

FLEYDO ENGLISH SCHOOL

Story Material

The Bookshop Under the Bridge

A richly atmospheric mystery set in Istanbul about a teenager who discovers a lost Ottoman library beneath her grandfather's bookshop.

Level: B1

Skill: Reading

Duration: ~55 min

Age: Teens (11-16)

Topic: Culture & Heritage

Pages: 26

The Story

Chapter I— The Crooked Shop— on Crooked Street

The bookshop leaned slightly to the left, as if it were tired. It was squeezed between a spice merchant and a carpet seller in a narrow lane behind the Galata Bridge, in the oldest part of Istanbul. The sign above the door — hand-painted in Ottoman script and faded by decades of sun and rain — read TARIQ'S BOOKS in Turkish, Arabic, and English. Inside, the shop was barely four metres wide, but it stretched back like a tunnel, every centimetre crammed with shelves that reached from floor to ceiling, holding approximately ten thousand books in seventeen languages. The air smelled of old paper, dust, leather, and the faint sweetness of apple tea, which Grandfather Tariq brewed constantly on a tiny gas stove behind the counter.

Elif loved this shop more than any place on Earth. She was fifteen years old, with dark eyes, quick hands, and the kind of curiosity that made her pick up every object she saw and turn it over to examine the other side. She had been coming to the bookshop every summer since she was six, helping her grandfather sort, shelve, repair, and occasionally sell the books that filled every corner of his extraordinary, chaotic, wonderful shop.

Grandfather Tariq was seventy-four years old, thin as a bookmark, with silver hair and a moustache that he trimmed every morning with the precision of a surgeon. He had been a book dealer for over fifty years, having learned the trade as an **apprentice** to an **antiquarian** bookseller in the Grand **Bazaar** in the 1970s. He could identify the age, origin, and approximate value of a book by its binding, paper, and typeface in under thirty seconds. He spoke Turkish, Arabic, English, French, and enough Greek, Persian, and German to **negotiate** with collectors from anywhere in the world.

"A book is not just paper and ink," he told Elif at least once a week, holding up whichever volume he happened to be examining. "It is a voice. Someone sat down, years or centuries ago, and wrote these words because they believed they mattered. Our job is to make sure those voices are not lost." Elif believed him. But she also knew, because she could read the worry lines on his face and the numbers in his account book, that the shop was in trouble. Serious trouble.

Chapter II— A City of Layers

Istanbul was a city built on top of itself. Roman beneath Byzantine, Byzantine beneath Ottoman, Ottoman beneath Republic, Republic beneath the glass and steel of the twenty-first century. Layers upon layers, each one pressing down on the last. The bookshop existed in one of these older layers — a lane that had been a centre for booksellers and scribes since the sixteenth century. But the lane was changing. The spice merchant next door had been replaced by a souvenir shop selling plastic magnets. The carpet seller on the other side had become a cafe serving overpriced coffee to tourists. Rents were rising. Foot traffic was shifting to the modern shopping streets. And people, Tariq admitted sadly, were buying fewer books.

"The internet," he said, as if the word tasted bitter. "Everyone reads on screens now. Why buy a book when you can download it in three seconds?" He paused. "But a screen does not smell of history. A screen does not have a margin where a reader from 1890 wrote a note in pencil. A screen does not carry the weight of the hands that held it." He placed a small leather-bound volume on the counter. "This book has been read by at least a dozen people over two hundred years. I can tell from the wear patterns on the pages. Each reader left a trace. That is what a book is — a conversation across time."

The financial situation was worse than Elif had realised. Her mother, Tariq's daughter Aylin, explained it over dinner at the family's apartment in Kadikoy, on the Asian side of the Bosphorus. "The landlord wants to triple the rent. He knows the building is in a prime tourist area and he can get more money from a restaurant or a hotel. If Baba cannot pay the new rent by the end of October, he will have to close." Elif's father, a quiet engineer named Hasan, looked at his plate. Her younger brother Emre, who was eleven and interested only in football, continued eating. Her grandmother, Babaanne Selin, who was Tariq's wife of fifty-two years, sat very still with her hands in her lap. "He will not close," Babaanne Selin said firmly. "He has been in that shop since 1975. It is part of him. If the shop dies, something in him will die too." The table was silent. Everyone knew she was right.

