



It Happened In the Library...



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Background and Thanks

For this year's Teen Advisory Group (TAG) Youth Writing Contest, we decided to celebrate Prescott Public Library's 50th anniversary on Goodwin Street by proposing the theme: "It Happened in the Library." Writers ages 12-16 were invited to write a story whose only requirement was that it occur in a library but the genre was left open-ended. This year there were 21 submissions, and while judging we read all kinds of stories including romance, historical fiction, realistic fiction, time travel, and more.

TAG is a service and leadership group at the library for teens. The TAG writing contest originated in 2020 during COVID when TAG members were looking for ways to connect during shutdown. This year marks the 5th year of the contest. The submissions are judged blind by the teens in TAG as Miss Jennifer organizes the stories and then sends them to each of the TAG members to read without the writer's name attached. TAG members read and judge the stories based on a simple rubric. There were fourteen teens who met in three groups to discuss all the submissions. After lots of discussing and voting, the three winners were chosen.

Please note that while TAG sponsors the writing contest, the Friends of the Prescott Public Library provided the funding to purchase prizes for the winners.

Thank you to all who submitted for sharing your creativity and talents. Your stories have been shared online and read by many people. Continue your writing journeys, and maybe one day your book will be in the library!

-Sophia Brown- TAG Member 2020-2025



1st Place Winner:

Sanctuary

By Lily Merrill

The boy was three when he first visited the library. He sat on his mother's lap in a circle and watched a woman wearing a lei read *Where the Wild Things Are*. He leaned forward, a sparkle in his big round eyes. His mother beamed at him. She was beautiful, albeit tired-looking from the boy's lack of a sleep schedule.

The boy was eleven when he started to read long books for himself. He tore through novels at speeds that made his mother smile. She was always willing to drive him back, a pile of books to return in his lap, knees bouncing with excitement at the prospect of more books. She was even more willing to give him recommendations. It was around that time that she gave him her favorite spot: an old, exhausted-looking beanbag in the corner of the library. He loved to curl up on it and lose himself in the adventures of some mythic hero. He would never admit it, but he always saw himself as the protagonist in books he read.

The boy was fourteen when he lost interest. Other things became more important; his special spot was forgotten. The magic had faded. He threw himself into high school, making friends and playing every sport he could. When he did visit the library, it was because his mother forced him to. He sat at the computer playing video games while his mother and little sister sat in the story time circle, the rug now far more faded than it had been when he was in his sister's place.

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He managed to glance up from his game and saw his mother smiling at him. She was still beautiful, though tiredness crept into her eyes and her long hair was woven with gray. He turned back to his game. The boy was seventeen when he reluctantly dragged himself into the library to seek out a book he needed for school. War and Peace. He had almost reached it when something caught his eye: the Lord of the Rings trilogy, sitting unassumingly on a shelf. As if in a trance, he grabbed the first, and settled back into his spot. It was as if no time had passed at all since the long forgotten days when he would beg to go to the library. When he finally looked up, it was hours later. His mother would be worried about him. He snatched War and Peace off the shelf, but he also grabbed The Fellowship of the Ring. And The Two Towers. Just in case. He came back the next week, having ripped through the two books he had borrowed. He had returned, and almost constantly inhabited his special spot after school.

He only brought one girl to the library.

He had known her a few weeks when something came over him, and he asked her to the library on a quiet Saturday. They sat comfortably together, reading, for hours. When he put his arm around her, whispering something in her ear, she simply shushed him, smiled, and leaned her head onto his shoulder without looking up from her book. She handled the book with such love and care, as if it were a precious heirloom. The boy knew at that moment she was the one.

The boy grew up. He completed college in his hometown. He married the girl. No one, not even him, was quite sure when it happened, but suddenly he was a man, and when he left the house his mother cried. The tears dripped down her still-beautiful face, over

her emerging wrinkles and off her cheeks, as she watched her son drive away from home. She managed to smile and wave. He watched her in the rearview mirror, a single tear dripping onto his own cheek, and waved back to his beautiful mother. He looked over at his wife, reading a book in the front seat, and she smiled, as though she could sense him looking at her. They turned the corner, moving on to their life together.

The man was newly turned thirty-five when he was dragged back to his hometown. On the drive in, his wife held his hand. Her face was not in a book, but instead turned to her husband's grief-filled face, her eyes filled with worry. Their two children, a boy and a girl, sat silently in the backseat. Their lives had been uprooted within the short space of a month. They were now moving to this unfamiliar place, where they only visited sometimes to see their grandmother.

The man pulled into the driveway of the familiar home. His sister was waiting outside, her features pulled into a mask of anxiety and grief. She had never left their hometown. She greeted her brother with a hug and some worried words. He walked urgently into the house, and standing there was his beautiful mother. He couldn't contain himself. He ran into her arms, sobbing helplessly. She was still beautiful, even with her hair falling out and her skin hanging off of her skeletal figure. She was still beautiful, smiling and crying and holding her little boy in her arms. She remembered the toddler with shining eyes, the child with endless curiosity, the reclusive teen, the adventurous young man. She saw them all at that moment. The years of love the son and mother held for each other floated between them and connected them. They held each other and cried.

With firm resolve, the man returned for the first time in years to his library. His wife sat with his daughter in her lap on the now-dilapidated storytime rug. The girl smiled and clapped her hands with

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joy, and her mother looked at her with pride. His son excitedly dove into the pages of Harry Potter. But the man barely saw his family. He read and read. He read books on cancer, chemotherapy, even homeopathic treatments. He was determined to keep his beautiful mother with him.

The man was thirty-five-and-a-half when he visited the library again. This time he was alone. It was late at night. He had just kissed his mother goodbye forever. He wandered into the library. He walked, blind and deaf to everything around him. Somehow, he found his way to the storytime rug. He sat down heavily and sobbed, a heartbreaking, desolate sound. Others were near him, staring, but he felt entirely alone. His heart and soul flowed out of him. His efforts had been useless. His mother was gone. She had been beautiful even in her final moments, lying small and helpless on her hospital bed. She looked up at her family. Her final expression was of peace and joy. The man remained sobbing on the rug for a while. He sat there, hollow, for a few more minutes, then drove home.

The man was thirty-seven when his wife convinced him to return to the library with his family. He sat in his spot, staring between his knees at the carpeted floor beneath him, trying to contain the tears that still lingered all this time later. But then a sound drew him out of his tight, painful position. Laughter. He looked up. His wife was poking his daughter gently in the stomach, having just read a silly story to her. His son sat nearby, pretending to be annoyed, but really fighting a grin at his mother and sister's ridiculous behavior. The man felt a small smile slide onto his face. With one swift movement, he stood up, walked to his family, and swept his son and daughter into his arms. Exasperated cries of "Dad!" ensued, but the kids giggled gleefully as they tried to

escape. His wife was surprised at his behavior initially, but upon seeing his face, she smiled, made an exaggerated shushing noise, and proceeded to poke both of the children's stomachs, until the whole family was a loudly laughing mess.

It is many years later, and the man is seventy-seven, a grandfather, when he makes his final appearance at the library. He sits with his arm around his wife. Her hair has gone all gray, but she is still beautiful. He leans down to whisper into her ear, but without even looking up from her book, she smiles, shushes him, and leans her head onto his tired shoulder. He looks around, and sees all the joy surrounding him. The storytime rug, replaced many times since when he was young, sits a few feet away, vibrant and full of excited children and adoring parents. He sees his spot, now filled with a new boy and a new beanbag. He looks over at the computers and sees a grumpy-looking teen perched at one, fidgeting with a Rubik's cube. He'll learn, the old man thinks. He had learned much himself. His life had been intertwined with the old red brick building. It had seen him through love and loss, laughter and heartache. Yes, all of his best, most important moments—they happened at the library.



2nd Place Winner:

The Loving Librarian

By Brielle Bates

Everyone in the town of Tristis¹ knew that Mrs. Saevus² was the most horrible librarian to ever walk the earth. Whenever she read to children during story time, they always cried. Whenever someone raised their voice inside the Tristis Public Library above an almost inaudible whisper, she marched over to them and told them to get out. And whenever someone brought up over ten books to the checkout counter, she always sternly demanded that they return at least half back to the shelf due to inconveniencing others. Kids and adults alike feared going to the library whenever Mrs. Saevus was there, which she was. A lot.

So, when the news reached about every ear in Tristis that Mrs. Saevus had broken her leg from slipping on slick ice, everyone in Tristis felt immensely relieved. A replacement librarian took her place until she recovered. Her name was Mrs. Amans.³ She wore flowy floral dresses and silver cowgirl boots that would sparkle radiantly. She did not make children cry. She let people talk freely. She let people check out as many books as they wished. No one feared going to the library anymore.

But you know the unfortunate nature of rumors. Sometimes they aren't true. So, I decided to have a look for myself to try and discover if this so-called Mrs. Amans was even real. I headed out early on a frosty Monday morning to be able to catch Mrs. Amans before the school bus came. I walked down the streets of Tristis, the wind like a

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bitter embrace around me. I passed the bakery, which smelled enticing, the barber's shop, the antique store, past my church, and arrived at our old Tristis Public Library. It was an ancient red brick building, and there were minute shrubs planted around the perimeter of the building, although there was currently more snow visible on them than actual bush. I stamped my boots on the stone walkway winding around the bushes, then headed inside.

It was nice and toasty inside, and there were tall, standing shelves of books lined up in symmetrical lines down the front, as usual. The walls were a buttery yellow color, and the carpet was a striped gray. I made my way to the front desk. Three other people were in line before me, so I patiently waited my turn.

The first two people in line were a little boy and his mother. They both had dark, curly hair and olive skin. Mrs. Amans was checking out a book for them when the boy's mother paused abruptly. "George, did you remember your costume for the school luau?" This was an event that took place at the elementary school every year. "Oh no! I forgot!" George's head drooped like a wilted flower. "Will this help?" Mrs. Amans questioned, pulling a vibrant pink lei from her desk drawer. "The children and I have been making these in my craft hour to celebrate this momentous occasion!" Mrs. Amans passed the flowery necklace to George, who immediately looped it around his neck. His mom stammered a thank-you as she and George walked out of the line. The second person in line was a man who looked to be about 20 years old holding a steaming chai latte. Mrs. Amans greeted him kindly.

"Hello, Jeremiah! I just wanted to let you know that the computers on your left have a new game on them that you might enjoy." "What game?" Jeremiah wondered curiously as he handed Mrs. Amans one of the books he was returning. "Oh, it's a Rubik's Cube solving app. I hope you will enjoy it." Jeremiah looked shocked. "I.....I've been wanting

to be a speed cuber since I was seven!” And he skipped away to his left to fire up the computer as if he were seven again, careful not to spill his latte.

I watched as Jeremiah began his game and was suddenly snapped away from my technology stupor by Mrs. Amans. “May I help you with anything?” I turned to face her. She was wearing a flowy turquoise dress smothered in elegant white lilies, and I could just picture her sparkling boots, too. “Are you perhaps searching for a book about mechanics?” she questioned. Mechanics? Mechanics! I had completely forgotten about my mechanics test at school today! “Yes,” I replied, feeling frantic. “No need to fret,” Mrs. Amans reassured, pulling a weathered book from her desk drawer. “I think this would be helpful to you; don’t you agree?” I nodded vigorously as I took the textbook from her outstretched hand. The lengthy title read Mechanics for the Middle Schooler, a Brief History of the Grandfather Clock. “I would advise you to read this on the bus.” And I read it on the bus, as she said. I read the entire book. And when I got my test back the next day at school, my grade was an A+.

The next day, I visited Mrs. Amans again. No one in the town of Tristis could seem to have enough of her expertise and wisdom. She gave them whatever they needed, even if they hadn’t asked for it. It was as if just knew, and she cared. A lot. Crowds flocked to the Tristis Public Library to talk to her. One day, Mrs. Amans handed out free mugs of hot cocoa inside of the building. The next day, it was free sugared maple donuts. And she organized a toy drive even though it was after Christmas. The town of Tristis felt so much lighter and brighter. Other local businesses were inspired by her, too. The bakery gave out free day-old bread. The barber’s shop gave out free haircuts to kids. The antique store gave out generous discounts on Fridays. Tristis was bursting at the seams with love.

But, as everyone knew would happen eventually, Mrs. Saevus announced that she would be returning to the library on a Friday of the second week of February, but the town begged, even pleaded with Mrs. Amans to stay at the library, but she kindly refused. “I intend on traveling the world,” she told them. On her final day at Tristis Public Library, about everyone in Tristis showed up to the building that day. The roads were ironically icy, and the wind was frigid, so when we walked in, it was a delight to spot a table laid out with sugared maple donuts and mugs of hot cocoa. Mrs. Amans gathered everyone in a large circle around her desk after they had feasted for a while. She wore a yellow gown embroidered with pale pink roses, and her silver cowgirl boots shimmered. I spotted George among the well-wishers in the circle, wearing his fluffy pink lei even though the luau was over. I waved at him, and he waved back. Jeremiah was also in the circle, but I caught him stealing glances back to the computers. I waved to him, too.

Just then, Mrs. Amans began her speech. “Hello, fair folk of Tristis. Thank you for coming today. For a month, I’ve been your replacement librarian, as poor Mrs. Saevus’s leg was broken, as you all know. I won’t be staying at the Tristis Public Library, though.” Everyone heaved a depressed sigh. “But I would like to leave everyone with some words of encouragement,” Mrs. Amans continued. Everyone perked up significantly. “The world is like a closed book until you have enough courage to open it up and see what’s inside. Each chapter in your life is like a new chapter in the book of life. It might not always be perfect, but hopefully this chapter can remind you of the beauty lurking behind the next page. Don’t fear what is ahead, for I believe that there will be many blessings yet to come.” I think in that moment, everyone exhaled, not realizing that they’d been holding their breath. I’d been holding mine. “Now, I’d like to leave you with a parting gift.” Mrs. Amans produced a

light-toned pink rose from her desk drawer, and to my surprise, handed it to me. “Use it well,” she whispered in my ear.

The next day, Mrs. Saevus returned to her position in the Tristis Public Library. I brought a small cup of water to the library that day and placed the lovely rose in it on Mrs. Saevus’s desk. “What’s that?” she snapped, glancing at the flower warily, her beady eyes narrowed.

“A rose,” I answered. She sniffed disapprovingly. “Well, did you turn into a florist overnight?”

I smiled. “Maybe. It could be lurking behind the next page of the book of life, who knows?”

She raised a pencil-thin eyebrow. “Book of life?”

I nodded.

“Where’d you hear that?” she questioned suspiciously.

“The loving librarian,” I replied.



3rd Place Winner:

Dear Diary, Love Nancy

By Adalyn Fox

January 17th, 1920

My Dearest Sister,

Oh, how I miss you! Life has been enormously dull with you being in London. Betty, please do write back soon. Tell me how finishing school has been. I require something interesting to occupy myself with! And reading your letters brings me so much joy.

Your Favorite, Nancy

A teardrop fell onto my face as I signed my name. Before Betty went off to finishing school, she had been my confidant. I truly missed someone to laugh with, to cry with, and to gossip with. Nevertheless, I could not dwell on my feelings of sadness.

I pulled out my bag and started collecting the books I was required to return to the library. Other than writing to Betty, reading was my only entertainment. My family had an abundant supply of books, but often, I found peace within the quiet chatter of the library.

Miss Phyllis, the librarian, knew me well. Almost every visit, she would have a new book recommendation for me. As I slid my overdue books down the chute, she looked up at me.

“Why, hello, Miss Nancy!” I always adored Miss Phyllis’s American accent. Most of my friends thought it was flat and boring, but I thought it sounded so beautifully casual. Furthermore, it matched her personality.

“How is your afternoon going?”

I mumbled, “It has been satisfactory,” not really meaning it.

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Phyllis nodded in understanding, and handed me a book. “You sound like you could use a good thing. This book is truly magical.” I took the book and strolled over to the nearest armchair. I had thought it was a novel, but it looked like a personal diary. I had never dared to read someone’s diary, but this one had been published, so I had no qualms.

Dear Diary,

Today was an excellent day! I was entertaining myself at the library, and Grandfather surprised me with a visit. He showed me the types of books he preferred when he was around my age. I have started reading one of his favorites, a biography P.T. Barnum, the creator of a most incredible circus.

Halfway through the entry, my Grandfather walked through the door into the library. “Oh, hello Grandfather!”

He waved a greeting. Grandfather was mute, so he always carried a pocket notebook to communicate. He held up a page with the words, “it’s marvelous to see you,” written on it; I could already tell he was delighted from the sparkle in his eyes.

On another page, he wrote, “Your father sent me to see you. He said that you’re always at the library, and I should show you some of my favorite books.”

“Yes, I would enjoy that very much!”

Grandfather showed me around the library, pointing at all of his favorite books.

When I had noted some of the books I found interest in, we rested on a sofa and read one together. It was a biography of P.T. Barnum and his circus, just like the one mentioned in the diary. We read of many unique people, like the woman who had permanently adhered a lei to her neck.

