

THE LIBRARY LAND SAGA

WRITTEN ROCK
Presents

THE Bookshelf KING

A Book-e-Sode Series

By DEWDROP

With Contributions From

275

Different People

MADE DURING
THE FORT ERIE

Friendship Festival

Why have I summoned you?

In a realm beyond imagination, where the boundaries of reality blur, lies Library Land. Prepare yourself, for what I am about to share with you is far from an ordinary tale—it is the story of stories, transcending time and space. Now, I understand your confusion, as you might have expected to delve into the Bookshelf King series. Fear not, for this is much grander than that.

Library Land finds itself in grave peril, and it is here that I turn to your world, seeking aid. Though I am unaware of your identity or the reasons behind your decision to assist us, I express my deepest gratitude. Before we embark on this extraordinary journey, it is crucial that I bring you up to speed so that you may make informed decisions when the time comes. You, dear reader, are our only hope.

But what is Library Land?

It is a world teeming with endless realms, where every beloved character finds their home. Their presence will surely shape the unfolding events in some way or another. For now, I will only share the stories necessary for your forthcoming choices. Rest assured, we shall delve into those intricacies soon enough. However, first, I must fulfill my duty and keep you informed of the current situation since you have arrived.

As for my identity... Never mind that for now, let color be a guiding force in our narrative. **When you encounter blue text, it signifies my role as the Narrator, revealing crucial inside information directly to you the reader.** All other text, presented in standard black font (except for this very moment), should be regarded as factual events within Library Land that I need to tell you. With my guidance, I shall endeavor to make this journey as enthralling as possible. Without further ado, allow me to present to you...

The **Bookshelf King** season 1 *The Royal Meeting*

Episode 01 - *The Queen of Fiction and the Gold Tooth*

Episode 02 - The French Fry Foreshadow

Episode 03 - The Friendship Festival

Episode 04 - The Unbearable Tooth

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Episode 07 - The Guitar and the Stolen Bracelet

Episode 08 - The Shiny and the Golden Shard

Episode 09 - The Caged Lion and the Climb

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Episode 14 - I am Teragram

Episode 15 - The End of Library Land

Episode 1

The Queen of Fiction and the Gold Tooth

Before we embark on our grand adventure, there is one more important detail to note. Whenever you come across a name written in golden letters, such as Queen Margaret's below, it signifies that you will witness the unfolding events from their unique perspective. Their beliefs and experiences will shape the story I share with you. Now, with that in mind, I encourage you to keep pace and brace yourself for the extraordinary journey that lies ahead.

Margaret

Margaret, or as the people of Library Land call her, the Queen of Fiction, rose on an evening like any other. She checked if the pages of her books were wrinkled or corners were creased, then she slowly made her way to the throne on top of her bookshelf. On a typical night, she would receive a paper airplane from the head of Library Land, the Bookshelf King. It's the responsibility of the Ruler of each Section to read this document and report back with an inventory of their own. Margaret would glance through the list of books that had gone missing and shrug. This was a popular library; books would come and go regularly.

Lately, Margaret had been paying close attention to the name on the top of the list. Arthur, the Bookshelf King himself, is still missing. It took only two weeks for panic to set in; residents from the Teens Section were spending days in the Horror Section, Romancers with the Fiction people no one wanted to stay in their respective sections. Each of the 10 Kings and Queens who run their respective sections were trying to keep their people in line while tending to the people of the capital as well.

Central Bookshelf is the capital of Library Land and a place where the Bookshelf King had lived for many years. Since he was elected, there have been only three Royal Meetings: The first was to designate King Stephen as the new Ruler of the Horror Section, the second to switch the placement of the Fiction Section to the Eastern Side of the Library

so that the Romance Section was closer to the entrance, and the third, to elect three new Kings and a Queen to the Council, ending the Book Burning Revolution during the Second Word War.

It's the law that if the Leader missed three Council Meetings in a row, an emergency meeting in Central Bookshelf must be held to elect a new Leader of Library Land.

The third Council Meeting was last night.

Margaret had longed for an opportunity like this to arise. Should she be Queen of Library Land, she would get rid of the Sections she found useless. Margaret is one of the few people that actually stand a chance of being voted in. She's a proven capable leader and popular among her peers. She knew this and woke up with the confidence to prove it.

She made her way to a rather large bookshelf with a luxurious trim that resembled the Golden Gates of Heaven. She made her way to the top of the bookshelf, into a room with a red carpet leading to a conference table. This is a room where the most powerful people in Library Land have the chance to gather and witness the event but since the Royal Meeting was in the next room she politely waved and made her way along.

She entered the room where the meeting was held and there's a water cooler on the right-hand side of the room and a hot pot of coffee on the counter. A squire rose at her entrance: "Chere' guests, the Queen of Fiction has arrived.

Your Highness, I trust you remember your peers?"

On the right-hand side of the Queen sat Tom, King of the Action Section.

To her left, sat her younger sister Agatha, the Queen of History. Agatha rose to hug her sister. She waved to J, from the Fantasy Shelf, who'd been chatting with Sue, King of the Children's Section, and Neil, King of Teen Fiction. Margaret glanced over at her longtime friend Caroline from Romance and smiled before looking over at grumpy Ernest, King of Non-Fiction. He smiled at her and she scowled back at him with respect.

The door opened behind her, so Margaret took her seat as two shadows entered the meeting. It was Stephen, King of the Horror Section, followed by Stine.

“Chere’ Guests, the Kin...”

“We all know each other... please take a seat and let’s get started” Stephen took his place at the helm of the table. He nodded towards Margaret and spoke:

"Let the meeting begin."

Before we proceed, I must pause to emphasize that the content we have written thus far was all we had documented when we arrived at the Friendship Festival. Unbeknownst to us, a world of enchantment was about to unfold, as is the nature of these extraordinary tales. The paragraph above served to set the scene, introduce a problem, and present a few characters. From that point on, it was left to the creative imaginations of strangers to weave their own narrative magic. Each individual was briefed on the existing plot, and then, in a remarkable display of spontaneity, they contributed any sentence they desired, right on the spot. Initially, the story may appear somewhat haphazard, with seemingly unrelated elements, but I assure you, it is gradually weaving together a narrative unlike any other. 275 diverse individuals offered their sentences, and as we progress through the Book-episode, no detail shall go unnoticed. These contributors shaped the characters and events, culminating in a truly unique story that unfolds before us. Let’s continue.

In the midst of the Royal Meeting, King Ernest interjected with urgency, "This had better be swift! I have numerous essays to catalogue, and if they're late, the students will incite a revolt. The disgruntled ones might hurl books again, and that could result in a mess..." But before he could finish his sentence, mere seconds into the gathering, a deafening explosion echoed through the chamber. The lights shattered, and an alarm blared in panic.

"Could it be the alarm for the Bookworms?" Agatha questioned, her voice filled with disbelief. "They've been absent for centuries, so why now? This is inconceivable, unless..." Agatha trailed off, her gaze fixed upon her sister. Margaret shook off the thought and turned to

Stephen, seeking reassurance. "Surely, there must be a logical explanation for this, right? Perhaps a false alarm or some other occurrence."

"I don't know, but we must resolve this matter before proceeding with the meeting. I can't hear a thing," Stephen asserted, his voice filled with determination. He commanded the Bookshelf Guard to take action, and they swiftly descended to the base of the Bookshelf, prepared to confront the Bookworms.

Margaret and the rest of the Council peered down, their eyes fixed on the Guard as they organized themselves, anticipating an encounter with the elusive creatures. Yet, to their astonishment, no Bookworms came into view. Instead, from every corner of the room, a multitude of Oompa Loompas and Smurfs emerged, swarming the Guard like ants on a marshmallow, enveloping them in a flurry of excitement and chaos.

Caroline's voice trembled as she stammered, "Wh-what's going on, Stephen?"

Stephen's gaze shifted to Margaret, and he whispered urgently, "Something is amiss. It's time for Plan C." With those words, he swiftly departed, followed closely by Stine, who always seemed to trail behind.

Margaret's attention returned to the unfolding scene below. The diminutive army had overwhelmed and subdued the Bookshelf Guard, now ascending the Bookshelf in increasing numbers. Lost in her thoughts, she was abruptly jolted back to reality as the piercing wail of electric guitars reverberated from beneath.

"Ah, the Elvians and their blessed guitars," sighed King Tom in relief as the music grew louder. Moments later, Stephen returned, his eyes filled with panic as he surveyed the restless throngs below.

"The majority seems to be calming down, but the music isn't reaching everyone. If it doesn't amplify, we won't be able to contain this for much longer."

"If Arthur were present... there would be no conflict," Caroline lamented. "With a snap of his fingers, the music would resonate in every ear in Library Land. Oh, where is Arthur when we need him?"

"Unfortunately, he's not here at the moment. Thus, this Council must elect someone and grant them the power to bring an end to this chaos, or we shall all perish... Shall we proceed?" grumbled Agatha.

"Uh... I finally understand... I'll be right back, once again... There's something I must investigate," Stephen muttered cryptically before abruptly departing, leaving the room in silence. Agatha broke the silence, her voice resolute. "Since no one else will voice it, I shall. Isn't it peculiar that a meeting to appoint a new leader coincidentally faces an attack by these 'horrifying' creatures... beings that have been absent for centuries? This was no mere accident... So, I ask you all, who gains the most from this orchestrated chaos?"

