

Trouble Behind the Reading Chair– by Radha Gamble

On this particular day, Mum, my brother and I had decided to go to the library. It was one of those quiet days when little kids aren't constantly pushing and shoving you about to get to the book they want. We moved our way to the top floor and while Mum and my brother stayed near the elevators looking at books about boats, trains, planes and other things like that, I walked to the far end of the building where the carpets and chairs are almost bare. This was unusual for me- I usually stay at the fiction section and the top floor nonfiction section is mostly boring history and how to do things books. I rolled my eyes. That's why it's usually so empty here. Anyway, while I was browsing books with drawing ideas, I could have sworn that out of the corner of my eye I saw an old, bluish looking figure emerge from an armchair. I whirled round to make sure I was just imagining. Good. Just an ordinary, empty armchair. I tried to distract myself but couldn't. 'I'm going downstairs, Mum.' I exclaimed. Maybe a nice fictional book will take my mind off it. I picked up a Harry Potter book. My favourite. Someone chatting beside me woke me up from finishing the book. I groaned and stretched my arms up high. I glared at the clock on the wall. I yawned loudly. 2 o'clock. I must have been reading for a while- 'Ahh!' people stared. Without thinking I stood up on my velvet chair and half yelled, 'two ghostly things just walked out of the shelves!' Children looked around in shock. 'One was green and the other one was uhh.....beautiful, tropical shades of pink! Didn't anyone else see them!?' People murmured to each other and carried on with what they were doing. Wow. great. Now I've made a fool of myself in public. A knot formed in my chest and hot tears pricked my eyes. Things were getting weird now. Alright, I don't usually go on the computers but concentrating on a game might help, I thought to myself. After a while I got a bit bored of playing Minecraft so I logged off and got up to check the notice board. you'll never guess who glided through the door. 'What the...oh my goodness!' typically, another strange person came inside and dashed into the only available elevator. This time all I could see was a woman engulfed with swirly, blood like hues of red. 'Argh!' I angrily jabbed the buttons over, and over again. 'come on!' 'The elevators all have someone in them!' I said angrily. I noisily stormed up a curved staircase and followed her to a corner. I pounced behind a nearby shelf where I could clearly see behind the chair she disappeared into. Now that I could see better, I can tell you that the elderly man that looks like a retired sailor that had DISCOVER stiched on his old, worn

out, salt stained jersey in navy blue. And the pair that walked out of the fiction shelves, was a pink teenager girl with IMAGINE printed on her lush, peach A-line dress in hot pink, and the other was a boy about eight years old and written on his T-shirt, in British racing green was BELIEVE. And the fast one I saw was a police woman! On her crisp uniform was FORGET in a pleasant maroon. I gazed at her sparkling badge admiringly. Suddenly, in a formal voice, the police woman asked, 'did anyone else get seen?' 'I did.' said the sailor in a scratchy voice. The other two just nodded. 'We got seen by a small girl that told everyone what she'd seen Forget.' I was overwhelmed by embarrassment and felt like a chilli. Bright red on the outside and hot and fiery on the inside. To my surprise, my embarrassment abruptly flushed away. 'That's it!' I excitedly whispered to myself. I had remembered that in a strange, old shop with a strange old lady owning it, I had read a gorgeous, rose red book with the most beautiful, detailed golden patterns and matching golden pages. The words on these creepy figures' clothes are their names and they're basically the library spirits. This is the Turanga library, so Forget is to forget about the unfortunate things that have happened. Discover is the one for the nonfiction books and computers. And Imagine and Believe, you have to have those to really enjoy fictional books. Together, they make up most of the library. A tornado of ideas and questions whirled around inside my head. Quietly, I snuck away and when I saw that everyone else still looked utterly normal and mustn't have seen the spirits. The tornado gathered more thoughts and questions and was now at top speed. I found Mum and my brother then asked to go home. 'Yep'. 'Come on, let's go'. She replied. We got into our Mazda and when we got home, I tried not to wolf down my delicious, warm pizza. I love it when we order dinner. Especially when I don't know about it. Anyway, after that, I lazily flopped down onto my soft and comforting bed and picked up my diary which is exactly what you've just read. I reached out to turn off the light and with a lot of tossing and turning, slowly drifted off to sleep.

