

You find yourself in the library with an inkling that things have changed since you were here just hours before. Is it new flooring? Maybe new lights? A change so big would surely take longer than an afternoon to complete...

Behind the front desk, the librarian is difficult to spot between two stacks of books that have grown higher than her head. She looks at you expectantly - by now you know “knowledge should be given before it can be received.”

Hand over the notes you “borrowed” from Oliever’s bureau.

You sweat a little, hoping the librarian won’t question the origin of this report on the digestion of deep sea flora in surface-dwelling organisms. It passes her brief inspection and she flits her wing out, gesturing you to pass.

Investigate the reading room off the far side of the main lobby.

There’s a heavy door donning a copper plaque with the words “Reading Room” engraved in a flowery script. You open it with a muffled grunt, only to find Pascal standing on an elaborately carved hardwood table in the middle of the room and Johaness gleefully watching him, reclining in a chair balanced only on its hind two legs with the back leaning precariously on the wall.

You enter and quickly shut the door behind you, hoping the librarian didn’t catch sight of the rowdy boys turning the ornate furniture into their playhouse. Thomas is sitting close by, tail drawn snugly around his feet. He looks at you with a furrowed brow, clearly disapproving of the boys’ rambunctiousness.

[Pascal] And I jumped from the cart only seconds before it blasted through the guard rails and flew over the edge of the cliff! I even managed to nab a couple cinnamon rolls on my way out.

[Johaness] I can’t believe it - what luck! Did the baker ever find you?

[Pascal] Let’s just say I have a standing engagement to clean a half-dozen brick ovens with a toothbrush every month.

You chuckle to yourself and tune out the boys’ chittering as you make your way around the small study. In the corner there are several piles of books that have yet to be reshelfed. You take a seat on the floor and skim the book spines. Thomas trots over to you and curls up in your lap.

You pick up a soft-cover flip book about the size of your palm titled *Seaside at Dawn*. With even pressure from your thumb, you flip the pages swiftly and they make the illusion of a moving picture. A line-drawn sun rises above the ocean as fish jump and seabirds dive.