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When it had become late, I told Grandfather, “We ought not miss supper at the house.”

That night, I lay on my bed pondering the events of the day. They were oddly parallel to those written in the diary.

Throughout the next few days, I continued reading the diary. My parents started to wonder why I was neglecting my responsibilities to spend time at the library, but they didn't want to order me around. The more I read, the more the stories of the author's life became the stories of my life also. I had gone to the most amazing dances, rescued a kitten, and even won a writing competition! Though I cherished those times, I still enjoyed cuddling up to a good book at the library.

My excitement grew at such a rate that it became impossible to keep to myself. I considered who I could tell of my newly discovered magic. There was only one person that wouldn't judge me for such a mad tale.

Dearest Betty,

Life has improved extraordinarily since I last wrote. Miss Phyllis has given me the most splendid diary from the library. I read a few pages daily, and the events written seem to manifest in my life! You must visit soon, I have to show you this fascination!

Best wishes, Nancy

A few days after I wrote to Nancy, I was at the library reading a book called *The Call of the Wild*. I was becoming bored of the book, as I wasn't quite interested in the story of a dog, so I reached for the diary to disrupt the boredom.

When I opened the journal, it was empty.

“What!” I exclaimed, far too loud for a library setting. People halted their reading to glare at me. “Sorry,” I whispered, embarrassed of my reaction.

Miss Phyllis had paused to look at me. “Is everything all right, Nancy?”

“Oh, yes. I apologize for the disruption. My book just caught me off guard.” I opened the diary again, and blinked a few times to make sure I was seeing the page correctly.

It seemed to me as if I had lost a dear friend. I was beginning to mourn the loss, when I had an idea.

“Miss Phyllis, do you have a pen?”

“Yes, of course.” She handed me one, and I began to write.

Dear Diary,

The most wonderful thing has happened to me! I was entertaining myself at the library, and the cutest boy walked in and said hello to me! Dear heavens, I hope my face wasn't as red as it felt.

Love, Nancy

I waited a few moments.

A boy, who looked around my age, walked into the library. I immediately started blushing. His umber brown hair was combed perfectly back, and his chocolate brown eyes seemed to glow with warmth.

He noticed me staring. “Hello! I'm Ernie, nice to meet you.” His flawless American accent sounded just like Hollywood stars I had seen in movies.

“H-h-hello,” I stammered, “my name is Nancy.” I didn't know what else to say. I grabbed the diary and scribbled down a note.

I spoke confidently, and the boy immediately believed I was the most beautiful girl he had ever met.

As I finished jotting it down, the boy smiled. “You look like you need a

walk. Care to show me around?”

My heart fluttered. He wanted me to show him around! As we walked, I commented about books I liked, and he did too. The diary made it so I could flirt effortlessly.

He showed me an invention of his, called a Rubik’s Cube. It was a three dimensional puzzle, very amusing to play with while we were conversing. After the boy left, I retrieved parchment and pen from Miss Phyllis’s desk.

Dear Betty,

I have made a most spectacular discovery! Remember the diary I wrote to you about? It has more magic than I originally thought! I am able to write on the blank pages and make things happen! I wrote an entry about meeting a handsome boy, and he just walked right into the library. His name is Ernie, and I vastly enjoyed talking to him. I never thought that I would ever discover something this magical, but I have.

Please visit soon, Nancy

Her response was this:

My dear Nancy,

I wish I could make things happen in my life the way that you can! It would make everything so much better. Though, I don’t think there is anything like that here in London.

Your sister, Betty

I wanted to see her more than anything.

Then I realized, couldn’t I just write in the diary?

Dear Diary,

I am ecstatic! Betty is coming to visit tomorrow! Moreover, Ernie has

come to the library to keep my company again. I am very glad for both.

Love, Nancy

The next day, I waited with impatience for Betty to walk through the library doors. I believed firmly that the diary would work its magic.

When she finally did, I ran into her arms for an embrace.

While Betty and I talked, I realized that she was miserable at finishing school. She talked about the suffocating corsets, the callous educators, and the “proper” etiquette that was required of them.

I lay in bed that night, thinking how I could help her.

Early morning the next day, Betty and I walked to the library together. I showed her the diary.

Then I understood how I could help her.

She had written in one of her letters that she wanted a diary like mine. I was doubtlessly the only one who could make that happen.

Dear Diary,

I have loved my time with you, but my sister's happiness is more important. I am giving you away, but Betty will take good care of you.

Love, Nancy

It Happened In The Library

By Ember Barnum

February 7, 2025

It was peculiar that such a thing could happen in a library. My story begins with something that doesn't happen every day, and especially not in libraries. You see, this library was in a small town, a really small town. The town was called Aspen Hollow with a population barely reaching 5,000. The library was the biggest structure in this town and was run by 3 sisters, all over the age of 70 named Enid, Eugenia, Ethel. The town was straight out of a movie, picture perfect, and very dreamlike, and Aspen Hollow was not a likely town where a murder would be committed. And especially not a murder in a library. It was September 21 of 2005 and when Ethel arrived to work around eight O'clock in the morning to find blood, books, and more blood covering the interior of the library from top to bottom. The books on shelves were covered in blood and there were books on the floor that were ripped and bloodied. Ethel looked around her library, gaping in horror, when she stumbled across a body, whom she could not recognize considering there was no face, only flesh. This is when Ethel fell to the ground and died from a minor stroke and severe heart attack at the age of 81.

When Eugenia arrived at work a short while later she, being the youngest, was able to call the police before collapsing out of pure freight and only suffering a minor broken hip. The police arrived to find two dead bodies and an unconscious 70 year old. After the police arrived, a large crowd gathered in the street and were

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patiently waiting outside the caution tape, considering they were very curious yet respectable citizens. This was the most interesting thing to occur in Aspen Hollow in over 100 years. The townspeople quietly watched as an ambulance arrived to take Eugenia to the hospital and they also watched as 2 body bags were carried out and away. For several hours people came and went. The police started investigating and setting up interviews, the FBI had flown in, along with more police and crime specialists. After several days of investigations, forensic evidence revealed that the victim was real estate mogul Stan Gulliver. He owned many companies and was a huge advocate for taking over quaint towns and turning them into money-making cities that were not picture perfect. The local news channel reported he had been killed by blunt trauma to the head and the weapon, most likely a book and some sort of sharp object. He was stabbed 21 times to insure death and soon after, his face had been taken off with a knife. Stan had been wearing a suit when he died which probably meant he had been in the library the night before he died and just never had the chance to leave.

After many days and nights the police still couldn't identify a killer, even after thorough detective work. And this library was very old, so there were no cameras or security systems.. The police continued to investigate this crime, but not much progress had been made. This murder had shaken the town immensely, especially Enid who had to grieve her older sister and take care of Eugenia because of her broken hip. Enid was the only one of her sisters who had gotten married (to my grandfather) and the only one who had had children, therefore making her a grandmother to one. That one grandchild would be me. My name is Christe Drew. I am twenty years old and attending New York university to become a criminal profiler. My mother was an artist and my father a restaurant owner.

I have absolutely no idea how I became interested in criminal profiling, considering none of my family is into psychology or murder, very unlike myself. I grew up reading hundreds of books on every subject, thanks to my grandmother. I was heavily influenced by Steven King, J.K Rowling, and Jane Austen. I was obsessed with reading. My whole room was covered in bookshelves. I had lived in a happy little family in my little small town, and when I was 18, I had gone off to college to become a criminal profiler.

Then I got a call from my grandmother. She called to say my great aunt Ethel had died suddenly, and there had been a murder in their library, but the police could not find any suspects. She said that I needed to come back home for a while to help. I told her I would be home the following day. I packed a bag and took the next flight home. I arrived in Aspen Hollow, to find my mom waiting for me in the airport to drive me home. We drove 10 minutes back to my childhood home passing the town square and of course the library. I read the name Aspen Library over the entrance and looked out the window at the caution tape and police cars filling the parking lot. I thought about how my great aunt was dead and my family's life was falling apart. We drove to the police station to try and talk to the chief of police, and see if I could help solve this mystery. I told him I was studying to be a criminal profiler and would like to help him solve the case, especially considering I was related to the owners of the library. He listened as he tried to solve a rubix cube on his desk, and I noticed he was quite bad at it. He said I was hired and we walked over to the library together to assess the crime scene. I told him the murder had been done with a book and a knife. He said it was already known and they just needed help finding out who the killer was.

I had said I thought it was someone in our town because the victim was a real estate mogul and wanted to take over small towns. I was

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certain it was someone who loved this town and didn't want him taking it over. The chief of police said he would keep investigating, and try to find out who it was. By then it was getting late and I headed back to my childhood home to spend time with my family. I walked into my old room which I hadn't been in for over 2 years and I looked around at all my bookshelves. My graduation lei was hanging over my bed. I walked over to my Stephen King collection and pulled out my personal favorite "The Shining" and opened my hidden compartment book to admire the silver, shiny object inside that was a little blood stained. But that was ok, I would always admire my work. I quickly snapped the book shut when I heard my mother calling to say she had food and that I must be hungry after a full day of seeing blood. But what she didn't know was that blood didn't bother me, so I said I was fine and just needed to go to bed.

The next morning I got dressed to head over to the police station and talk to the police and attend interviews. There were about 15 interviews I was to listen to and attempt to identify the criminal. Afterwards, I told the chief that I could not identify anyone and he would have to keep interviewing people for me to identify the murderer. He said he would look into it but by now most of the townspeople that didn't already have alibis, had been questioned. For the next week I stayed in Aspen Hollow to help solve the mystery. I worked tirelessly alongside the FBI and local police and still no one was identified. They had started taking fingerprints of the whole library and looking at security footage from all over town and still no one was identified. I went home knowing the police would never find out who killed Stan Gulliver. It had been 13 days since I arrived to help and on the 14th day I woke up to a call from the police chief telling me that I needed to hurry and get my butt to the station because they had new information. I drove myself to the

library, as the one in the dirt outside the police station. I watched his eyes sparkle as he revealed the answer and solved the mystery. Then, he finally got to the point and asked me why. I told him that Stan had wanted to plow the library down, and turn it into an insurance building and I told him that it was my family's library and it was my grandmother's life and I wouldn't let anyone take over that library. And so I had killed him. You see, my name is Christe Drew and I am a murderer.

The Floral Bandage

By Gabby Branski

My name is Audrey which means ‘Noble Strength’. When World War II broke out in 1939, strength was something everyone needed, which is the one thing I seemed to lack.

France, September 2, 1946

‘One year’ I thought as I walked through London’s sunny streets. On this day exactly, World War II ceased to rage across the world. The only scars left from the war were the ones on buildings from the bombings, and the horrors that left our hearts forever wounded. I moved my gaze from the blue sky to the street in front of me. The war was horrible. Yes I knew that, but because of it, I was braver, kinder, stronger. I remembered that night in the library. The explosions made buildings burst into unquenchable fires. A man walked down the street towards me. I immediately noticed how he limped. His body leaned awkwardly to one side. It was him. The soldier in the library. Noah.

6 years earlier, June 5 , 1940

I ran out of the door of my apartment. Tears flooded my eyes and ran down my cheeks. Ever since my Grandfather died, even the very mention of his name threw me into tears. I ran down the street and made my way through a maze of alleys with a bunch of dilapidated buildings on either side. Finally I ducked into an old building. It had a low ceiling and wooden shelves layed knocked over upon the ground. The room was dark and dusty. This was my grandfather’s old library. Ever since his death this was the one place that gave me

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comfort. I sat on one of the fallen shelves and let my tears fall on the ground. My thoughts took over my mind as I sat there letting time roll by until I nearly forgot it existed. I didn't wake up until a distant rumble became explosions that filled the night air.

I jumped up. "What is the time?" I said aloud. The ground quaked beneath my feet. I stumbled to the broken window in front of me. The city glowed with orange fire and the sound of planes buzzed overhead. Air raid. I panicked.

Should I stay here or should I leave? There were air raid shelters everywhere so that would probably be a safer option. I looked out the window again and saw buildings crumble to pieces. But what if I get stuck out there? Suddenly an overhead plane burst into flames. It dove into the ground and smashed into a million pieces and sat there burning. My ears began to ring from the noise. Then I saw a black figure attached to a parachute float slowly to the ground. I watched as it landed no more than a hundred yards from the library. The figure left its parachute on the ground and wobbled towards the library. I watched in horror as he came right through the door and stood right in front of me. The fire lit up his pale face and his eyes were foggy. Even though he was looking me right in the eyes, he didn't seem to notice me as he stumbled past me and threw himself on a corner of the library floor. He passed out as soon as his head hit the floor. I turned to run. Even though it was literally raining fire outside, there was no way I was staying here with him. I grabbed the door handle and stopped. My feet were suddenly glued to the floor. I slowly turned around and pity filled my heart. This man could be no more than eighteen. He was still just a boy. "He is a German soldier, an enemy!" I warned myself. Then I looked at his leg and nearly vomited. Blood oozed out of a terrible wound on his thigh. It

soaked through his uniform and onto the floor. Then a memory flashed through my mind. A year ago I was with my grandfather in his library. He was trying to calm an angry lady who was complaining about a ripped book. “If people can’t take care of books you shouldn’t trust them with any!” said the exasperated woman. But my grandfather just smiled. “Yes I understand why you’re frustrated,” he replied. The woman leaned forward and peered at him angrily. “I hope you fix this,” she demanded and stormed out of the library slamming the door behind her. “I don’t understand,” I said after she left. “She’s getting mad over a torn book that’s not even hers!” “Oh she’s not angry about that!” My grandfather replied. “What! Then what could she possibly be mad at? I asked, feeling very confused. “Well, I don’t know.” He picked up a pile of books and began setting them on the shelf behind him. “She probably had some things go wrong throughout her day and she was just upset about it.” He shrugged and continued with his work. He turned around and placed his hand on my shoulder. The sparkle in his eyes calmed me. “Audrey, the bible says love your enemies. Just because the way they act might make them seem rude, they might be a lovely person on the inside.”

I opened my eyes and to my disappointment I was back in my unsafe world that was still raining fire. I turned my attention back to the wounded soldier. His face was so pale: he was losing too much blood. I made up my mind. I was going to love my enemies and help this man, just like my grandfather said. I began to search the library for anything I could wrap his leg with. I moved to a closet at the very back of the library where we stored supplies. To my annoyance the closet door was blocked by one of the book shelves. I pinned myself between the bookshelf and the wall, set my feet against the

effort. The bookshelf inched away from the door. Finally I stood and pulled the closet open. There was only one box inside. I opened it and pulled out the contents and peered at them in the faded light. The items were rather random: a metal pole, a Rubik's Cube, and a lei. I studied the lei. It was held together by a thin white string and pink artificial flowers were strung onto it. I rose and went over to the soldier. This lei won't do much but it will have to work. I knelt by his side and immediately his head shot up and he looked at me with a wild look in his eyes. "Where am I? he said frantically. And who are you?" " I'm Audrey and I'm here to help," I replied gently. " And what is your name?" I then asked. "Noah," he said. "Okay Noah I'm going to help you," I insisted. I returned my attention back to his leg. I gagged. I hated looking at blood. I wrapped the lei around his wounded leg and tied it in a knot. This won't hold for long I thought . He didn't even move. He just sat there staring at the roof. I felt bad for him. I could tell he was in a lot of pain. A sudden blast sent a shower of dust raining on our heads. I breathed it in and started coughing. I then realized how thirsty I was. I looked down at his chapped lips. He was constantly licking them. " I'll be right back," I told him as I ran out the door and into the night.

I didn't really know where I was heading as I winded my way through the mostly empty streets, but I did know that I was searching for only one thing: water. I came across a building that was still standing. I ran to the back of it and found what I was looking for; a trough half that had a small amount of water sitting at the bottom of it. I grabbed a nearby bucket and began scooping up the water the best I could. I know other animals have drunk out of this, but I need it. Back at the library, I knelt beside Noah and held the water to his lips. He drank greedily

and wiped his lips with his sleeve afterwards. “Merci, merci,” he said gratefully. Even though I’ve heard him speak before, I was surprised at how well he spoke French. He rose to his feet with an effort. “Thank you, Audrey,” he said as he staggered to the door. He hobbled into the night. A surge of happiness ran through my body. The first feeling of joy I’ve felt in a long time. Grandfather would be proud.

* * *

I stood still as the man with the injured man came toward me. Our eyes met. “Hello, Audrey,” he said.

