

This library is very different from what I'm used to. For starters, the bookshelves are colossal, I can't see the top! I'm not going to ask how this stuff fits indoors. And the books? The books are more than twice my size. The print must be easy to read, but I could barely move the pages...

A bespectacled librarian approaches me. Finally, something my size!

"Hullo. What sort of book are you after today?"

"I usually read fantasy novels." If I'm being honest, I'm surprised he speaks English.

"What kind of fantasy? Mermaids? Mythical creatures? They're my favourites."

"Dragons. I like books about dragons."

"Right this way, ma'am. Hop in," he says, pointing to a golf buggy-looking vehicle.

"What's this for?" I ask.

He turns to me. "How else do you think we get around in a magical library?" He presses the accelerator, and we speed off.

I hear a boom... then another. The sound ricochets off the floor and walls, sending the librarian's spectacles sliding down his thin nose.

"What was that?" I ask.

"Oh, the usual. A bookshelf fell again." he states, matter-of-factly.

As we're coming closer the booms get louder. We go speeding past a bookshelf, and it starts to tip.

I scream.

A pair of giant furry feet land next to us, then a huge pair of hands catch the shelf just as it's about to crush us. This place is mad!

"Oh, don't mind the book-ends. They always come at the very last minute."

"We're here!" he exclaimed.

We step out and he hauls a magnificent book off the shelf.

"Now, just a warning: the first page is a little nippy. And chapter 9 - oh, I won't spoil - but I strongly suggest a fireproof suit at all times." he chuckles.