

Library without an Exit

By FeiFeiKara

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A short Horror/Fantasy story about a girl named Dorothy and her three friends, Mark, Taylor, and Sarah. They enter a library that is so called "Abandoned" late one night to check it out. Together they have to face great dangers.

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1 - Library without an Exit

“Library without an Exit”

By:

Alison Whisman

It's been three years since my friend and I have been in this building. So many friends were lost, but to tell you the truth, maybe I'm the one who's lost. I was sixteen years old and on top of the world. My friends, Taylor, Sarah and Mark were the same way. What did they call it? Invincible? Most kids believe they are. It seemed like nothing in the entire world could harm my friends and I, until that one faithful night. It was Mark's bright idea; he's always the one with the 'bright' ideas. He had heard of this haunted library on the outskirts of town, and he decided it would be fun to go check it out one night. What could happen right? Wrong.

I told myself over and over that everything was going to be all right. The sky above was dark and there wasn't even a moon to guide us through the dark forest. The only light source we had were a couple of flashlights and my trusty Zippo lighter. We could scarcely see the trail in front of us. I pushed some branches out of the way, and they snapped right back, slapping Mark in the face. I chuckled to myself. Boy did he deserve it. Finally we saw the dark roof of the library through the trees. There it was, our doom. A tall black gate blocked the entrance, it almost seemed like castle's gate. The lock was broken and the gate swung back and forth with an eerie creak. The library was right behind it, with green ivy growing up the pasty white stone. Some of the ivy was brown and dead. I shivered with nervousness. Leaves were scattered over the large black roof, and some of the roof tiles were missing. What caught my attention right off the bat was the smoke coming out of the stone chimney. Why on earth did a library have a chimney? But if they did, and there was smoke, that meant that someone was inside. My breath went ragged.

“You're breathing really hard Dorothy, you aren't afraid are you?” Mark mocked, brushing his red hair to the side. He placed his arm around me and patted me on the head as if I were a small child.

“It'll be alright, I'll protect you.” He cooed. I shot him an angry glare and shoved his head forcefully to the side.

“Ow! Hey I was just kidding!” He protested, rubbing the side of his face.

“Well don't! I can take care of myself! I don't need your pathetic help.” I argued, marching up toward Sarah and Taylor, who were already in front of the giant brown door of the library. There was a strange bronze bell hanging on the wall toward the left side of the door. It couldn't be the doorbell? Could it? No one would be able to hear that bell throughout this giant building. They have to be kidding. Curious I reached out and pulled the string to the bell. It echoed on the small porch and I saw Taylor and Sarah cover their ears. A spider fell onto my hand and I gave a bloodcurdling scream. I shook my hand

feverishly, the spider flying toward the ground.

“It’s just a little spider!” Taylor laughed. She turned back toward the door, her brown braids swinging over her shoulders.

“Ew...I hate things that have more than four legs.”

Taylor shook her head and grabbed the handle of the bell. She shook it until I thought my ears would bleed.

“Stop, stop, stop! I already tried that!” I yelled, hands over my ears.

“I guess no one’s home. Let’s go in.” She smiled grabbing the bronze door handle. Everyone was silent for what seemed like forever. Finally she pulled the door open. A gust of cold wind shot out through the small opening, causing me to grasp my shoulders for warmth. I followed Sarah and Taylor inside the building, Mark close behind. To my surprise it didn’t seem that spooky inside at all. The layout was actually amazing. Bookshelves surrounded the circular walls, and about three ladders were on each side. It had to be at least sixteen feet from the floor to the ceiling to be able to hold these massive shelves. There were books in piles on the wooden floor, and papers were scattered everywhere. No matter how hard I tried I couldn’t pry my eyes away from the ceiling. What was the word for it? Stunning? Yes, it was simply stunning. There was gold trimming along the edges of the circular mural, and in the middle was a giant picture of a jungle scene. It seemed like the animals were jumping out at me.

“Someone has to be here,” Mark said, “Otherwise, why would the light be on?”

