

The library was quiet. Pages whispered as they were flipped, and the scratching of numerous writing utensils was a constant drone. Occasional sighs and huffs of annoyance were made, ones so quiet they could only be heard by the most adept ears. Men and women were scattered like marbles throughout the library, sitting on the chairs, couches, floors, and a couple on the tables. Hands were steady as they wrote, flipped, and traced the delicate pages of books. Not a single cough, sneeze, or hack was voiced. Not even a sniffle.

The library was one of the biggest libraries in the world, so when researchers discovered that the library was actually meant to be a mansion, they weren't very surprised. Making a decision, the government (when there was one) seized the library, ordering dozens of agents to sift through the items inside. After several months, the agents came out, hands empty, except for a piece of paper with the number of rooms the library had. The number was that large. Yet despite the several months spent counting rooms, they managed to miss quite a few rooms. Rather important rooms.

A few months later, many government owned buildings were bombed and destroyed, including the building with all the information on the library, including the names and authors of every single book, and, most importantly, including the small slip of paper with the number of rooms written on it. Many people lost their jobs that day. Three years had gone by, and though many of those people had found new jobs, a great number of them were still jobless.

As the months went by, the governmental economy got steadily worse. More and more buildings were bombed while the few government officials who still had a building to work in did nothing. Many towns, fed up with waiting, decided to take measures into their own hands. Weapons were supplied to many parents, and instead of Home Ec, Art, and Band, schools taught Karate, Weapons Use, and Strategic Planning. Museums were turned into poor town halls, while the precious art from the museums was sent to the Library. Town halls were turned into food and shelter areas for the poor and homeless. Many houses were torn apart and rebuilt into large, sturdy bomb shelters. Precious items, knickknacks and treasures alike, were put into the Library, where the librarians rushed to and fro, arranging this and shifting that.

Children no longer played in the streets, laughing merrily. Anxious parents virtually barricaded themselves inside their homes. Basements were made, expanded, or renovated, all stocked with food water, emergency kits, and anything else they deemed fit for five to ten years of possible war. People were packed tightly into grocery stores and supermarkets like sardines,

each person trying to stock up on as much non-perishable food as possible. People screamed, shouted, and punched each other in their hurry to empty the shelves. Salesclerks and stock boys rushed frantically back and forth, weaving through the thick crowds as quickly as they could.

A few weeks later, people laid in wait of another bombing, but it never came. The bombings had stopped. Homeowners, suspicious and more than a little irritated, waited another few weeks, none of them quite sure whether they wanted to come out of hiding. After several more days of suspicion, parents slowly peeked out of their homes, anxiously scanning the streets for anything remotely dangerous. Realizing that they were not going to be attacked, each town, city, and village in the country slowly relaxed. Of course, they didn't relax so much as to run screaming and shouting with joy throughout the streets, but they were at least no longer scurrying through the shadows, each one begging not to be noticed by anyone with possible harmful intent.

Museums and schools were slowly restored to their proper appearance, although a number of their rooms were still stocked with weapons and provisions for any other possible attacks. Slowly, the country regained its confidence. But the threat of war still hovered uncertainly in the air, despite the public's new and improved safety rules.

Meanwhile, the Libraries, which had been used to store all unnecessary and items that were not related to war, had been forgotten. Thousands of discarded items were still scattered throughout the many rooms, each one steadily collecting its own personal pile of dust.

Nobody seemed to remember just how important the libraries were. They didn't even look twice. It was as if the rather large buildings weren't there at all. After several more years of waiting, the librarians finally gave up. Despite how loyal the librarians were to the library and all of its treasures, they could only wait so long. Nobody was going to come in, anytime soon. And someone was bound to forget to pay them. One by one, each librarian found a new job, some as maids, and some as janitors. A few lucky ones even got the job as a school librarian. Soon, everyone had left.

Yet the Library still lived. Hundreds of years ago, unknown to a majority of the world, the Library had been a school. A school of learning. Like all proper Libraries, it had taught thousands, millions of children, teens and adults, all about the wonders of knowledge. One day, a fire had come raging throughout the town, destroying not only several large libraries, but also millions of books, each one more precious than the last. Everyone was devastated. Children

were crying, women were wailing, men were weeping. No one was left with a dry face afterwards, for that was how dedicated, connected, attached to those Libraries they had been. How they were supposed to recover from such a serious loss, nobody knew.