A heavy silence hung in the air as everyone contemplated the same unsettling thought, except for Margaret. "Before we jump to conclusions, we must approach this with reason and clarity," Margaret interjected, her voice calm amidst the tension.

The room fell into hushed contemplation, but the tranquility was short-lived as the Oompa Loompas reached the barrier separating the public from the Council, pounding on the gates.

"They appear... different," King Ernest pondered aloud. "What's with their eyes?" Suddenly, the music surged to a crescendo, and the Oompa Loompas seemed to succumb to drowsiness. Margaret peered down, relief washing over her as she witnessed the dissipation of the conflict. "Oh, thank goodness!"

Stephen burst back into the room, his arrival breaking the spell. "Now, shall we proceed?"

Agatha proposed a postponement of the Royal Meeting until the circumstances could be unraveled. However, Stephen swiftly retorted, "I believe we can handle this... and I know precisely what's happening. Let us press on."

Agatha leaned in, her voice barely audible as she whispered to Margaret, "Why is he so insistent on continuing? I have an uneasy feeling about him... What are your thoughts, sister?"

Now, it's time for our first shift in perspective. We'll introduce a character who may be small in stature but plays a significant role in the story: Alvin Seville. As the oldest brother in a group of

chipmunks renowned for their musical talents, Alvin stands out due to his mischievous nature and penchant for finding trouble. Let's delve into the escapades that await this daring little chipmunk today.

Alvin

Alvin's presence at formal events wasn't driven by a love for politics; instead, he relished in the prospect of pulling off pranks. However, the Royal Meeting held a special allure for him, not only due to its significance but also because even Alvin found himself genuinely invested in the outcome. It was clear that this particular event carried immense importance in Library Land.

As Alvin entered the bustling Royal Meeting, he realized his brothers were nowhere to be found. Hopping over people's shoes, he frantically called out, "Simon... Theo..." but his voice was drowned out by the cacophony of the crowd. Undeterred, he continued his search, shouting, "Theo... Fr..." However, as the meeting commenced, Alvin decided to inch closer for a better vantage point.

To his delight, Alvin spotted his friend Clifford and deftly climbed up his towering fur, settling on his sturdy shoulders. From this elevated position, he had a perfect view of the unfolding event. Initially, Alvin found himself drifting off during the opening ceremonies. However, his drowsiness quickly evaporated when the Bookworm alarm blared throughout the room, sending waves of panic among the attendees. Confusion etched on his face, Alvin turned to Clifford and exclaimed, "I need to find my brothers! Will you help me, Cliff?"

The big red dog nodded affirmatively, and they split up, embarking on separate paths to locate Alvin's missing siblings.

In his quest for information, Alvin encountered Papa Smurf and eagerly inquired if he had seen his brothers. Disheartened, Papa Smurf responded, "I'm sorry, Alvin. I haven't seen them. In fact, I'm also trying to locate any Smurf. Where could everyone be?"

Sensing the Smurf leader's distress, Alvin pressed further, "Smurfs never miss a meeting... Papa, what's happening? And what does that alarm signify?"

In Library Land, a place where woodland creatures thrived, a sense of camaraderie pervaded among its inhabitants. While the denizens of the forest looked out for one another, there existed a unique and cherished bond between the Smurfs and Chipmunks. This special connection between the two groups had originated during the tumultuous times of the First Word War, which had united the realms of the forest in a remarkable tale of unity and resilience. However, the intricacies of this story shall be reserved for another day, as the events unfolding in the present demanded immediate attention.

"I'm smurfly clueless about what's happening here, but we must smurf to the bottom of it," Papa Smurf expressed with concern. Just then, the distant sound of electric guitars began to fill the air, emanating a captivating melody. Alvin's ears perked up at the sound, but Papa Smurf's expression turned grave. "Elvis? Oh smurf, Alvin, this is smurfly bad. Cover your ears," he warned.

"I actually like this music... and I thought... you... did too?" Alvin responded innocently, his words trailing off. However, before they could take any protective measures, the enchanting tunes took their toll. Alvin and Papa Smurf succumbed to the mesmerizing melodies, slipping into a deep slumber within moments of the first song.

The truth about the Guitar Elvis wields is known only to a select few. And an even smaller number are aware of the immense power that lies within the music it produces. We'll delve into the Council of Music in due time, but for now, understand that a single note from this guitar possesses the ability to pacify anyone who hears it. Elvis was determined to bring calm to the chaos, thus he strummed the strings with great intensity, unleashing resounding notes. Whether you were a towering giant or a tiny chipmunk, even a smurf, the effect was the same – a tranquil state would wash over you, lulling you to instant slumber.

As Alvin regained consciousness, he found himself disoriented and far away from the familiar confines of Central Bookshelf. Instead, he stood in a vast prairie realm, gazing up at an ominous storm brewing above. Perplexed by the situation, he hastily attempted to rouse as many people as possible, guiding them towards a nearby cabin before the rainfall commenced.

Amidst the chaotic scramble, Alvin and Papa Smurf were the last to enter the cabin, their minds still reeling with confusion. Smurfette trembled with fear, while others sobbed and sought guidance. Alvin, in his gentle manner, turned to Papa Smurf and asked, "What do we do now?" Papa Smurf could only offer a resigned response, "I suppose we wait it out," before sinking into a nearby chair.

For a few hours, they remained sheltered, contemplating various plans to find their way back to their respective sections. However, they found themselves disoriented and clueless about their whereabouts. Each creak or shift of the house only served to stoke their anxiety, causing intermittent bouts of panic.

"This house won't hold much longer. And what about them?" Alvin gestured toward a group of charging Oompa Loompas in the distance, their menacing presence amplifying the mounting tension.

Desperately, he called out for attention, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. Suddenly, screeching tires jolted Alvin's attention, and he swung open the front door to witness Elvis' Pink Cadillac pulling up.

Papa Smurf, spurred into action, assumed leadership. "We can always rely on Elvis and his trusted Fleetwood in times of need. Everyone, get in!" As they sped away, Alvin heard enraged chants from the Oompa Loompas demanding a new Bookshelf King.

Confounded, Alvin questioned, "I thought Smurfs and Oompa Loompas were allies. Why would they attack you? And when did they care about anything beyond chocolate?" Papa Smurf responded, "I... don't know." A loud bang resonated behind them, as a tornado effortlessly lifted the abandoned cabin, reminding them of the peril they narrowly escaped. "That could have been us," Alvin gasped.

This realization silenced the group momentarily, consumed by the gravity of their situation.

Gradually, Alvin's memory resurfaced, prompting him to inquire, "Elvis, what happened after your music played? What transpired at the meeting?" Elvis replied, "Music happened, my little buddy. And it's a good thing too, because Library Land came under attack."

Alvin's eyes widened in disbelief. "Attacked? Who would do such a thing, and why?" Papa Smurf chimed in.

Elvis replied with a hint of suspicion, "No one knows for certain, but it's likely that evil lady." Alvin interjected, "Agatha?" Elvis corrected him, "No, her sister Margaret. She has always coveted the crown... Interpret that as you will."

As their conversation carried on, Alvin gazed out of the car window, deep in thought about the day's unfolding events. Suddenly, a glimmer amidst the bushes captured his attention, fleeting yet captivating. Urging Elvis to slow down, the car came to a halt, prompting Papa Smurf to inquire, "What did you see?"

Alvin replied, his curiosity piqued, "I saw something... I'm not exactly sure, but I feel the need to investigate." Without giving it further contemplation, he leaped out of the car and began sprinting. Glancing back, he called out, "I'll meet you at the meeting!"

True to his word, Alvin spotted tracks tracing through the terrain and diligently followed them. Soon, the figure of a man came into view, pausing for a moment's respite. Alvin observed the man stretching and noticed his untied shoelace. Placing his left hand on a nearby tree, the man reached down with his right hand to fix the shoe. But to Alvin's astonishment, the tree transformed into solid gold upon contact. "King Midas?" Alvin whispered to himself, bewildered by the unexpected encounter. "What is he up to?"

"I keep forgetting about the touch," Midas chuckled to himself, slipping on a special glove. This time, as he bent down, an arrow whizzed past his head, narrowly missing its mark by a hair's breadth. If not for the solid gold tree, it would have pinned his hat to the trunk. Instead, it harmlessly rebounded and landed on the ground. Midas nonchalantly picked up his hat and readjusted it. "Come on, Robin Hood, why are you still pursuing me...? Why did I venture into the woods without my guards? And why am I talking to myself?" Midas chuckled once more and scurried away.

Alvin decided not to trail Midas any longer, as he was intrigued to discover the identity of the arrow's shooter. Moments later, another man passed by Alvin, distinct from Robin Hood. Although unfamiliar, the name "Goldmember" stitched onto his bag provided a clue to his identity, as Alvin assumed. His assumption proved correct.

Determined to unveil the truth, Alvin trailed Goldmember until they reached a fork in the road, where a choice had to be made. Should he

follow Midas, who veered left, or pursue Goldmember, who seemed to head right? Opting to warn Midas, Alvin took the left path, but upon catching up to the king, he realized he was not alone.

