

Murder in the Library

Squirming, he watched the shelves march toward him, a wooden army, encircling until they blotted out the light. The books giggled and quivered in anticipation of revenge. Many had their pristine pages sullied with inked marginal notations, or some of them removed by the snivelling, terrified wretch on the floor. They mourned those of their stolen companions, tucked away in his library at home.

Mozart's Requiem played on the radio stationed at the front counter.

As he struggled to stay alive, Rupert realised that confessing to the head librarian he had purchased a kindle, had not been a wise move.