with fury. Adu's eyes widened in confusion. He asked, still confused, but feeling a rising unease. The tension in the room was thick and suffocating. Adu stood frozen, the mirror still clutched tightly in his hands. He couldn't explain it, but the mirror, once so harmless, now seemed like an object of fear rather than vanity. Adu whispered, his voice shaky and small, as if he were afraid to speak the words out loud. Adu's heart pounded harder, the words echoing in his mind. Now he could feel the strange, unsettling sensation creeping into his bones. His pulse quickened, and the air around him seemed to crackle with an energy he couldn't understand. Adu swallowed hard, his mind racing. The unease inside him grew stronger, gnawing at him, like something was pulling him into a darkness he couldn't escape. She owned a hair salon, but it wasn't just any salon. There was something special about Ayotunde's salon. At first, visitors would ask, "Why are there no mirrors here, Ayotunde?" Ayotunde would smile and say, "You don't need to see yourself to know that you're beautiful." Some people would laugh and think it was just one of Ayotunde's little quirks. But still, they couldn't help but wonder: Why no mirrors? One day, a young woman named Leila came into the salon. Leila looked around, still unsure. Leila, still a little doubtful, decided to give it a try. People would travel from far away, curious about the idea of beauty without seeing it. Those who followed the rule left feeling amazing, but whispers always followed: What if it didn't work for everyone? The salon itself was like a peaceful retreat. As the minutes passed, Adu grew more impatient.