“Maybe they are in another room, this is a giant library.” Sarah said, turning her gaze toward the different rooms. Her long brown hair fell behind her in beautiful layers.

“All I know is that I’m not going to explore this place alone.” I said, holding my arms with a protective stance. That’s when Taylor broke in with her ‘awesome’ idea.

“Hey, I know. Why don’t we split up into pairs, there are only two hallways.” Mark gave a devilish smile and snuck over to my side, grabbing my arm in his.

“That’s a good idea, but I so call Dorothy as my partner.” He said with a cheesy smile.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. I placed my lighter in my belt. “You’re obsessed.” I said, walking toward the right hallway. Mark quietly followed behind me, watching my every move. Taylor and Sarah waved at us then began to head down the left hallway.

“Meet us back in this room at twelve O’ Clock,” Taylor yelled at me. I nodded and made my way through the dark corridor. It was a long narrow hallway with flower shaped lights along the yellow walls. The hallway almost reminded me of a school, at least by comparison of how unbelievably long it was. My eyes were pasted to a flickering light at the end of the hallway. I stopped and squinted, a shadow rolled across the yellow walls. My heart skipped a beat, and I could feel mark tug at my shirt.

“Dorothy, is someone in there?” He asked, with concern in his voice. I touched his hand and nodded, placing my finger toward my lips. He quickly got the message, shutting his trap. I was curious, yet scared. A awful combination to have at least from what I’ve seen in horror flicks.

“Do you see that?” I asked, pointing in the direction of the flickering light.

“No, what are you talking about?” I didn’t have time to answer because we reached the destination. We walked right into a similar looking room from before, only smaller. I looked up and froze. Mark touched my arm again and I shoved him away. There was a tall man, his back facing me, standing in the middle of the room. He was sorting through some stray papers. He frantically tossed books to the floor, but not before opening another. He seemed to be looking for something, no, let me correct that. Desperately looking for something.

“Excuse me.” I choked, walking towards him.

He turned around in shock, holding his hand to his heart. My eyes widened. He was so handsome. I was in complete awe. His shoulder length black hair was tied back in a messy ponytail, and strands fell in front of his pale face. His clothes were very simple, tan pants and a black turtle neck top. His glasses looked like they were going to fall off of his face.

“Oh my! You gave me a fright!” He said, taking in a deep breath. He was obviously relieved to see that the intruders were just teenagers.

“Sorry.” I replied, trying not to get sucked into his gorgeous chocolate brown eyes.

“It’s fine, don’t think anything of it. But I must ask. What are you doing in this library?” The man asked with a confused look.

“We didn’t mean to intrude, but we thought this library was abandoned.” Mark said, walking in front of me. He seemed irritated for some reason, and I realized that he noticed me ogling the librarian. I gave a slight smile. The man looked toward his book and smiled.

“This library is abandoned.”

There was something about this man that bugged me, but I shoved it to the side. I couldn’t help but to think though. If this library was abandoned, then why was he here in the first place? And what was he looking for that could be so important? My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the man speak.

“Oh, I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Leo Akeel, pleased to meet you both.” Leo said, slightly bowing. “May I ask your names?” He was indeed a very polite man, unlike most of the people who lived in this town. I tried to ignore it and act as polite in return.

“Uh, my name is Dorothy, and this is my friend Mark. Two other friends are here with us to.”

Leo chuckled and slowly hid the book he had in his hand behind his back. I was very suspicious about the book. It didn’t look like any normal novel around this library. From what I saw of it, it was very large and pitch black. It even had a gold metal bar wrapped around it with a lock at the end, limiting anyone

from seeing inside. I didn't know if I saw it correctly, but I thought I saw a design on the cover, in the shape of a skull. I shivered, trying to convince myself that it was probably nothing.

"Well, you should probably find your friends, this library can easily lose children." Leo said, turning away from us. I saw him fiddle with something, and I was guessing that it was the book. My heartbeat grew at an extraordinary pace. There was a loud crack and the book fell open. He tossed the gold lock onto the floor. My blood ran cold. He...he ripped the lock off.