Alvin silently approached, stealthily observing the scene before him. Midas had encountered three talking deer: the youngest named Rudolph, the eldest known as Cupid, and the middle-aged deer named Bambi.

Cupid had always harbored a deep sense of jealousy towards Rudolph, particularly because of the mesmerizing golden tooth that sparkled whenever Rudolph smiled under the warm rays of the sun.

By this point, you have likely realized that this episode is titled "The Queen of Fiction" due to Margaret's pivotal role in the unfolding events surrounding the Bookshelf King. Now, it's time to uncover the significance of the Gold Tooth that shares its name with the episode.

However, this is no ordinary tooth; it holds an extraordinary allure that compels every resident of Library Land to desire it fervently. At present, this coveted tooth finds itself nestled within the mouth of a reindeer.

To proceed with the story, we must shift our focus to the present holder of the precious tooth: Rudolph, a renowned red-nosed reindeer hailing from the enchanting realm of the North Pole. Rudolph is undeniably one of the most significant characters in our tale, and his perspective marks the final switch in this episode.

Rudolph

Several months prior to Rudolph and Midas crossing paths, a peculiar trio consisting of Darth Vader, Darth Maul, and Bert from Accounting had embarked on a cunning mission of their own. When they spotted Midas and the reindeer, they perceived them as easy targets for a robbery, leading them to divert from their original path and approach the unsuspecting group in search of supplies.

"Why do you keep glancing behind you?" Rudolph inquired curiously, noticing Bambi's apprehensive gaze. **Bambi had caught sight of Alvin but decided to withhold that information for the time being.** "His Majesty Midas was attacked, so I'm remaining vigilant," Bambi responded, maintaining a watchful eye.

"But there are only four of us, though I appreciate your concern. I can't fathom what has gotten into Robin Hood lately. The last time we spoke, we had reached an understanding," Midas lamented, his tone tinged with sadness.

Emerging from the bushes, Alvin stepped forward. "It wasn't Robin Hood, Your Highness. I've never seen this man before, but it wasn't Robin Hood. I believe his name is Goldm—" Before they could delve into further discussion, the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted them. It was none other than Darth Vader, Darth Maul, and Bert from Accounting.

"It's not them either," Alvin whispered, promptly concealing himself once more. "What brings you here?" Midas inquired, attempting to assess the situation.

"I'm merely checking if you've paid the toll for using this trail, have you?" Darth Maul questioned, his tone laced with a hint of menace.

"We won't be paying you anything, so back off," Bambi retorted, displaying defiance. In an unexpected turn of events, Darth Vader seized Midas, while Bert from Accounting and Darth Maul pounced towards the reindeer. Bambi swiftly intervened, positioning himself between the assailants and Rudolph. However, despite Bambi's efforts, Darth Maul managed to strike Rudolph, causing him to stumble and inadvertently drop his golden tooth. Seizing the opportunity, Bert from Accounting swiftly snatched the tooth and fled, with Rudolph hot on his heels.

"I'm not sure why I was chasing you, but now all I want is to sell whatever this is," Bert mused, a glimmer of satisfaction evident in his demeanor. For once, he felt a sense of accomplishment, as it was typically the Darths who shouldered the burden and made him feel inadequate.

"Give me back my tooth!" Rudolph shouted, determined to reclaim what was rightfully his.

However, as Bert from Accounting checked his palm, he realized the tooth had vanished. "Where did it go?" he pondered silently, coming to an abrupt halt.

In a burst of momentum, Rudolph tackled Bert, and the two inadvertently stumbled into a colossal chasm, plunging into its depths. Their descent lasted a staggering nine days before they finally reached the bottom, their fate yet to be determined.

Let's quickly recap the key events that have unfolded thus far, ensuring we're all on the same page as we move forward:

Elvis, Papa Smurf, and their companions are en route down the highway towards Central Bookshelf, while Alvin, Midas, Cupid, and Bambi find themselves in a confrontation with Darth Vader and Darth Maul.

Meanwhile, Rudolph and Bert from Accounting are embarking on an extended descent... they will be falling for quite a lengthy duration.

Not to be forgotten, Goldmember continues to skulk about, lurking in the shadows.

Given that Rudolph and Bert's descent will take over a week, we'll take a momentary pause and return to the Royal Meeting to conclude this episode. To provide a satisfying narrative arc, we will experience this segment through Margaret's perspective, bringing us full circle.

Margaret

"Agatha, now is not the time for baseless accusations. Stephen is one of the few individuals in this room whom I trust implicitly. He's not involved in this. You have to trust me on this," Margaret asserted firmly, determined to defend her ally.

Agatha, however, remained unyielding. "But isn't it incredibly convenient that he has a history with Bookworms? What if he secretly kept them instead of destroying them, as he was supposed to?" she persisted, putting pressure on her sister.

Margaret's eyes flashed with conviction. "Agatha, as the Queen of History, you should know that I was there, and you were not. I witnessed what truly transpired. Stephen saved Library Land on that fateful day," she declared, her voice resolute and unwavering.

Agatha's doubt lingered, prompting her to retort, "Then why is he so enigmatic about his actions? Maggie, use your intellect and think critically." As Agatha turned away, Margaret refocused her attention on Stephen, observing his efforts to regain control of the room. The stakes were high, and the intensity of their exchange only heightened the palpable excitement in the air.

To spare you from the tedium, let's fast forward through the arduous details of the meeting. The room fell into a hushed silence as Stephen painstakingly outlined the procedures and formalities involved in the voting process. Understanding the intricate workings of the Council could be quite draining, and attempting to unravel it all would require an entire episode on its own. So, let's jump ahead to the thrilling moment when the doors of the Council Chambers were forcefully kicked open, and an unanticipated visitor dramatically stormed into the midst of the meeting.

End of Episode

**What's Margaret's role in the story unfolding?
Who started the Bookworm alarm during the Royal Meeting?
Where did Stephen go? What was Plan C?
Why didn't Stine come back to the meeting? Where is he now?
Is King Stephen behind everything happening?
Why are the Oompa Loompas acting so weird?
Why'd they attack the Smurfs?
Why did Alvin awake in a Prairie Realm?
Where are Alvin's brothers for that matter?
What will happen to the cabin that was taken away by the tornado?
What's about Rudolph and Bert from Accounting, Will they both survive the fall?
Why is the tooth important? What happened to it?
What does Goldmember have to do with any of this?**

More importantly... Where is the Bookshelf King?

That's quite the story for another day!

Episode 2

The French Fry Foreshadow

Meanwhile back in Library Land, the Royal Meeting was still being held. If you remember correctly, we left off when an unexpected intruder barged into the room and demanded to be heard, it was Duchess Patricia, Future Ruler of Child Land and Land of Small Creatures.

Margaret

"I, the Duchess, demand to be considered for the position of the new Bookshelf Queen! Why was I not even taken into account?" the Duchess exclaimed, her voice filled with frustration. In response, Agatha sneered, "Never has there been a more detestable Queen, and never will there be. This meeting is meant for true Kings and Queens, not those with self-proclaimed titles."

"I have never been so insulted! Don't I deserve a chance?"

The Duchess scanned the room, hoping for someone to support her, but silence engulfed the space. Frustrated, she let out a piercing scream, her voice reverberating through Library Land.

Known for having one of the loudest voices in the realm, the Duchess never hesitated to use it to get her way. People often gave in to her demands simply to escape her relentless noise, unintentionally fueling her entitled behavior.

Suddenly, a young man emerged from his invisibility cloak, causing the Duchess to fall silent. "Please refrain from screaming. Your voice seems particularly piercing today," he calmly remarked. "You know very well, Miss Patricia, that even if they wanted to grant you the crown, they don't possess the authority to do so. So why are you so consumed by anger?"

"How would you feel if everyone you knew hated you, young boy? No one treats me with respect. These people mock me," the Duchess retorted bitterly.

"I understand how it feels, believe me. My name is Harry, and you haven't seen the extent of my family's disdain. Would you like to witness a magic trick? It might bring you some joy," he offered, raising his wand and taking a deep breath.

Without uttering a word, the Duchess stood frozen in place, caught in an unintended spell. "I didn't mean to do that, I swear. It was supposed to bring her happiness," Harry confessed, feeling remorseful for his unintended actions.

"It seems you've hit her with a freezing spell, Harry," Agatha chuckled, savoring the Duchess's temporary stillness.

Attempting to alleviate the tension, Harry awkwardly began singing "Another One Stupefied" and dancing a lively polka. In the midst of his dancing, he stumbled over the throne and accidentally broke a staff leaning against it.

"Enough with the magic, Harry!" King Stephen bellowed, snapping his fingers to bring an end to the spectacle.

In the absence of the Bookshelf King, his successors Margaret and Stephen held the authority to suspend any magical occurrences during a Royal Meeting.

"Chea," said the Wizard Snowman, now standing somewhat awkwardly in the room. No one questioned the sudden appearance of the snowman, as wizards had a tendency to materialize unexpectedly, just as Harry had moments earlier.