The next morning, Elif took the ferry across the Bosphorus to the European side, walked through the crowded streets of Eminonu, past the fish sandwich boats and the flower sellers and the men carrying trays of tea on silver platters, and arrived at the bookshop just as Tariq was unlocking the door. "I am here to help," she said. "Good," he replied. "Start with the Ottoman poetry section. There is a box of new acquisitions from an estate sale in Beyoglu. Sort them by century, then by poet. And be careful — some of them are very old."

Chapter III— The Map

The estate sale books were beautiful. Leather-bound volumes of Ottoman poetry, their pages filled with elegant **calligraphy** and decorated margins. Elif handled each one with cotton gloves, checking for damage, noting any loose pages or broken bindings. She was halfway through the box when she picked up a slim volume bound in dark red leather with gold tooling on the spine. The title page read, in Ottoman Turkish: *Collected Verses of the Garden — Istanbul, 1798*.

As she opened the book carefully, a folded piece of paper slipped from between the back cover and the endpaper — a hidden pocket that had been cleverly disguised as part of the binding. The paper was thick, handmade, and covered in ink drawings. It was a map. Not a printed map, but a hand-drawn one, rendered with the precision of a professional cartographer. It showed a section of Istanbul's old city — the area around the Galata Bridge, the spice market, and the waterfront — but with details Elif had never seen on any modern map: underground passages, water channels, and a series of small chambers marked with Ottoman numerals.

In the bottom corner, in small but perfectly formed **calligraphy**, was an **inscription**: "The Library of Ibrahim Pasha — may his knowledge endure — drawn by Yusuf al-Khatib, cartographer to the Sultan, in the year 1213 of the Hijra." Elif did the conversion in her head:

1213 Hijri was approximately 1798 CE. She showed the map to Tariq. His hands trembled as he examined it under his magnifying lamp. "This is extraordinary," he whispered. "Ibrahim Pasha was a real person — an Ottoman scholar and grand vizier who was famous for his enormous private library. When he fell from favour, his library vanished. Historians have been looking for it for two hundred years."

"And this map shows where it is?" Elif asked, her heart beating fast. "This map shows where it was in 1798. Whether anything remains..." He trailed off, staring at the intricate lines. "We need help. This is beyond my expertise. We need someone who knows Ottoman cartography and underground Istanbul." He picked up his phone. "I am calling Kerem's uncle." Kerem Yilmaz was Elif's closest friend in Istanbul — a sixteen-year-old who lived three streets away and whose uncle, Professor Mehmet Yilmaz, was a historian at Istanbul University specialising in Ottoman-era architecture.

Chapter IV— Underground

Professor Yilmaz confirmed that the map was genuine — or at least consistent with known Ottoman cartographic techniques from the late eighteenth century. The paper, the ink, the style of **calligraphy** — everything matched the period. More importantly, the underground features shown on the map corresponded to known structures beneath the old city: the network of Byzantine **cisterns** — vast underground water storage chambers — that honeycombed the ground beneath Istanbul's streets. "The largest is the Basilica Cistern, which tourists visit," the professor explained. "But there are hundreds of smaller ones, many still unexplored. If Ibrahim Pasha wanted to hide a library, a dry cistern would be the perfect location — cool, dark, and protected from fire, which was the greatest threat to books in Ottoman Istanbul."

The map indicated a specific location: a small cistern connected to a larger one by a narrow passage, accessible through what appeared to be a doorway in the foundations of a building near the waterfront. The professor overlaid the 1798 map onto a modern satellite image. The building's location corresponded to — Elif felt a chill run down her spine — the basement of the building that housed Tariq's bookshop.

