

The Desolate Library

I read what the paper napkin had to say and with a surprised look, trying to figure out who the tall unknown silhouette was with the concern of a fellow reader in this quiet library. The atmosphere of the shelves around, loaded with heavy scriptures and manuals from the ancient eras, suddenly became quite eerie. It was not long before I noticed that I was alone in the Johannes Hartlieb works section, without a soul in view but definitely a presence. Something was happening within the library that was difficult to put into words, multiple feelings, light sensations, and tingles down one's spine. After recollecting myself in a brief moment, I dashed towards the central hall of the massive library in hopes of finding the person who was responsible for dropping that napkin. Shuffling past the various sections and the usually packed corridors, I could feel eyes darting at me. My sprint toward the hall was ablaze now, and all I could do was run without looking back, however, I somehow knew I was being followed. There's not much air left in my lungs, it feels like I could pass out at any time, but with the door to the central hall in sight, I make a final push and open my way up with the little strength remaining in me. I pantingly open the door to find him, the tall silhouette, looking at me with a concerned face.

He rushed towards me to check up on me, but it was visible that I was not his primary concern. "Are you okay?", he asked in a reassuring voice, to which I could only nod yes as I took a breath of relief that he hadn't left yet. A subtle noise of the wind broke off the eye contact, after looking behind me and closing the door which I had just come through worryingly, he kept his hands on my shoulders and said in a frantic manner, "We need to get out of here. Right. Now.". I look at him and then the door behind him from which we could both safely leave the library, "But why?", I asked. "Because I saw something in the backroom, something I cannot explain to you right now, just help me find the key to the main door, quick", he said as he returned to the desks nearby to look for the key. "But you can't leave like this", I say, "Yes I can and I will, and I'll get you to safety as well", he says as he rummages through everything in sight. "I think the key might be under the carpet", I say calmly pointing towards an enormous carpet in the center of the hall, to which he immediately responds to.

In a flash he completely turns his back to me solely focusing on the carpet which he flips over, only to discover not just the horrifying sight but also the horrifying intentions of the person he currently was in the room with. He dropped to his knees and swallowed his own tongue at the sight of a blood red pentagram under the carpet. "You cannot leave yet because without you, we won't be able to complete the ritual". A screeching sound of thud was the last noise heard, as if someone's head was hit with a heavy object.