

Mr. Cowen's Library

By Terri E.

One quiet afternoon Ms. Smith went to the library. She opened the doors, felt a cool breeze hit her face and heard a worn out voice say "Hello, how can I help you?"

Ms. Smith answered "I'm looking for a thrilling book". They strolled through the shelves. It got and darker, darker, then pitch black. There was a struggle and then a light flicked on.

"Here's some fiction over ..." Mr. Cowen said.

"What's over here?"

"Don't go over there. It's a restricted area."

"This book is about an endless growing plant," said Ms. Smith.

"I'm warning you these books have not been checked out in 25 years," said Mr. Cowen.

Ms. Smith checked it out, went home and started reading the book. She finally got in bed, leaving the book open. He had warned her about the book, now it was too late.

She woke surprised, amazed even. "What happened to my room?" There were vines everywhere she looked.

"I have to get this book back to the library!"

A loud and horrid voice said, "NO, YOU WILL NOT!".

She gulped.

"ALL THESE YEARS I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET OUT OF THAT LIBRARY !" the book said.

She ran down stairs, grabbed the keys, hopped in the car. She drove to the library and told Mr. Cowen what happened.

They went to Ms. Smith's house, Mr. Cowen instructed her to get some matches. She hustled down stairs. On her way upstairs, with the matches, she overheard Mr. Cowen say something that sounded like a spell. He said, "Raesiq, raesiq, return I say, return to where there is no light, BE GONE!"

When she got in her room, the vines were gone. She shut the book closed, and lit the book on fire. The voice said, "NOOOOO" in a wary way and the book vanished.