The expedition took place on a Sunday, when the shop was closed. Elif, Kerem, Tariq, and Professor Yilmaz descended into the bookshop's basement — a low, damp space that Tariq used for storing unsorted donations. In the far corner, behind a stack of mouldering encyclopaedias, they found what the map had promised: a stone archway, partially blocked by centuries of rubble and plaster, leading into darkness. It took two hours of careful clearing before the passage was open enough to enter. The air that flowed out was cool, dry, and carried a scent that made Tariq close his eyes: old paper and leather.

The passage was narrow — barely wide enough for one person — and descended gradually for about twenty metres before opening into a vaulted chamber. Their torches revealed columns, arched ceilings, and the unmistakable architecture of a Byzantine **cistern** — but one that had been carefully converted for a different purpose. Along every wall, built into the stone with precise craftsmanship, were wooden shelves. And on the shelves, wrapped in oilcloth and stored in cedar boxes, were **manuscripts**. Hundreds of them.

Professor Yilmaz made a sound that Elif had never heard a grown man make — something between a gasp and a sob. "It is real," he whispered. "Ibrahim Pasha's library. It is actually real."

Chapter V— The Collection

Over the following week, Professor Yilmaz assembled a team of specialists from the university to document the collection. The work was painstaking — each **manuscript** had to be photographed, catalogued, and assessed for condition before being moved. The chamber held 347 manuscripts in total, spanning five centuries and at least eight languages: Ottoman Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Armenian, and one text in a script nobody could immediately identify.

The subjects were equally diverse. There were collections of Sufi poetry with margins **illuminated** in gold and lapis lazuli. There were treatises on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine. There were histories of the Ottoman court, diplomatic correspondence, and maps of trade routes stretching from Venice to Beijing. And there were personal letters — intimate, human documents that revealed the daily lives of scholars, merchants, and ordinary people from centuries past.

"This is one of the most important manuscript discoveries in Turkey in fifty years," Professor Yilmaz told a gathering of colleagues at the university. "The **provenance** is clear — Ibrahim Pasha assembled this collection during his years as grand vizier, and when he was exiled, he hid it rather than let it be destroyed. The cedar boxes and oilcloth wrapping preserved the manuscripts remarkably well. Many are in excellent condition." He held up a small volume bound in blue leather. "This is a medical text by Ibn Sina — Avicenna — copied in the fourteenth century. It describes surgical techniques that were not rediscovered in Europe for another three hundred years. This single manuscript is, by itself, a treasure."

The news spread quickly. The discovery was reported in Turkish newspapers, international academic journals, and on social media, where photographs of the **illuminated** manuscripts attracted millions of views. Elif, who had started documenting the process on video, found herself with a rapidly growing online following. Kerem, who was better at technology, helped her edit the footage into short, compelling stories that showed the manuscripts alongside the modern streets of Istanbul — past and present, layered together, just like the city itself.

Chapter VI— The Collector

Not all the attention was welcome. Within days of the news breaking, Tariq received a visit from a man named Volkan Arslan — a wealthy Istanbul businessman known for his private collection of Ottoman art and **antiquarian** books. Arslan arrived at the bookshop in a black Mercedes, wearing a suit that probably cost more than Tariq's annual income. He was polite, cultured, and immediately made Elif uneasy.

"I would like to make you an offer," Arslan said, sipping the apple tea that Tariq, ever the host, had brewed for him. "I will purchase the entire manuscript collection for two million Turkish lira. Additionally, I will pay your rent for the next ten years and fund a complete

restoration of the bookshop." It was an enormous sum. More money than Tariq had earned in his entire career. Enough to save the shop, support the family, and secure his retirement. "What would you do with the manuscripts?" Tariq asked. Arslan smiled. "I would add them to my collection. They would be properly stored, conserved, and cared for. I have the best facilities in the country."

"And would the public be able to see them?" Elif asked from behind the counter. Arslan glanced at her as if noticing her for the first time. "My collection is private. That is the nature of private collections." "So you would take manuscripts that have been hidden for two hundred years," Elif said, "and hide them again. In a different cellar." The room went very quiet. Arslan's smile did not reach his eyes. "I am offering to save this shop and your family's livelihood. I suggest you consider the offer carefully." He placed a business card on the counter and left.