"How can I repair this staff?" Harry inquired, examining the broken object. "And what is it? It wasn't here a..."

"That's an exceedingly significant staff, Harry," Agatha interjected. "Wha..." King Tom began to speak, but Agatha swiftly stepped on his foot, silencing him. "To restore the staff, you must embark on a quest to find the Rettop Fingernail. The only challenge is that its current whereabouts are unknown. To uncover the answer, you must obtain the magical fruit from the rare La-Gollum tree."

Harry, despite lacking specific details, readily agreed to the task. He summoned his trusty magical unicorn, Oakley, and departed on his adventure.

We're going to follow Harry for a bit because you have to see what happens to him.

Harry

Harry embarked on a lengthy journey, his mind consumed by the events of the meeting. "I didn't cast a spell, so why did she freeze?" he pondered, trying to unravel the mystery. He also couldn't shake the feeling that the staff had indeed been hanging on the wall when he entered, but he lacked concrete proof. "Was I set up? But by whom? And for what purpose?"

Lost in his thoughts, Harry's attention snapped back when he caught sight of three trolls up ahead, playfully blowing bubbles. Signaling for Oakley to stay put, he cautiously approached the trolls, attempting to be stealthy. However, his efforts were in vain as the trolls quickly noticed him.

Bubbles began to assail Harry's eyes, prompting him to swing his wand in a desperate attempt to fend them off. But the sheer quantity of bubbles overwhelmed him, rendering his defense futile.

Just when it seemed dire, Hermione materialized, casting a spell that transformed the trolls into squirrels. Two of the squirrels scurried away, but the smallest one remained, gazing at them intently.

Hermione offered it an apple, and she could have sworn she saw it smile. "Let's take a break and have some lunch, Harry," she suggested, and they settled down to eat.

Over their meal, Harry shared his encounter with the Duchess and the enigmatic staff, while Hermione recounted Ron's daring exploits in the jungle. Once they finished catching up, they resumed their journey, with the squirrel trailing them, joyfully darting around their feet.

"I believe we've gained a new companion, Harry," Hermione remarked.

"Um, I think he's trying to communicate something, Hermione," Harry responded.

"I won't transform him back into a troll if that's what you're thinking."

"No, it's not that. He's definitely trying to convey something."

The squirrel scurried up a tree and vanished from sight. "Well, it seems our little buddy has bid us farewell," Harry sighed as they continued their expedition. "It was enjoyable while it lasted..."

Harry's words were abruptly interrupted by a loud thud behind them.

"Harry, what is that?" Hermione gasped, her eyes wide with astonishment.

Curiosity piqued, Harry turned around and discovered a glowing object on the ground. Intrigued, they approached it, and to their surprise, the squirrel came bounding back down the tree.

"This must be the fruit you've been seeking; just look at how it radiates," Hermione observed, captivated by the enchanting glow.

Suddenly a bad storm was starting to form (**The same one from Alvin's perspective earlier**), and Harry and Hermione decided to seek shelter.

Finding a cozy cave, Harry and Hermione decided to spend the night there. As they settled in, Hermione broached the subject that weighed heavily on Harry's mind. "So, you think you were set up? But who would do such a thing?" she inquired. "I'm at a loss. None of the Kings and Queens seem likely suspects. But there is something peculiar about the snowman. He appeared right after you did, thanks to King Stephen halting the magic in the room. It does seem suspicious..." Hermione paused, contemplating the thought. "And these abnormal storms... It feels like someone is manipulating the weather. Dark times may be upon us." Hermione's words resonated with a sense of foreboding. "I know it sounds crazy, Harry, but I can feel it. Something wicked is brewing in Library Land."

"But controlling Library Land? No one possesses that kind of power, not even the Bookshelf King," Harry retorted, his skepticism apparent.

"Anyway, I'm getting hungry. Are you hungry too?"

"We only packed enough food for breakfast," Hermione replied.

Harry reached into his bag and pulled out the glowing fruit they had discovered. "What if I'm meant to eat this fruit to find the Rettop

Fingernail, or whatever they called it? If it turns out I wasn't supposed to, we can always gather another one from the forest in the morning."

Even Hermione couldn't find a valid reason to object, so they both indulged in the fruit. The taste surpassed anything they had ever experienced. It was a sensation that lingered in Harry's memory to this day. As they finished their last bite, they sank into their chairs, their gaze fixed upon the crackling fire. Time seemed to blur, and they couldn't discern whether minutes or hours had passed until a figure materialized before them, emerging from the dancing flames.

"Hey, Hermione! Look who it is! It's that guy from the history book," Harry chuckled, his playful demeanor shining through.

"Don't be rude, Harry. That's none other than the Playwright Prince himself, William Shakespeare," Hermione chided gently, recognizing the distinguished figure.

"Apologies, Mr. Prince," Harry smirked, casting a mischievous glance at Hermione.

“Do not worry about the path you're upon;
learn friend from foe and you'll do fine.
Know not, what you or your friends will do.
For some of us... precious... is time.
Under a mushroom and within a tree;
sits a gift more precious than gold.
It may become your undoing...
but that's another day's story to be told”.

Shakespeare vanished after saying this.

Deciding not to dwell on the mysteries, Harry and Hermione retired to their beds, eager to embark on their adventure the next day.

When morning arrived, the storm had passed, and they set off on their journey. "Time to find another fruit and make our way back to Central Bookshelf, Harry," Hermione declared.

However, as they made their way across the bridge, they were met with an unexpected sight—a colossal maze blocking their path.

"Hermione, was this maze always here? I don't recall it being here before. I'm certain this was the way to the forest," Harry pondered, his brows furrowing in confusion.

"I thought the same, Harry. This is certainly not good..." Hermione replied, her voice tinged with concern. As they ventured into the maze, a voice echoed behind them, reciting, "It's still a divinity that shapes our ends, no matter how well you sing."

"You heard it too, Harry?" Hermione inquired, seeking confirmation.

"That Shakespeare guy, right? Yeah, I heard it. But what does it mean?" Harry mused, curious yet puzzled by the enigmatic words.

"I never imagined meeting one of the Legends. This encounter will be etched in my memory forever," Hermione marveled, her voice filled with awe.

"He's not a legend, Hermione. He's just an old King," Harry responded matter-of-factly.

Hermione shook her head gently, her voice holding a touch of reverence. "He fought in Word War 1 and led numerous armies through Word War 2. I believe he's earned legendary status. Haven't you ever wondered why Poetry Peak is renowned for creating the most enduring spells? Think about it, the man is a legend."

"Well, I wouldn't say it's the best place; what about the Central Bookshelf Marketplace?" Harry interjected, offering an alternative perspective. Hermione countered, her conviction unwavering. "Sure, the marketplace is the largest and busiest hub for buying and selling spells, but when it comes to crafting the strongest and longest-lasting spells, Poetry Peak..."

Her train of thought was interrupted as Hermione noticed a dark figure and a tiger approaching them. Both Harry and Hermione swiftly drew their wands, ready to defend themselves, while the squirrel scurried away to safety.

The peculiar duo stood in awe before Niche, the elf accompanied by his three-eyed tiger.

Harry couldn't resist pinching the tiger's cheeks and playfully inquired, "Aww, does his third eye possess magical powers?" With a calm and mysterious demeanor, the tiger responded, "I can see... through things and people." Startled by the revelation of a talking, three-eyed tiger, Harry took a step back in surprise. Realizing his previous actions were insensitive, he quickly apologized, "Oh... you talk."

"I am aware of what you seek, young boy. Through this eye you mock, I can see it," the tiger offered, attempting to gain their trust. Curiosity mixed with skepticism, Hermione questioned, "How do you know what we're searching for? And how can we be certain if we can trust you?"

With an air of detachment, the tiger replied, "I don't even know you, so why would I have any motive to harm you? The eye sees everything. I don't need to assist you, and perhaps I've changed my mind about doing so." He began to walk away, but Harry quickly halted his departure, pleading, "Please, help us. I'm sorry."

"Very well, let us proceed. Time is of the essence, for the tides are shifting," the tiger swiftly agreed, sensing the urgency of their mission. As they prepared to embark on their journey, Hermione interjected, "Before we continue, tiger, do you have a name?"

"The name's Shiblets, Arthur Shiblets. A pleasure to meet you."

After a long and tiresome day of walking, Harry's energy was completely depleted. He felt more drained than he had ever felt before, yearning for a much-needed nap. However, he was not granted the luxury of rest. Shiblets, in their persistent nature, kept assuring him, "We're close" or "Not too much longer."

At last, they reached a vast clearing situated in the heart of the woods. Shiblets gestured towards a circle of rocks within the clearing, from which an eerie hum emanated. "That's it, Harry. You must go in there and dig. Only you are allowed," Shiblets instructed, his voice laced with anticipation.

Following Shiblets' guidance, Harry tirelessly dug into the earth for a solid hour. With each shovelful of soil, the hum grew more potent, filling the air with its pulsating resonance. Finally, as Harry reached the depths of his excavation, he made a remarkable discovery—a magnificent golden chest.

Carefully retrieving it from the ground, he placed it on the earth, and the hum gradually subsided, fading into the background. Illuminating the scene was a radiant light emanating from a crest on the chest—a triangular formation crafted from three smaller triangles. "This is incredible," Harry marveled in his thoughts.