Mystery Between the Shelves

By Lucia Branski

I quickened my pace with great urge to reach our local library which I came to every day after school and all day on weekends. I jump over every puddle caused by the June rain so I would not arrive drenched in sogginess. My friend Jamie as always was waiting on a bench in the shade for me to arrive. I gave a welcoming wave, and she came quickly to my side. “Hi, Ariana,” she said with her sweet voice. “Hi, Jamie,” I replied to her salutation. We walked side by side into the library, a rush of the calming smell of ink on paper filled the air. We walked past the children’s area where girls played with dolls, and boys struggled to solve a rubik’s cube, until we at last came to where our favorite books and more interesting books awaited to feed our hungry minds. I grabbed a couple of books and sat down with Jamie, “Ariana I’m sorry to say that I can’t come for a few days since my grandfather is coming to town,” she stated. “Oh, well, I hope you guys have a good time,” I responded disappointed. “Sorry,” she said again. I told her she had no need to apologize and opened a new book. I had nearly emptied the library by my ability to read a lot. Presently I was reading “Wolf Hollow,” which was so entertaining, that after each chapter I forced myself to keep turning pages.

The library was practically my second home. I came here almost every day, more excited than the day before. After endless pages of entertainment, one of my favorite workers, John came over. “Hello girls, having fun?” he asked. “Yah, we love it here,” Jamie said for both of us.”

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“Well I’m sorry to ruin it but we gotta close early today.” I wanted to ask why, but I didn’t want to be nosy, so we nodded and walked toward the check out area. Jamie pulled her phone out, “Wow, it’s only 1:00,” her surprised voice said.

“I dunno, maybe something weird happened.” I replied. We checked out about five books each and stepped out the door. We both squinted from the sun’s harsh sparkle, but suddenly Jamie stopped and looked back saying “I got a feeling that something big is going to happen tonight.”

I thought about it and how I felt. “Me too,” I said.

Later that night I couldn’t sleep, the horrible feeling stuck.

“What could happen?” I thought and only then did I fall asleep. I woke up early the next morning to the smell of fresh eggs and bacon which my mom cooked. I sat down and started to munch on an egg. “You look tired. Did you sleep?” my mom asked. I tried to smile, “I got some sleep, but I just can’t shake this uneasiness I feel,” I replied. “Well I’m sure nothing bad happened or will happen to the library,” she mollified. I smiled, grabbed my bag, gave her a hug, and left. I was upset that Jamie couldn’t come for a while but hoped she would enjoy some nice family time. The automatic doors opened as they sensed I was about to go in, and as I walked in I gasped with terror at the sight. Pile after pile of torn books were laid all over the floor, shelves tipped over which were being hauled back up by many people. I sat down as I started to feel dizzy, “Who would do this?” I thought sadly. I knew there were valuables in here but I didn’t know where they kept them. I went over to John, “Hi John, I’m so sorry about the break in,” I started, “I don’t want to be nosy or anything, but what was stolen?”

“Well, a lot of money and some of our most valuable literature,”

he said looking around. "Hey, I gotta go help, see you later," he said, rushing away. I stared after him as he quickened his pace. I didn't know who did this but I would figure it out. Since I couldn't stare at the sight any longer, I went outside, pulled out my notebook, and wrote down suspects and my suspicions. I wished Jamie were here to help me, but since she wasn't I decided to solve it alone. I sat in a pile of thoughts until a lady in a blouse and checkered skirt came over. I looked at her curiously, her lipstick shining in the sun. I wondered if she was going to say anything. She blushed, "I-I uhm, sorry, I mean excuse me," she covered her face and walked across the street in a hurry. I was too shocked to think. She had seen that she needed to study me before she ran off. I went back inside to ask John about her, but he wasn't there, so I questioned another worker, Margret. I told her about the lady and she said, "I wouldn't worry about her, her name's Willow. She has a weird staring problem and is always nervous. She's just....weird."

"OK, thanks," I nodded and once I was by myself I added Willow to the list of suspects. I looked around the library finding nothing but a doll, lei, and piles of books.

Discouraged I figured I would go home so they didn't have to stress over the curious people while trying to investigate. I walked in, and my mother gave me a questioning look, "What's wrong?"

I explained the long story and told of the awkward interaction with Willow. My mind questioned me with so many thoughts it felt like I was going to suffocate. I sat in bed, closed my eyes, and my thoughts poured out like a waterfall. The next morning I decided to buy a coffee before I went back to the library. The destruction was mostly tidied up when I walked in, the shelves neatly packed with all the books as it was before. I decided to search outside in case there were details I had missed. When I sat down, I was about to close my eyes

but I saw a figure in black hurry past. Immediately I sat up, the figure seemed to stop and give me a worried curious stare before turning quickly to run into an employee room. I slowly stood up deciding what to do, I shook my head fiercely and started to follow the figure. I quickened my pace to match the figure's. A metal accessory fell from its pocket, it turned to glare at it before leaving it in the dust. When I ran past it, it was a shining colour of lipstick. I wanted to examine it, but I didn't want to burn time. I dashed into the employee room thinking I wouldn't catch up. Suddenly, a man with a badge stepped in front of the figure's way, knocking it down. I started to slow down and survey the scene of the black figure on the ground with a policeman staring down. His badge read officer Richard. I watched as Richard picked up the figure removing the black beanie that hid its face, I gasped.

As Richard pulled the beanie from its face, I received a cold dark glare from the person who I had trusted for years, John. Immediately questions flooded my mind, yet I had nothing to say.

The officer led the criminal to a little room not caring that I entered too with another worker who was curious. Soon the officer questioned him and when he was done I also did. "John, why would you do such a thing?"

He glared before sighing and spitting it all out, "I've been working here for a long time, and know a lot about how much the valuables were worth, so I decided to rob them. I needed to cause the library to close so I messed with some things, then came back later for my break in." I glared back at him in a way I never had before, "Why did you come back then?"

"Well I wasn't going to, but I forgot something that I meant to take."

“Your lipstick?”

He turned red, “That was obviously not mine. I remembered the colors of Willow’s, “Willow’s?”

He nodded, “I robbed her after I robbed the library. She was so harassed she left it on a bench, but turns out it was just her dumb makeup bag.”

Officer Richard stood up, “Well thank you for your help, but I need to transfer him to the police station.” I nodded blushing a little. Days later Jamie and I met, and I told her the story though she already heard it a million times from her little brother. We both decided to volunteer at the library later that winter. As I walked home that evening, I looked up at the endless sky that God created, and thought of all that happened that summer.

THE END

The Book Portal

By Sophia Branski

There are days when things that happen are erased from your mind completely, and there are days that you will never forget. Never. This particular day left my head spinning with questions and answers that will probably never get answered unless I found a way back. This day I speak of so genuinely was a normal day as any other, and to this day I'm still wondering why I was the chosen person out of billions of people to have this experience. I bet you're yelling at me to get on with the story as you read this, so I'll get started.

Saturday 6/15

It was finally the weekend which would last for almost 3 months. Summer break. Everyone basically ran from school once we heard that final bell ring. Everyone was excited for their stress free vacations and free summer. I went to college at DeVry University in Miami, Florida. And during summer break I didn't go on vacations. I preferred to stay in Florida and read at the beach, but most of all I loved to be in the library.

Now you're thinking. Why would anybody want to spend their time in a library instead of going on vacation in Hawaii, wearing a lei around their neck, and drinking coconut water? Well, not that I don't like vacations, but I love to read more, and I got it from my grandfather who read an inhuman amount of books when he was my age.

The moment everyone's ears were longing to hear all day came. Ding ding ding ding. The school bell rang for the dismissal of all students in the school. Everyone frantically shoved their school

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books and supplies in their bags, and rushed out of the door before anyone could say anything. There was a buzz of excitement as everyone bragged about their vacations as they walked through the doors of our university. I was just as excited as everyone around me, and as quickly as my feet could carry me I walked away from school and to the library.

Now don't worry, the story is really boring right now, but if you wait five more minutes you won't be able to put down the book.

I looked up at the grand red brick ancient library that was built more than 100 years ago. Its wine colored bricks aged to elegance. Its windows had a lovely old fashioned look, and the grand concrete stairs made you feel like you were entering a castle. A castle full of millions of books, some decades old, and some that were recently published. It took people's breath away to see this place full of magnificence.

I sat down on my favorite worn leather couch that sat at the back of the library on the top floor. From here, you got the best view of the city. Across from me a little boy was determined to solve the colorful Rubik's Cube he held in his hands. The sparkle in his eyes glistened when he turned the last piece, and the brightness of excitement glowed on his happy face when he completed the cube.

I pulled out an ancient looking book from the top shelf where all the old books that were written in the 1800-1900s were. The book had a beautiful leather cover, and the title was printed in gold. I opened the book to a random page to read some of the text, but instead of there being the small black printed letters, a black hole that seemed to be endless covered the entire book and ran down my arms to the floor creating a giant black puddle. It swirled and swayed, and air was coming out of it. I gasped as the book I was holding fell into the dark hole. Its sucking air became stronger by the second.

Its pulling force was drawing me closer to it. The force was so strong and I was swallowed up into the darkness. I was tossing and turning and falling for what felt like forever. “This has to be a dream,” I thought. But no, it wasn’t a dream; it was reality.

I blinked a couple of times before I realized I was lying on the floor of a building. It looked like it came out of a fantasy book. I looked around and tried to make sense of where I was. A library from a fantasy book! I was in the library described in the book *Starless Seas*. The library looked abandoned, but for a single candle that had a soft glow upon the cold brick walls. Velvet red curtains hung across the windows. I thrust the curtain to the side to reveal a deep dark blue starry sky on the other side of the frosted window pane. Clouds were appearing in the night sky, and a single soft white snowflake fluttered to the ground. I closed the curtain to the sound of soft footsteps approaching me down one of the isles of bookcases. I stood frozen in place till the footsteps stopped. Cautiously I turned around, my eyes focused on the ground, then slowly I looked up to look the person in the eyes.

“I can explain,” I said, but was cut off.

“We haven’t had visitors for years,” the voice said. It was deep but raspy. He had blonde hair that fanned out in waves, and his eyes shone bright green.

“It’s crazy, but when I opened the book a portal opened up, and now I’m here,” I said shyly.

“No, It’s fine. This has happened many times before, but like I said, not in years,” he said with his eyes still fixed on me. I picked up the book that I fell through and put it up on the old stained wooden shelves.

“Well, I leave you to read,” he turned on his heel and quietly walked down the endless beautiful wooden shelves.

I hadn't realized how long I'd been in the magical palace of books. The candle still glimmered in the dark.

I opened the velvet curtains again to reveal the snow covered yard and cloudy sky. Then I resumed my book again. I decided I was not leaving. Never.

I stood up from my comfortable position on the worn leather couch. I decided while I was here I would explore this place. Just from this giant room, I assumed the library must be ten times bigger.

The room I was in was full of innumerable books. I finally reached two grand wooden oak doors. Their brass handles were cool to the touch. Pulling the heavy door open enough to squeeze through, I then briskly walked down the long strong corridor. Doors lined the hallway which was lit with bright flame torches. The flames danced to the cool wind coming up from the ground. I stopped short and gasped. A steep stone staircase led down into the darkness. No flames lit this path.

I cautiously walked down the steep stairs feeling along the wall to steady myself as the cool air rushed up into my face. I reached the bottom of the steps, and a small glimmer of light shone out from beneath a small wooden door. It had the same brass handles, but was even cooler to the touch. I must have been underground by now. I nudged the door open and the light grew brighter as the door inched open. The door opened to its full width, and the most breathtaking scene filled my eyes. The picture I was seeing looked like it came out of a fantasy movie. Crystal clear waterfall tumbled down to a pool of water. Vibrant lush grass spread out as far as the eye could see. I ran to the waterfall, but cautiously walked on the slippery rock behind the waterfall. Stretching out my hand, I let the water run down through my fingers.

“I see you found the secret garden library,” a familiar voice said, startling me a little.

“It’s beautiful!” I exclaimed.

I walked through the cave running my hand along the smooth surface of the rock walls as I followed him. They were damp to the touch, and some water trickled down them. The passage widened and opened into a room filled with endless shelves of books. The tall wooden cases of books rose high almost to the ceiling of the small room. Tables, chairs, and couches were placed neatly around.

“This place is so beautiful, there aren’t enough words to describe how amazing this palace is,” I exclaimed. “Yeah. For sure. I have to go and do some things around other parts of the library,” he said, and quietly walked away.

I grabbed every possible book I could find in my liking, and sat down on one of the worn leather couches. I opened a book, and became lost in the pages, not able to take my eyes off of the words printed there.

The End.

The Royals of Darkness

By Emma Caracciolo

“Well, goodbye till monday!” Luna called to her friends over her shoulder as she walked into the library one cold Friday afternoon. That strong scent of books hit Luna as she walked in. The silence was deafening. Luna loved the library. She felt like she was home when she was there. Luna ran off to find something she hadn't read yet. Luna had a darkness around her that made people a bit scared of her. They avoided talking to her at all costs. She wasn't exactly human, like most people in this world. She was part human... and well, something a bit darker. She had huge dark wings and small black horns on her head. Her eyes seemed to glow with an otherworldly light. Everyone in this odd world was scared of her and yet... the people of this world were not that different then she was.

The people of this world were all like her, part human and part creature. The only problem was that they were all creatures of light, she was the only creature of darkness left on the planet. Luna spent her whole afternoon reading in the library most days after school. Luna was just reading as she dreamed of doing something else with her life. What she really wanted was for people to stop running in fear when they saw her and just recognize her true power. Her darkness sent people running in fear when they saw her. Soon Luna began to get really lonely. She didn't have any friends and well... she was an orphan. She was born different, she had been this way and treated this way since she was born. She hated it and she just wanted some respect. Luna hated being treated this way, but she liked being different.

Some mean girls from Luna's school came walking into the

library like they owned the place. Each of them had wings of pure light and glowing streaks in their blond hair. They were, of course, the most popular kids at Luna's whole school. "What do you want from me now?" Luna asked.

"We want you to leave this place and never return, what're you reading anyway? It must be something stupid if you like it," the leader of the group of girls said, snatching the book from Luna's hands. Luna got mad.

"And why would I listen to you?" Luna asked, a smirk growing on her face.

"I...you have to! My father owns this library you know!" the girl yelled. The librarian came walking over, hearing all the yelling.

"This is a library in case you didn't know!" the librarian yelled at them.

"Well then I'll have you fired for... for... mistreatment of... of... me!" the girl yelled in her spoiled voice. Luna's smirk widened.

"Well looks like you should go get her fired now. Now stop talking to me so I can read." Luna said, going back to what she was reading. "Also good luck getting anyone to listen to you with that dumb voice you have!" as she sat there reading with a wide smirk on her face.

Just then a group of people walked in. It was a young boy, a young girl, and what looked like their grandfather. The girl was wearing a lei and the boy was messing with a Rubik's Cube as they walked in.

Luna smiled at them. Luna was nice to everyone but the mean girls. She didn't put up with bullying. The grandfather looked at her with a look of pure fear and ran. The two kids didn't seem to mind her though. Luna was confused. "I don't... you know... scare you guys?" Luna asked the kids.

“No! We love creatures like you, seeing as that kind of monster is in our blood as well...” the boy said, still just messing with the Rubic’s cube. The girl nodded.

“W-what do you mean?” Luna asked.

“Oh come on... you know what we mean. You are annoying though.” The boy smiled and walked away with his sister. Luna knew that they were just teasing. The librarian came walking back over to Luna.

“There’s a book I think you might like to read. Come with me.” That’s all she said and then she grabbed Luna’s hand and showed her to the darkest shelf of the whole library. Luna was surprised.

“W-what is this?” Luna asked as the librarian handed her a huge book that smelled very strongly of mildew but seemed to have an unnerving sparkle to it. Luna frowned. She was very confused now.

“Just read it and find out. It’s something that you’ll love.” with that the librarian walked away with a smile on her face as if nothing weird had just happened. The librarian teleported right back behind Luna. Luna realized that the librarian must have the powers of teleportation. “don’t . show. Anyone. Anything. From. This. Book.” The librarian said with a strange amount of darkness in her voice. Then she teleported to some other shelves. Luna was completely lost.

What was so secretive about this huge mildewy book that she had to keep it to herself? Luna found out soon enough though.

Luna sat down in the dark corner. She used her glowing eyes to see everything on the page in the dark. Luna’s jaw dropped. “The... royal family records....” she mumbled under her breath. She flipped through the book until she came to the last page. She read through the names. Luna dropped the book with a loud bang. “No... that can’t be true...” she said standing up and covering her mouth. She stood there in complete shock for several minutes. “How...?” she said

under her breath. Snapping out of her shock she quickly picked up the book. "I'm... the long lost leader... I'm the queen. I'm the one destined to rule this kingdom..." Luna muttered. She started to breathe faster. She dropped the book again. She ran to the front desk. She grabbed the nearest computer and searched up the news. "The long lost Princess or Prince must be found." was the first head line she found. "How? This... this can't be happening right now...." Luna fell back into the seat behind her. She started hyperventilating. "This is why I'm full of darkness. I totally forgot... the royals were the only family with... pure darkness in their blood. They were the only ones... how could I have been so blind!?" She muttered. She was full of panic now. Fear filled her heart the next second. The librarian knew something. why on earth had she been told not to tell anyone.

