

## **An Exceptionally Dark Night**

One minute I went to the bathroom, and the next it was dark.

I think I screamed.

When I left the bathroom, it was still super dark and there wasn't a person in sight.

Minutes before there was a short line of people waiting to get their books checked out. I didn't even get my book yet.

I thought about the book I was supposed to get—it was about a vampire and a boy falling in love. Too bad I wouldn't get my book—wait of course I was getting my book. I was still at the library after all.

I waited standing there outside the bathroom until my eyes were fully adjusted to the darkness. I was going to have to find some light switches.

I could see the hallway, so I walked towards it with one hand out in front of me. I kept walking until I got to the library door. I reached out and it was locked.

I slumped down against the door until I was sitting with my back towards it. Thinking to myself, what am I going to do?

That's when I heard it; there was rustling behind the door.

I started knocking on the door without even realizing what I was doing.

"Let me in," I cried, "I just want my book."

The door clicked open.

There was no one inside. I felt around for a light switch, and to my amazement, I was able to turn on the lights. There was still nobody there.

I scanned the room about 50 times thinking to myself, how did the door open?

When I finally decided that nobody was here, and that nothing was going to come out and get me, I went to find my book.

I got halfway across the room when I heard more noises.

It sounded like someone was dragging their fingers across the spines of a row of books.

I stopped. The noise was coming from the next aisle.

I tried to quiet my breathing as much as I could, while I grabbed a book in each of my hands.

I slowly walked to the next aisle and . . . there was nobody there.

The hair on my arms rose as I walked across the aisle until I stopped.

I don't know why I stopped, but when I did, I looked at the book in front of me. It was pretty small and looked really old, so old in fact that I couldn't even read the title. If I had though, I probably wouldn't have picked it up.

I turned the book around in my hands a few times trying to figure out why it gave me bad vibes. After a few minutes of not coming up with a reason not to, I decided to open it.

In the split second it took me to open it, I realized why the book didn't seem right. It was because the book didn't have any kind of sticker on it to check out.

It was too late to think about that though because the words that I saw made my heart stop.

It said 'Hello Anna'—my name.

I threw the book as hard as I could.

I sat there and stared at it as it slowly crept closer to me like an inchworm.

I stumbled back against the bookshelf behind me.

I closed my eyes, but I could still hear the dragging sound it made.

When it finally stopped, I opened my eyes.

The book was flipped open for me to read, 'Is that anyway to treat a friend? I've been waiting for you for years.'

I slammed it shut and shoved it into the bookshelf.

Seconds later it fell out.

I screamed and bolted from the aisle.

I could hear it slowly moving towards me as I ran across the library.  
I got to the door only to find that it wouldn't open. I was locked in.  
I banged on the door even as I remember that nobody was out there.  
I didn't stop even as the book reached me.

Nobody came, and as I slowly tired out I looked at the book layed out in front of me.  
It had written, 'Now we can have some fun together.'  
I think I fainted.

When I woke up, I was on a bean bag chair in the library. There were a bunch of people around, and I could tell it was close to closing time by how long the line for checkout was. I also really had to pee.

I thought about what happened in my dream. I decided that I was going to get my book and get out of here--no going to the bathroom here.

I found my book and checked out, but as I looked at the receipt I realized that a full day had passed.