That evening, the family gathered at the apartment in Kadikoy. The argument lasted three hours. Elif's father, Hasan, pointed out that two million lira would solve every financial problem the family had. Aunt Zeynep, Tariq's younger sister, agreed. But Elif, Kerem, and Babaanne Selin were firmly against it. "These manuscripts belong to Istanbul," Elif said. "They belong to everyone. Selling them to a private collector is exactly what Ibrahim Pasha was trying to prevent — that is why he hid them in the first place." Tariq sat at the head of the table, listening to everyone, saying nothing. When the argument finally exhausted itself, he spoke. "We will not sell. But we need to find another way."

Chapter VII— Fighting for Heritage

Elif and Kerem launched a campaign. Their goal was to have the manuscript collection classified as protected national **heritage**, which would prevent it from being sold to a private collector and ensure it remained accessible to scholars and the public. Professor Yilmaz wrote a formal report for the Ministry of Culture. Dr. Fatma Demir, a manuscript conservation specialist from Ankara, examined the collection and confirmed its authenticity and significance. Her **testimony** was unequivocal: "This is a collection of national and international importance. Its loss to a private collection would be a cultural tragedy."

Elif's online videos had built a substantial audience. She used it. She posted a video explaining the situation — the discovery, the manuscripts, Arslan's offer, and why public access mattered. The video was watched two million times in three days. A petition calling for heritage protection gathered fifty thousand signatures in a week. Students from Istanbul University organised a demonstration outside the Ministry of Culture, carrying banners that read: BOOKS BELONG TO EVERYONE.

Arslan did not give up easily. His lawyers argued that the manuscripts had been found on private property — in the basement of a building that Tariq rented — and that ownership was therefore a legal question, not a cultural one. The landlord, sensing an opportunity, claimed that anything found beneath his building belonged to him. The case became a national debate about who owned the past: the people who found it, the people who owned the ground above it, or the public who had a right to their own history.

The turning point came when an elderly woman named Hatice Hanım appeared at the bookshop one morning. She was ninety-one years old and had grown up in the neighbourhood. She brought with her a photograph from 1948 showing the bookshop — then run by Tariq's father — and, in the background, the entrance to the basement passage, clearly visible and clearly part of the shop's premises. More importantly, she brought a document: the original lease agreement from 1952, which explicitly included "the basement and all structures connected thereto." The manuscripts had been found in a space that was legally part of Tariq's premises. The landlord's claim collapsed.

Chapter VIII— The Hearing

The Cultural **Heritage** Committee held a formal hearing in Ankara in November. Elif, Kerem, Tariq, Professor Yılmaz, and Dr. Demir all attended. Arslan sent his lawyers but did not appear in person. The hearing room was formal and intimidating — dark wood panelling, a raised platform for the committee members, and rows of seats for observers and press. Elif wore her school uniform, which Babaanne Selin had pressed with military precision that morning.

Professor Yılmaz presented the academic case: the historical significance of the collection, its completeness, its connection to a documented historical figure, and its potential to reshape understanding of Ottoman intellectual life. Dr. Demir presented the conservation case: the manuscripts were fragile, required specialist care, and could not be properly preserved in a private collection without institutional support. Arslan's lawyers presented the legal case for private ownership, citing property rights and the financial benefits of their client's offer.

Then Elif stood up. She had not planned to speak — she was not on the formal programme — but the committee chair, seeing her hand raised, invited her forward. She stood at the microphone, a fifteen-year-old girl in a school uniform, facing a panel of government officials, academics, and lawyers. "My grandfather has sold books for fifty years," she said. "He taught me that every book is a voice — someone from the past, trying to tell us something. Ibrahim Pasha collected three hundred and forty-seven of those voices. He hid them because he knew that powerful people would try to silence them. Two hundred years later, a different powerful person is trying to do the same thing."

