

A1 / Book 1

The Blue Door

Word Count: 5000+

Emma lives in a small town near the sea. Every day is quiet.
Every day is the same.

One morning, she sees something impossible: a bright blue door near an old tree. There is no house. No wall. Only the door. No one else sees it.

When Emma finds a small silver key, she must decide: stay safe... or open the door and face what waits inside.

STORY INTRODUCTION

Emma's life is simple. She wakes up, eats breakfast, walks to school, and helps her mother in the evening. The streets are quiet. The houses are small and white. The sea is near, and the air is often cold in the morning.

Her father works in another city. He comes home only two times a year. Emma does not talk much about it. She says she is fine.

But one Monday morning, something changes.

Near the old tree at the corner of her street, Emma sees a blue door. It stands alone. There is no wall. There is no house.

Only the door.

No one else sees it. No one else believes her.

But the door is real.

And it waits.

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CHAPTER 1

The Blue Door



It is Monday morning. The sky is gray and heavy. The air is cold. The street is quiet. Emma walks to school with slow steps. Her bag is on her back. It is old but clean. She wears a black jacket and blue shoes. Her hands are cold, and she keeps them inside her pockets. Emma lives in a small town near the sea. The town is not big. There are small white houses and narrow streets. There is one school, one park, and one small café near the corner. Emma knows every street. She knows every face.

Her life is simple, and every day is the same. She wakes up. She eats breakfast. She walks to school. She studies. She walks home. She helps her mother. That is her life. Emma does not hate her life. But she is not excited. She feels something is missing, but she does not know what it is. She walks past the bakery. The smell of bread is warm and sweet. She sees her mother inside. Her mother smiles and waves. "Good morning, Emma," her mother says. "Good morning," Emma says. Emma continues walking. She walks past the park. She walks past the café. She walks past the old tree near the corner. Then she stops. There is something new. Emma looks at the old tree. Next to the tree, there is a door. A blue door. Emma blinks. She rubs her eyes. She looks again. The door is tall and bright blue. The paint is fresh. The color is strong. It is not old. It is not broken. The handle is silver and clean. The door stands alone. There is no wall. There is no house. There is only the door. Emma looks left. She looks right. The street is normal. A woman walks with a dog. A boy rides a bike. A car moves slowly.

No one looks at the door. Emma takes a slow step forward. "What is this?" Emma says softly. Her heart beats fast. She feels cold, but she also feels curious. She stands in front of the door. It is real. It is not a picture. It is not a dream. She touches it. The wood is cold and hard. It feels real. Emma pulls her hand back quickly. "This is not possible," she says. She walks around the door. There is nothing behind it. Just air. Just the tree. The door stands alone on the ground. She looks at the top. She looks at the bottom. She looks at the sides. There is no sign. No name. No message. Emma feels confused. "Why is this here?" she asks. There is no answer. The school bell rings far away. Emma jumps. "I am late," she says. She looks at the blue door again. It is quiet. It does not move. Emma takes one small step closer. She looks at the handle. The handle shines in the gray morning light. She wants to touch it again. But she does not. Instead, she turns around and runs to school. As she runs, she feels something inside her. It is fear. But it is also excitement. And she knows one thing: The door is real. And it waits.

CHAPTER 2

The Door Is Still There



Emma sits in her classroom, but her mind is not in the room. The walls are white. The board is green. The teacher stands near the desk and speaks in a calm voice. The other students write in their notebooks. The room is quiet. Emma looks at the window. From the window, she sees the street. She sees the park. She sees the old tree in the distance. She does not see the door from here.

"Emma," the teacher says. Emma turns her head quickly.

"Yes?" The teacher looks at her. "You are not writing."

Emma looks at her notebook.