Unable to unlock the chest by conventional means, Harry turned to his magical abilities. Harnessing the power within, he conjured a spell to unlock its secrets. As the chest creaked open, a brilliant white light burst forth, soaring into the sky before dissipating into nothingness. Harry then couldn't stay awake a second longer and fainted.

As Harry slowly opened his eyes, he found himself gazing at Hermione. However, he couldn't immediately place their whereabouts. Confusion enveloped him as he questioned, "Where did they go? What happened to me?"

"We'll fill you in shortly. We must act quickly before Shiblets returns. Allow me to introduce Jyd, McMuff, and Anhel. They came to your rescue and brought us to this place," Hermione explained, her voice filled with urgency.

"Rescued?" Harry's voice trembled with a mix of gratitude and concern. Before Hermione could divulge further, a deep sound reached their ears, catching them off guard. Their attention was quickly diverted as a stretch Hummer vehicle barreled towards them, colliding with a nearby tree. The car door swung open, and a man tumbled out, collapsing in front of them.

"He's motionless. Is he... dead?" Jyd lamented.

"No, he's still breathing, but I hope he isn't some sort of vampire," Anhel responded, a hint of skepticism in his voice. McMuff chimed in, "Nah, vampires have been extinct for centuries. My guess is he's a zombie, bro."

PAUSE. Okay, same scene but we are moving toward a campfire.

As flames from the bonfire engulfed forgotten French fries, their sizzling crackles filled the air. Jay Dawson, his gaze fixated on the mesmerizing dance of the fire, suddenly found himself caught in a trance.

In the depths of his mind, a vision took shape—a colossal monster emerged from the mist, King Kong, carrying a mysterious figure on its shoulder. However, their attention wasn't focused on Jay; it was fixed on something behind him.

With bated breath, Jay turned around, only to come face to face with another towering King Kong, this time carrying a young man on its shoulder.

Confusion swirled within him as he surveyed his unfamiliar surroundings—a desert unlike any he had ever seen. "What does this mean?" he whispered to himself, a sense of foreboding settling in.

Before his eyes, giant armies charged forth from both sides, cascading into a colossal clash. The battlefield became a whirlwind of chaos as Jay found himself surrounded by a seemingly endless sea of fighters.

King Kong clashed against King Kong, intensifying the pandemonium that unfolded before him.

In the heart of the battle, amidst the mayhem, Jay's attention was drawn to a glimmering piece of gold. It became evident that the forces on the battlefield were vying for possession of this enigmatic object.

Driven by curiosity and an inexplicable pull, Jay embarked on a determined journey towards the coveted prize.

Amidst the chaos, he beheld The Bookshelf King himself, standing resolute beside the golden treasure. Yet, to Jay's bewilderment, there were two versions of the King standing side by side.

As he finally reached their presence, an eerie silence descended upon the scene, revealing the grim aftermath—everyone lay lifeless, fallen soldiers in a battle of unknown purpose.

"What is this thing?" Jay pondered, his fingers gently grasping the mysterious artifact. "A tooth? Why did they fight so fiercely over a mere tooth?"

With a jolt, Jay snapped back to reality, his eyes widening as he saw Harry stirring from his slumber. Recognition flickered within him. "That's the kid from my dream. This means something, I know it. I

must warn him," Jay resolved, a sense of urgency gripping his every thought.

End of Episode

**What fate befell the Duchess?
Who is responsible for breaking the Staff if it wasn't Harry?
Could it have been the Wizard Snowman?
What exactly is the Rettop Fingernail and its purpose?
Did Harry stumble upon the right fruit?
Was he meant to consume it?
How does Shakespeare's riddle tie into the unfolding events?
Will the Squirrell remain a companion?
Who are Shiblets and Niche, and can their intentions be trusted?
What treasures lay within the chest Harry unearthed?
Why does Harry feel such overwhelming fatigue?
Who is the mysterious man in the Hummer?
Where did Niche and Shiblets venture during Harry's slumber?
What connection does Jay Dawson's vision hold in this unfolding tale?
Why are there two King Kongs?

And Above all else... Where is the Bookshelf King?

We'll get to that in another episode.**

Episode 3

The Friendship Festival

This part of the story goes back, long before the current events of Library Land. I need to introduce Snow White and her role in this. She is very important and doesn't even know her real power yet.

In the aftermath of Word War One, when King Kong still roamed as a powerful creature, his towering figure cast a shadow over the land.... **Hold up if I'm being factually accurate, he wasn't King Kong until after Word War Two so...** As Kong surveyed the war-ravaged landscape, he couldn't help but be drawn to a peculiar sight: a caravan of camels burdened with blocks of salt. With a mischievous grin, Kong seized the opportunity for amusement and swiftly snatched the entire supply of salt.

Standing tall amidst the devastation, Kong's attention was captured by a group of Dwarves who courageously confronted him, demanding the return of their precious salt. Just as tensions rose, a surprising figure emerged from the crowd: Snow White, adorned in an unexpected banana costume. Kong couldn't help but chuckle, thoroughly amused by her audacious choice of attire. "Silly girl," he jeered playfully. "Why would you come charging at me dressed as a banana? Are you hoping to become my next snack?" With a swift motion, Kong scooped up Snow White, the Dwarves, and the stolen salt, disappearing into the shadows.

However, little did Kong know that while he indulged in a much-needed nap, his captives were busy plotting their escape, determined to break free from the clutches of the colossal creature. The vast darkness engulfed the Dwarves as they ventured forth, their senses heightened by a distant shimmering light that beckoned them. With each step, the pulsating glow grew brighter, revealing walls adorned with an abundance of glittering gold. The mere sight of it ignited their imaginations, igniting a lively debate on how to spend their newfound wealth.

Dwarf One, brimming with enthusiasm, exclaimed, "Let's buy tickets to see One Direction! They're my favorite because, well, I'm number one and the oldest among us." The second Dwarf interjected, dismissing the idea, "No way! They're terrible!" Meanwhile, the third

Dwarf passionately declared, "You're both wrong! It's all about Justin Bieber!" The smallest Dwarf, wise beyond their size, chimed in, "Forget boy bands. With this much gold, we could each afford a Ferrari!"

However, as they dreamt of their desires, a sudden zombie apocalypse erupted in Port Colborne, causing Dwarf #5's heart to race with excitement at the thought of owning a Ferrari. Amidst the chaos, the seventh Dwarf, known as Toast, proposed a practical solution, "Let's trade the gold for cash." The sixth Dwarf, lost in daydreams of leaving his humble Hobbit-Hole, pondered, "I wouldn't buy a car; I'd purchase a grand mansion and finally bid farewell to my modest abode." Sadly, their plans to acquire the gold were shattered when they realized they lacked the necessary pickaxes to mine the precious metal. Disheartened, the Dwarves reluctantly departed from the golden walls, their spirits dampened. They followed a path that led them back into the vast expanse of the desert, their journey stretching on for days.

Exhausted and on the brink of dehydration, fortune smiled upon them as they stumbled upon an oasis. With parched throats, they eagerly began to drink, momentarily oblivious to the lurking danger.

Suddenly, an alligator emerged from the waters, swiftly making its way toward them. Dwarf One, always ready for a fight, brandished his brass knuckles. Dwarf #3, consumed by fear, fled in terror, inadvertently sacrificing Dwarf #2 to the approaching alligator. Dwarf #4, seeking protection, used Port Colborne as a Dwarven shield, trembling in fear. Meanwhile, Toast, quick on his feet, improvised by wielding a seashell as a weapon. Alas, the alligator proved formidable, striking down several Dwarves in its path. In the midst of chaos, Snow White remembered her enchanted pouch. With swift motion, she unsealed it and retrieved a pinch of dust, tossing it into the air. The dust swirled, freezing everyone, including the alligator, in their tracks.

Snow White was astounded by the immense power contained within her pouch, a power she had never before unleashed. Intrigued by the possibilities, she gathered courage and released a handful of the enchanted dust, causing the Dwarves and the alligator to vanish entirely, leaving behind a surreal and empty oasis.

As Snow White's surroundings transformed, she found herself standing next to a weathered sign that read, "Fort Erie. Population 27,000." A wave of confusion and unease washed over her as she took in her unfamiliar surroundings. The bustling cityscape and the absence of her companions made her realize that she had been abruptly separated from the world she knew as Library Land.

Her heart raced with trepidation as she whispered to herself, "Where am I?" The absence of the Dwarves, with whom she had shared countless adventures and formed unbreakable bonds, intensified her sense of loneliness and vulnerability. Fear gripped her as she called out their names into the void, hoping for a response that never came. Panic began to rise within her, her voice echoing through the deserted streets.

Snow White's head spun, her thoughts swirling in disarray. She felt lightheaded, as if the weight of this unfamiliar reality was too much to bear. Overwhelmed by the overwhelming sense of displacement, she succumbed to the darkness that enveloped her, her consciousness fading into oblivion.

In the depths of her unconsciousness, Snow White's last conscious thought echoed softly, "What has become of me?" As the world around her slowly dissolved into shadows, she became lost in the void, waiting for the light of understanding to guide her way once more.

