Little did I know how a simple halt near the bookshop would change my life. As I hurried through the bustling city streets, the sight of an old bookstore caught my eye. Intrigued by its quaint appearance, I impulsively stepped inside, unaware of the impact this thoughtless decision would have on my day.

The bookstore seemed to be a very old, though cozy place to visit. Suddenly, a weathered book beckoned from a corner. It has a worn cover and scribbled pages. Flipping through, I found myself overwhelmed in a wave of nostalgia as forgotten memories surged to the forefront of my mind. The book turned out to be a novel that I wrote as a teenager, but I did not know how it could possibly be there.

The book served as a portal, transporting me back to cherished moments and buried dreams. I remember myself writing it under a tree in my grandma’s village and thinking about all the characters while trying to fall asleep at 2 am. And to my surprise, it was pretty well-written for a 12 year old boy.

I exited the shop with a strange yet interesting feeling. Roughly Twelve years of my life were hidden in an inconspicuous bookstore. How is that even possible? I soon decided to write a new book that would serve as a prequel to that one. It will definitely be an interesting autobiography.