The next minute, she knew exactly why. A whole group of bounty hunters came pouring into the library. Luna dropped behind the counter. "Oh no no no...." she said to herself. She watched them. She knew why they were here. They were trying to find the future queen. They were planning on getting money for her. Luna couldn't let that happen. The Librarian walked past the desk and didn't glance over at Luna once. She walked right up to the bounty hunters. "What do you want? Do you need a book?" the librarian said as if nothing was wrong. They just pushed her out of the way and grunted as they all split up and started throwing books everywhere. Luna snuck around the counter and into the very back of the library. She used her dark powers to grab the huge book and shrink it down to the size of a small rock and stick it in her bag. She took a deep breath before calmly walking out from behind the shelves of books. She calmly used her magic to put the books that were being thrown around back in place and walked past the bounty hunters. She was able to keep a

straight face the whole time. Luna took a deep breath and she started talking on the intercom.

“Hello, this is your queen speaking. Stay calm. I know this is a huge shock. I am completely safe and protected.”

The bounty hunters looked up from their search. They all laughed.

“You? the queen?” They laughed harder.

“Yes.” Luna said, staying calm.

“How are you the queen? I mean, you’re so small and weak I doubt you have any power!” one of them said. Then the leader of them came up to her.

“Well you all are forgetting something very important, the royal family is the only family with pure darkness in their blood.” Luna said. A smirk was growing on her face.

“Prove it!” the leader demanded.

“Well if you really want me to...” Luna’s smirk got bigger. She raised her arms and spread her huge black wings. She looked powerful beyond anything they’d ever seen. The crazy look in her eyes grew, she lowered her arms to her sides with one motion. Everything went black. All they could see were her crazy glowing eyes. Then they passed out and fell to the ground.

The Hole in the Library

By Magdalena Chunglo

It was a normal Wednesday. My friend Piper and I were in the library like we always are after school. Then Piper had pointed out that they were finally working on the teen section that had been closed off for months because it had a ginormous hole in one of the walls. "I wonder if they'll put anything new inside like a VR set where you're in Hawaii and it feels like you're actually wearing a Lei," said Piper. "This is where we are supposed to get off the screens, not get right back on them." I replied. We both giggled. "I know I know, but I still wonder what's behind that big bright blue curtain though" said Piper. "Want to find out?" "What do you mean?" Questioned Piper as we walked outside of the library. "I mean we go to the library tonight after our parents fall asleep" "What! No that's crazy we won't be able to get in anyways". "Not without these" as I hold up a pair of library keys. "Wha... How?" Piper questions incredibly confused. "I signed up to be a half time janitor for the library to earn a few bucks" I answered. "Oh wow well I guess we could then... but what if we get caught and then I have to tell my mom why and then she ground me and then" "Hey! You think about it way too much" I interrupt her. "Besides we won't get caught" "how do you know that?" "Because I'm stealthy" I proudly said while doing ninja moves. We both laugh at what I do. "And nobody is going to guard the library at night, we'll be fine" "Okay... but I'm trusting you" "I won't let anything happen to you" I said as I crossed my heart. "We'll meet at my backyard to collect gear" I said as I started walking towards my house."Okay, what time" "9:30 at the latest" "Got it see you tonight".

Once I got to my house I went upstairs to my room like I always

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do and started to pack two backpacks. Each had one flashlight with extra batteries, a first aid kit with extra bandages, and snacks with extra snacks. Mine would always have a picture of my Grandfather. He's the one who inspires me to go on adventures like the one tonight. He would always surprise me with little things he had gotten on his trips around the world. He was the best person in my life and he will always be with me. "Julica time to eat" my mother yells.

"Coming mom" I yell back as I put the two bags under my bed. I excitedly went downstairs because it was burrito night! "Hey Julie," My dad said as he walked out of the kitchen. Julie is my nickname. "How was school, honey?" My mom said as we all sat down. "Good, I got to show the class how to solve a Rubik's Cube" "Oh how long did it take you that time?" My dad asks. "Only a minute!" "Oh wow that must be a new record for you, right?" My mom said as she passed me a burrito. "Yep and I'll be changing it again until I'm the best!" I said as I took a bite out of my burrito. "I bet you will be the best!"

We all finished eating our burritos and started to get ready for bed. We have to share a bathroom so we all brush our teeth at the same time. After we're done with that I go upstairs to my room and say goodnight to my mom and dad. Then I would usually go to sleep, but not this time. I look at my clock to see what time it is. It reads 8:30, enough time to finish packing and get outside. Piper usually arrives early so I would have to hurry. I finish off the bags with some black gloves and detective gear. I bring my glittery pocket watch with me so I can know when to leave the library. I pick up the Janitor keys from a table downstairs and head to my backyard. I wait outside for only about a minute and then Piper shows up at the gate. We look at the supplies one more time to see if we are missing anything and we're off. The walk to the library is short. I open the doors with the keys and we head in slowly while turning on our flashlights.

“Why does it have to be so dark?” Piper wimpers. “Well it is night,” I replied. Piper rolls her eyes. “Look over there, there’s the teen section! Are you ready” I said excitedly. “VR here we come!” “Piper,” I said as I rolled my eyes. We opened the curtains but it seemed like they didn’t do anything different at all. “Julie! Look over here, New Chromebooks!” Piper said excitedly. “OMG! I really hope they have new games and the internet doesn’t lag anymore” We keep searching for something different. “Huh, that’s weird,” I said confused. “What is it?” “They haven’t fixed the hole yet” “Maybe they just haven’t started working on it?” “Yeah but Wouldn’t they do that first especially since it's what caused the whole thing to begin with?” “Yeah I guess so. Oh well they have to do it sometime, right?” “Yeah”.

We got bored and decided to just look at the rest of the library. I was looking at the comics when I heard Piper squeal. But it wasn’t her normal “there’s a cockroach an inch away from me” squeal. It sounded a little bit joyful. I rushed over to Piper and right in front of her were three cute little mice. “That’s why It sounded joyful” I thought to myself. “Aww, they're so cute,” I said, staring at them while they ran around. “I wonder how and why they got in here” “Yeah that is weird” Then, as soon as we said it, they started running off towards the teen section. So we followed. When we went in we didn’t know where they had run off to until we saw it. They were living inside the hole in the side of the wall. “Oh no!” Piper said worriedly. “Now if they do start working on the hole the mice could lose their home or even worse they could close them in there and they would die! What do we do Julie?” Piper said while very worried for the mice. “We do what my grandpa would do” “And what’s that?” “We’ll make them a new home,” I said confidently.

We start thinking of ways we could get the mice outside without

scaring them. "I know! We use my gloves to pick them up" I said.

"We can use the gloves but I'm pretty sure they'd get scared if we just picked them up," Piper replied. "Then we use some of our snacks so they can trust us," I said. "Yeah and then they'd feel safe around us" Piper replies. "Where will we go to put them though?" I ask. "Hmm the meadows are too far from here and there aren't any farms nearby..." Piper replies to my question. "So what if we release them into the rocks next to my house! They do lead to the meadows" Piper answers again. "Yes and then they can run free!" I look at my pocket watch. It reads 9:59 and I notice that it Sparkles when the moon reflects off of it. We put our gloves on and some crumbs on our palms. We slowly walk towards the mice and surprisingly they all hop on our hands and start nibbling away. "Wow that was easy," I said surprised. We slowly start walking towards the door and I have Piper hold my one mouse as I lock the doors to the library. "Okay now quick to your house before anyone sees us" I said as I got my mouse again. We didn't have any trouble on our way to the house but the real trouble was getting up the rocks so we could get the mice to a safe place. We had to trade mice a couple of times but we'd finally managed to get to a safe place to put the mice. "There you go little guys, This will be a safer home for you " Piper said lovingly.

"Well this was a fun night" I said to Piper as we walked to her house. "Yep," Piper replied. "I'm just glad that it's over" "Me too honestly" "Wow I never thought I'd hear you say that" Piper said surprised. We stop at her house and say goodnight to each other. I walk home alone and go through the backyard so I don't draw attention. As I walk in I take off my shoes and put the janitor keys down and walk straight upstairs. I crawl into bed and think "what an adventure" and drift off to sleep.

The End

The Library

By Cole Flood

Chapter 1

Cole

My mom dropped me off at the library, the sad, old, boring library. On the slow steps up I saw towering above me, the library. It seemed the same as it always was. I walked up the steps and was trying to get the door open, but I nearly had to throw the door off to get inside. I had almost closed the door when I saw Noah, one of my good friends, so I held the door open for him. The library was quiet that day, and I know the library is always quiet, but this was a different quiet. A strange quiet. There were people there, but it felt off. I normally would just get out of there, but my Mom was gonna pick me up soon and I didn't have a phone on me. Besides, I was pretty glad something close to interesting at the library was happening today because it can be a snoozefest sometimes.

Anyways, once Noah was in the building we did our normal handshake and scanned the room for what we should read, and as he suggested reading a comic book, I layed down to take a nap because I'd had a long day. So he got his book and we sat on the beanbags and just chilled. About 1 minute later, I heard the door of the library open. We both turned to the door as an old man ran in the library. He looked like he could be a grandfather. Then we heard the sirens of police officers. "FINAL WARNING, STEP OUT OF THE BUILDING WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!". I stared

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at the old man for what felt like forever. He finally turned to look at us, but I quickly turned around, acting like I didn't notice him. Noah whispered, "I think he is staring at us." But when I turned to look, he was gone. "Let's go somewhere else." So we got up and got a few snacks from the vending machine, and dug in. Noah bought a pack of Cool Ranch Doritos, but I got a Gatorade and a granola bar. Next we went upstairs to play on the computers. The stairs kept creaking really loudly, since the library was extremely old, and there were spiderwebs everywhere. We went up the stairs and started playing computer games on these ancient computers, the games were bugging out like crazy. Then I saw him again. That old man with balding hair and shriveling arms, walking with a cane, and wearing a plain white shirt with mustard stains. "That old man," Noah whispered to me, "Is he following us?"

Chapter 2

Noah

My parents were obsessed with the library. My whole family was. My family was kind of weird, it always seemed like they were hiding from everyone. One day when my parents got back from the lab, (they were scientists), they packed up our things and we moved to Prescott, and whenever I asked why we moved, they said, "We had business problems." and left the room. They were very mysterious, and sometimes the library was my only escape from reality. I liked putting my nose in a book and reading. Anyways, back to the story.

We were talking about the creepy old man and stuff when we noticed that we were out of snacks, so we sauntered downstairs just to get more chips. Back down those creaky stairs we went. "I love Doritos." I said. Sometimes I feel bad for Cole. He is allergic to so

many foods. Then, we heard a scream, a sort of quiet forced one. We ran back up the creaky stairs. When we got back up the stairs there was a blood stain right where we were talking, as well as a diamond necklace that had a sparkle. It looked kind of like a hawaiian lei, "What is that!" Cole yelled. "Be quiet!" I said as we looked at each other with a shiver of discomfort. "That could have been us, someone was looking for us!" Said Cole. We had some heavy eye contact. Cole and I were frozen in our tracks. I started to think, should we follow the tracks or try and save ourselves, is someone dead, are multiple people dead? Everything was flowing through my brain and it was too much to handle, we were both shaking and scared, so we decided to stay put and call the police at the front desk. We strutted down the stairs uncomfortably and quickly, but Cole ran fast. Cole was running so fast down the stairs he tripped but got right back up. Within 20 seconds we were at the front desk. I started shouting, "Hello hello we need to call 911 someone is hurt and there is a killer on the loose!" No one came to help us. We rang the bell, next to the rubix cube, sitting on the front desk. Then I saw something that scared the crap out of me. The shiny bloodstained diamond necklace.

Chapter 3

Cole

We were yelling to the front desk to help us when Noah told me that the grandpa was watching us. I thought he was crazy until he told me where to look. At first I only saw books, then I saw the grandpa's diamond chain! We started to run then, jumped at the sound of a bang a sound of a gunshot. Then another gunshot, at least I thought it was a gunshot, but this time it wasn't a gunshot, it was a

lockdown drill, and of course the worst possible thing happened. The light fell off and all the doors were now locked. Noah looked at me and we knew it was us against him. Noah and I were shaking so hard we couldn't even talk. So we ran so fast that the grandpa couldn't catch us. Once we got a big lead on him, we started to bang on the door but it wouldn't budge Noah was punching so hard he started bleeding. It was really hard and we decided to stop because the guy could hear us. Then we saw it again, his chain. A gun was pointed at us. We decided to run our separate ways. I ran to the front desk and jumped, got to the phone and called 911. I could hear heavy footsteps behind me so I said, "Got to go." From there we had a mad chase, like a marathon. It was all a blur running looking behind me. I got my first clean look at the grandpa. He had curly black hair, bloodshot eyes, tons of jewelry falling out of his bag and pockets and had a pistol in hand, he looked good for a grandpa. But he wasn't a grandpa, he was a teenage boy, but how could he have been a teenage boy if the grandpa owned that chain? Right then and there I remembered that I was being chased by a teenage boy, but it was too late. He had caught up to me. For a second I thought I was going to die, since I was shoved against the wall with a gun pointed at my head. I tried to get away, but he had an iron grip on my neck. I knew I was trapped. I thought I'm dead.

Chapter 4

Noah

I had no idea what to do when I saw that kid, so I started to run. I was running so fast I didn't notice that he wasn't chasing me. He had gone for Cole. My mind was in knots just thinking about what had just

happened. Should I save Cole? Should I hide from him? I thought for a while and decided to save Cole, so I found a huge hardcover book and tried to find him. There was my best friend with a gun pointed at his head! I crept down to him, neither of them had seen me yet. As I'm about to hit him in the face with a 15 pound book, the doors unlock. But the teenager looks at me and pop the weasel. I hit a home run to his face. He loses control of the gun and Cole's neck. With blood shooting out of his nose Cole picks up the gun, and the police arrive just in time! We were saved, but since Cole was holding the gun it looked like we committed the crime, but we told him that he was the thief and maybe committed a murder. The police scanned him and found out that 2.9 million dollars in jewelry had been hidden inside of his huge bag and pockets. He got arrested, and we found out that the guy was involved in a gigantic theft involved in an operation. Because of this they arrested 26 more people for theft. When mom asked what happened I had a lot to say, she'll never believe me.

The Last Literature

By Louis Ford

I was in the YA section looking for something new to read. A book caught my eye. It was a faded, red, leather bound book with intricate gold lettering. When I tried to pull the book from the shelf, there was a click and the shelf swung silently open on concealed hinges. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a secret room in the library. It was straight out of a fantasy novel!

I walked into the hidden room and the shelf swung closed behind me. The small room was hexagonal and made completely of stone. Bookshelves full of thick, dusty, tomes lined the walls. A small reading desk sat in the center of the room. It was piled high with even more books. The only source of light was a candelabra that spread golden globes of light and made the air sparkle with floating dust motes. Despite the dustiness, it was beautiful, I stood there and stared for a full five minutes.

Suddenly, the door I came in through opened behind me, I turned around and what I saw made me scream! It reminded me of a giant spider. With its eight legs and two body sections but that is where the similarities ended! It had a big toothy jaw, two glowing eyes, it was the size of a small horse, and it was a machine! Its body appeared to be made of brass, its legs were swords, and a small pipe on its back belched thick black smoke in to the air.

It skittered towards me on its eight nimble legs. I ran to the other side of the room and pressed my back against the wall. I didn't know what else to do so I started emptying my pockets and throwing the contents, as hard as I could, at the mechanical beast. My wallet, some

change, a couple receipts and my favorite Rubik's cube were all lost that day!

All of the sudden a sputtering sound came from the metallic monstrosity and it exploded outwards in to a billion pieces, and one of those pieces hit me right between the eyes. A searing pain blossomed in my forehead and my vision turned black.

* * *

When I came to, someone was shaking me. "Wake up Sir Knight, wake up!" I was being yelled at. I blearily blinked my eyes open , "Where am I?" I asked the stranger. "Honorable Sir Whereami, you really need to wake up, HE is coming!"

I was fully awake now. "What? Who are you? Who is he? Where am I? Help!"

"It's just no use, Tabitha!" Said a much deeper and louder voice, "This brave Scribe Knight can't remember anything!"

"Well, then I will tell him everything!" Tabitha snapped. I turned my head to look at Tabitha. It was a nice older lady with a kind, wrinkled face. She started speaking again, "You see, brave Sir Whereami, you are in the Great Library." She gestured to the area around us and then continued speaking, "Strong Sir Rutger," She pointed to the large man standing beside her, "He is a Scribe Knight too, he found you in the secret book chamber.

"Prince Balthazar and his horrible Grandfather, King Gregor VII, have been on the war path for years! They have been cutting down all the trees, burning all the books, even confiscating people's furniture. They use it all to feed the King's great war machines! Like the one that Sir Rutger saved you from earlier." She paused and took a breath. "The secret room that we found you in is a cache of the last books in our Kingdom! That is why we, the Librarians, created the Scribe Knights. Together we work to protect the last books from

being destroyed by the fires of the King's war machines!" She sighed.

