

Life Reader Drabbles I

By K.M. Shea

The Arrival

This part takes place when Raven first arrives at the library, and it 'greet's' her.

Isaac Eastgate looked up from his paperwork when the library started to rumble. The ground shook beneath his feet, and the lights flickered on and off as the few spare drops of magic the library had left in it were squeezed out, reacting to something on the second floor.

Isaac stood and opened the door to his office, entering the hallway just as Mrs. Connors poked her head out of her office and Alison braced herself against a wall.

The three senior librarians stared at each other with wide eyes as the library shook and groaned, chafing against the magical security system.

Whatever the library was searching for, it found, and the air grew thick with magic, so sweet and creamy it choked Isaac like too much cream honey. The air turned hot, brushing Isaac like hot sauce, burning his exposed skin.

Magic from the garden, from the surrounding area pressed against the library, squeezing it an effort to supplement the library's vacuum of missing magic.

"What the heck is happening?" Alice asked.

"Someone entered the library," Mrs. Connors said, her voice shaking as her double chin jiggled like a bulldog's jowls. "Someone *powerful*."

The library abruptly settled, the air turning cool and soothing like mint. No magic had been used to settle it, a mere *presence* had.

For the library to react that violently it could only be... "Animo Acroasis," Isaac whispered.

"A Life Reader? Here?" Mrs. Connors said.

"It can't be," Alison argued. "Who could possibly be a Double A in this age?"

"Today marks the arrival of our new page turner, Rachel McCellen," Isaac said.

"A high schooler?" Alison drawled. "Seriously?"

"This may become a worrisome situation," Mrs. Connors said, dabbing her forehead with a tissue.

"Or it may be the library's shot at redemption," Isaac grimly said. "First, though, I'm going to find out more about this girl," he said before shutting himself up in the office.

Rachel McCellen could make or break Saint Cloud Library.

A Desk Job

Long before she was sorted as a page turner, Raven Wishmore knew she wanted a desk job.

"I hate you two!" Raven shouted as she hustled down a secret tunnel in the depths of Saint Cloud Library.

"Just keep running, they're gaining on us!" Aron panted, glancing over his shoulder at the hoard of *angry* fairies that were chasing them.

"You're the worst!" Raven said.

"How were we supposed to know that making one fairy angry would blacklist us to *all* the fairies in the freakin' library?!" Asher said.

"EVERYONE KNOWS SHOULDN'T MAKE FAIRIES ANGRY!" Raven howled.

“Woah,” Aron said, moving away from her. “Apparently you shouldn’t make administrative assistants angry either.”

Part of it might have been that she never did well in gym.

“We are in so much trouble!” Aron said, skidding into Raven’s new office.

“Why?” Raven asked.

“It wasn’t me!” Asher shouted as he ran past.

“Hah-hah I should hang out with you guys more,” Brannon laughed, following Asher.

“Brannon and Asher and I were poking around the KQ databases. We hacked into Mayor Steele’s email address and changed the password to, um, poop.”

Raven could feel her blood pressure rising. “What.”

“Anyway, city hall tracked our IP address and they know it’s us,” Aron rushed to say.

“Brannon has their data feed tapped and they just emailed the local guardian headquarters.”

“WHAT?!”

Part of it might have been the danger she was exposed to thanks to her father’s job as a Black Dog.

Raven dodged the giant’s club and scurried between his legs. “Okay, whose bright idea was it for me to read an unfriendly giant to life?”

“I think it was Brannon,” Asher said, flattening himself against a bookshelf. “He wanted to wrestle it or something.”

Raven swore under her breath as she ran away from the giant.

“Soooo, are we just going to ignore the decayors that Director Eastgate sent us to death with, or what?” Aron asked from under the relative safety of a desk.

“This sucks! I want to go home!” Raven said.

Nearby the giant crushed a chair with his foot.

“That’s coming out of Daire’s paycheck,” Asher said.

Either way, Raven knew with absolute certainty that she wanted a desk job.

“I am surprised with you,” Director Eastgate said.

“Why?” Raven asked.

“In your annual review you said you are not interested with seeking a management position,” the director said, holding up the report.

“Yes,” Raven said.

“Why not? You would be well suited to it. I am aware your particular magic opens up alternative careers, but you would make a talented library director,” Director Eastgate said.

“I find that a library desk job does not involve enough of the desk aspect for my comfort,” Raven said.

Director Eastgate stared at his assistant. “You know Montamous One and Two will not be able to follow you if you leave for a different library and rise through the ranks there.”

“You can’t promise that, sir.”

“Perhaps. I believe I have a better understanding of your thought process. Carry on.”

“Thank you, sir.” Raven said, slipping out of the director’s office.

Raven had taken no more than two steps before she heard the twins' voices.

"Raven!"

"I didn't do it!"

*Yes. Raven **always** wanted a desk job.*