

Writing competition

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

Write a short story about a wonderful and magical place.

Reading Is Magic

When the first day of Winter came, the animals crept through the evening, finding safe refuge from the frozen breeze slowly building outside. As the moon rose, dreams of cloudy days and winter snow fell upon Florence's mind, where dreams of Summer sun and beach days had once rested. As the season of Winter came upon her town, Pelisville, her thoughts brought Barcelona into her mind and having nothing to do but sit around on a rainy day. She hoped that one day she would find something to enjoy during Winter, apart from the season itself. Something to spark her curiosity. Something, MAGICAL.

She waited until the sky went charcoal black, and just as the street noise disappeared, Florence made her way to the doorstep of every house. As she approached, she sat near the steps and just watched. She watched each family enjoy meals, play board games, and most common - read. Read to each other, read before bed, and read quietly to themselves. When doing so, she noticed a spark. A spark of something amazing lighting up in the room in their hearts. The kind of spark that transports you into another world. A spark, of MAGIC.

In another world, fairies danced, bears growled, pirates sailed, and princesses got saved from towers. Florence thought about it for a moment - until she finally realised that in all her time on earth, she had never read, or even picked up a book. Not in Summer, Autumn, Spring, and especially never before in Winter. All she needs is a book.

The next morning, Florence made her way to the dark and dusty corners of the old library nestled in a nearby forest. With every moment of doubt, she reminded herself it was worth it. As she arrived, she greeted the librarian - a sweet old woman - though they had never met before. Unsure of what book to choose, she picked up one titled ~~Wait~~. Wait - she had never learnt to read! She felt an eerie touch of nerve as she disclosed the matter to the librarian. Finally, she negotiated some lessons with her every afternoon. But all of these sleepless nights just for a little bit of magic?

Every afternoon, even the ones in Summer, Autumn, and Spring, as she picked up a book, she began to remember the spark. A similar one, but instead filled with monsters, spells, and happily ever afters. Reading was her happily ever after—so yes, reading is truly magic. In fact, the most powerful magic of all. So powerful, that if a bomb went off while someone was reading, it wouldn't bother them. Reading is magic.