"If only the prophesized hero would come like the ancient runes predicted." She then recited the ancient prophecy to me. "When the needs of the people become dire. One will appear with an armor of fire. The Praedixit Salvatorem will shield with a heart that is pure. When evil comes for the last of the literature."

Wow! That was a lot to take in! My Latin is a little rusty but I think that Praedixit Salvatorem sounds a bit like predicted savior? After Tabitha was done Rutger said "O' by the way, we believe the King is on his way here, with the whole of his army, to personally oversee that the last of the books are taken by any force necessary!" Suddenly, a loud boom reverberated throughout the Library, knocking over some of the empty shelves and shaking the ground where we stood. "Too late, he is here!"

I sat up quickly, or at least I tried to, but I was dressed in a suit of armor! Smooth silver armor with gold inlays arranged in intricate patterns. There were strips of parchment hung around my neck almost like a lei! I opened my mouth to speak, but at the same moment, Rutger slammed a helmet on my head before I could ask them anything. "No time for that now, we have got to get movin'!" He said hurriedly.

He pulled me off the table that I had been laying on like I weighed nothing. It was difficult to walk in the bulky armor, especially since I was still recovering from my blow to the head. He pulled me into what must have once been a grand hall, but now all the bookshelves were empty! All of those wonderful books lost to the flames burning within the bellies of the mechanical beasts. This was the King's doing I thought, and let me tell you, that thought made me mad! As Sir Rutger led me through more and more rooms

with empty bookshelves, my anger towards the horrible King Gregor VII and his grandson the Prince turned red-hot!

With a new found strength that came from deep inside fueled by the anger within me, I started leading the way through the twisting corridors that made up the huge Library. Crowds of people lined every hallway, some appeared to be librarians, some appeared to be Scribe Knights. As Sir Rutger and I passed through the hallways every person stopped what they were doing to watch. Someone handed me a sword and a shield, I took them both gladly. Many of the Scribe Knights broke from the crowds and started following us down the corridors.

The small march had now become a large procession. The Knights started a deep battle hymn that resounded against the walls of the Library just as ferociously as the cannon booms outside. Suddenly everything brightened. I heard a collective gasp. All the Scribe Knights started murmuring, "Praedixit Salvatorem!" I looked down to see that I was on fire! My armor was ablaze like the very anger that fueled me! I was the prophesized hero that Tabitha had told me about! All the Scribe Knights suddenly started to march with a renewed vigor and deeper courage than before! We finally reached the grand doors of the enormous Library.

I stared at the doors for a few seconds, I then turned around to face the Scribe Knights that had assembled behind me, my armor still burning bright. "I am the hero from the prophecy whos arrival you have been waiting for. I am the one who walks with the armor of fire and whos heart is pure. I am the Praedixit Salvatorem! I have come fourth so that we may finally rid this land of the horrible King and Prince. They have caused destruction and fear for far too long. Today that ends! Today we fight!" With that I turned around, stepped forward, and wrenched the doors open. The King and his war machines were waiting.

Night At The Library

By Clementine Goodloe

Mable looked out the foggy window and sighed. Her and her grandpa were driving through the rainy streets of downtown Prescott, Arizona where they lived. They had just stopped by the library to pick up a few books, as they always did on Fridays after school. But this time was different, this time they weren't allowed in. A big notice sign was taped to the door that read: LIBRARY CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. And that was it. They got in the car and left the library.

After a while of staring at a small insect on the window, Mabel finally asked, "Grandpa, why did they have to close the library?"

"I don't know Mable, all the workers seemed so busy that I didn't ask," her grandfather replied.

"Oh," she said back, and kept peering out the window of their black Mustang.

As they pulled up to their house, Mable noticed a book tucked under her backpack. She picked it up. The title of the book was scratched out. "That's weird," she thought, then stuffed it into her backpack, and ran through the rain into the house.

The smell hit her before she could even step through the door. Her sister was cooking dinner. Trying not to gag, Mable dropped off her backpack on her way to the kitchen. Mable's big brother, Lando, who was sitting on the couch looked at her with a sparkle in his eye.

"What?" she asked suspiciously.

"Oh nothing," he replied.

"I'm going to find out, you know," Mable finished with a wink,

and left the room.

In the kitchen she found her mom trying to help her little sister, Kit, dump spaghetti noodles in a pot. Mable peered into the pot next to them and scowled.

Inside was a brownish soup mixture with what looked like onion halves and gummy snakes bobbing around.

"So...um- Mom, Kit. Hi, what are you, er...making there, in- in the pot?" she asked.

Mable's mom gave her an exhausted look, "Spaghetti with meatballs and a soup...thing she made up. Don't ask, I wasn't a part of this. Your dad insisted that Kit attempt to make dinner tonight," her mom replied

"And you have to try it." Kit lectured

"Fine," Mable sighed, rolling her eyes, "Where's Dad?"

"Outside," her sister and mom replied together.

The rain had stopped by now, and Mable found her dad working on her sister's new treehouse.

"Hi Dad," said Mable.

"Hey Mables," her dad greeted, "can you hand me that screwdriver over there?" Mable bent down and handed her dad the screwdriver.

"I found this book in grandpa's car, do you know where it came from?"

Her dad turned and took the book, "Well it looks like it's a library book, see?" he pointed to a sticker on the spine.

Mable's face fell, "But the library's closing! What are we going to do?"

"Ask Lando to drive you, maybe you can tell them you forgot to return it." he suggested, "and how did you get a book with no title?," he added.

Mable shrugged and went back inside. She found Lando in his room fidgeting with a Rubik's Cube. Mable looked around, his room was a mess with clothes and oddly random clutter on the floor. And overdue homework lying on the desk.

"You really need to figure out your life." she said taking it in.

"Why are you here?" her brother asked, one eyebrow raised.

"I need you to drive me to the library."

"Why? I thought you just went with Grandpa," said Lando kicking a lei across the room.

Mable showed him the book. "I guess it came from the library." she told him. Lando's eyes widened.

"What is it, Lando?" Mable asked, starting to get concerned.

"Where did you get this?" he questioned.

"I told you, I think it came from the library."

Lando got up and opened the door, "Come on, there's no way I'm eating Kit's soup, we're going to the library."

"Isn't that what I just asked?"

As they both expected, the library parking lot was deserted. Except for a few traffic cones and a lone tractor, they were alone.

"What now?" Mable whispered.

"Follow me," Lando muttered back, leading her to the back of the library.

He knocked on the door and waited. When the door finally opened Mable almost didn't believe her eyes. A tall boy about seventeen years old with round glasses and dark hair was standing there, with an unmistakable scar on his forehead...

Mable almost screamed, "Harry Potter?!"

"Yes, and who are you?" he replied.

Lando smiled, "Harry, hi, how are you doing?"

He pulled out the book and showed Harry. Just like Lando, Harry's eyes had widened.

"This is my sister, Mable, by the way. She's a big fan."

"Are you kidding? It's Harry Potter! How is this possible? I— how...you're just a character in a book! But here you are I— I just don't get it..." Mable said, astonished.

Lando rolled his eyes, "Hi, remember me, your big brother? Are you finished?"

"Yes. But I still want to know how this is possible!" she said pointing to Harry.

They both followed Harry into what used to be the library, now it was chaos. There weren't just people, there were animals and creators beyond Mable's wildest dreams. for a moment she swore she thought she saw a T-rex in the crowd. Then, after about five minutes of walking, Mable realized they were all book characters. She started recognizing them one by one and making a mental list: a little girl that had to be Matilda, Dorothy, Toto and her friends, a short man with huge feet who Mable guessed was Bilbo Baggins, and more that she couldn't keep track of, let alone name.

"Good evening Mary Poppins," Lando tipped his baseball hat to her.

"Good evening Lando. This must be your sister, it is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Mable."

"Hello," then she turned to her brother and asked, "Where are we going?"

"To see Dumbledore of course," Harry said matter of factly.

"Dumbledore. Why didn't I see this coming?" Mable mumbled to herself.

The three of them kept on walking through the library until they

reached a door labeled: EMPLOYEES ONLY. Harry reached into the pocket of his robes and pulled out a small key. He inserted the key into the lock and turned it. There was a click, and the door opened; inside was what looked like a large office chair, almost like a throne.

"Professor Dumbledore, I need to speak to you, I..." Harry stopped there.

The chair had started to spin slowly, but the man who was in it wasn't Dumbledore...

"Hello," a deep voice said.

Harry fell over, unconscious. Mable screamed and dropped to her knees, shaking him as hard as she could. When she looked up she saw who the imposter was: Darth Vader. Lando started dragging Harry away but it was too late. Storm troopers were everywhere.

"You cannot escape me," Darth Vader cackled.

"What did you do with Dumbledore?" Lando screamed.

"The old guy? Oh, he's over there," Darth Vader pointed to a broom cupboard, where muffled screams could be heard.

They were trapped. But when all hope seemed lost, a huge mob led by Mable burst into the room. The sounds of fighting and yelling filled the room, but to Mable it was all a blur. By the end of the chaotic scene, Darth Vader had been defeated and Dumbledore had been freed, everything was explained.

"You see, the book you found is the only way that all this is possible. And until you found it, it was mine. But you see, the book rather has a mind of its own. And it chose you. But you be careful, open the book and we all go away," Dumbledore explained and handed the book to Mable.

"Wait, did you know about this?" she looked at Lando

"Of course, everyone here knows."

"And I suppose you come here all the time?"

"Yep," Lando smiled. Mable turned to look at Dumbledore, but he wasn't there.

"Hey where'd he go?"

"Over here," the professor called from the crowd. Mable and Lando just smiled at each other and went to join him.

I've got a pig!

By Brooke Gossman

I stood at the edge of the sidewalk, rocking back and forth in the rain. I twisted my Rubik's Cube nervously. An hour shouldn't take this long! I thought as I solved one side of the Rubik's Cube. Cars drove up and down the street, their windshield wipers working furiously to wipe away the pouring droplets.

"Time, just come already!" I shout into the sky, earning myself some interesting looks from the neighbours.

"May!" my grandfather cried. "It's too cold, come inside!" I reluctantly followed his orders, and instead of watching the big clock on the sidewalk, I stood at the window. Waiting. I traced my fingers against the glass, following the droplets with my eyes.

"May, come here," my grandfather said. He had been taking care of me ever since my parents died in a car crash. Almost two years ago. My grandfather scooped me up in his capable arms and sat down on our overstuffed sofa.

"It's just an hour, you just have to wait," he whispered gently. What if the librarian doesn't have my piglet by then?! I thought. Perhaps I should explain. One of my favorite librarian's pigs had just had piglets, and Charlotte's Web by E. B. White was one of my favorite books. You can just guess that I wanted one of those piglets more than anything. I had saved my money for three weeks till I had enough to buy the piglet from the library. I would name the pig Wilbur, and feed him from a bottle and everything. It would be perfect, except for one problem. It was pouring rain, and I had to go to the library in an hour.

Continued on next page

“Oh, I hope the librarian can get to the library okay,” I said to myself.

My grandfather reached into my lap and pulled out the Rubik’s Cube. In less than a minute it was solved perfectly. My grandfather never ceased to amaze me, what with his Rubik’s Cube skills, the way he could scoop me up like a sack of potatoes, or that he still worked and he was sixty-five! I grinned at him before slipping off of his lap onto the ground, and then sat on the windowsill.

Somehow, I had fallen asleep resting on the windowsill, and my grandfather had put me in my bed. I sat up.

“What time is it?” I shouted to my grandfather as I pulled off my old clothes and put on some new ones. I hopped down the stairs as I yanked on my socks. My grandfather smiled at me and held up the tiniest, cutest, most perfect little piglet in the world. I squealed and gently pulled the piglet from my grandfather’s big hands.

“Hello!” I said to the piglet. It squealed like it was as happy to see me as I was to see it. A name, I thought. What for a name? Wilbur just doesn’t suit him!

“What should I name him?” I asked my grandfather. “I don’t think Wilbur suits him at all.”

“Humphry?” my grandfather asked. I shook my head with distaste.

“George? Happy? Mister pig?”

“Grandpa,” I sighed. “Thank you for picking him up, even though the names you suggested are atrocious.” I decided to go to the library to get some ideas from the characters in the books.

The rain had stopped by the time I had gotten my bike, helmet, and attached a basket for the unnamed piglet. I mounted my bike

and put the piglet into the basket, it squealed because it was cold from being in the garage. I laughed. I cycled through the puddles, soaking my sneakers. Once I got to the library, I found my favorite librarian.

“Hi Miss Ellie!” I shout. “Thanks for my piglet!”

“Shh,” Miss Ellie said, as she gave me a hug. “You’re welcome.”

Once I had told Miss Ellie what I was looking for, she found an old book with lots of pictures. I thanked her and took it to a quiet spot in the corner of the library. I showed the piglet all the pictures, and searched the pages for names. I held the piglet’s warm body against me until he relaxed and fell into sleep.

“Wake up!” I told the piglet after a while. “Your name is Sir William A La pig!” William rolled over and looked at me.

“Squeeaal!!!” he squealed happily.

“A wonderful name,” Miss Ellie said.

“I had to read some fairy tales to come up with that name!” I told Miss Ellie as another librarian shushed me.

“Out, out!” the other librarian said. “No piglets in the library!” Miss Ellie laughed as I hurriedly pushed through the door.

When I got home, I told my grandfather about William’s name.

“That’s an interesting name for a pig!” my grandfather said, laughing.

“I love him already,” I smiled. William rolled around on the carpet and squealed.

“He’s hungry,” my grandfather remarked. I took an old bottle from the attic and filled it with milk. I was about to give it to William when my grandfather told me it had to be warmed up first. While the milk was soaking in warm water, I played with William. After it warmed I fed him, and he fell fast asleep. So I carried him

Continued on next page

up the stairs to bed and I read the rest of the day.

“Come on May!” my grandfather cried. “Get out of the house! Out!”

“Wha-” I began, but he cut me off.

“Get out! There’s a fire!” he shouted. “The stove was turned on!” I ran down the stairs, using my shirt as a filter. I coughed awfully as I slipped past all of the roaring fires scattered about the house. William! I think. Where’s William? I tumbled onto the grass, and passed out from the smoke right as something in the house made a horrible crunching and groaning sound.

I was woken up by my grandfather shaking my shoulders, he looked blurry, and almost like he was covered in sparkle standing over me. He was holding my mother’s lei from when she went to Hawaii.

“Are you okay, May?” My eyes filled with tears as I noticed he was covered in soot. My grandfather coughed hard.

“Smoke is getting to me,” he mumbled. As soon as I caught my words, which seemed to be flitting over my head, I said, “William! Where is he?” I gasped. My grandfather smiled, “The firemen got him out, he’s going to need some good books read to him.”

The next day I took William to the library. He was okay! I was so relieved.

“You’re okay, William,” I said as I picked out a nice book about trees.

“Hello,” Miss Ellie said from behind me. “I’m sorry about what happened.”

“It’s fine,” I said. “Sorry I forgot about the ‘no pigs in the library rule.’.”

“I think you can bypass that rule just this once,” Miss Ellie said, **67**

Continued on next page

giving me a warm smile and going back to her desk.

William was the best pig ever, I taught him to do tricks and to go in a litter box. Grandpa loved seeing the tricks William could do! A month after the fire, we were in our new house, when I saw someone putting up a poster outside. I grabbed William and went out the front door.

“What are you doing?” I asked the boy putting up the poster.

“You’ve got a pig!” the boy said, which was totally irrelevant. “You should take a look at this!” The boy held out a blue and yellow poster.

“Enter your pig now, in this fair! You show off tricks and your pig’s physique to win prizes at your local library!” I read aloud. I guess saying I have a pig isn’t totally irrelevant, I thought.

“Yeah!” the boy said. “Your pig should totally enter!” I said goodbye to the boy and tromped up the stairs to my house.

“Grandpa!” I yelled to him in the kitchen. “Can I enter in a pig show?”

“Do I have to pay for anything?” he asked.

“No.”

“Then of course!” he shouted. “Your pig would be perfect.”

I went to the pig show at the library a week later, my heart thumping in my chest. Ready, William? I thought. We signed in and went to the waiting area at the back lawn, with a number pinned to my shirt. I took deep breaths, and then heard my name called. I stepped out onto the grass, and was bathed in light. All right, I thought. Let’s put on a show.

