



## **One Entry Per Person**

### **Pre-reading Activities**

1. Do you daydream? What place/setting/environment do you find yourself in while doing that?
2. Would you sometimes like to enter a different world? Why/Why not?
3. How do you think this world could be entered?
4. Try to role-play such an entry. What does it look like? How does it feel?

### **Reading Activities**

1. Read the story.
2. Identify the words that you don't understand – try to guess their meaning. Why are they used?
3. What do you think has happened to the narrator?
4. How long has the narrator spent in the other world? Identify the clues if there are any.
5. How is the other world characterized? What is its name?
6. Look at the structure of the story. Why is it used? What effect does it create?

### **Post-reading Activities**

1. What other names for a different, magical world can you come up with? How do these different names change your image of the world?
2. Make some expressions that someone from another world might use to refer to you as a visitor.
3. What do you think would await you at home if you returned from another world? Make your own (short) list.
4. Look at the pictures provided. Try to come up with as many a) adjectives b) nouns c) verbs that describe the world in the best way



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*by Tom Hadrava*

This is what you find when you return:

34 leaflets and newsletters, plain or glossy paper with no moon runes, ink-chants or scarenocks. None of them folds itself into an origami puffin or a kangaroo when prodded with a finger.

1 post-it note on the door, about an electricity blackout. Signed "Mrs. Trelawney, your trusted neighbor," dated two days after you entered the Realm. Text already a little faded, in English. Only a touch of perfume, no cinnamon, cockatrice-feather, or wild-dryad smell.

1 rug, oval, orange-white. The colors stable, not moving around or floating five centimeters above the floor. There are no whispers from the fabric, even if you put your ear very close.

121 personal emails. None of them starts with "Greetings, shimmering friend."

838 emails, belonging to the SPAM category. None of them call you "Gentle being" or "The one gifted with a passage-key to the realm."

13 cobwebs, no smell, no coruscation, no visible star-patterns.

5 spiders, usual size, speechless and rather dumb. No apparent stargazing during periods of clear night sky.

1 cup, with a silver line around the top, no quickrust. It does not warm up when asked to do so. A sign that says THE BEST MUG 4EVER in tacky letters, but you can see the bottom and the handle does not curl up your forearm, softly promising to stay forever.

2 apples, disappointingly tasting like apples.

10-12 fruit flies, usual size, speechless, simply hovering about. They do not dance in the air, show simple icons, or connect into a little arrow.

1 piece of bark of a giant spreentrucce, found in your pocket after searching the whole flat for any other signs. There are a few lines of text, written in charcoal: "Follow the flies in, unfollow them back. Rugs tell the truth, cups tell lies. Keys can only be turned once."

1 cardboard box, large, labeled FRAGILE and DO NOT TILT. No matter how many ways you position it or fold yourself inside, you still come out in the same place, a small kitchen with frayed orange curtains and a musty smell, here.