The page is empty. "I am sorry," Emma says. She picks up her pen. The teacher nods and continues speaking. Emma tries to listen. She really tries. But every minute, the blue door comes back to her mind. The color. The silver handle. The way it stands alone. *It is real,* she thinks. *I touch it. It is real. * Her heart beats faster again. When the class ends, the students stand up and talk. Some laugh. Some move quickly to the next room. Emma stays in her seat for a moment. "Emma," Leo says. She looks up. Leo stands next to her desk. He is tall and thin. His hair is brown and messy. He smiles a little. "You are strange today," Leo says. "Are you okay? " "I am fine," Emma says. Leo sits on the desk in front of her. "You are not fine," he says. "You are quiet. " Emma looks at him. She does not want to speak. But she also does not want to keep the secret inside. "Leo," Emma says slowly, "do you see a blue door near the old tree? " Leo laughs. "A blue door? There is no house there. " "I know," Emma says. "But there is a door. " Leo stops smiling.

He looks at her face carefully. "You are serious," Leo says. "Yes," Emma says. "It is tall. It is bright blue. It is next to the tree." Leo stands up. "Come," he says. They walk into the hall. There is a window near the stairs. Leo stands in front of it and looks outside. "I see the tree," Leo says. "I see the bench. I see the street." He turns to Emma. "There is no door." Emma walks closer to the window. She looks carefully. The tree stands alone. The ground is empty. Her stomach feels heavy. "It is there," she says softly. Leo watches her. "Maybe you are tired," he says. "You study a lot. You help your mother. You do many things." "I am not tired," Emma says. Leo shrugs. "Maybe it is your imagination." Emma feels angry now. "It is not imagination," she says. "I touch it." Leo is quiet. The bell rings again. Students move around them. "We have class," Leo says. "Forget about the door." But Emma cannot forget. After school, she does not walk home. She walks fast to the old tree. Her steps are quick. Her hands shake a little. *Please be there,* she thinks. *Please be real.*

He looks at her face carefully. "You are serious," Leo says. "Yes," Emma says. "It is tall. It is bright blue. It is next to the tree." Leo stands up. "Come," he says. They walk into the hall. There is a window near the stairs. Leo stands in front of it and looks outside. "I see the tree," Leo says. "I see the bench. I see the street." He turns to Emma. "There is no door." Emma walks closer to the window. She looks carefully. The tree stands alone. The ground is empty. Her stomach feels heavy. "It is there," she says softly. Leo watches her. "Maybe you are tired," he says. "You study a lot. You help your mother. You do many things." "I am not tired," Emma says. Leo shrugs. "Maybe it is your imagination." Emma feels angry now. "It is not imagination," she says. "I touch it." Leo is quiet. The bell rings again. Students move around them. "We have class," Leo says. "Forget about the door." But Emma cannot forget. After school, she does not walk home. She walks fast to the old tree. Her steps are quick. Her hands shake a little. *Please be there,* she thinks. *Please be real.

She turns the corner. The blue door stands in the same place. Bright. Silent. Waiting. Emma stops. She feels relief. She feels fear. She feels excitement. "It is still here," she whispers. A woman walks past her. The woman looks at Emma, then continues walking. The woman does not look at the door. Emma steps closer. The door is exactly the same. The blue color is strong. The silver handle shines in the afternoon light. Emma stands in front of it. The street is quiet now. There are no cars. No voices. Only the sound of the wind. "Why only me?" Emma asks. She looks around again. No one reacts. No one sees it. Emma lifts her hand slowly. Her fingers move toward the handle. She stops. Her heart beats fast. Her breathing is quick. "If I open it... what is there?" she says softly. The door is silent. Emma closes her eyes for one second. Then she opens them again. The door is still there. And it feels closer now.

CHAPTER 3

The Silver Handle



Emma stands in front of the blue door. The afternoon light is soft. The street is almost empty. A small bird sits in the old tree. The wind moves the leaves slowly. Emma looks at the silver handle. It shines like metal in water. It is clean and smooth. There is no dust. There is no scratch. "This is real," Emma says quietly. She moves her hand closer. Her fingers shake a little. She feels cold and warm at the same time. Her hand touches the handle. It is cold.

