

The bookshop stood at the end of a narrow street, just beside the river. Its windows were dusty, and the sign above the door had almost faded away. Yet every day, curious visitors stepped inside, drawn by the smell of old paper and ink. The owner, a quiet man with silver hair, seemed to know every **book** by heart. He could tell where each one came from, who once owned it, and even which stories made readers cry. People said his shop was magical, because whenever someone came in looking for a particular story, they always found exactly what they needed—sometimes even before they knew they needed it. One rainy afternoon, a young woman entered, shivering and lost. The man handed her a **book** bound in blue leather and said softly, “This one will help.” When she opened it that night, she realized the story inside mirrored her own life perfectly. It spoke of courage, kindness, and beginning again. The next morning, she returned to thank him, but the shop was gone. Only the river remained, reflecting the sunlight like the pages of a story that never truly ends.