



**Library of the
Future**



Joint
1ST PRIZE WINNER
Category 11-14 years old

“The Hole”

Written by T.S.



George tied up his boots and headed out, watching the flakes of snow swirl around his head and onto his shoulders. He was headed to what was known as the Library, but what was, in reality, just a mixed learning space with a few holo-books donated by some Council members.

As he stepped in over the Library threshold, he wiped the snow off his shoulders, and watched it get instantly vaporised by the laser recyclers, which would then send the water back for treatment and re-use. There was an odd, slightly foreboding, aura about the Library today, although perhaps that was just left over by the musty smell of real books from the 21st Century. The Library had, in fact, been an actual library back then when paper books were a thing, but had got disused and rundown, so the council took it over and actually gave it a use.

George proceeded and waved hi to his best friend James, and carried on, heading towards the main hall to study. He got logged in on the ancient computers, and was confused as he saw an odd spiral, made up of green numbers running down the screen. It was quite mesmerising, actually, he thought. It drew him in closer and closer, and when a sweet, kind voice told him to go to the back room, he happily complied.



In the back room, George snapped, and suddenly realised where he was. It was a pity, because, at that moment, that the floor vanished under his feet, and he found himself freefalling into a black pit. As the little square of light above him rapidly diminished in size, he knew that he was done for...

He woke up, and found himself surrounded by a gelatinous liquid, in a bathtub-like tank, with tubes running out of his chest into a pulsing blob that was glowing a dark blue hue. It had a familiarity to it, a sort of I-know-you-but-not-really feeling, and that was creeping George out. He looked down and saw that his limbs had all but degraded, and shards of bone were sticking out like daggers from his skin. He felt drained. He tried to get up but couldn't, and very soon realised why. There was a clear film, like clingfilm, stretched taut over the rim of his capsule. He slowly started giving up. As his limbs started melting into the acid, he gave up. Like the books from the 21st Century, he vanished into memory.

