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Writing competition

Reading is magic and can transport you to amazing and curious places.

Write a short story about a wonderful and magical place.

It started as a normal Thursday afternoon. I was hurrying to my favourite bookshop, the one that smells of old books and has been there for decades. My dad used to come here when he was my age. There's an old lady there, dad said, she was there in the bookshop ever since he was born. We've only ever said hello and goodbye to each other, but whenever I'm leaving the bookshop she pushes a book towards me. They're always the most interesting ones I get.

I learnt to read from my dad. He used to read to me when I was young. He'd lie down next to me in bed and say, "Are you ready for a story, Leanne?" I'd respond to him by asking, "Can we do the story about the book that can talk?" He would look down at me and groan, "No! Not the book that can talk! Not that again!" I would giggle. "Yes! Yes! The one about

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the talking book! He'd always say yes. Unfortunately, the government said he had to join the army to go fight in the war. I haven't seen him in over a year and I really miss him.

This Thursday as I entered the bookshop, the old lady greeted me with a smile and a wink. I smiled back and walked over to the shelves where the old books were. As I walked through the aisles, I looked around. Nothing looked very interesting. As I turned to leave the old lady pushed a book towards me. I picked it up and read the title, "The talking book." I frowned. The book felt... oddly familiar.

When I got home I showed my mother the book I bought. "Oh! That's the book your

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father wrote for you! He used to read it to you every night! She wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. "WHAT?! This is the book dad read to me every night?! He was the one who wrote it?!" I exclaimed. "Of course! He wanted it to be put in that bookshop because you love it!" My mother smiled at me. "It's a special place. Dad took me there when I said reading is magic." I told her.

The next day when I was walking to the bookshop, I noticed a bus on the side of the road with the words "Army travel services" on the side. A shiver of hope travelled through me. My father could be on that bus. I opened the big double doors of the bookshop and walked inside. "Hello Leanne!" I gasped. I knew my father had been on that bus! I decided to come to a special place to see you! He

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positively grinned at me. Seeing I was still shocked, my father carried on talking. "It's just like what you said to me Leanne -" Then I interrupted him. "Reading is magic, it brings you to a special place." And I smiled.