"M-Mark! He just ripped that lock off with his bare hands." I whispered. Mark nodded, his head letting me know that he knew what I was talking about.

"He called us...children. He can't be more than nineteen!" Mark whispered back.

I sighed, "You're missing the point! I yelled, my voice echoing off the walls. I quickly covered my mouth, eyes wide. Leo turned toward us.

"Is something the matter?" He asked, turning from his book.

"No, it's okay. We should find Taylor and Sarah and leave. It's way too late." I said turning back to walk down the corridor. A deep laugh echoed throughout the room and I froze.

"You won't find the exit that way." Leo hissed.

"B-but we came from that hallway, I'm sure we can manage." I said, fear in my voice.

"Don't be so sure." He said, ice in his voice. He ripped a page from the black book and threw it towards the floor. I gazed at him, puzzled. Why did he do that? Suddenly the paper began to move on it's own. My eyes widened and I quickly looked at Mark, who was just as frightened and I. I slowly backed away and Mark did the same. He looked as though someone had ripped his vocal cords from his throat. I looked up at Leo. His eyes were glowing bright red, and he smiled at me with two sharp fangs. I thought I could die right then. There was something about the way he looked at me that made my skin crawl. The paper moved closer toward us, and we backed farther from it.

Suddenly, with a lightning fast movement the paper was underneath Mark's left foot. His eyes grew wide and he turned to run, but failed. His foot was sinking into the paper. He let out a scream of terror. Mark was now sitting on the floor, his leg now fully submerged. My God. The paper was eating him alive! Swallowing him up! There is no way he could fit inside that tiny piece of paper! I was too terror struck to move, too frightened to do anything. There was a loud crunch, followed by a pain-filled scream. Mark's right leg broke from the force of the paper. It allowed Mark to slide easily into the paper. All at once he was gone, his screaming fading. Only a white piece of scrap paper was left. I gave a bloodcurdling scream, running towards the corridor.

I must be dreaming. I have to be dreaming. This couldn't be happening to me! I thought as I ran. The flower lights moved past me at a fast pace. I knew that I shouldn't look back, but curiosity got the better of me. I slowly turned my head behind me. The paper was indeed following me, but slowly. Suddenly it stopped and started to bubble, like it was growing. The sides folded and they started to life, giving it the form of two rounded legs. The chest came, the arms, and then the face. My eyes grew wide and I

thought that I would cry. The figure looked exactly like Mark, only covered in bits of paper. That thing takes form of anything it takes in! I screamed once more and kept running, my legs feeling like jelly. I was reaching the end of the hall. There was only one problem. The entrance door was missing.

“W-What!” I screamed, bashing on the wall that used to hold the tall wooden door. I paused for a second, glancing around the circular room. Strands of blonde hair flew into my face. I brushed them back and ran towards the hallway Taylor and Sarah had gone down. This time the walls were a musky red color, and the lamps were in the shapes of leaves. I reached the end of the hallway and hid behind the wall. I placed my hands on my knees trying to catch my breath. I sank to the floor and placed my hands over my face. I hadn’t had time to take in all that had happened back with Leo. I felt tears brim up in my eyes. Only a dream. This has to be only a dream. I told myself, dream or no dream, I had to find Sarah and Taylor. I lifted myself off the floor.

All of a sudden I saw a dark shadow pass along the walls of the new circular room. Taylor walked out from behind a bookshelf.

“Dorothy? Is that you?” She asked. She looked terrified. Gasping, I ran to her and tackled her with a giant hug. She had large gashes in her pink sweater and her jeans were tattered and fringed. She looked absolutely awful.

“What happened to you!?” I asked, tears flowing.

“I-It’s Sarah, something happened to her.”

“What? Where is she?” I held Taylor’s shoulders, softly shaking her.

“I-I” Taylor said, closing her mouth, unable to find words. She lost focus and began to look at the overhead skylight.