She paused and looked directly at the committee. "I am fifteen. I found a map in a poetry book and followed it underground. I am not an expert. But I know that these manuscripts belong in a place where anyone — a student, a tourist, a child — can see them. Not locked in a rich man's vault. Istanbul is a city of layers. These manuscripts are one of those layers. Please do not let them be buried again." The committee's decision, when it came a week later, was **unanimous**: the Ibrahim Pasha collection was classified as protected national heritage. It would remain in Istanbul, under the joint care of the university and the Ministry of Culture. Arslan's offer was formally declined.

Chapter IX— The Daily Life— of the Bridge

Through all the drama of the discovery, the legal battles, and the media attention, daily life in Istanbul continued with its usual beautiful chaos. Every morning, Elif took the ferry from Kadikoy, watching the sun rise over the minarets and the seagulls wheel above the Bosphorus. The crossing took twenty minutes, and she never tired of it — the salt spray, the rumble of the engine, the view of the city spread across two continents like a story told in stone and light.

At the Galata Bridge, fishermen stood in a permanent row along the railings, their lines dropping into the Golden Horn. Beneath the bridge, restaurants served grilled fish sandwiches that Elif and Kerem bought for lunch at least twice a week — crispy bread, fresh mackerel, onions, and a squeeze of lemon, eaten standing at the water's edge while cats wound between their ankles hoping for scraps. "This bridge is Istanbul," Kerem said once, through a mouthful of fish. "Everything happens here. Fishing, selling, eating, arguing, praying, falling in love. If you stand on this bridge long enough, the whole city comes to you."

The neighbourhood around the bookshop had its own rhythm. The tea seller, Mr. Ozkan, made his rounds every two hours, carrying a brass tray loaded with tulip-shaped glasses. The street cats — Istanbul had an estimated population of over a hundred thousand — moved through the lanes like furry officials, inspecting shops and accepting offerings of food and affection. The call to prayer sounded five times a day from the mosques, its melody rising above the traffic and the voices and the clatter of the **bazaar**, reminding everyone that some things were older and more important than commerce.

Tariq's shop was part of this ecosystem. Regulars stopped by not just to buy books but to drink tea, exchange gossip, discuss politics, and argue about football. A retired professor came every Thursday to read Ottoman poetry aloud. A group of university students used the back room for their book club. A nine-year-old boy named Burak came after school three days a week to practice reading, because his family could not afford a tutor and Tariq had quietly offered to help. "A bookshop is not a business," Tariq told Elif. "It is a community. The books are just the excuse."

Chapter X— Restoration

The classification of the manuscripts as national heritage triggered a chain of events that transformed the bookshop's future. The Ministry of Culture allocated funding for the professional **restoration** and conservation of the manuscripts. A team of specialist conservators set up a temporary workshop in the building next door — which the landlord, suddenly aware that his property was now part of a heritage site, offered at a significantly reduced rent.

The underground chamber was carefully stabilised, lit, and climate-controlled by engineers from the university. It was opened to the public as a museum — "The Ibrahim Pasha Manuscript Chamber" — with guided tours led by university students. Visitors could see the original shelves, the oilcloth wrappings, and a rotating selection of manuscripts displayed in conservation-grade cases. Above ground, the bookshop was officially designated as a heritage site, which protected it from rent increases and development pressure. Tariq's lease was extended for twenty-five years at a controlled rate.

The tourism brought income — not just to Tariq but to the entire neighbourhood. The tea seller, the fish sandwich vendors, the spice merchants, and the carpet shops all benefited from the increased foot traffic. Three new bookshops opened in the surrounding streets, creating what a local newspaper called "Istanbul's new literary quarter." A **philanthropy** foundation funded a children's reading programme based in the shop, and Elif helped Tariq create a workshop where visitors could learn traditional Ottoman bookbinding techniques.

Kerem, who had discovered a talent for filmmaking during the campaign, produced a short documentary about the discovery. It was selected for a youth film festival in Berlin and won an honourable mention. Elif was invited to speak at a cultural **heritage** conference in London — her first trip outside Turkey. She stood in front of two hundred delegates and said: "The best **archives** are not in vaults. They are in communities. Protect the places where people read, and you protect history itself."