The Magical Library Adventure

By Ruby Hicks

Hi I'm Ruby and I love spending time at the library where my grandfather works. Today as always, my grandfather is wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a blue lei. I think this is a bit weird but he always wears them. It's winter right now so of course I have a coat with me. I set it on a chair and put my Rubik's cube in it and settled down in a corner with a new book that had just arrived on the shelf called "UNICORN ACADEMY: Sofia and Rainbow". It is a wonderful story! But when I got to the middle of the book my fingers started to tingle. Before I could react a bunch of colored lights swirled around me. I could feel my feet lift off the ground! A few seconds later my feet touched the floor again. The colored lights stopped swirling and at last I could see again, but when I looked around I realized I was not in the library anymore. I was at UNICORN ACADEMY! Standing close by was a small group of girls and their unicorns. I could recognize them all; Sofia and Rainbow, Ava and Star, Scarlet and Blaze, and Isabel and Cloud. All of the sudden I felt someone tap my shoulder. I turned around to see Miss Rose behind me. "Hello young lady, I was just wondering where your unicorn is, because this is the part of the day that students are supposed to be riding their unicorns."

"But I don't have a unicorn." I said. "That's odd," said Miss Rose. "Every student gets a unicorn as soon as she or he arrives."

"That's the problem, I just got here." I said. "You couldn't have just gotten here, I was not aware of any new students arriving." Miss Rose said.

"That's because I'm not from here-" I got interrupted. "Why of

course you're not darling! Now we're gonna need to see to you getting your unicorn! Follow me to the academy.” Miss Rose told me. So I followed her to the academy.

The academy is beautiful. Just like the description in the book! I stood around while Miss Rose talked to who I recognized as Miss Poppy. After a little bit Miss Poppy turned to me. “Hello, you're Ruby right?” Miss Poppy said. “Yes ma'am.” I said. “Good. Follow us. Your unicorn is waiting.”

I followed them to the stables where my unicorn was waiting. They lead me to the stall where he was. “He's beautiful!” I said.

“I've been waiting for the perfect girl to give him to.” Miss Poppy said. He had a shimmering navy blue mane and tail and swirls on his coat. “His name is River.” I heard Miss Poppy say. “His hooves sparkle!” I said. “I think he might be my favorite, but don't tell the other unicorns! Miss Poppy giggled. I took River outside to ride with the other girls.

“Hi!” Sofia said. “Hi, I'm Ruby, and this is River.” I replied.

“River is beautiful.” Scarlet said. The other girls nodded in agreement.

Before the other girls could speak, River said something. “Do you guys want race around the grounds?!” The rest of the unicorns nodded and River dashed off through the snow with me hanging on, I felt like I was flying.

By the time we got all the way around the grounds the school bell rang. “Time for our unicorn grooming lesson at the stables!” Ava said excitedly. So we set off to the stables where Miss Sage was teaching. She walked over and greeted me, “Hi Ruby, I'm Miss Sage. I'll be teaching you how to brush your unicorn's mane and tail so they shine like diamonds.”

After that class, my new friends and I headed to lunch. Today's

lunch was a delicious veggie soup. Really good for a cold winter's day like today. After lunch we went outside to ride our unicorns until it was time for dinner. River and I decided to chat while we walked. "Can you tell me about yourself?" River asked. "Okay, first I'll tell you about where I live. I live in Prescott, Arizona. My grandfather works at the library." "Wow! I've never heard of Prescott anywhere on our planet." River said. "Well, I'll tell you something a little bit surprising; please don't think I'm crazy because this is true. Unicorns don't exist in my world." I said sadly. "WHAT?! BUT YOU'RE HERE RIGHT NOW! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I EXIST?!" River shouted. (I could tell that he was confused.) "Yeah, just let me explain." I said. He started to calm down as I explained how I got to Unicorn Academy. Then he spoke again "So where do unicorns exist in your world?"

"Just in books." I said. "But maybe we could figure out how to bring you back to my world with me when I go home, because of course I can't stay here forever." I said. "But what if I never get to see my family again?" he said with tears in his eyes. "Well, maybe we could make a phone that can communicate from the real world to books." I said.

"Great! Lets go ask Miss Daisy for help." River said brightly.

"Why would you want to talk to people in a book, when you can talk to real people?" Miss Daisy said confusedly. River explained how way better than I could have ever done.

"Miss Daisy, Ruby and I would like to visit a different world for a while and we'd like to keep in touch with people back home."

"Well, that sounds like a good excuse, but I just have one question: Why did you say "different world"?" "River, I'll take over." I said. "The truth is, I'm not from this world, but don't think of me as an alien because I am a human being just like you. In my world

unicorns are in books and nowhere else, so I want to bring River home with me, so can you help us find a way?"

"Well...that is quite a story, but I'm afraid that you'll have to get a really rare, magical item to get home and communicate. You might have heard of it, it's called a Rubik's cube." Miss Daisy said quietly.

"A Rubik's cube? We have plenty of those where I come from. I think I even have one in my pocket right now!" I reached in my pocket and pulled it out. It had unicorns and glitter on it. "WOW!! Now we don't have to go looking for one! How did you get it?" Miss Daisy said amazed. "My Grammy gave it to me for my tenth birthday. How can it be used to get River and I back home?" I asked.

"Well, I just need to add some stuff to it and set it up so you can communicate and travel into books with a push of a button. It will take me at least two hours, so go have some fun while you're here." she said.

River and I went to the stables to pass the time. I brushed his mane and tail while he told me about playing pranks on his big sister when they were younger. Some pranks were very clever, like the one where he put a glitter bomb in her stall and it covered her from head to hoof in sparkling glitter. After awhile, we headed back to Miss Daisy's office.

"Hi children. Great timing. I just finished. Shall we test it?" she said excitedly.

"Yes please!" we both said at once.

She pushed the button and the Rubik's cube burst to life. A giant screen popped up. I pressed travel, and hit the stables option. I held onto River's mane and sure enough the colored lights swirled around us and just like when I arrived we touched the ground again and saw the inside of the stables around us. After a few minutes, Miss Daisy came running. "It works!" she shouted joyfully. "I also made a radio

so we can contact each other whenever we want!” she said excitedly. Then her face turned sad. “I guess you should be leaving now, but please come again soon. I've really enjoyed our time together.” I hugged her and promised that River and I would visit soon. I pressed “home” on the cube, and we lifted off the ground.

After a few seconds we were in my house. Luckily, my family owns a farm so River fit right in. I tried to tell my parents that River was a unicorn, but they just thought that I made him look like a unicorn. “Oh well.” I thought to myself. A couple of weeks later, I went into my room. My Rubik's cube was sitting on my desk. It started to make a buzzing noise. Then I heard Miss Daisy's voice. “Hello Ruby, are you there? We need help.....”

the end.

Everything is Not What it Seems

By Matilda Johnson

Ellie looked out the grimy window as her grandfather's old antique car turned into the parking lot of her town's library. The car pulled to a halt and she opened the door which creaked as she got out. Her grandfather had already fallen asleep in the front seat and had started up a racket snoring as Ellie walked over to the front doors.

Ellie took a deep breath as the doors of the library swung open. This was her favorite place in the entire world. She would sit for hours in the library reading one book after another. Ellie went straight to the librarian's desk. Mrs. Lora looked at Ellie over her thick rimmed sparkly glasses. It was difficult to look at Mrs. Lora because she wore so much jewelry. From head to toe she was covered in sparkles. It was like staring at the sun.

“How may I help you Ellie?” she asked. “Um,” said Ellie, averting her gaze a little. “Can you help me find the section on poetry?” Mrs. Lora nodded and tapped on the computer's keyboard. Her long nailed fingers skimming over the keys. When she found what she was looking for she came out from behind her desk and led Ellie through the library. Finally she stopped at the very back of the building. “Here we are,” she said, adjusting her glasses. The aisle had mainly been turned into a storage area. Boxes were piled high and there was an old cardboard cutout of a Hawaiian girl wearing a fading flower lei. Dust was blanketed over everything, and Ellie saw a spider crawl across the cardboard girl's arm. Ellie tried to smile at Mrs. Lora but knew it wasn't very convincing.

“What happened here?” she finally asked. Mrs. Lora pretended to not hear her and walked away without a second glance back.

Three dusty books lay deserted on a shelf. Ellie picked one up and blew the dust off which billowed to the ground and settled. Many Poems from Around the World, read the cover. Ellie opened it and read the first poem which was titled “Tornado”.

High winds rushing far above are stronger and stronger yet. Turning and twisting, latching together, dangerously spiraling downward. The sky turns an ugly shade of green as this monster tears through the land. Uprooting trees and crashing through buildings. You must hide safely tucked away to avoid this monster's fury, for this beast won't stop until its winds die away.

Ellie finished the poem and gasped back in the present. She carefully set the book back on the shelf and examined the mess. Ellie had no idea where to start. She picked up the girl in the lei and moved her to the other end of the aisle. Then she picked up a box brimming full of rubix cubes. She pushed a pile of boxes to the side and gasped. Behind the pile of junk carved into the wall was the outline of a small door. Floral wallpaper covered it, but she could still clearly tell what it was.

Ellie quickly moved everything else aside and sat in front of the door. She tried the knob, but the door didn't open. Then she noticed a key hole that was on the far left. She ran her fingers over it.

“Where could the key be,” she thought. Ellie quickly ran back to the front desk. “Mrs. Lora?” she called, but the librarian was not at her usual position. Instead Ellie found a piece of paper lying on the desk addressed to her with a small silver key. All that the note said was: I believe this is what you are looking for. Ellie quickly grabbed the key and ran back to the small door. She inserted the key, which

fit perfectly. She twisted it in the lock and the door easily swung open. Behind it was a dark passageway. Ellie stared into the darkness deciding whether it was a wise idea to go through. Who knows what she would find there. Making up her mind Ellie crawled through the door which on its own accord closed behind her.

Spider webs hung down from the ceiling and dust was everywhere. Ellie couldn't stop sneezing. Soon she came to a dead end. She couldn't tell which way she had come from since there were many tunnels that came to this stop. In front of her was a red brick wall and because she had seen lots of movies where if you pressed on a brick a door would open, she tried pressing on it. Nothing happened though, and after a while Ellie gave up. She turned back to the many passages unsure of what to do. She could almost imagine her grandfather waking and worrying about her. Even having a panic attack maybe. Ellie pulled at her bangs becoming more and more worried. Then she shook her head. It was best to stay calm and in the moment. How could she get out?

Ellie explored the whole area around the wall. She pulled on torch holds and looked behind tapestries. Finally after a while she found a small compartment in the wall. It held a piece of paper that was as thin as an onion skin. It was fraying at the edges, and Ellie held it carefully so as not to tear it. What you seek is beneath your feet, read the paper. Ellie quickly pulled back the rug to find a key similar to the one that led into the door in the wall.

She looked around and noticed a painting that seemed different from the rest. A girl with flaming red hair looked out of the painting at her with unseeing eyes. A smile painted on her lips. Ellie tilted her head, in the background stood a door. A keyhole shone gold on the door. It seemed so much more real than the rest of the painting.

She stepped forward and ran her fingers over it. Then her eyes widened. It was a real keyhole. She quickly inserted the key and turned it in the lock. The painting rippled and shimmered a silvery gray. Ellie watched as it slowly morphed into a pool of shining water. Somehow it didn't pool onto the ground but stayed in the frame. Ellie reached out her hand which went straight through. She gasped and pulled it back out. Then she held her breath and leaped through.

Strands of light danced around her as she was pulled through the wall. Then she was yanked through a sheet of light with a shock of force and fell onto a hard stone floor. Ellie gasped for breath. Then a voice said "Ellie, you have done it." Mrs. Lora stood towering above Ellie. "What?" stammered Ellie dazed, "What happened?" "You found the Secret Library of Historics," responded Mrs Lora "Very few people have done it." Ellie looked around. Pictures of famous people stood on the wall such as Queen Elizabeth and President Roosevelt. "These are all people who found this place," said Mrs. Lora, "And now your painting shall join them." A huge gold framed picture of Ellie floated up towards the wall and landed in an empty space. Ellie's mouth fell open as she stared. "But, but," she stammered before grinning. Then all of the paintings shook themselves as if in a daze and started chanting "Ellie, Ellie, Ellie!" Ellie felt herself falling through the air, voices chanting her name over and over and over.

Ellie jolted awake, her eyes opening with a start. Her Grandfather stood above her. "Ellie, Ellie," he said. "You fell asleep. It's time for the library to close now. Beside him stood Mrs. Lora. She smiled, her red lips curved up. "What, but I was in the," Ellie looked around trying to figure out what had happened. She held the Many Poems

from Around the World book in her hands. Mrs. Lora held out a perfectly manicured hand to help Ellie up. “Not everything is as it seems,” she said so quietly only Ellie could hear. Ellie raised an eyebrow, “What?” she asked, but Mrs. Lora didn’t seem to understand what Ellie meant. She just smiled in a curious way. As Ellie and her Grandfather were leaving Ellie looked behind her and gasped. A small door in the wall stood ajar and piles of boxes were moved to the side. “Maybe it hadn’t been a dream after all,” she thought. Mrs. Lora stood stiff watching them leave, and the Hula girl in the lei with her hand in the air seemed to be saying, “Come again soon. We can’t wait to have you.”

Ellie looked back one more time before they walked through the big swinging doors, and she could have sworn that Mrs. Lora winked at her. Ellie couldn’t help smiling. Maybe it really had happened. Maybe she really had found the Secret Library of Historics.

Magic's Library

By Jenna Keys

Hello. My name is Faye, and this is how my best friend Isla and I created a library connecting humans and witches. In my world, magic was banished centuries ago, and now witches are called magic dwellers, but my family has always believed that magic is the best thing that has happened to the world.

“Isla where have you been I've been looking for you for hours now” I ran over after seeing her “Oh hey, I'm so glad you're here I found this place that sells shaped food that can be any shape you want it to be so I got a unicorn-shaped hotdog” Isla handed me a unicorn-shaped hotdog I pushed it away “There's no time for that my grandpa wants us at his library ASAP” I grabbed Isla's hand and dragged her with me “Wow hold on, what happened” Isla stood up and hailed a taxi “I don't know, he just said to get there now” Isla and I got to my grandpa's small library in the big city.

Isla burst into the library Iv came in after her my grandpa was sitting on one of the couches sipping on tea and reading a book “Seriously Faye and I were worried why did you need both of us” Isla said walking over to my grandpa “Oh girls there you are that means I can leave now” my grandpa said standing up and grabbing a suitcase. “What?” I said Isla sat down on a couch nearby “Well your grandfather is getting too old so I'm retiring and moving to Hawaii” my grandpa said rolling his suitcase over to the front desk of the library.

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“What? No, you can't just leave like this who is going to watch over
“What? No, you can't just leave like this who is going to watch over library and take care of me I'm not 18 yet” I grabbed my grandpa's suitcase trying to get him to stop “Oh sweetie you are old enough to work, drive and take care of yourselves and on behalf of the library it will be given to you and Isla” my grandpa handed me the keys of the library. It was weird I'd held the library keys before but now there was a new key on the keychain a purple key with a kind of sparkle I'd never seen before “Grandpa your just leaving like this, leaving me” I turned around slightly to see Isla's reaction she just shrugged at me and was eating some chips she found “Faye you are ok and I have a plane to catch I will be back in a month for your 18th birthday” my grandpa said hugging me then waving goodbye to Isla.

“Goodbye, Faye goodbye Isla next time I see you I will be in a hawaiian shirt and wearing a lei around my neck” my grandpa said and then left before I could stop him. I turned towards Isla in disbelief “I don't know Faye I guess we will start taking care of the library together” Isla jumped up and grabbed the keys “Isla this is just unbelievable he just left and gave us a whole library! Well, I guess it is a small library but still” I said grabbing the keys back “Ooh you know what we should upgrade the library” Isla spun around and started measuring the small library “Isla you are getting ahead of yourself this library barely has any customers” Isla turned towards me “Exactly! If we upgrade it a little it will bring more customers and we can start with that big bookshelf that looks like it is going to fall apart any minute now” I looked behind Isla at the bookshelf as one of the side panels fell off I nodded my head “Yeah ok that may be the best.”

before Isla came running in “Ok so let's start by fixing that bookshelf and then we can hang up this picture I found isn't it pretty” Isla held up a painting of a library that looked almost magical “yeah sure ill start with the bookshelf and you can hang that up” I said and then grabbed a hammer and some nails while Isla walked over to a blank space on the wall. I started to fix the bookshelf nailing the side panel back on.

“Hey Faye, you might want to come see this,” Isla called across the library to me. I looked behind me to see Isla looking through a hole in the wall. “Isla! Did you do this? What happened?” I ran over to see what happened “I was putting the nail in the wall to hang the painting and it just busted open I think there's another room behind this wall” Isla stepped back so I could see inside the hole I tried to look inside but it was too hard because the hole was too small “I can't see inside” Isla raised the hammer to hit the wall, before she could swing I grabbed the hammer from her and then realized a small keyhole on the wall and next to one of the bookshelves. “What's that?” Isla looked over at the keyhole I was pointing at. I looked back down at the purple key and held it up to the keyhole. The sparkle on the key seemed to enhance it. I inserted the key and turned. We heard a click. “Wow!” Isla said. The wall opened up into a whole new library.