Emma pulls her hand back quickly. Her heart beats fast. "I am not afraid," she says softly. But she is afraid. She looks behind her. The street is normal. A man walks with a bag. A car moves slowly. Life is simple and quiet. Emma turns back to the door. "Why are you here?" she asks. The door does not answer. Emma takes a deep breath. She touches the handle again. This time she does not pull her hand back. She keeps her hand there. She turns the handle slowly. It does not move. "It is locked," Emma says. She tries again. The handle stays in the same position. Emma feels disappointed. "Of course," she says. "It is locked." She looks at the door carefully. There is a small hole under the handle. It is a key hole. "There is a key," Emma says. She bends down. She looks closer. The key hole is small and dark. "But where is the key?" she asks. Emma stands up again. She walks around the door. She looks at the ground. She looks near the tree. She looks near the bench. There is nothing. No key. No sign. Nothing. A voice comes from behind her. "Emma." She jumps. It is Leo. "What are you doing here?" Leo asks.

Emma looks at him. "I am looking at the door." Leo looks confused. "You are looking at air." "No," Emma says. "I am looking at the door." Leo walks closer to her. He stands where the door is. "Show me," Leo says. Emma points. "It is here." Leo moves his hand through the space. His hand goes through the air. "There is nothing," Leo says softly. Emma feels alone. Very alone. She looks at the blue door. It stands between her and Leo. But Leo does not see it. "Leo," Emma says slowly, "I see it every time. It is not a dream." Leo watches her face. "I believe you," he says quietly. Emma looks at him. "You do?" "Yes," Leo says. "You are not crazy." Emma feels a small relief. "But I do not see it," Leo says. "Only you see it." Emma turns back to the door. "Then it is for me," she says. "For you?" Leo asks. Emma nods. "Maybe." Leo is silent. Emma looks at the key hole again. "It is locked," she says. "There is a key." "Then find the key," Leo says. Emma looks at him. Find the key. The words stay in her mind. She looks around the tree again. She looks at the ground. She looks at the bench.

Nothing. "Maybe it is at home," Leo says. "At home?" Emma asks. "I do not know," Leo says. "Maybe it is somewhere important for you." Emma thinks about her house. Her room. Her mother. Her old boxes. She feels something strange in her chest. "I go home," Emma says. Leo nods. "Be careful." Emma looks at the door one more time. "I come back," she says softly. The blue door stands silent. But Emma feels something new now. It is not only fear. It is not only curiosity. It is a question. And she wants the answer.

CHAPTER 4

The Small Box



Emma walks home quickly. The sky is orange now. The sun is low. The air is cool and quiet. Her steps are fast. Her heart is loud inside her chest. *Find the key,* she thinks. *Find the key.* She does not know why she listens to Leo. She does not know why she believes there is a key. But the door has a key hole. And a key hole means a key. Emma opens the front door of her house. It is small and white. The paint is old. The floor is clean. The house smells like bread and sugar.

Her mother stands in the kitchen. "You are early today," her mother says. Emma nods. "Yes. " "You look serious," her mother says. "Is everything okay? " Emma looks at her. She wants to tell her about the key. But she stops. "Yes," Emma says. "I am okay. " Her mother watches her for a moment. Then she smiles. "Good. Dinner is soon. " Emma walks to her room. Her room is small. There is a bed, a desk, and a small closet. There are books on the shelf. There is a photo of her father on the wall. Emma sits on her bed. She looks around. "Where is the key? " she whispers. She opens her desk drawer. There are pens, paper, and small notes. No key. She looks under her bed. There are shoes and an old bag. No key. She opens her closet. There are clothes and a small box on the top shelf. The box is brown and old. Emma looks at it carefully. "I know this box," she says. It is her father's box. He puts small things inside it. Old coins. A watch. A small notebook. Emma stands on a chair and takes the box. She puts it on her bed. Her hands move slowly. She feels nervous. She opens the box. Inside there are old coins.

