

Which door?

How could I possibly choose? In each door I would have regrets about not choosing the others, and, since I knew of their existence, and I guessed the door would close, never to open again, I would be trapped there forever and for all eternity, tortured by my wrong decision, always thinking about what I could have done in the other worlds.

Narnia, one of the larger doors, with witches and lions, snow and malice.

Peaceful Bag End, a perfectly rounded, queer, green door, with hobbits and dragons, elves and dwarves, roaring waterfalls, and hellich orcs, and the one ring. 221B Baker Street, dirty, smoggy London, home of the famous English private investigator, with assistant Dr Watson.

Monsters, Inc. a brushed wood door with silver casing around the sides. In it a galaxy of monsters scaring children for a living, and making energy from it, to power the metropolis inside. Hogwarts, the largest door, with deep engravings into the old wood, with the magical world of wizards and witches, spells and He Who Must Not Be Named.

And, finally, The TARDIS. Time travelling, space travelling, cruising the universe head to toe. In the end, I walked away.