

The Door Between Dreams



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Door Between Dreams

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN



Emma lived in a yellow house at the edge of a busy town. She had warm brown skin, curly black hair in two puffy buns, and a silver star clip that sparkled when she laughed. Every night she dreamed big dreams. But lately, the same dream kept coming back: a wooden door standing alone in an empty field, waiting just for her.



Far away, in a quiet town, Noah was sketching in his notebook. He had sandy-blond hair that fell over his forehead and round glasses he pushed up all the time. That night, he dreamed too. He saw a strange door in a wide, empty field. It looked old and mysterious. He wondered who had put it there.



The next morning, Emma told her mom about the door. 'It felt so real!' she said. Noah told his dad the same thing. Neither of them knew the other existed. But that night, they both fell asleep and found themselves standing in the same empty field, facing the same wooden door. Emma reached for the handle. Noah hesitated. 'Should we?' he whispered. Emma grinned. 'Let's find out!'



The door creaked open, and a rush of warm, sweet air blew past them. On the other side, the sky was purple with two moons, and trees grew upside down. Emma stepped through first, her red boots crunching on candy-colored grass. Noah followed, pushing up his glasses. 'Whoa,' he breathed. 'This is amazing!' They looked at each other and smiled.



They walked until they reached a river that flowed upward. A sign said, 'Solve my riddle to cross.' Emma read it aloud: 'I have cities but no houses, forests but no trees, and water but no fish. What am I?' Noah thought hard. He sketched the river and the sign. 'A map!' he shouted. The river parted, and a bridge appeared. 'You're brilliant!' Emma said.



On the other side, they found a puzzle of stones. Each stone had a shape: star, moon, sun, and cloud. They had to press them in the right order. Emma noticed the sky: the sun was setting, and the moon was rising. 'Sun, moon, star, cloud!' she guessed. The stones glowed, and a path opened. 'Teamwork!' Noah laughed.



They followed the path to a forest where the trees whispered secrets. 'I can't understand them,' Emma said. Noah listened carefully. 'They're saying the castle is near,' he said. 'How do you know?' she asked. 'I don't know. I just feel it.' Emma trusted him. They held hands and walked deeper into the whispering woods.



In the heart of the forest, they found a forgotten castle covered in vines. Its towers touched the purple sky. 'It's beautiful,' Emma whispered. 'But how do we get in?' The drawbridge was up. Noah studied the wall and found a pattern of stars carved into the stone. 'We need to connect the stars like a constellation,' he said.



Emma spotted a star clip in her hair—it was the same shape as one on the wall. She pressed it, and a hidden lever moved. Noah pushed a stone that looked like a moon. Together, they connected all the stars. The drawbridge creaked down. 'We did it!' they cheered, and the castle doors swung open.



Inside, the castle was full of dusty treasures and books. They found a room with a giant map of the dream world. 'Look,' Noah said, 'our towns are on this map!' He traced a line between them. 'We're not that far apart.' Emma smiled. 'Maybe we can meet for real.' They promised to find each other. But then, the castle began to shake.



The dream world flickered. The door in the field started to fade. 'We have to go!' Emma cried. They ran back through the forest, over the bridge, and across the candy grass. The door was shimmering. 'What if we forget each other?' Noah asked. Emma grabbed his hand. 'We won't. We'll remember.' They stepped through just as the door vanished.



Emma woke up in her bed, clutching her star clip. Noah woke up, his heart pounding. They both remembered everything. But how could they find each other? Emma had an idea. She drew a picture of the dream door and wrote, 'Have you seen this door?' She asked her teacher to share it with other schools. Noah did the same.



Weeks later, a letter arrived for Emma. It was from Noah! He had seen her drawing. 'I know that door!' he wrote. They became pen pals, sending sketches and stories. They learned about each other's lives. Emma taught Noah to be brave. Noah taught Emma to be patient. Their friendship grew, even without the dream door.



One night, they both dreamed of the door again. It stood in the field, solid and bright. They stepped through and met in the dream world. 'You came back!' Emma said. 'Of course,' Noah replied. They explored new lands and solved new puzzles, but now they knew the secret: friendship doesn't need a magic door. It just needs two hearts that understand each other.



They still visit the dream world sometimes, but they also meet in real life. Emma's family drove to Noah's town for a picnic. They laughed and played, and Noah gave Emma a drawing of the castle. Emma gave Noah a star clip just like hers. 'For luck,' she said. And they knew their adventure would never truly end.



The door between dreams is always there, waiting for those who believe. Emma and Noah learned that imagination can build bridges across any distance. With teamwork and kindness, they turned a mysterious dream into a friendship that lasts. And if you ever dream of a wooden door in an empty field, maybe, just maybe, you'll find a friend on the other side.