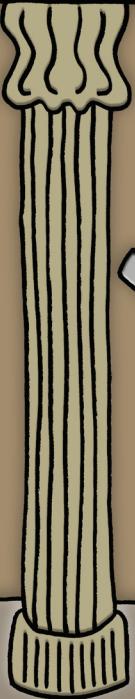


THE LIBRARY



By
STACEY

BATEMAN

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Imagined by Stacey Bateman



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One day, I was perusing the books inside a grand old library when I noticed a dusty old lady perched in the corner scowling at me.



She told me to 'Shhhh' every time I stepped too heavily. She even seemed annoyed that my breathing was too loud!



So I crept around like a ninja, trying not to disrupt the dusty old bag. But I could not help but do ninja sounds to go with my movements.



Around the next corner, in the aisle between the bookcases, was a glass display cabinet. Inside the cabinet were some hypodermic needles just floating there. There was a sign that read 'Mysticism & Celestial'.



The strange liquid inside the hypodermic needles seemed to bring back memories of the night before. I had previously forgotten them as I may have had one too many to drink. They were the kind of memories I did not want to remember.



I approached the dusty old woman and said, 'Is there any saucy reading material? And I don't mean recipe books, if you know what I mean!' I winked at her cheekily.



She knitted her brows and whispered angrily, 'Please remember that this is a library and silence is golden.' I had never heard anyone be so quietly annoyed before. It was a special event indeed.



I opened my mouth to reluctantly apologise, but she turned her back on me and stood facing the wall in a right mood. 'What a mardy bum,' I thought.



I went to the next aisle and there was another glass cabinet. A sign read 'Heaven Sent: Angelology & You'. It contained a horrific display of surgical scalpels. Blood was dripping from the blades and filling the cabinet.



I gasped and took a step back. I looked away briefly in disgust, but when I looked again for the cabinet, it had disappeared.



The old lady appeared on top of the bookcase and whispered, 'Your shoes are very loud; please step lightly, like a cat would.' Then she demonstrated how to be like a cat. I exclaimed, 'But the cabinet...!' 'Shhhh!' she interrupted.



With a bizarre feeling of unease, guilt and fear,
I left the library and went in search of a book
vendor that could satisfy my needs.



A big thank you to Stacey Bateman for coming up with this one. It was done by post (old school). I sent a handful of drawings on different squares of paper, along with some instructions on how to create a story. I started her off in the library as I thought it was very Stacey. She reads hundreds of books a year. That's a lot of reading! Johnny 5 always pops into my mind when imagining Stacey reading her books. 'Ah! Input! More input!'