As Snow White regained consciousness, a peculiar sensation enveloped her being. It was as if she existed solely as an ethereal essence, detached from any physical form. Voices echoed around her, both familiar and distant, and though she didn't utter a word, her own voice seemed to respond in the conversation that unfolded. But the momentary connection slipped away, leaving her disoriented and questioning the nature of her reality. Was she awake or trapped within the realms of a lucid dream?

As her awareness sharpened, Snow White found herself in the midst of a vibrant scene—an energetic concert unfolding before her eyes.

Puzzled and filled with curiosity, she scanned her surroundings, seeking answers to her disorienting predicament. A sign caught her attention, bearing the words "Fort Erie Friendship Festival." Intrigued, she made her way towards a nearby bridge, drawn by its allure and the promise of exploration.

Crossing the bridge, Snow White marveled at the mighty river flowing beneath her. The desire to immerse herself in its cool waters tugged at her, a fleeting respite from the strangeness that had enveloped her existence. For a blissful moment, she swam, the worries and uncertainties of her current circumstances fading away. However, her brief reprieve was shattered when she noticed an alligator trailing her from the festival grounds.

Perplexed and alarmed, Snow White questioned the odds of encountering another alligator on the same day. Doubt clouded her mind, wondering if it could truly be the same creature that had menaced her before. In a desperate attempt to escape its presence, she frantically swam across the river, forgetting that alligators were formidable swimmers themselves. Panic seized her as darkness closed in, her strength waning, and she succumbed to unconsciousness once more.

Once again, Snow White found herself suspended in a state of ethereal existence, disconnected from her physical being. The boundaries between reality and the intangible blurred as she grappled with her own sense of self. A faint voice permeated the void, whispering elusive words that eluded her understanding. Perplexed and disoriented, she couldn't help but question the peculiar circumstances befalling her. "What is happening to me?" she wondered, her thoughts swirling in a whirlwind of uncertainty.

When Snow White awakened, she found herself amidst a massive crowd, surrounded by the captivating energy of the place. Seeking answers, she turned to a woman standing beside her and inquired about their location. "Niagara Falls," came the reply, adding another layer of bewilderment to her already bewildered state. The magnitude of the situation intensified as Snow White approached the edge, peering out over the awe-inspiring sight of three-eyed+ majestic waterfalls. The crowd watched with bated breath as she teetered on the precipice, unsure whether she would succumb to the depths below.

Just as tension mounted, a figure emerged, bursting forth from a Martian spacecraft. It was Valentine Michael Smith, exclaiming "Grok" in his characteristic Martian vernacular. He appeared to engage with Snow White, their encounter birthing a child with remarkable attributes. The child possessed a peculiar blend of green and human characteristics, embodying a unique fusion of two worlds.

Fluent in both English and Martian languages, this extraordinary being represented a profound union of cultures.

In this pivotal moment, the narrative shifts away from the familiar characters of Snow White, Harry Potter, Shiblets, the Smurfs, and the royal figures of Library Land. The introduction carries immense significance, propelling the story into uncharted territories, where unseen forces and enigmatic destinies intertwine. It is a juncture that demands our utmost attention, promising revelations that will shape the course of the tale.

A Confused Man

In the depths of his slumber, the well-dressed man was consumed by a vivid and perplexing dream. A symphony of colors danced before his closed eyelids, morphing and intertwining in a mesmerizing display. As the dream reached its crescendo, a blinding flash of light pierced through the darkness, abruptly jolting him awake. Disoriented and still grappling with the remnants of his reverie, the man rose from his bed and surveyed the scattered books that lay haphazardly around him. The room seemed unfamiliar, as if a veil of forgetfulness had shrouded his memories. He struggled to make sense of the strange dreams that had plagued him recently, and a nagging sense of disconnection tugged at his consciousness. Who was he, and what did these dreams signify? Before he could delve deeper into his ponderings, a knock echoed through the air, signaling an unwelcome interruption.

Rushing to the door, the man's hand reached out instinctively, but to his dismay, he found himself unable to turn the doorknob. Frustration crept into his veins as he tried desperately to open the windows, only to be met with the same insurmountable resistance. The knocking intensified, transforming into relentless pounding that reverberated through the confines of the room. With each resounding thud, the man's anger surged, fueling a growing roar that emerged from his throat.

In a surreal metamorphosis, the man's body underwent a profound transformation. Limbs elongated, muscles bulged, and a thick mane cascaded down his once-human form. Within moments, he stood as a majestic lion, towering over the room with regal presence. The power coursing through his veins was undeniable, but even in his formidable

state, the walls surrounding him remained impenetrable. Frustration mingled with his newfound strength, kindling an unyielding determination. Driven by an insatiable desire for freedom, the lion unleashed his primal might upon the room. In a display of raw power and untamed ferocity, he tore through the very fabric of his surroundings. Furniture splintered, walls crumbled, and debris filled the air as his overwhelming force rent the room asunder. Dust and debris danced in a chaotic ballet, mirroring the tumultuous storm within the lion's heart.

Amidst the wreckage, the lion stood, his breath heavy and labored. The once-confining space now lay in ruins, a testament to the lion's insatiable yearning for liberation. However, despite the destruction he had wrought, true escape eluded him. The world beyond those shattered walls remained tantalizingly out of reach. A deep sense of frustration mingled with a lingering glimmer of hope, as the lion contemplated his next move, determined to break free from the confines that held him captive.

End of Episode

What role does Snow White play in the story?

What's the significance of her reoccurring blackouts?

How does King Kong fit into the larger narrative?

What is the magical powder contained in Snow White's pouch?

Where did the powder transport them?

What is the connection between Snow White and the alligator?

Why did I tell you about the Martian Child in Niagara Falls?

Who is the enigmatic man in the house?

Where was he?

Why doesn't he remember anything?

What triggered his transformation into a colossal lion?

What does it symbolize?

What is the Friendship Festival?

And where is Fort Erie?

Just kidding! We won't answer that one in particular

Above all... Where can we find the Bookshelf King?

Rest assured, we'll come to that.

Episode 4

The Unbearable Tooth

As we narrate the upcoming events, you may perceive a bouncing back and forth, akin to moving chess pieces on a board. This narrative choice will position certain characters in different areas, setting the stage for the next part of this thrilling episode.

We will start this episode with Rudolph and Bert from Accounting. While their presence may be brief, their actions set in motion a series of pivotal events. Our previous encounter with them left off with Bert launching an attack on Rudolph, plunging both of them into a perilous descent into a dark abyss. Now, as Rudolph awakens, he finds himself confronted by a mysterious figure standing before them.

"Who are you?" Rudolph inquired, his voice tinged with a mixture of curiosity and caution.

"My name is Luci, and I'm here to save your life," replied the figure. Rudolph, still recovering from the fall, scoffed, "I look pretty alive to me." Luci's eyes held a knowing gleam as he pointed back up and then towards the only other opening in the room—a cave-like entrance to the left. "Yes, but you won't make it back up there, and the perils within are insurmountable."

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Rudolph weighed his options. "What's the deal you're proposing?" Bert, slowly regaining consciousness, joined the conversation.

Luci's voice carried a hint of urgency. "Your most prized possession in exchange for your life. That's the bargain." Rudolph glanced back up at the hole from which he had fallen, realizing the arduous climb back would take months. "What choice do I have? You could simply take it by force, and I wouldn't stand a chance."

Luci extended his hand, palm upturned. "You must willingly give it to me. May I have it?"

"Wait!" Rudolph exclaimed, a sudden realization dawning on him. "I don't even have it anymore. I gave it away earlier." Luci, unfazed by Rudolph's words, simply smiled and replied, "Sure you do. Check for yourself."

Perplexed, Rudolph instinctively ran his tongue over his teeth and, to his astonishment, felt the familiar presence of the tooth back in its rightful place. He couldn't comprehend how it had returned, but there it was, unmistakably present. Wide-eyed, Rudolph looked at Luci and stammered, "How did you...? I don't understand."

Luci's smile widened, his voice filled with an enigmatic tone. "Some things are beyond explanation, Rudolph. Fate works in mysterious ways."

Resigned to his fate, Rudolph reluctantly handed over the tooth, a mix of apprehension and curiosity coloring his expression. In a mesmerizing display, Luci vanished into a puff of purple smoke, leaving Rudolph momentarily stunned.

Now, with the tooth gone, the path ahead for Rudolph would be forever altered. The consequences of this exchange were yet to unfold, but one thing was certain—it marked a turning point in Rudolph's journey and would have profound implications for the future of Library Land. Though it may be disheartening to leave Rudolph in this precarious situation, it's crucial to propel the story forward.

Now, we'll shift our focus back to the top of the hole, where Bambi tirelessly searches for Rudolph.

Bambi

Bambi, fueled by his determination to find Rudolph, had successfully evaded the ambush and reached the hole where Rudolph had fallen **(We'll see the ambush from Alvin's perspective later)**. The scent of their comradeship lingered in the air, guiding Bambi towards the unknown depths. Just as he prepared to leap into the darkness, a well-dressed man materialized before him.

Unaware that the man was Luci, Bambi politely inquired, "Excuse me, have you seen any other reindeer around here... or down there, sir?"

