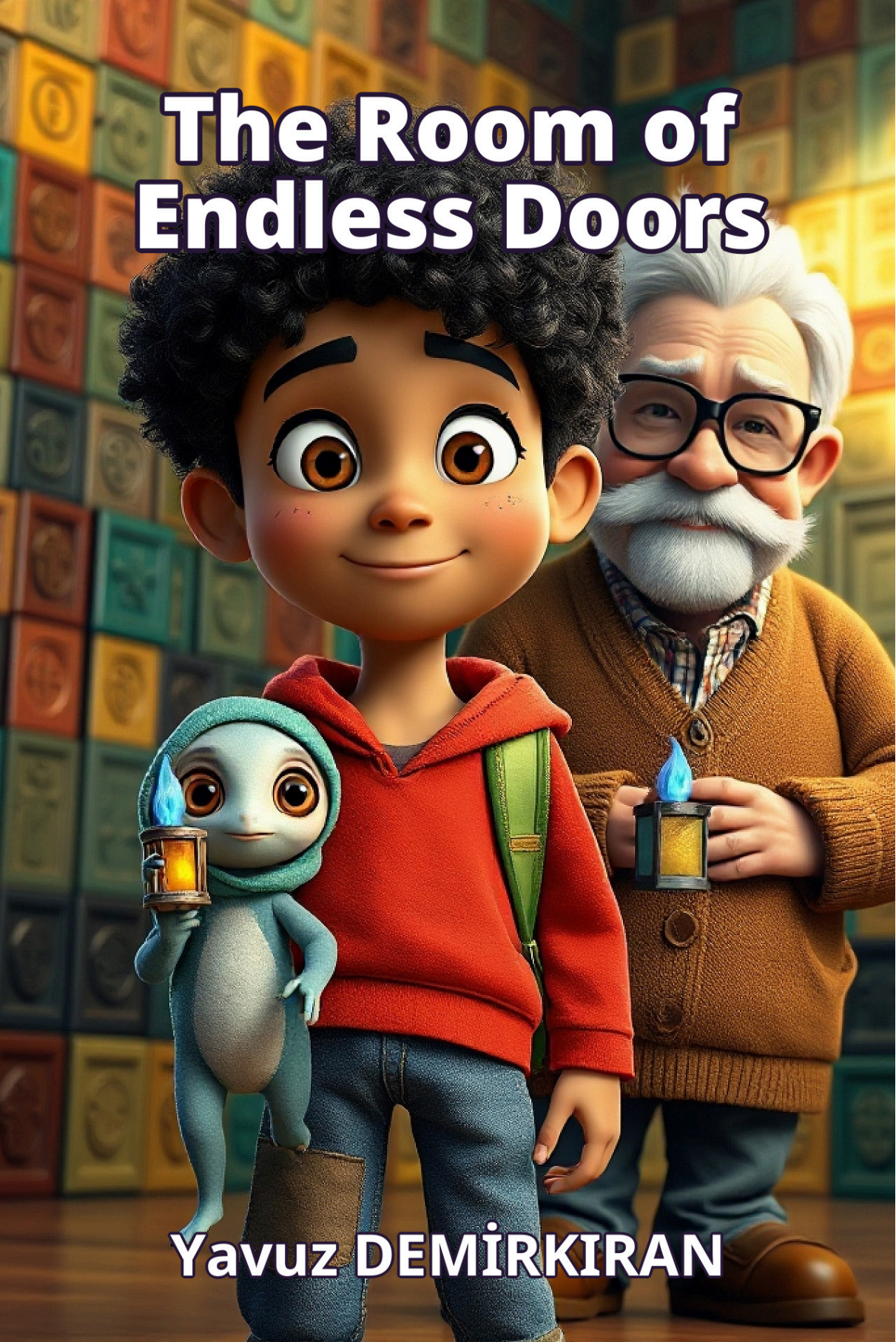
The Room of Endless Doors
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Daniel was a curious boy with warm brown skin and curly black hair. One rainy afternoon, he visited his Grandpa Aldo, who lived in a tall, twisty house. In the attic, Daniel found a small brass key. "This opens something special," said Grandpa Aldo, his grey eyes twinkling behind round glasses. "But remember: look before you leap."