“Is this real?” I said and stepped into the library all of a sudden the library seemed to come alive the bookshelves started floating, and a broom came flying past my face I glanced back at Isla whose mouth was wide with shock I took a few more steps into this new library and saw in the middle of the room a Rubik's cube on a

podium as I walked closer it started to sparkle Isla came in behind me and circled the cube I reached out to grab it before I could Isla blew on it and a dust cloud flew up “Wow this place is old” I looked up after Isla spoke both of us still in shock “Do you know how to solve a Rubik's cube Isla” Isla grabbed it and started to solve it without saying anything. Isla solved the Rubik's cube and placed it back on the podium. “Bam! It's done!” The cube started to shake, and we both stepped back. Then, the cube burst open, and a portal shot up. Isla screamed and jumped back. “How?”

I put my hand through, waved my hand around, and pulled it back out. The portal shut, and the Rubik's cube remained on the podium, this time unscrambled. “Where did that go?” I asked. Then, I spun in a circle, looking at the library once more, feeling like I'd been there before.

I then saw a portrait of my grandpa “Is that what I think it is” I asked Isla but she didn't answer she was still inspecting the Rubik's cube I walked slowly towards the portrait. I got to the portrait and sure enough, it was my grandpa I looked down at the inscription and read aloud “Eldrin the Wise”

“What” Isla asked after she finally stopped focusing on the Rubik's cube “My grandpa has a portrait in the library” Isla ran over and started inspecting the portrait next to it there was a portrait of my mother then I followed the line and saw an empty frame with the inscription “Faye the Great” Isla looked over realizing the shock on my face.

“This my name but nobody calls me the great” I looked at Isla.

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“What could it mean?” I looked up and on top of all the portraits there was a gold sign that said “The Witches and Wizards of the Starling Family”

“Faye youre a magic dweller!” I stumbled back “What no im not” There was a sound from the entrance of the small library we turned and saw my grandpa looking at us “Im too late, im sorry Faye”

“No! Youre not telling im one of them” my grandpa looked at me “I was going to to tell you when you turned 18” I looked at Isla and she looked at me then my grandpa opened the portal and witches and wizards started flooding into the library “Welcome Faye the great to Magic’s Library a safe haven for witches and wizards” My grandpa said Isla smiled “What about me?” Isla said grandpa laughed “And Isla the first human to see the library, welcome” I looked around a feeling of home hit me that I havent felt since my mom died knowing this is where I belong.

Hurled Into World War II

By Jairo Mariscal

Chapter one

“We’re finally here!” I said with excitement. You might be thinking what’s so great about the library? Well dear reader let me explain, think about it like this. Imagine all the books you own at home, then all the ones you don’t. Most likely they have those books at the library. I bet you could find a book about grandpas or leis. All the books in one place, free to checkout, with a simple tool called The Library card. If you love books the way I do then you understand. But now let's get back to the story.

I opened the door and jumped out of the car, my sister Cielo and my brother Julio not far behind. We walked inside. “The windows are so clean that they sparkle,” commented Julio as we walked up stairs. The 2nd floor smelled of old paper. “Don’t you love the smell of the library,” said Cielo “ All the books and paper, it’s also nice how quiet the library is,”. Then we all split up to find interesting reading material. I was solving my Rubix cube when, “Hey Jairo,” . I looked to find Cielo and Julio beside me. “Look what we found,” They said giddy with excitement.

Chapter two

Now dear reader we’re going back to see what Cielo was doing when Jairo was solving his cube. I walked down the stairs when I noticed a small indent in the wall. Carefully I slowly reached out and touched it. A riddle appeared:

Continued on next page

It was a time of darkness and despair,
With nations' unity laid bare.
From '39 to '45, the world did fight,
In air and land, day and night.
Heroes rose, battles fierce,
Victory came after wounds and tears.

Answer:

I stood there, my mouth agape. I quickly ran up the stairs and found Julio. “Where’s Jairo?” . “He’s playing with his Rubik’s cube,” answered Julio. So we went to the sitting area and found Jairo. “Jairo,” I whispered. He looked up confused and he walked over. “What?” he asked, “come look what I found,” I whispered back. I walked back down the stairs, Julio and Jairo behind me to show them what I found. “ I was just walking when I saw this small indent in the wall and then a riddle appeared that refers to World War II,”

Chapter Three

After Cielo explained the whole situation to me and Julio I spoke up. “Well did you put World War II for the answer?”. She shook her head “ I came to get you first,”. “Then do it now that we’re here,”. “Ok then here we go,” she said. She put in the answer, she pushed confirm and then the door slid open with a protesting grone. We walked in slowly and carefully. An automated voice said “ 3 visitors, please stand still for ID scanners,”. There was a beeping sound, beep, beep, beep. “ Information found,”. Three devices that resembled a phone on top and bands just as tall hooked on the side slid out of a machine, but for the sake of the story we’ll call them tablets. We slid them on, everything got blurry, then I blacked out.

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Chapter four

I woke up and rubbed my aching head. I looked at my surroundings, there were Nazi flags hanging everywhere. That can't be a good sign, I thought, I looked down at my tablet. On its screen it said September 6, 1939 Berlin, Germany . Just a few days after WWII started. Then I noticed, WHERE ARE JULIO AND CIELO! "Hey you there! We're at war, we don't have time for boys like you to be useless!" . Startled, I looked behind me and saw a Nazi officer storming towards me. " On your feet! Or you'll be late to the Hitler youth meeting,". After about ten minutes of me trying to escape to no avail (It must have looked pathetic) we stopped at a building. As soon as the person in charge came out the Officer said " I have a new recruit for you," and handed me over and swiftly left the area. The man took me inside and handed me a Hitler youth uniform.

"I'm not wearing that," I said disdainfully. Aer all, wouldn't you after you knew the Nazi's cruelty toward Jewish people (Not to mention Jairo had just been dragged here and he didn't consider that a very nice welcoming). The person just gave me the uniform and then said

"Oh you will or you'll regret it,"

Chapter five

Now we will leave Jairo right there and travel all the way to Poland where Cielo and Julio were not having a good time. I had woken up to find that Jairo was missing (at least Julio was there). After I got up (which is very difficult when you can't feel your body) some random soldier shoved me out of his way making me repeat the process all over over again! And then as if things weren't bad already, his tablet asked him if he would like to go back to the

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present. And thinking it would ask me too he pushed yes, so he went back but mine never asked me if I wanted to. I walked along the street not knowing what to do. But then a question popped up on my tablet asking if I wanted to leave this place. I pushed on the yes button, it started glowing and transported me somewhere else. A message popped up on my tablet.

The message said September 6, 1939 Berlin, Germany. One sarcastic word ran through my mind, great

Chapter six

Throughout the day I secretly tried to ruin my new outfit, I didn't succeed. But when they assigned us bomb watches something unexpected happened "Hey Hans is that you?". A boy about my height with blond hair and blue eyes ran up to where I was. I realized this was the boy the others referred to as The perfect German (typical). "I'm sorry. Do I know you?". "Ha. Good one," he said "what are you doing here,". "Hmm? Oh, I have no idea some magical device brought me here and then a Nazi officer literally dragged me here," I said as I ate one of the best oranges I'd ever had. A confused look flashed across his face, but then disappeared "Ok, whatever you say," he said as he walked off "See you later!" he yelled behind his shoulder. But then I saw a familiar face walking on the street. "Cielo?"

Chapter seven

I heard someone call my name and then realised Jairo was across the street wearing a Hitler youth uniform, I'd have to ask about that later.

"When did you get here," I asked Cielo.

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She thought for a moment “ Let’s see. About approximately Four hundred and thirty minutes ago, I don’t know ok?, I didn't exactly look at the time right after I found out I’d been transported to World War two!” . “You know what, never mind,” I said “ Right now we have to leave, try not to make a sound,”. But sure enough “ Hey, get back here,”. “Run into that old building there ,” I said. We raced up the winding stairs. “ Why are they chasing us, and why are you wearing that?” asked Cielo. “ Now is not the time to ask,” I answered in between breaths. Then I noticed an indent in the wall and pushed it. A familiar automated voice said “ swipe device to enter,”. I did as it said, and the wall slid open and we rushed in as it closed. We heard the footsteps of our pursuers as they ran up the steps. Then I got a familiar dizzy feeling and blacked out.

Chapter eight

I woke up and looked around. Then I realized I was back, and Julio and Cielo were both there. I heard a ding and the door slid open. A librarian walked in, but then with a shock she noticed we were there. “You shouldn’t be in here,” she said with a smile “ This is a very special room and we wouldn’t want you to get lost,”. She escorted us back to the public area. She started to walk away but then turned around and said “ Don’t tell anyone, and don’t show them the recording of your adventures that the tablets recorded, ok?”. “ Umm, sure,” said Cielo. “ Good,” and with that the librarian walked away. On our way home I thought it was sad Mom and Dad would never know. But then I smiled and thought about when we could tell our descendants after it wasn’t there anymore and they would tell the story and pass it down generations.

The story about a boy named Jairo, his brother Julio, and sister Cielo, and their adventure in World War two.

Tattoos and Statues

By Olivia Raboy

Lights twinkled above as I made my way through the main part of the library. A sweet melody filled the crisp night air. There are people everywhere, all of them wearing intricately designed masks that cover the top half of their faces. It's my 16th birthday today, the day that I'm expected to host a masquerade ball. My parents and I decided to hold it in the library, the biggest building in the town. Where I come from soulmates have matching tattoos on our wrists and we are expected to find each other before we turn 17. Because of this you are supposed to hold the ball on the night of your 16th birthday in hopes of finding them.

I despised the dress my parents made me wear. Layers upon layers of dark green tulle surrounded me, making it hard to move. To make things even more enjoyable, my mask was the itchiest thing I have ever worn. The eyes and rim are bordered with small black diamonds and the middle is filled in with smaragdine glitter, a shade of green that my mother says has a particular sparkle to it so that everyone notices me. According to tradition everyone is to hide their tattoos with gloves on the night of the ball. Only when you feel comfortable around the person the gloves are removed and the promise of forever may be confirmed or shattered. In the women's case the gloves go up to your elbows, for men the gloves end an inch below your wrist.

I attempted to make my way across the dance floor weaving between the couples who are also anxiously looking for their forever.

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“Oh I’m sorry,” I said as a girl around my age twirled right into me. She gave me a disapproving look then waltzed away. Okay then... I thought. Just as I reached the edge someone tapped me on the shoulder.

“Excuse me Miss, may I have this dance?” A smooth voice behind me asked. I turned around to see a boy wearing a sharp looking black suit. His mask was the deepest of reds and his gloves matched. He had a tall figure and neatly combed black hair that complemented his deep blue eyes.

I politely smiled and replied “Of course.”

As soon as the song started he grabbed my right hand and positioned his right hand on my left shoulder blade. We waltzed around the dance floor nearly colliding with several other couples. The whole time he kept his gaze on me as if he was able to read my soul. His eyes had an air of mystery to them but also a captivating intensity.

“Would you like me to fetch us some drinks?” I heard him say.

“Hm? What?” I responded, finally breaking eye contact.

“The song has ended love, would you like me to go fetch us some drinks?” He said again. “Oh yes that would be nice thank you. I’ll find us a table.”

I retreated from the dance floor and found a vacant table in a corner surrounded by bookshelves on three sides and a decent view of the dancers.

“Hey, I’m back, I got you a drink they call The Faye ,” He said while sitting down next to me. “Oh my gosh they didn’t...” I whispered embarrassed.

“What?”

“It’s my parents, they are way too up in my business, they are scared I won’t be able to find someone and they even named a drink after me.”

Ugh! Why can't they just stop.” I told him, while balling my dress up in my hands. “Anyways enough about me, what's your name?” “My name is Silas, I get the parent issues, mine are always on my back,” he said with a slight chuckle. After I calmed down we talked for what felt like hours. We talked about our siblings and what we want in our futures. I was surprised to find that we had a lot in common. Silas told me that his uncle was the one who brought the device called a Rubik's cube from a foreign land. He definitely had an interesting story.

“Hey, come here, I wanna show you this book,” Silas said, disappearing behind a bookshelf. Curious, I followed him. Right as I rounded the corner he pinned me against the shelf. “Um... funny but wh-what are you doing?” I asked, hating the nerves in my voice. His face was dangerously close to mine as he said, “I thought we hit it off pretty good talking all night...” He leaned in a little closer, trapping me. I turned my face so I could avoid his lips on mine.

“I-I’m sorry, I think you have the wrong idea...” I told him. He backed away looking betrayed. I took that as my cue to run away. And I did, I ran through bookshelves and twirling dancers. I turned the corner as fast as I could in heels and headed up the spiral staircase. I stopped running once I made it to the top floor. Out of breath I collapsed in a heap on the floor.

“Running away too are we?” A voice murmured from somewhere above me. I nodded, too tired to look up. I could barely hear the melody that the orchestra was playing downstairs. Once I was able to breathe normally again I looked up to see a disheveled boy sitting in the arms of a statue holding a bottle. He must have abandoned his suit jacket and untucked his shirt a while ago. His tie hung loosely around his neck resembling the look of a lei, the only two things

that are still intact are his mask and gloves. He wore a moonstone blue mask and his eyes were framed with white jewels. His messy brown hair fell loosely over his mask. He jumped down from the statue, wobbling a little as if he was drunk. He offered me his hand to help me up.

“May I have this dance Miss...” he trailed off.

“Faye,” I told him.

“May I have this dance Miss Faye?” He asked again.

I took his hand and he helped me up.

“Tell me m’lady, how many of these masquerade balls have you been to?” He asked as we spun around the balcony. I watched the dancers down below for a while before answering. “I’ve only been to two, the first one was for my cousin, this one's for me.” I told him.

“How about you? How many have you been to?”

“I have been to five within the last month, they all start to blend together, you know? Every single one is the same, someone is expected to find their soulmate, I for one have decided to give up. That’s why I decided to steal a bottle from the bar and come up here. It was okay for a while but got boring with the lack of conversation up here. I had time to actually think about my life. That's when I saw you come barreling up the stairs and collapse on the floor.” He admitted.

We danced the next few songs in silence. I noticed the way he looked at me when he thought I was looking somewhere else. I couldn't help but think about what he said earlier. The sound of music filled the air but all I could hear was my heart beating. We didn’t stop dancing even after the song was over. He continued to lead me in waltzing. Only when we got too dizzy to see straight did we stop. We collapsed in a laughing heap on the ground.

“I knew that would cheer you up,” he said.

“What, how did you even know,” I said through the giggles that were escaping my mouth. He didn't answer as he grabbed his glove and pulled it off. He slowly turned his wrist so I could fully see his tattoo. It was an intricately designed rose with geometric lines surrounding it, creating the illusion that it was protected in a jar. He slowly met my eyes and took my hand in his.

“May I?” He asked slowly pulling my glove off without breaking eye contact.

Still too stunned to speak, I nodded my head. As he saw my tattoo, the grandfather clock downstairs struck midnight. The time that my forever started.

It Happened In The Library

By Taylor Renfro

My fourteenth summer was spent in my town's library and I swear before Al came I had collected just as much dust as the old jackets of the books. The summers previous to this one were spent at my grandfather's house in Wyoming. He would tell me the fantastic tales of his travels. From Japan to Italy he went everywhere, he claimed to have traveled the whole earth not once but twice. While I knew parts of his adventurous tales were made up, I went along with it. I enjoyed him telling me stories. My grandfather always told them in such a way that I felt as if I was no longer sitting in his stuffy cigar room but that I was on a boat in the mediterranean with the sea spray playing gently on my cheeks. Last summer I noticed his health faltering a bit but I never thought death would approach him so soon after.

Al was the kind of person they don't make much of anymore. She was an eccentric. In fact anywhere she went, she stuck out like how I reckon a butterfly would in a room full of moths. I met her on a Wednesday, I will never forget that day. I was passing the children's section on my way back to my usual windowed seat in the library, when I heard quiet voices coming from the children's section. I stopped and listened. The more I stood there the more confused I got listening to the quiet cacophony. In fact, at the time, hearing this, it seemed realistic to make the assumption that an entire town of microscopic beings were in the small children's area just behind the wall... but by gully as I peeped around the corner was I surprised to see that it was not in fact a tiny community in which the

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sound was emitting, but a girl with an army of puppets surrounding her. I suppose she must have seen me because when I did this the noises suddenly died and her smile was momentarily erased until she regained her composure after this unexpected interruption.

“Well hi!” the girl said in a bright country accent. “My name’s Ally Jameson which is short for Alice Jameson, but my friends call me Al.” Al had curly blonde hair, tan skin, and a splatter of freckles across her face. One of her socks was patterned with stars and the other with random colorful designs, they went up to her shin and her visible due to the length of the capris she was wearing. Her shirt was horizontally striped with red and white and reminded me vaguely of the children's show “Where’s Waldo”.

Though I was a little taken aback by her appearance, I was able to naturally say “My name is Sonya, it is nice to meet you.”

“What is my name?” Al asked with a sudden seriousness.

