

The Book of Questions

It was a warm and sunny morning. Samantha had just woken up. It was her birthday today! Instantly, she ran down the stairs, two at a time, and looked at the pile of presents on the kitchen table, ready for her to open. She opened the top box on the pile. Inside, there lay...

A book.

Samantha frowned. She had asked everyone to give her something *interesting*. The cover, which was cracked, didn't look interesting at all. She sighed, frustrated, but decided to take a look anyway.

The book had no title. She opened it. Inside, a neat scrawly handwriting read,

'You may choose any three questions to ask me.

I will answer them truthfully, but you only have three.'

'Perhaps this is something interesting after all,' She thought, to herself.

"What are you?" She whispered. The response appeared on the page.

'The book of questions, with answers I hide,

Ask me a question, and I shall reply.'

Samantha's eyes lit up. Perhaps she could ask for what she really wanted for her birthday but knew no one would be able to give her – an adventure. "Where can I find an adventure?" she asked. The response wrote:

'Number seven on street Silent-Spencer.

There lies what thy seeks for - an adventure,

In the dark of midnight, where there are dangers galore,

Knock three times on the broken-down door,

It shall open, and then you will see,

A corridor, which soon splits in three.

Then you will be, needing to choose a way,

Choose the right one, or else you'll roam astray.

At the end of that path, you will find a trapdoor.

Enter it, then you are allowed to roam, and to explore.'

That night, at midnight, Samantha set off towards Silent-Spencer Street, clutching the book to her chest.

She approached number seven. She noticed that it looked like a large, haunted mansion, glistening in the moonlight. Samantha shivered - she felt scared. But not that she would admit it. She had waited her entire life for an adventure like this to happen, and she was *not* going to ruin it.

She soon found the door.

She knocked, three times. One. Two. Three.

The door opened, revealing a corridor. She walked through it. Soon, she saw an intersection, that had three passageways. Samantha wondered which one she should walk through. She looked back at the book. It had written, '*Choose the right one, or else you'll roam astray.*' Just then, her eyes focused on the word '*right*'. Perhaps it meant the direction '*right*'. Trusting her instinct, she turned right.

Soon after, she saw the trapdoor. She opened it and climbed inside.

She gasped loudly, the gasp echoing through the corridor behind her.

Inside, she saw a large library, filled to the brim with books. In front of her, lay a slip of paper. It wrote,

'When you're looking for an adventure, take a look at a book. Books are adventures. Go where they lead you.'