Daniel took the key and climbed to the very top of the house. There was a narrow door he had never noticed before. The key fit perfectly. When he turned it, the door swung open with a soft click. Behind it was a room unlike any Daniel had ever seen. Doors, doors, and more doors filled the space, in every size and color.

The doors were red, blue, green, and gold. Some were tiny, no bigger than a mouse hole. Others were tall enough for a giant. Each door had a strange symbol carved above it. Daniel's dark brown eyes grew wide. "Wow!" he whispered. His yellow trainers squeaked on the floor as he spun around, trying to see everything at once.

The first door Daniel tried was bright yellow. He pushed it open and stepped into a garden full of sunflowers. Butterflies fluttered around him, and the air smelled sweet. He ran through the flowers, laughing. But soon the sunflowers grew taller and taller, and Daniel could not find the yellow door again. He felt a tiny worry.

He found another door, this one painted sky blue. It led to a village where the houses were made of books! Little people with pointy hats waved at him. "Hello!" they cried. Daniel waved back. He wanted to stay and read every book, but he remembered Grandpa's words. He looked above the door and saw a symbol like a tiny house.

The next door was deep purple and covered in stars. Daniel opened it and gasped. He was standing on a path that floated in the sky! Strange creatures with long noses floated by. One offered him a star cookie. Daniel took a bite. It tasted like honey. But when he turned around, the purple door was gone. He was lost.

Daniel tried door after door, each one more wonderful. A door of green glass led to a jungle where flowers sang. A door of silver led to a city under the sea. But every time he left a door, it disappeared behind him. His green backpack felt heavy, and his patched knee ached. He wanted to go home.

He sat down on the floor and hugged his knees. "I should have looked before I leaped," he said. Just then, a small creature appeared. It was about the height of Daniel's shoulder, with pale grey-blue skin and large amber eyes. It wore a teal hooded robe and carried a lantern with a blue flame. The Door-Keeper.

The Door-Keeper did not speak. It simply pointed a thin finger at the symbol above the nearest door. Daniel looked closely. The symbol was a circle with a line through it. Then he noticed another door with a circle and two lines. And another with a circle and three lines. A pattern! "The symbols tell where the doors go!" he said.

Daniel began to study the symbols carefully. He saw that doors with a sun symbol led to bright gardens. Doors with a moon symbol led to nighttime places. Doors with a house symbol led home. He had been choosing doors just for fun, without thinking. Now he understood. "I need to find a door with a house symbol," he said.

Daniel walked slowly, examining each symbol. The Door-Keeper followed silently, its blue lantern glowing. Some doors were tempting: one had a symbol of a mountain, promising high peaks to climb. But Daniel stayed patient. Finally, he found a small wooden door with a symbol of a house above it. It looked just like Grandpa's house.

Daniel opened the door. There was Grandpa Aldo, sitting in his brown cardigan! "You found your way back," Grandpa said with a smile. Daniel hugged him. "I learned to look before I leaped," Daniel said. "The symbols helped me choose." Grandpa nodded. "Good decisions require thought, not just excitement."

Daniel told Grandpa about the gardens, the book village, and the sky path. Grandpa listened, his grey eyes warm. "The door room is a magical place," he said. "But it only opens for those who are ready to think." Daniel realized that the adventure was even better because he had solved the puzzle himself. He felt proud and happy.

From that day on, Daniel visited the door room often. He always looked at the symbols first. Sometimes he chose a garden door, sometimes a village door, but he never got lost again. The Door-Keeper would appear now and then, a silent friend. Daniel learned that thinking before choosing made every adventure more fun.

One day, Daniel found a new door with a symbol he had never seen: a key. He opened it and found a room full of keys! Each key had a symbol. Daniel smiled. He knew just what to do. He would look, think, and choose carefully. And maybe, one day, he would share the secret with someone else.

Daniel returned home, his green backpack full of memories. He sat with Grandpa Aldo, watching the rain. "The best adventures," Daniel said, "are the ones where you think." Grandpa Aldo patted his shoulder. "And the best part is always coming home." Daniel smiled, his dark brown eyes shining. He couldn't wait for his next adventure.