Chapter XI— Family

On a warm Friday evening in June, the extended family gathered at Babaanne Selin's apartment for dinner. The balcony overlooked the Bosphorus, and the sunset turned the water to copper and rose. Tariq and Selin sat at the head of the table. Elif's parents, Aylin and Hasan, were there. Aunt Zeynep had brought her famous borek. Uncle Mehmet — Kerem's father — contributed a watermelon the size of a small car. Emre, who had recently discovered that manuscripts were more interesting than he had initially believed, was showing Kerem a book about medieval football.

The table was covered with dishes: grilled lamb, rice pilav, stuffed vine leaves, aubergine salad, fresh bread, white cheese, olives, and bowls of yoghurt with cucumber. Elif watched her grandfather break bread, and she thought about Ibrahim Pasha — a man who had loved books so much that he had hidden them underground to protect them. And she thought about Tariq — a man who loved books so much that he had spent fifty years in a crooked shop on a crooked street, making sure that voices from the past were not forgotten.

"Tell us a story, Baba," Aylin said, as she always did at family dinners. Tariq smiled. He told them about the day he had started as an **apprentice** in the Grand Bazaar — fourteen years old, terrified, carrying boxes of books through corridors that smelled of leather and spice. He told them about the first valuable book he had ever identified: a sixteenth-century copy of Rumi's poetry, found in a box of damaged novels, which he had sold for enough money to pay his mother's medical bills. He told them about meeting Selin at a book fair in 1972, and how she had argued with him about the correct translation of a Hafiz poem, and how he had known, in that moment, that he would marry her.

"Stories are what hold families together," Babaanne Selin said, pouring more tea. "Not blood, not money, not even love — though love helps. Stories. The ones we tell about where we came from, what we survived, and what we believe. As long as we keep telling the stories, the family lives." Elif took out her notebook — a leather-bound journal that Tariq had given her for her birthday — and wrote the date at the top of a new page. She was starting her own **archive**. One evening at a time.

Chapter XII— The Apprentice

In September, Elif made a decision that surprised everyone except Tariq. Instead of pursuing her original plan to study engineering like her father, she told her parents that she wanted to study manuscript conservation and cultural **heritage** management at university. "I want to do what Grandpa does," she said. "Not just selling books — preserving them. Making sure they survive for the next generation." Her mother was concerned. "It is not a well-paid career, Elif." "Neither is engineering, apparently," Hasan said dryly, and everyone laughed, including Aylin.

Tariq, when she told him, was quiet for a long time. Then he reached behind the counter and pulled out a small wooden box. Inside was a brass bookbinding tool — a decorative stamp used to impress patterns into leather covers. "This belonged to my teacher," he said. "His name was Master Orhan, and he gave it to me on my last day as his apprentice. He told me that a book dealer's job is not to own books. It is to make sure books find the people who need them. I am giving this to you now, because I think you understand that." Elif held the tool in her palm. It was warm from decades of use, and the pattern on its face was a small tulip — the symbol of Istanbul.

That autumn, the bookshop entered a new chapter. Elif worked there every afternoon after school, learning the trade properly — not just sorting and shelving, but assessing condition, identifying **forgeryies**, understanding **provenance**, and caring for fragile materials. Tariq taught her with the same patience and precision he brought to everything. "Feel the paper," he would say, placing a page between her fingers. "Is it cotton or wood pulp? Handmade or machine-made? Every answer tells you something about when and where this book was born."

The manuscript chamber below drew a steady stream of visitors — scholars, students, tourists, and ordinary people who were curious about what lay beneath their city's streets. Elif led tours on weekends, telling the story of Ibrahim Pasha, the hidden library, and the map in the poetry book. She always ended with the same words: "Istanbul has been collecting stories for three thousand years. Most of them are still waiting to be found. All you need is curiosity and a willingness to look beneath the surface." It was, she knew, exactly what Tariq would have said. Some **legacy**s are not inherited. They are learned.

