Walking across the street, I entered the imposing archway of my local library. The cold, stone steps, which led towards the door, seemed to beckon me forwards, inviting me into the literary treasure trove before me. Pushing softly on the revolving glass doors, I was greeted by the earthy smell of well-used books and the quiet hum of minds fluttering diligently.

Reaching the desk, The , his beady eyes piercing into my own. “Y-e-s?” he asked, slowly and cautiously as though fearful that speaking too loud would cause something to break.

“Err. Do you have any books on the history of Japanese manga?” I asked, lowering my voice partway through speaking when his glare intensified threateningly. The clerk merely nodding, scrawling roughly on a post-it note and sliding it off the desk into my outstretched hands. “Thank you.”

Glancing down at the note, upon which the words “Room 132” was written, I headed further into the library, unaware of what was waiting for me.