

The Magical Library

Fred cautiously pushed the aged door open. It creaked and gave him the feeling that it would fall straight off its hinges any moment. A feeling of magic hung in the air. Fred gazed in wonder at his surroundings. Great, vast bookshelves towered over him; sky high.

Fred crept tentatively around. He looked up at the immense collection of books. There seemed to be no end of them. So much so that he could not even see the end of the shelves. Everywhere he looked, books.

Apprehensively, Fred reached out for a book. The cover seemed to come alive. Unicorns, castles, dragons seemed to dance around as soon as he had picked up the book. Fred put the book down and reached for another. Again, the images on the cover moved around, and Fred hesitantly opened the book. At first, it was blank. He turned the pages and gradually, pictures formed, and the story came to life.

In wonderment, Fred sat down and turned page after page. Soon, he was completely absorbed in the tale. Once Fred came to the end of the story, he stood up, mentally shaking himself. Once more, Fred looked around at the considerable number of books. Near the top of the shelves, a cloud of dust arose and surrounded the books. Those books looked like they had not been touched in many, many years.

“This collection of books is so huge it would take hundreds, if not thousands of years to read them all”, Fred thought to himself. It seemed that every novel, poem, playwright that had ever been written was there, present in the library.

At last, Fred came back down to earth and, looking at his watch, realised how late it was. He would be late for dinner if he did not leave soon. With one last look over his shoulder at the immense bookshelves, loaded with books he mentally promised himself that he would come back soon. And with that, he pushed open the decrepit door and walked out.