A silver watch. A small notebook. And something else. Emma stops breathing for a second. There is a small key. It is silver. It is simple. It is not new. Emma picks it up carefully. The key is cold in her hand. "Is this...?" she whispers. She looks at it closely. It is small. The shape is simple. It can fit in a small key hole. Emma's heart beats faster. "This is crazy," she says softly. Why is this key here? Why does her father have it? Does he know about the door? Emma sits on her bed with the key in her hand. She thinks about her father. He is quiet. He does not speak much about the past. He works in another city. He comes home two times a year. He is not here now. Emma looks at the key again. "I go now," she says. She closes the box. She puts it back on the shelf. She keeps the key in her pocket. Her mother calls from the kitchen. "Emma, dinner is ready!" "I am not hungry," Emma says. "Emma —" "I come later," Emma says quickly. She runs out of her room. She opens the front door and steps into the evening air. The sky is darker now. The street lights are on. The town is calm and quiet. Emma walks fast. The key is in her pocket. And she feels it with every step.

CHAPTER 5

The Lock



The street is almost empty when Emma reaches the old tree. The sky is dark blue now. The lights from the houses are soft and yellow. The café is closed. The park is quiet. Emma walks slowly toward the tree. The blue door stands there. It is bright even in the dark. Emma stops a few steps away. She puts her hand in her pocket. The small key is cold between her fingers. "It is real," she whispers. She walks closer. The door is silent.

The silver handle shines under the street light. The key hole is small and dark. Emma looks around. There is no one near her. No cars. No voices. Only her. Only the door. She takes the key out of her pocket. Her hand shakes a little. "This is crazy," she says softly. But she does not stop. She moves the key toward the lock. The key fits. Emma freezes. It fits perfectly. Her breathing becomes fast. Her heart beats hard in her chest. "How?" she whispers. She does not understand. She does not know why the key is in her father's box. She does not know why the door is here. But the key fits. Emma closes her eyes for a second. Then she turns the key. Click. The sound is clear in the quiet night. The lock is open. Emma stands still. She feels fear. She feels excitement. She feels something big and heavy inside her. She looks at the handle. "It is open," she says. Her hand moves slowly to the silver handle. She touches it. It is not cold now. It feels warm. She pulls it down gently. The door moves. It opens slowly with a soft sound. Emma takes one small step back. Behind the door, there is no street. There is no tree.

There is light. Soft, golden light. Emma's eyes grow wide. She looks inside. She sees grass. Green grass. She sees a small path. She sees trees in the distance. The air inside looks bright and warm. It is not night inside. It is day. Emma stands in front of the open door. The night air is cold behind her. The warm light is in front of her. She does not move. "This is not possible," she says. The light moves softly. The grass moves in a gentle wind. It looks peaceful. It looks safe. But it is not her town. It is not her world. Emma takes one slow step forward. Then she stops. "If I go inside... can I come back?" she asks quietly. The door does not answer. The light waits. Emma stands between two worlds. And she must choose.

CHAPTER 6

One Step



Emma stands in front of the open door. The night is behind her. The golden light is in front of her. Her hands feel cold. Her face feels warm. She looks back at the street. The old tree is still there. The houses are quiet. Everything is normal. She looks inside the door again. The grass is green and soft. The path is narrow and clean. The sky inside is bright and blue. It is like morning inside the door. "It is not night there," Emma whispers. Her heart beats fast. *I am not afraid,* she thinks. But she is afraid. She moves her right foot forward slowly.

Her shoe touches the grass inside the door. It feels real. It feels soft. Emma gasps quietly. She looks back again at her town. The street is still there. The door is still open. Emma takes a deep breath. "I go," she says softly. She steps through the door. Both feet are now on the grass. The air is warm. The smell is fresh and clean. She hears birds in the trees. She feels the sun on her face. Emma turns around quickly. The door is still there behind her. It stands alone in the middle of the green field. She sees the dark street through it. She sees the old tree. "It is still open," she says. She feels relief. Emma looks around. There are trees in the distance. There are small flowers near the path. The sky is clear.

There are white clouds. It is quiet but not empty. It feels alive. She takes a few small steps forward. The grass moves under her shoes. The path goes straight ahead. "Where am I?" Emma asks. There is no answer. She walks slowly along the path. Her steps are careful. She looks at everything. The trees are tall and green. The leaves shine in the light. The air is warm but not hot.