“Oh...the moon.” Taylor said backing away from me. She held her head in pain and began to scream. I was in shock.

“W-What’s wrong! Taylor! Taylor!” I yelled, running to her aid. She brutally pushed me away and bent low to the floor. I watched as her body grew rapidly into something inhuman. Her voice echoed throughout the small room. She had turned into a creature...a werewolf. I backed against the red wall until I thought my back would break. As she started to lift up off the ground I noticed something attached to her back. It was one of Leo’s book pages. All at once, my brain clicked. The book was creating these evil monsters. If I get the book, then Taylor could turn back to normal.

“Where’s Sarah!” I yelled, my breathing ragged. My eyes widened when I saw yellow eyes staring straight into mine. I thought my heart was going to explode. Drool dripped from the sides of her jaw and in a swift motion she slashed the red wall above me, creating a large “X”. I could feel her breath on my face.

“I ate Sarah...” Taylor said in a husky, but female-like voice. Too afraid to say anything in return I darted for the room from which I had come. Remembering the paper figure of Mark, I grabbed my trusty Zippo lighter. I had no time. I heard the pounding of running and the howl of Taylor coming up behind me. I ran past the paper figure of Mark, holding out my lighter as I ran. The paper figure burst into flames. In a

hurry I also snapped one of the flower lamps off the wall and continued to run back towards Leo. Finally I entered the room. We locked eyes, and I noticed the black book in his hands.

“Why hello there.” He said in an icy tone.

“What are you!” I yelled, trying to stop the tears. I anxiously looked behind me every so often to see if Taylor managed to get through the fire.

“What else could I be my dear? I’m a summoner.” He said. The words rolled off his tongue with grace. I was sickened.

“Why are you doing this?”

He chuckled, shooting me an evil glare. “I’m testing my skills of course. You know, I originally came from inside this book you know?”

I was in awe. “How?”

“My master read me out. He was the previous owner of this library. Too bad that I slaughtered him and read him back into my place.” He chuckled, turning around. The book was open in his hands. I fumed with anger. How could he do this! He had to be stopped.

I wasn’t quite sure of what I was about to do, but on a spring of adrenaline I managed to tackle him. I screamed, pulling at his hair. He just laughed and licked his fangs, like he couldn’t feel pain. I finally realized that all he cared about was his precious book. I jumped off of him, swiping the book with me. He was enraged. He grabbed my ankle and I fell to the hard floor with a thud. My breath was literally knocked out of me, and I cringed at the pain. I landed on the flower shaped lamp I stole, and I could feel a deep gash in my side. Tears rolled down my eyes and I started to rip pages from the book. I even started to pull at them with my teeth. I was crying so hard. Leo dug his sharp nails into my ankle and pulled me from the book. He began to stand. He was heading toward the book. I couldn’t let him take it; I couldn’t let him have it! I wasn’t going to die tonight. I remembered what I had done with the paper figure of Mark. I reached in my belt until I could feel the lighter from earlier. I flicked the top and reached until it was on the open book. A tiny flame took over the left corner and migrated until the whole book was engulfed in flames. Leo kicked it across the room and grabbed me by the shirt. An angry growl escaped his throat.

“You ruined my fun!” He hissed, brutally grabbing my head. He lifted his mouth to the side of my neck. shoot. My heart was going to burst. I fantasized about vampires before, but I never believed it would be like this. I squinted my eyes. I had to think of something fast. With a fast motion I swung the flower shaped lamp up into Leo’s chest, the sharp point tearing through his skin. He released me, backing away quickly. He looked like he was having a heart attack. He let out an agonizing scream and fell to his knees. Slowly his body started to turn into dust until there was nothing left of him. Nothing left but the flower lamp lying on the floor. It was stained with blood. After a while I stood up and wandered down the hallway to help Taylor. We both dropped to our knees when we realized that the front door was still missing. Tears fell like rain.

For three years Taylor and I wandered, trying to find the exit, but now I realize this library has no exit. We will always search for one. No matter how much I wish for my own home, I won’t get there. The library is our home now.