Yet somehow, they managed it. It took a few years, but eventually the town was nearly as bright and busied as before. Nobody had quite forgotten about the fire, far from it, but how were they expected to thrive if they were too busy crying? And with that mindset, the town managed to carry on. Unfortunately, that mindset wasn't all that thought out. Slowly, children forgot about the Library, instead distracted by the new toys and ideas coming out. Adults, overwhelmed by other worries and hardships, put the Libraries in the back of their mind, and were soon forgotten. Somehow, history had managed to repeat itself, with a bit of a twist. Oh yes, this was very very bad.

And the Library knew this. The Library wasn't some mere building that just happened to hold thousands of books. No, the Library was an ancient thing, something alive. Something alive and wise. It was one of the wisest beings on earth, and although she would have loved to have something to do, being swarmed by extremely curious and possibly hostile humans was probably not the right way to go about things. Nonetheless, She was bored, and frankly put up with being ignored. So, She decided to do something. Cause a little mischief. Play a prank, as most people would call it. For her, it was simply business.

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A few days later, The Library had managed to create a solid, foolproof plan, and was currently in the process of finding the right person to start the whole thing. She couldn't very well start the whole thing herself, She may be smart, but that certainly didn't mean that she had legs! She was a building! Buildings couldn't walk, and that was a fact. But never mind that, at the moment she had to find a human who could scream, run, and attract a whole lot of attention. And, lets not forget, it had to be a person who still remembered her. This, She thought, was going to be a long process.

After one week of searching, She finally found someone who might be suitable, although since there didn't seem to be many humans who still remembered her, She might have to use this human whether she liked it or not. Wiping imaginary sweat from her imaginary brow, She sat down in her imaginary chair, and sighed. This past week was probably one of her most painful,

and considering the fact that She had gone through fires, earthquakes, and hurricanes several times over; it had to have been pretty bad. Which it had been.

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Smirking with satisfied glee, She watched as the woman ran screaming down the street, attracting the attention of everyone in the block. Humans crowded around the woman, attempting to comfort her, but she would not stop. In fact, she screamed a bit louder, getting more panicked as the minutes went on and more people started to worry. What was wrong with this woman? Then suddenly, a rather loud boom echoed around the neighborhood. She smirked even wider, delighted at the sound of the terrified screaming that had started up. Phase 1.2 was in motion!

Now afraid, people ran screaming, each doing an exceptional impersonation of the first women's fright. More booms and crashes followed the first, each louder and more startling than the last few combined. All around the neighborhood these booms were heard, in every structure that had a roof and walls. All except for The Storage Building. The Forgotten Building. The Library.

Realizing this, people hurried to reach the seemingly innocent building. None of them had bothered to stop and investigate, as unsafe as that might seem, for the gargantuan explosions were, in fact harmless. Each was simply an extremely loud sound. Nothing was destroyed, nothing ruined, and nothing moved. Not even Mrs. Flacker's priceless china was broken. It hadn't even been moved!

The doors to The Library burst open, raising the startling amount of dust on the floor, into the air. Coughing furiously, children rushed in, their feet pattering on the floor as they ran for the safety they were desperately seeking. Adults followed soon after, their footsteps raising the rest of the dust, which was still quite a startling amount. Slowly, the screams quieted down, and eventually, they stopped.

That human girl had been perfect! She could scream louder than She imagined! What lungs she must have! Shaking her head, She returned her focus to the other humans, smiling slightly when she noticed a few actually looking around the library. How long would it take for one of them to pick something up, she wondered. Maybe ten, twenty minutes? Would any of them dare to sit down?

It took a while, but finally most of the humans calmed down. Children and adults sat down in some of the many chairs, and some of them, after the first half hour, picked up a book and started to read. Yet others, not quite interested in reading, started exploring the library, touching some of the many abandoned items from the near total freak-out, and gasping at some of the rarer items stored in the many corners of the room. Eventually, everyone was in a peaceful state, and near everyone was sitting down. Most were reading, but a few were sleeping on some of the comfortable couches, exhausted from all the panic and fear from earlier. One by one, everyone fell asleep, and the Library was calm and peaceful once more.

Hopefully this will last for another century or two, She thought. She couldn't ask for much more, for this happened quite often, or at least, for her, for She was thousands of years old, and time flew by for her. Decades seemed like days, and centuries were just like a few human months. Time flew incredibly fast, and for now, all she could do was enjoy the peacefulness, at least while it lasted anyway. Maybe in a few years she could start planning for the next loop? She wondered what catastrophe would happen next. Maybe an earthquake?