Emma smiles a little. "It is beautiful," she says. But then she stops. There is something strange. There are no houses. There are no people. There are no roads. Only grass. Only trees. Only sky. Emma feels a small fear again. "Hello?" she calls. Her voice sounds soft in the open space. There is no answer. She turns her head quickly. The door is still behind her, but it looks smaller now. Emma feels her heart beat faster. *Do not go too far,* she thinks. She looks at the path again. The path goes into the trees. It is quiet there. A little darker. Emma stands still. She can go back. The door is open. Or she can walk forward. The wind moves gently around her. Emma takes one more step. And then another.

CHAPTER 7

The Voice in the Trees



Emma walks slowly along the narrow path. The grass is soft under her shoes. The air is warm and bright. She looks back again. The blue door is still there. It stands alone in the field. She can see the dark street through it. "It is open," she says quietly. She feels a little better. Emma turns forward again. The path goes toward the trees. The trees are tall and close together. The light is softer there. The shadows are long. She takes small steps.

Her heart is not calm. It beats fast and strong. "Hello?" Emma calls again. Her voice moves through the trees. This time, she hears something. A sound. A soft sound. Emma stops. It is not the wind. It is not a bird. It sounds like a voice. She stands very still. "Who is there?" Emma asks. There is silence for a moment. Then she hears it again. "Emma." Her name. Emma's body feels cold. "Who says my name?" she asks. The voice is soft. It is not loud. It is not angry. It is calm. "Emma," the voice says again. She looks around quickly. She sees trees. She sees leaves. She sees light between the branches. She does not see a person. "Where are you?" Emma asks. There is no answer. She feels fear now. Real fear. "I go back," she says. She turns quickly and walks back along the path. Her steps are faster now. Her breathing is quick. The trees feel closer. The air feels different. She looks ahead. She does not see the field. She does not see the blue door. Emma stops suddenly. The path is not the same. The trees are everywhere now. "No," she whispers. She turns around. Trees. She looks left. Trees. She looks right.

Trees. Her heart beats very hard. "The door," she says. "Where is the door?" She runs a few steps forward. The path turns. It is narrow and strange now. "Stop," the voice says softly. Emma freezes. The voice is closer now. "I do not see you!" Emma says loudly. "You are safe," the voice says. Emma shakes her head. "I want to go home," she says. There is a long silence. Then the voice speaks again. "You open the door." Emma feels her breath stop. "Yes," she says. "You find the key," the voice says. "Yes," Emma whispers. "You come inside," the voice says. Emma's hands shake. "Yes," she says. There is a pause. Then the voice says something that makes her heart feel heavy. "The door is not lost." Emma looks around quickly. "What?" she asks. "The door is not lost," the voice repeats. "You are lost." Emma feels her knees shake. "I do not understand," she says. The wind moves softly through the trees. The voice is quiet now. Emma stands alone between the trees. And she does not know which way is home.

CHAPTER 8

Do Not Run



Emma stands between the tall trees. The light is soft and green around her. The path is not clear now. It moves in different directions. Her hands shake. "I am not lost," Emma says. But her voice is not strong. The trees are quiet. The air is warm, but she feels cold inside. "I want to go home," Emma says again. The voice speaks softly from somewhere near her. "Do not run." Emma looks around quickly. "Where are you?" she asks. "I am here," the voice says. Emma turns in a circle.

