

Large oak trees towered over me, their large branches creating an archway that shaded me from the bright, but not scorching, rays of the Sun. Birds whistled in the soft, cool breeze that tickled my skin like a feather. Crisp Autumn leaves crunched under my boots, almost as loud as paper being scrunched. Sighing, I took in the magical air of this forest.

Suddenly, I glimpsed a deteriorated building out of the corner of my eye. Cracked and covered in moss, its walls seemed to mumble as I ambled closer to it. All of a sudden, I was sucked in by a gravitational pull stronger than Earth's.

Aisles of towering bookshelves stretched out so vast that I couldn't see where they ended. Rows and rows of books bursted into my eyes as I was engulfed in the diverse range of stories. The scent of century old paper wafted up my nostrils, giving the sense of a dilapidated building.

"So I see you have chosen death, child," whispered a voice through the cracked walls. "I'm not a child, I'm 17!" I continue, "and no, I have not chosen death!" I scream, so loud that my throat feels dry and stings. "We will see about that," grumbles the walls, much stronger and more confident than before.

BOOM! Walls all around start closing in on me, threatening to crush me to death. I frantically search for anything to help me. "AHA!" I whisper loudly. Grasping onto leather bound and hard copy books, I start hurling and flinging them in every direction, until the walls cease crushing me, just metres away from killing me.

"ARGH!" It continues. "I'll get you next time," the library yells. But I know that it won't, not in a million years.