

Mira watched the last train leave the station, holding a small postcard in her hand. It was old and had a picture of a lighthouse by the sea. Her mother, who she had never met, once sent it. The little town by the ocean was quiet, and the salty wind blew gently through the streets. Mira walked past an old bookstore that the postcard talked about. Its windows were dusty, but inside she saw a light. She opened the door slowly and walked in, not knowing that something very special was waiting for her inside.