She sees only trees and light between the leaves. "You are not alone," the voice says. Emma feels tears in her eyes. "I do not see you," she says. "You do not need to see me," the voice replies. Emma feels angry now. "Yes, I do!" Emma says loudly. "I do not know this place. I do not know you." There is silence for a moment. Then the voice speaks again. "You are afraid." Emma closes her eyes. "Yes," she says. "Why?" the voice asks. Emma thinks. Her heart is loud. Her head feels heavy. "I do not know where the door is," she says. "I do not know how to go back." "The door is where you are calm," the voice says. Emma opens her eyes. "I am not calm," she says. "Then be calm," the voice answers. Emma feels frustrated. "It is not easy," she says. The wind moves gently. The leaves make a soft sound. "Stand still," the voice says. Emma does not move. "Close your eyes," the voice says. Emma hesitates. "I am afraid," she says. "You are safe," the voice says. Emma takes a slow breath. She closes her eyes. She stands very still. She listens to the wind. She listens to the birds. She listens to her own breathing. Her heart is fast at first. Then it is slower.

She takes another slow breath. "I am here," she whispers. The air feels softer now. "Open your eyes," the voice says. Emma opens her eyes slowly. She gasps. The trees are not close now. In front of her, there is the green field again. And in the middle of the field— The blue door. It stands in the sunlight. Emma feels relief in her whole body. "It is there," she says. "Yes," the voice says softly. Emma looks around. "Where are you?" she asks again. The voice is gentle. "I am with you," it says. Emma feels calm now. She walks slowly toward the field. Each step is careful but steady. She keeps her eyes on the blue door. It does not disappear. It does not move. When she reaches the door, she stops in front of it. She turns around. The trees are quiet. The path is gone. The field is open and bright. "Why is this place here?" Emma asks. There is a long silence. Then the voice answers. "You see the door." Emma nods slowly. "Yes." "You find the key." "Yes." "You open the door." "Yes," Emma says again. The voice becomes softer. "You are not afraid of doors." Emma looks at the blue wood in front of her. She thinks about her town. She thinks about her house.

She thinks about her father. She thinks about the small box. Her chest feels heavy again. "I am afraid," she says quietly. There is a soft pause. "Yes," the voice says. "But you walk anyway." Emma looks at the door. The door to her world. Or maybe not. She places her hand on the silver handle. And she must choose again.

CHAPTER 9

Do Not Run



Emma keeps her hand on the silver handle. The blue paint is bright in the sunlight. The field is quiet. The air is warm and soft around her. "I want to go home," Emma says. The voice answers gently, "Home is not only a place." Emma frowns. "My home is my house. My mother is there." "Yes," the voice says. "Your mother is there." Emma waits. "And your father?" the voice asks. Emma's hand becomes still. "My father works in another city," she says. "Yes," the voice replies.

Emma looks down at the grass. It moves softly in the wind. "He comes two times a year," Emma says. "He is busy." The field is silent for a moment. "Are you happy?" the voice asks. Emma does not answer quickly. She thinks about her mornings. She thinks about school. She thinks about the bakery. She thinks about the quiet evenings. "I am... fine," Emma says slowly. The voice is calm. "You are not fine." Emma feels something tight in her chest. "I am fine," she says again, but her voice is small. "You see the door," the voice says. "No one else sees it." Emma nods. "You find the key in your father's box," the voice continues. Emma closes her eyes. "Yes." "Why is the key there?" the voice asks. "I do not know," Emma says. "You know," the voice says softly. Emma opens her eyes. She feels tears now. "My father is not here," she says. "He is never here." The wind moves through the field. "I wait for him," Emma says. "I always wait." Her voice shakes. "I am not angry," she says quickly. "I understand. He works. He is busy." The voice does not speak. Emma looks at the blue door. "I miss him," she whispers. The words feel heavy but true.

The field is quiet. "You open the door," the voice says gently, "because you are ready. " "Ready for what? " Emma asks. "To see," the voice says. Emma feels confused. "I do not understand. " The voice is very soft now. "You are not afraid of doors," it says again. "You are afraid of feelings. " Emma's tears fall slowly. She stands in the sunlight with her hand on the handle. "I do not want to be alone," she says. "You are not alone," the voice answers. Emma takes a deep breath. She thinks about the blue door near the old tree. She thinks about how it stands alone. No wall. No house. Just a door. Like her father. There, but not there. Emma feels the truth slowly in her heart. "The door is me," she says quietly. The field is silent. "You are strong," the voice says. Emma wipes her tears. She looks at the door again. "I am afraid," she says honestly. "Yes," the voice answers. "But you walk. " Emma nods slowly. She understands now. The door is not a trap. The door is not danger. The door is a choice. She can close her feelings. Or she can open them. Emma takes a deep breath. "I go home," she says. She turns the handle. The blue door opens. And she steps through.