The man responded dismissively, "I haven't seen anyone. I've just woken up, and I'm afraid I can't be of assistance."

Bambi's senses heightened as he caught a peculiar scent emanating from the man's clothes. Stuttering slightly, he continued, "Why do you smell like... like a... dra-" Before Bambi could finish his sentence, Luci abruptly interrupted, stating that he was too busy to address the matter and bidding farewell before vanishing into a puff of purple smoke.

Perplexed by Luci's evasive behavior, Bambi's instincts kicked in. "Wait a minute! I can still smell you. You didn't disappear; you simply went invisible. I can track you down."

As Bambi started following Luci's lingering scent, he heard approaching footsteps and swiftly concealed himself in the nearby bushes. It was Cupid, now accompanied by Darth Vader and Darth Maul. Bambi's suspicions about Cupid deepened, reinforced by their conversation. He overheard Darth Maul's excited chuckle, proclaiming Bert from Accounting as their finest asset and discussing the plan to utilize a mysterious hand for immense wealth.

Once the trio had departed, Bambi recommitted himself to pursue Luci. However, his attention was diverted again when he noticed a man carrying a large sack. Intrigued, Bambi decided to tail him instead. Sensing Bambi's pursuit, the man quickened his pace, initiating a thrilling chase through the forest.

Navigating through the maze of trees, Bambi eventually reached a clearing where the abandoned sack awaited. Curiosity piqued, he cautiously approached it, only to hear strange rumblings from within.

The anticipation grew, rendering Bambi oblivious to Goldmember's stealthy approach from behind. Suddenly, Bambi found himself ensnared by a leash, and Goldmember voiced his amusement, exclaiming, "Well, well, what do we have here?"

We again hate to leave a character like this but again... The story must go on like a chess game.

Papa Smurf

The last time we encountered Papa Smurf, he was driving Elvis' pink Cadillac, fleeing from a menacing storm and a swarm of angry Oompa Loompas. Meanwhile, Alvin had leaped out of the vehicle in pursuit of Midas. Now, let's catch up with their adventures instead of Alvin like before.

On the road to Central Bookshelf, the atmosphere inside the vehicle was brimming with relief and joy. They had successfully evaded the treacherous storm, and Papa Smurf extended a hand for a high five to Elvis. "You saved us, Elvis. If not for you, we wouldn't have made it past those Oompa Loompas. What's been going on with them lately?"

Elvis sighed, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. "There's something fishy about the whole situation. The Oompa Loompas have multiplied, and their behavior has become increasingly hostile. We need to figure out what's causing this and come up with a plan."

Suddenly, Papa Smurf spotted a hitchhiker up ahead. As they approached, they noticed that no one else seemed willing to give him a ride. However, they were unable to stop even if they wanted to. Papa Smurf glanced at Smurfette, who was nowhere to be found. It dawned on him that she was no longer in the car. The hitchhiker raised his hand, and the vehicle gradually slowed down until it came to a complete stop. Confusion filled the air as Elvis questioned, "What just happened? I still had power in the vehicle."

The hitchhiker spoke calmly, "Your vehicle has been tampered with. But fear not, I can help." Elvis popped the hood, and as the hitchhiker waved his hands over the engine, it roared back to life. "No one will be able to tamper with this vehicle again," he assured them.

"Do you mind giving me a ride to Central Bookshelf?" the man asked politely. "Of course," replied Papa Smurf. "But first, we need to go back and retrieve our friend who was left behind. Once we've done that, we'll take you wherever you need to go. Does that sound fair?"

With the stranger now in the car, the occupants bombarded him with questions, but he appeared too timid to respond. In an attempt to break the silence, they turned on the radio, and each of them sank into their own thoughts.

"Turn up the radio!" Papa Smurf commanded suddenly, catching a snippet of something intriguing. "Did they just mention that a new leader will be crowned tonight?"

The radio broadcaster's voice filled the air, "This just in! The Royal Meeting is reaching its final stages. Soon, Library Land will have a new leader. It's evident that the people have made thei..." Before the message could continue, the hitchhiker leaned forward and turned off the radio, his voice tinged with disappointment. "Isn't that just great? Arthur is the best Bookshelf King who ever existed. He maintained harmony throughout Library Land. But what if the next leader turns out to be evil? What if we are thrust into Word War Three? We could end up as slaves by tomorrow... or worse."

Elvis, his curiosity piqued, interrupted, "Who are you?" He gradually pulled over the Cadillac. "And why did you think you could touch my radio? Also, you mentioned that Arthur IS the best Bookshelf King. Shouldn't it be WAS, considering he's no longer with us?"

The hitchhiker's voice filled with anticipation. "My name is Jack, and let me tell you, I have a story that will keep you on the edge of your seat," Jack began, his words interrupted by a sudden knock on the window. Startled, they turned their attention to the source of the sound. A mysterious figure stood outside, their face concealed in shadows. Elvis rolled down the window cautiously, allowing a faint breeze to seep into the car.

Jack hid his face and pretended he was sleeping.

Unbeknownst to them, it was Luci, so let's have a perspective switch in order to see why.

Luci

As he approached the Cadillac with calculated steps, a whisper escaped Luci's lips, barely audible, "Right on time." The sudden knock on the window startled Elvis, causing him to fumble and scatter his chips in all directions.

Leaning in, the enigmatic figure spoke in hushed tones, urgency lacing their words. "You must listen attentively," they insisted, their voice carrying the weight of a world in peril. "The destiny of Library

Land hangs in the balance. A treacherous plot is unfolding, and you hold a crucial piece of the puzzle."

Papa Smurf exchanged a worried glance with Elvis, his voice betraying a mix of curiosity and apprehension. "What do you mean? What puzzle? And who exactly are you?" The air grew heavy with anticipation as they awaited the figure's response.

With a momentary pause, the mysterious individual unveiled their identity. "I am known as the Guardian," they revealed, their voice resonating with authority. "I have been entrusted with safeguarding the legacy of the Bookshelf King."

Silence settled inside the car, allowing the significance of the Guardian's words to sink in. Each occupant grappled with the magnitude of the situation unfolding before them.

"Fortunately, I have found you," the Guardian continued, their voice filled with urgency. "You must make your way to Central Bookshelf without delay. Library Land needs you to play your part."

Elvis exuded confidence as he asserted their commitment to rescuing their lost teammate. "We left one of our own behind, and we won't proceed without retrieving Smurfette."

"I'll go get her. You focus on aiding Library Land," Papa Smurf declared, determination etched on his face as he prepared to embark on his mission. "Take care, my friend," Papa Smurf bid farewell to Elvis, concern lacing his words. "Head swiftly towards Central Bookshelf in our stead."

As the Cadillac pulled away, the promise of finding their friend filled Papa Smurf's heart with hope, but it quickly dissipated as Luci, just as Papa Smurf uttered his gratitude, vanished in a puff of purple smoke, leaving him standing alone on the desolate highway.

"Um... thank you," Papa Smurf muttered, his gaze drifting towards the retreating figure of Elvis, now too far away to turn back. A storm loomed ahead, a daunting obstacle blocking his path.

Determined and resolute, Papa Smurf braced himself for the impending tempest. With each step, he ventured closer to the turbulent skies, knowing that his journey would test his courage and

resolve. Alone, he pressed forward, his heart intertwined with the fate of Library Land."

Alvin

Last time we saw Alvin, he leaped out of the Cadillac, pursuing the mysterious man who had unwittingly led him to King Midas. Goldmember chased after Midas in the opposite direction, leaving Alvin with a crucial decision to make. Instinctively, he chose to follow Midas, driven by the urgency to offer a warning.

As Alvin closed the distance, he discovered Midas engaged in a conversation with three deer, their presence creating an atmosphere of uncertainty. Before them stood the imposing figures of Darth Vader, Darth Maul, and the enigmatic Bert from Accounting. The collision of forces set the stage for a dramatic confrontation, and Alvin found himself at the epicenter of this unfolding event.

Having witnessed the consequences of Rudolph and Bert's encounters, as well as the subsequent actions of Bambi, it was now time to unveil the missing piece of the puzzle. With anticipation building, we resume the story at this pivotal moment, ready to uncover the fate that awaits our characters.

Bert from Accounting and Rudolph had swiftly made their exit, leaving the remaining combatants locked in a fierce battle.

As Cupid darted off in pursuit of Rudolph, Bambi and Midas found themselves facing their formidable adversaries alone.

With lightning speed, Bambi skillfully evaded Darth Vader's menacing lightsaber strikes, while Midas fearlessly engaged Darth Maul in combat. "Watch your hand! Don't let him touch you!" warned Darth Vader, recognizing the danger posed by Midas' unique abilities. Darth Maul sneered, twirling his lightsaber with confidence. "It's no match for our lightsabers anyway," he scoffed, launching a powerful strike toward Midas.

However, Midas, fueled by his magical touch, caught the lightsaber with his hand, causing it to undergo a remarkable transformation — turning solid gold.

"Drop it!" commanded Darth Vader, his voice laced with a hint of awe. Darth Maul obeyed, stepping back in surprise. The once-menacing lightsaber had been transformed into a shimmering golden weapon.