Key Vocabulary

Term	Definition
Bazaar	A large market with many shops, especially in the Middle East
Manuscript	A handwritten document, especially an old or valuable one
Cistern	An underground chamber used for storing water
Calligraphy	The art of beautiful, decorative handwriting
Heritage	Cultural traditions, buildings, or objects valued by a society
Restoration	The process of returning something old to its original condition
Merchant	A person who buys and sells goods, especially in large quantities
Apprentice	A young person learning a trade from a skilled employer
Archive	A collection of historical documents or records
Inscription	Words carved or written on a surface, especially as a memorial
Negotiate	To discuss something in order to reach an agreement
Antiquarian	A person who studies or collects old and rare objects or books
Forgery	A fake copy of a document, painting, or object made to deceive
Provenance	The history of ownership of an object, especially a work of art
Illuminate	To decorate a manuscript with gold, silver, and bright colours
Curator	A person who manages and organises a museum or collection
Philanthropy	The desire to help others, especially by giving money to good causes
Testimony	A formal statement, especially one given in a court or hearing
Unanimous	Fully agreed upon by every person involved
Legacy	Something meaningful passed down to future generations

Comprehension Quiz

1. Where was Grandfather Tariq's bookshop located?

- A) Inside the Grand Bazaar
- B) Near the Galata Bridge in Istanbul's old quarter
- C) In a modern shopping centre
- D) On a boat on the Bosphorus

2. What did Elif find hidden inside the Ottoman poetry book?

- A) A bundle of old banknotes
- B) A hand-drawn map with Ottoman Turkish annotations
- C) A photograph of her grandmother
- D) A pressed flower from the 18th century

3. Why was Grandfather Tariq's bookshop in financial trouble?

- A) He refused to sell any books
- B) Rising rents, online competition, and declining foot traffic
- C) The building was condemned
- D) He had been robbed

4. What did the map lead Elif and Kerem to discover?

- A) A pirate ship sunk in the Bosphorus
- B) A hidden chamber connected to an ancient cistern containing preserved manuscripts
- C) A buried treasure chest full of gold coins
- D) A secret passage to the Topkapi Palace

5. Who had created the hidden library?

- A) Roman soldiers during the Byzantine era
- B) Ibrahim Pasha, an 18th-century Ottoman scholar and book collector
- C) A group of modern art thieves
- D) The original builders of the Galata Bridge

6. Why did Volkan Arslan want to buy the manuscripts?

- A) To donate them to a museum
- B) To add them to his private collection where the public would never see them
- C) To study them for his university research
- D) To return them to their original owners

7. What did Professor Demir confirm about the collection?

- A) That the manuscripts were all forgeries
- B) That they were genuine and historically significant Ottoman manuscripts
- C) That they belonged to a foreign government
- D) That they were modern reproductions

8. What was the outcome of the Cultural Heritage Committee hearing?

- A) The manuscripts were sold to Arslan
- B) A unanimous decision to classify the collection as protected national heritage
- C) The committee could not reach a decision
- D) The manuscripts were sent abroad for study

9. How did the discovery help save the bookshop?

- A) Tariq sold the manuscripts for a large sum
- B) The shop became a heritage site with tourism and cultural programmes
- C) The government bought the entire building
- D) Tariq retired and closed the shop

10. What is the main message of the story?

- A) That old books are worthless in the modern world
- B) That preserving cultural heritage connects the past to the future and enriches communities
- C) That treasure hunting is the best way to make money
- D) That Istanbul is too crowded for bookshops

Answer Key

#	Ans	Question
1	B	Where was Grandfather Tariq's bookshop located?
2	B	What did Elif find hidden inside the Ottoman poetry book?
3	B	Why was Grandfather Tariq's bookshop in financial trouble?
4	B	What did the map lead Elif and Kerem to discover?
5	B	Who had created the hidden library?
6	B	Why did Volkan Arslan want to buy the manuscripts?
7	B	What did Professor Demir confirm about the collection?
8	B	What was the outcome of the Cultural Heritage Committee hearing?
9	B	How did the discovery help save the bookshop?
10	B	What is the main message of the story?

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