



*KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.*

*No way, Aziza thought. Is the door actually magical?*

Aziza hesitated for a moment, then carefully reached out for the stick-on gem doorknob with her thumb and index finger. Warmth shot through her hand, up her arm and then through her whole body. She felt like a bottle of fizzy water that had been shaken up.

The door was growing and the shiny doorknob now filled Aziza's whole hand. Even the lily seemed to be getting bigger. Aziza gripped the doorknob tighter as she realized something.