CHAPTER 10

The Open Door



Emma steps through the blue door. The cold night air touches her face. The old tree stands in front of her. The street is quiet. The houses are dark. The café is closed. She turns around quickly. The blue door is still there for one moment. Then it slowly becomes lighter. The blue color fades. The silver handle becomes soft like air. And then— It is gone. There is only the tree. Emma stands very still. She feels calm. She feels tired. But she also feels strong.

The street is normal again. There is no light. No field. No path. Only her town. Emma looks at the place where the door stands before. "It is okay," she says softly. She puts her hands in her pockets. The key is still there. She takes it out. The small silver key shines under the street light. Emma looks at it for a long moment. Then she closes her hand around it. "I do not need you now," she says quietly. She walks home slowly. The air is cold, but she does not feel cold inside anymore. When she opens the front door of her house, her mother is in the kitchen. "Emma?" her mother says. "Where are you?" "I am here," Emma says. Her mother walks closer. She looks worried. "You are out late," her mother says. "I am not calm." Emma looks at her mother's face. Her mother is tired. Her mother works every day. Her mother smiles, but her eyes are sometimes sad. Emma feels something warm in her chest. "I am sorry," Emma says. Her mother touches her arm. "Are you okay?" Emma nods. "Yes," she says. Her mother looks at her carefully. "You look different," her mother says.

Emma smiles a little. "I feel different," she says. Her mother smiles back. "Come," her mother says. "Sit. Tell me." Emma sits at the kitchen table. She does not talk about the door. She does not talk about the field. But she speaks. She speaks about school. She speaks about feeling alone. She speaks about missing her father. Her mother listens. Her mother holds her hand. "I miss him too," her mother says softly. Emma feels tears again, but they are not heavy now. They are light. "Why is he not here?" Emma asks. Her mother is quiet for a moment. "He works," her mother says. "But he loves you." Emma nods. "I know," she says. And this time, she really knows. Later, Emma goes to her room. She takes the small key from her pocket. She opens her father's box. She puts the key inside. Then she closes the box. She looks at the photo of her father on the wall. "I am not afraid," she says quietly. She lies down on her bed. The room is calm. Her heart is calm. Outside, the old tree stands in the dark. There is no blue door now. But Emma knows something important. The door is not outside. The door is inside her. And it is open.

The End

Difficult Words with Examples

Word	Simple Meaning	Example Sentence
Alone	Without other people	Emma stands alone near the old tree.
Curious	Wanting to know more	Emma feels curious about the blue door.
Locked	Closed with a key	The door is locked, and she cannot open it.
Handle	The part you hold to open a door	She touches the silver handle slowly.
Keyhole	The small hole where you put a key	The keyhole is small and dark.
Relief	A calm feeling after fear or worry	Emma feels relief when she sees the door again.
Field	A large open area with grass	There is a green field behind the door.

Path	A small road you walk on	Emma walks along the narrow path.
Shadow	A dark shape made by light	Long shadows move under the trees.
Calm	Quiet and peaceful	She feels calm when she stands still.
Afraid	Feeling fear	Emma is afraid, but she walks forward.
Honest	Telling the truth	She is honest about her feelings.
Choice	A decision between two things	The door is a choice. She can open it or not.
Strong	Not weak, powerful inside	Emma feels strong at the end.
Inside	The inner part of something	The real change is inside her heart.
Silent	Very quiet, no sound	The blue door stands silent in the street.
Gentle	Soft and calm	A gentle wind moves the grass.

Missing	Feeling sad because someone is not there	Emma is missing her father.
Fade	Slowly disappear	The blue door begins to fade at night.
Wait	Stay in one place until something happens	The door waits for Emma.