

Writing competition

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

Write a short story about a wonderful and magical place.

"Careful, there... may still be some magic in here, Isla", my grandma told me cautiously.

I smiled and nodded as I took the snowglobe ^{out} of her hands and walked to my bedroom. Magic, I wondered.

That's strange. I gently shook the winter wonderland and soon I stumbled back and landed in

a pile of snow?

I scanned my surroundings and it seemed like I was inside the snowglobe with the fresh and sweet

scent of gingerbread spreading around the quiet and peaceful village, along with the sugary

and cozy aroma of what seems like home, but isn't. Bright snowflakes fall from the cloudy

sky landing on the ground along with children building snowmen and throwing snowballs

at each other.

I got up and strode towards the village heart which was a shimmering fountain with

majestic icicles hanging discreetly from the edges of the pool. I steadily wander across the snow

into a warm library, dimly lit by a fire with the ~~satisfying~~ ^{crackles} of the embers. A

voice startles me.

"You don't look like you're from here. I've never seen you around."

"That's because I'm not."

I turn around to a pale face, ~~she~~ ^{she} looks at me as if she's seen a ghost.

"What's wrong?"

"You're from Earth. Aren't you?"

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"Yeah, I am."

I answered before turning around to start walking towards a shelf. Fantasies, my favorite genre, I run my fingers along the woven covers and it feels almost illegal to take one out. I rub two fingers along the spine, moving away the dust covering the title Harry Potter. It seems like this book hasn't been touched in ages. I slowly pull it out of the shelf and find a nearby cushion to sit on.

"You have to leave," the same person I met at the entrance tells me.

"Why?"

"It's cursed, this city, the trains, the fountains and many more. Besides, people will worry that you're missing. We've got lots of letters from Earth."

"It's okay. I like this place. The snow, the gingerbread, the people here and this library. It's whimsical, all the people and the atmosphere. I describe dreamily.

"I want to stay here."

It's true. I want to be able to wake up to the smell of fresh gingerbread from the bakeries and I want to be able to go outside and feel the snow from under my feet. I want to watch children play and mess around in the snow, but I also want to go to the library. I want to read all the fantasies I can imagine. I never knew winter could be so magical.