“Your name is Alice Jameson, Ally Jameson is the shortened version of your name but your friends call you Al.” I responded. Ally smiled and let her features soften.

“We shall make excellent friends Sonya.” she told me in a very matter of fact way.

Since then we were friends, the normal kind with braided bracelets, sunny memories, and gossip, that is before she showed me the what she called “the accidental wormhole”

“Hey, you wanna see somethin’?” she asked out of the blue one day in the natural history section.

“See what?” I asked while browsing the aisle with a stack of books in my arms.

“See an accidental wormhole” she looked me dead in the face with

full casual confidence as she said it, so much so that I thought it must be something make believe.

“Why not?” Al silently walked away, I stood there for a moment then followed.

She went to the children's section and she walked over to a random shelf and began removing the books from the shelf. I panicked and was about to lean over to quietly warn her that she was going to get us kicked out when she stopped, looked around and began knocking rhythmically on the wall. Now Al was simply taking this game of imagination to far. “What in god's good name are you doing?” I ask her sternly.

“You have to trust me Sony.” Al responded breathlessly. I had no choice, I could tell she wasn't going to listen to my pleas, I let her continue her make believe ritual. It wasn't until I heard sharp heeled footsteps clacking rapidly and coming toward us did my heart really begin racing.

‘CLICK, CLICK, CLICK’, the footsteps were deafening as they approached us, ‘CLICK, CLICK, CLICK’ and suddenly a slightly sweaty hand pulled me back by my collar from behind. I closed my eyes in the expectancy of me slamming into the wall, but instead I felt a strange floating sensation throughout my entire body.

My heart was given an excuse to mimic the feeling that you get when you miss a step on the stairs, the panic of injury, but instead I felt a few moments later as if I was being dragged through a soft kind of kinetic sand and something from within me that I never even knew that I had was being pulled out in the most chilling yet satisfying way.

I still to this day cannot quite describe exactly what it felt like, but that is the closest explanation I have given in quite some time. I plucked up my courage and I opened my eyes and was greeted a strange orange color that almost seemed to sparkle all around me.

Besides Al, orange was the only I could see for what seemed like a very long time. A strange sound like a balloon being pressed against and I closed my eyes as a harsh sensation, which was a stark contrast to the light blissful sensation I had before, came crashing over my body. I opened my eyes to find myself eagle spread like a starfish on the floor, Al beside me was crouched like a gargoyle a few feet away. I sat up slowly with pain throbbing in my limbs. A ruin of dusty purple grey ancient stone lay disheveled above us on a hill. The sky was a deep purple with eruptions of electric blue frozen in time. I was covered in a cool dirt the same color as the stone ruin, seeing the hole in the floor, we appeared to have crashed through the bottom of the floor of this place. Al stood over me as I scrambled to my feet “What?” She asked rather impatiently. “Where are we?” I asked, stunned. “I dunno.” she responded casually. I was simply taken aback. “What?” she asked, seeing the expression on my face, “ Were you expecting a Hawaiian welcoming with a lei?... Usually there is a rubix cube set out for me to play.”

The rest of that summer we spent in that strange purple place, playing games and reading in the ruins. Every time we left I feared that would be our last time in the purple place and that it was all some delusion in my head. Now I am forty and sitting in my study reminiscing about these days and thinking about how my whole childhood, every good memory of my teenage years happened in the library.

The Hippogriff Society

By Chase Skaggs

My name is Alrick Smith. I live in a massive underground magical cave. There are at least 200 people living here, all of them... or most of them having a Hippogriff. We just call this place The Hippogriff Society. In the middle of the cave you look up to see a massive floating island with a giant building on top that just happens to be a library. This library has thousands of books inside and is multiple stories tall. Only the hippogriff riders can get up there though. The people without can't, because they can't fly. Every Hippogriff rider goes through the Hippogriff Trials. A long and mentally challenging series of challenges meant to test you on your worst fears and memories. There are only three, but trust me you don't want to go through these. I had to go through drowning to death, then to waking up in a dark room with glowing red eyes everywhere coming closer and closer until the teeth ripped me apart. Then as the final, I had to relive my parents death. I came out crying and scared, but then I saw it. There was a big egg on fire. I got curious and went over to touch it. Although I had no idea that one touch bonded my heart and the Hippogriff inside's heart forever, if I die he dies too. If he dies though, he just pops back out of the ashes he died in unless I die with him. He hatched in a whirl of flames. And I realized I got a very dangerous Phoenix Hippogriff. I love him anyway, we can feel each other's feelings, almost like we're two bodies but only one heart. He hatched on a straw nest and trotted over to me, stumbling along the way. The first time I saw him, I knew my life was going to change. As he grew, he also grew the tendency to accidentally light stuff on fire. Then I was informed about a week after hatching that Hippogriff

training will start in the morning. I had no idea what to expect but I went anyway. We had to learn how to fly our hippogriffs that day.

And that is where this story starts.

“That Hippogriff is a handful isn’t he?” Instructor Lei asked me.

“Yeah, He likes to randomly light things on fire,” I answered.

“You’ll get it eventually, me and Harpy took a while to listen to each other also. Nice work today. You need to read a book called Learning to Trust Your Hippogriff for your homework. I would fly up to the library later,” the instructor said. “Will do,” I said.

Out of the blue, Fireflux sent a feeling of happiness through to me. Then I heard a scream and a whoosh. “Not again,” I murmured to myself. I ran across the gravel path to Fireflux and pulled him away, then splashed my canteen all over the bush he set on fire. “Bud you need to stop doing that,” I told my Hippogriff. He then sent a feeling to me that suspiciously felt like laughter. “Dude, you’re crazy,” I said sarcastically to him. “Can I jump on your back, we need to go to the library and I don’t feel like walking there?” I asked him.

He clicked his beak as a yes. I remembered to grab his flaming feathers, which only burns other people to touch. I pulled myself onto FireFlux’s back, then said “Lets go,” to him. They went along the gravel path beat down from years of people walking over it. I looked around this beautiful place where I lived. From the giant crystals on the walls, to the vines hanging from the ceiling with glowing berries growing from them. The grass on the ground was wet from moisture droplets, I really did love it here. So many things were just jaw dropping. The town had many shops to go to for food, or just to look at cool things. There were these weird crystals in one shop called Jenna’s Crystals. Most of the gems and crystals there had a sparkle of light in them. My favorite shop is this really good sandwich shop. I always get a white bread sub with honey ham, Swiss cheese and extra mayonnaise. As I entered the town square, which

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was decorated for Christmas, a big evergreen tree in the middle of the frozen fountain, with red bows and white Christmas lights wrapped around it. The town had spruce wood buildings with a brick foundation. No two buildings or houses looked alike. There were lights strung in a zigzag pattern above the path casting a pretty glow over the town. We didn't stop in the town, we kept going, taking a left from town square and going along that path leading to the floating library. I looked towards the unmissable island with a frozen waterfall flowing down to a lake at the bottom. People and their Hippogriffs were ice skating on the lake. At least the people were, the Griffs were kinda just clumsily sliding with their riders.

Flux squawked happily at seeing one of his friends on the lake. His rider was also my friend. His name was Tom and his Hippogriff's name was Peregrine, we just called him Pear. He was a peregrine falcon Hippogriff with a black stallion back half. "Hey Tom!" I yelled to him. Tom looked in my direction smiling at the sight of me. He and Pear walked over to me and Flux. "How are you doing on this fine day?" Tom asked me. "You know the usual, Flux lighting a bush on fire, me putting it out wasting my water. Training was fun, we've been learning how to fly our Hippogriffs lately." I told Tom. "I need to fly up to the library and get a book for training, wanna come?" I asked Tom. "Sure, why not." He answered. We got ready to fly up there, Tom hopped up onto Pear. Pear blasted into the air with only one beat of his massive wings. In a gallop and a few beats of his wings, we were up in the air. We flew after Pear and Tom landing clumsily on a grass section. "Not bad newbie," Tom said. He was already through one year of training, now in his second year. The older kids called the first years Newbies. There were five years of training at the Hippogriff Society. We put our Hippogriffs in stalls and walked inside. My jaw dropped at the sight of the inside. There

were four sides of tall shelves of thousands of different colored books. In the middle of the area there were tables with riders' faces hidden behind books. "Wow," I said.

"Great isn't it?" Tom exclaimed. "Yeah," I answered. The shelves had a balcony half way up with a ladder up to them. The back of the library had a desk a librarian sitting at it. On either side of the desk, there were Hippogriff statues. I looked up and saw two chandeliers with cream colored candles lit on top, casting a glow throughout the library. Suddenly, Tom pulled a Rubik's Cube out of his pocket and started to play with it. "Where did you get that? Shops don't sell those." I asked Tom. "My Grandfather gave it to me before I came here." Tom told me, not looking up from his Rubik's cube. Then a broad shouldered kid, probably about 16, bumped into me, pushing me aside. "Newbie, get outta the doorway." The kid said in a deep voice. "RRh," I growled. Flux sent a bubble of reassurance through to me. We moved over to the desk and I asked for the book I needed. "I will be right back," the librarian said. She walked around the desk, her shoes clacking against the smooth oak floor. She came back a minute later with a dusty leather book with a painted gold lining. "Here you are. No leaving the library with that book." Tom and I went and sat at a table and we looked through the book.

"Most riders don't begin to feel their Hippogriffs' feelings until the end of year one in training. First year Hippogriffs usually don't like listening to their riders."

"Huh," I said out loud. "What?" Tom asked. "It says Newbie griffs usually don't like listening to their riders, so that explains Flux," I told Tom. "Yeah," He said. I returned the book and Tom and I got back our Griffs from the stalls. Flux snapped his beak when he saw me. "Hey bud." I said. Tom said bye and whooshed away on Pear, as I pulled myself up onto Flux and flew down to the ice lake to skate with him.

The Secret Library

By Sophia Wagner

Ever since Alex moved to Hawaii to live with his grandfather, his life had been spiraling down into a dangerous adventure. Alex, his friend Lily and his Grandfather all sat in the hidden storage space at the Secret Library, books piled up to the ceiling. They all sat on the couch staring at the ancient wooden Rubik's cube on the table. "This could be a trap," Alex said. "We don't know if Grandma's plotting something."

"But she wouldn't hurt me, would she?" Grandfather asked, the sadness in his voice almost broke Alex's heart.

Lily spoke up, "I think we should go and find her."

"How?" Grandfather asked. "And how can we trust her?"

"Grandfather and Alex looked at her quizzically. Alex considered this venture, "maybe Lily was right."

Lily looked at the Rubik's cube. She stood up and walked towards it. As she picked it up she could feel the intense power. Then, suddenly Alex had an idea.

"Do we have another wooden Rubik's cube?"

"No," Grandfather said sadly, "it was lost in the fire."

"A fire?" Alex wondered.

"Yes. There is... one more thing I haven't told you two. When I made the wooden Rubik's cube, there was a spare in case of emergencies, but something went terribly wrong and grandma was exposed to too much of the Rubik's cube's power and made her inadvertently evil. In her quest to find the other Rubik's cube, she burned down the original library that your grandma and I built. I always hoped that it wouldn't be... her, but sadly it was."

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A collective gasp rang throughout the room. “WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?” Alex and Lily shouted in unison.

Grandfather sighed, “I don’t know, I guess the desire for power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely as Lord Acton would say ... But she is looking for the wooden Rubik’s cube- and she won’t stop until it is in her hands.” They all looked at the Rubik’s cube Lily was holding.

A while back when grandfather had first made the Rubik’s cube, he had not noticed the immense power it held until the fire. “Well,” Alex said, “I do know one thing; we can’t let Grandma have the Rubik’s cube. It would be too dangerous.”

Lily huffed. “This idea making is hard. If only we had a fake Rubik’s cube.”

Alex jumped to his feet. “That’s it!” he exclaimed. “I know how to save our Secret Library” grandfather looked at Alex with hope in his eyes as he said proudly, “if anyone can do it, it’s you.”

They all strategized together to find out how to stop their evil grandmother. After an hour of thinking and strategizing, outside the old shack they used to live in, a flashback came to him. He almost forgot. He smiled at the memory.

“Watcha thinking about?” Lily asked him.

“Oh, nothing.” Alex replied.

He glanced around at the scenery, then he saw the lei that his grandfather gave him when he first came to Hawaii hanging on the window sill. He sighed remembering the good old days. Grandfather must have known what Alex was thinking about.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “After this, I’m sure we can go back to the happy days.”

Alex sighed. “Yeah,” he said slowly. “Maybe....”

But before he could finish, Lily said, “heads up! I feel she’s

coming! Get into place!”

Grandfather and Lily ran towards the trees to hide in the brush. Alex let out a shaky breath before he walked boldly towards the door and knocked. His evil grandmother opened the door, wearing a black robe and a witch’s hat. “Yes?” She asked curtly to Alex. “What do you want?”

Alex stammered, “u-uhh-u...” he let out another unsteady breath. You can do this, Alex thought as he stood up straight and said what he was supposed to say, “I betrayed Grandfather and Lily. I... I decided I want to be on the winning team.”

“Hmmm....” Evil Grandmother said, “I suppose. You can be my assistant. But! You have to give me the wooden Rubik’s cube.”

“Already done.” Alex replied.

“Good.” Then, as she took the wooden Rubik cube she looked at it questioningly. “Something’s... Off.”

But she never got to finish her sentence. Instead, she let out an ear piercing scream. The Rubik’s cube started to glow and sparkle. Then, with a final blast of light, his evil Grandmother was gone. He stared in shock of what he had just done. He knew that his Grandmother was evil, but he was still sad because she was still his Grandmother.... He picked up the fake Rubik’s cube, he looked around the library.

Their secret library. Lily and Grandfather ran over and they both looked at the cube.

“Is she... Really gone?” Grandfather asked in a hushed tone.

“Yes.” Alex sniffed. “She’s really gone.”

Lily looked around the library. “It... It feels like we got the library back on a whim.”

Alex handed the fake wooden Rubik’s cube to his Grandfather. Somehow, even when they got the library back, it didn’t feel like a

victory at all because they had lost a loved one.

A LONG TIME AFTERWARDS...

Alex sat in the library reading one of his favorite books.

“AAAALLLLEEEEX!” Lily shouted.

Startled, he looked up. Lily was running too fast to stop and slammed into him, sending them both flying. “Ow! Why did you do that?” Alex asked in annoyance.

“G-G-GRANDFATHER HE-HE IS SO ANGRY!” Lily said in a frightened voice.

“What?” Alex asked, crawling out from underneath Lily.

“I gave him one of my special breakfasts and I didn’t tell him what was in it- and HE ATE IT!” Lily said waving her arms around frantically.

“Wait- what did you feed him?” he asked suspiciously.

“Well... I put green dye in his ham and green dye in his eggs- Like green eggs and ham! And for his cereal, I gave him frosted flakes, and he seemed to really enjoy until he found out that there was a worm in it. I got the bowls mixed up- and that bowl was supposed to be for you!”

“Wait- what?” Alex asked perplexed.

Suddenly their grandfather stormed into the room with his arms akimbo.

“LLLLIIIIILLLLYYYYY!” He hollered. Then, he went into a tirade. “YOU ARE THE MOST IMMATURE, JUVENILE, OBLIVIOUS, SLOVENLY, RAMBUNCTIOUS, BALLYHOO, MISCHIEVOUS, IGNORANT, VAIN, SHALLOW, LITTLE GIRLI HAVE EVER MET!”

“What?” Lily asked, cocking her head.

Then Alex burst out laughing as Grandfather chased Lily around the room yelling, “COME BACK HERE!!”

Grandfather couldn't chase Lily anymore. He fell down, panting.
"Come. Back Here"

"That's so fun! Let's do it again! Next time I'm going to put a cockroach in your cereal instead of worms," she said while jumping up and down and clapping her hands.

"Worms? Plural? HOW MANY DID YOU PUT IN THERE?!"

"That's a silly question! I put seven. Lucky number 7! Wait, did you eat all of them?"

Grandfather's face turned green. "EEEEK! THAT'S SO COOL!!!!!"

Alex burst out laughing, "Only you Lily!"

"Yep! Because there's oonly one Lily around! ME! Waaait... What if there was another girl called Lily? I gotta go check this out for myself! Don't worry Grandfather! The worms are from our garden so you should be fine! See yaaaaa!"

"COME BACK HERE! I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU!!!"

Grandfather got up to chase Lily, but she was already gone.

He screeched to a halt and clutched his stomach. "Watch the library while I use the bathroom- I don't feel so good," as he wobbled out the door.

"Okay," Alex called back.

He got up and went to his bean bag in the corner. He looked around the secret library. It was made out of a big hollow tree with books going up and never ending. The ground was made of lush grass and beautiful white wild lilies. He never wanted to leave this gorgeous place. The libraries are truly the best. He thought. If I could live in a library, that would be the best. No one knew about it yet, but he was pretty sure that it was about to change; and he also knew that no matter what hardships they all went through, his Grandfather and his best friend Lily would always be together.