"What's this? Looks like the tides have turned," Midas taunted, seizing the moment. "Now, give up!"

In a cunning move, Cupid capitalized on the distraction, sneaking up behind Midas and knocking the golden lightsaber out of his grasp. Seizing the opportunity, Darth Vader swiftly struck, severing Midas' golden hand.

Darth Maul swiftly retrieved a bag and placed Midas' golden hand inside, causing the bag itself to be transformed into solid gold. With a sly grin, he held up the precious loot. "Look what we have here," he remarked, confident in their victory.

Undeterred, Midas defiantly wielded the lightsaber with his remaining hand and lunged at Darth Maul. "You don't want to do this. I still have two hands, and I will defeat you," Darth Maul declared, determination radiating from his voice. "So, we're going to leave now. How does that sound?"

The two villains began their retreat, with Midas opting not to pursue them. Bambi, gasping for breath, drew Midas' attention. "Your hand!" he exclaimed, concern etched on his face.

Midas smirked, his confidence undeterred. "They won't get too far with it. Once I return home, I can call the hand back to me. But what about you?" he pondered aloud, scanning the surroundings for Cupid, who had vanished once again.

"I have to find Rudolph!" Bambi's voice trembled with urgency. Midas bid him farewell, understanding the gravity of his mission. As Bambi raced off to join the unfolding events, Alvin approached Midas cautiously.

Midas swiftly stowed away the lightsaber, not wanting to alarm Alvin. The tension hung in the air as they faced each other, ready to navigate the uncertain path that lay ahead.

"Mr. Midas, I completely forgot to mention, the man you encountered was wearing a distinctive gold jumpsuit with a big 'G' on it," Alvin blurted out.

"Goldmember. He's been my most devoted fan ever since I gained this power. Thank you for the information," Midas responded, a hint of amusement in his voice. "Normally, I would reward you with some gold, but as you can see..." he trailed off, erupting into laughter, realizing his golden hand was now gone.

Alvin chuckled awkwardly, unsure of how to respond to the irony of the situation. Sensing Alvin's curiosity, Midas inquired, "What lies ahead for you?"

"I need to locate my brothers. Unfortunately, I can't seem to remember where they are," Alvin replied with a tinge of concern. Midas, with a mischievous glint in his eye, suggested, "You should seek out the woman in the swamp. She possesses the ability to find anyone you're looking for. Just be prepared to endure a less-than-pleasant dinner. The food there is dreadful, but she'll get the job done." Midas chuckled, teasingly.

They continued walking until Midas guided Alvin towards a trail that led to the swamp. "Simply follow that trail until you reach the river, then go with the current. It will lead you straight to her."

"Thank you, King Midas, and good luck in retrieving your hand," Alvin expressed his gratitude.

"Good luck in your search for your brothers," Midas wished him well with a warm smile as they bid each other farewell, heading in their respective directions.

The journey along the trail felt never-ending for Alvin, unlike Midas who seemed to disappear quickly, traversing with relative ease. Fatigue washed over him, and he yearned for a moment's respite. As he approached a clearing ahead, a colossal bag caught his attention.

Curiosity piqued, he ventured closer, noticing Goldmember fast asleep nearby. Seizing the opportunity, Alvin decided to investigate. Employing his innate stealth as a chipmunk, Alvin crept up without making a sound.

Intrigued by the contents of the bag, his curiosity got the better of him. Alvin cautiously opened it and, to his astonishment, leapt inside, discovering a trove of shimmering gold.

Overwhelmed by the sheer abundance of wealth before him, Alvin attempted to fill his shirt with as much gold as possible. However, his plans quickly unraveled when the bag unexpectedly sealed shut and began to move. Fearing detection, he opted to lie still and await his fate, drifting off into slumber.

Upon awakening, Alvin chewed a minuscule hole, providing him a narrow view of the surroundings. His gaze fell upon Bambi, who appeared to be restrained by a leash and under Goldmember's control. Alvin recognized his dear friend and softly whispered to himself, "Not you too."

For an hour, they journeyed through the forest until finally reaching a majestic golden door. Asserting himself, Bambi demanded, "Now that I've fulfilled my part of the bargain, release me so I can find my friend.

Give me a moment to speak with someone, guard this bag, and then I'll set you free." Bambi approached the bag and whispered, "Are you okay?" Unbeknownst to Alvin, Bambi was aware of his presence and received a reassuring response. Determined to free his friend, Bambi attempted to pry open the bag, but his efforts proved fruitless. Alvin, in turn, gnawed at the hole, attempting to widen it. However, their rescue attempt was cut short as Goldmember returned.

"Alright, little creature, you can go," Goldmember uttered, setting Bambi free from his leash. Bambi gradually distanced himself, his movements laced with unspoken promises to assist Alvin. Unable to vocalize their plans, the silent communication between them remained strong.

Darkness enveloped Alvin as the man stepped through the doorway, leaving him to wonder about his fate. In an instant, Alvin found himself amidst a grand Royal Meeting, where numerous voices clashed in passionate debate. Amidst the chaos, he honed in on the most clamorous voice.

"Why is my daughter still frozen? What manner of sorcery is this? Execute the boy!" demanded King Lewis, ruler of Child Land and the Land of Small Creatures, Patricia's father.

"We do not know," exclaimed Margaret, prompting King Lewis to unleash a torrent of threats, vowing revenge if answers were not provided. Alvin's gaze shifted to Stine and King Stephen engaged in a heated argument with Queen Caroline and King Ernest, their words blending into an indecipherable cacophony.

Yet, what captivated his attention most was a mysterious woman making her way towards the bag, eventually becoming the sole focus of his sight. Though her identity remained obscured, her words rang crystal clear. "Shiblets, come here!" she whispered, and suddenly, an icy chill pervaded everything within the bag.

"Please find the boy before this fool starts incinerating everything. He is the final piece we need to seize control of this entire situation. Once we have the boy, victory shall be ours. So, find him!" The woman's command resounded, met with unwavering loyalty.

"Whatever you ask of me, my lady, it shall be done." Shiblets departed, and the bag gradually warmed up. Niche, having listened intently to the clandestine conversation, absorbed almost every word.

Seizing the moment, Alvin focused on King Stephen, who called for everyone's attention. As he spoke, Alvin observed a flurry of activities unfolding simultaneously: Margaret leaving in a suspicious manner, Elvis entering through the door, Agatha hastily pocketing an item, and Goldmember surreptitiously pilfering a golden candlestick (**an act that merely emphasized his affinity for stealing gold**). Agatha, evidently noticing her sister's departure, surveyed the surroundings before making her own exit.

"Library Land is in disarray..." Every eye, including Alvin's, fixated on King Stephen, as his words reverberated throughout the chamber, commanding the full attention of those present during this pivotal Royal Speech.

End of Episode

**What will Rudolph do now that he no longer has his Gold Tooth?
What are Luci's intentions for it?
Will Bambi find Luci?**

**Will Bambi find Rudolph?
Why did Luci ensure Elvis attended the Royal Meeting?
Who is Jack?
What is the extraordinary tale he is obliged to share with them?
Where is Smurfette?
Will Luci extend aid to Papa Smurf?
Or did Luci purposefully aim to divide the group?
Will Bambi locate Rudolph and convey the news about Cupid?
Why did Cupid betray Midas?
Will Midas be able to retrieve his hand?
Who is the mysterious woman dwelling in the swamp?
How will Alvin manage to escape the bag?
Will Bambi come to his rescue?
Who is collaborating with Shiblets?
What role does the Fingernail play in all of this?
Where has Margaret disappeared to?**

Above all else... What happened to the Bookshelf King?

Have you figured it out yet?

No? Read on...

Yes? You're lying. If somehow you did catch our hints then congratulations and see if you're right ahead.

Episode 5

The Magic of Poetry Peak

Harry

The previous encounter with Harry ended with him being dispatched on a quest from the Royal Meeting. His mission was to locate a rare and magical fruit that held the key to unveiling the whereabouts of an object rumored to possess the power to rectify a certain situation.

While taking shelter from a storm, Hermione and Harry consumed the luminous fruit, and to their astonishment, they found themselves in the presence of none other than William Shakespeare. The renowned playwright presented them with a perplexing riddle, and with newfound determination, they resumed their journey.

Along the way, they encountered an elf and a tiger who guided them to a chest buried in the ground. As Harry unearthed the chest, the overwhelming ordeal caused him to lose consciousness momentarily.

Upon regaining consciousness, Harry found himself amidst a lively celebration, surrounded by amiable individuals. At this critical juncture, Hermione stood on the brink of divulging a profound secret concerning Shiblets, while Jay Dawson, too, was on the verge of disclosing a premonition he had experienced relating to Harry. And thus, our narrative unfolds at this very moment.

Harry and Hermione engaged in a conversation with Jay Dawson, who proceeded to detail the grand battle he had foreseen.

"That's truly captivating, Mr. Dawson," Harry remarked. "Call me Daws, bro. We're friends now," Jay replied warmly.

"But Harry, there's something important we need to tell you about Shiblets. He's not who he claims to be. Shiblets is a shapeshifter, which means he can take on the appearance of anyone we encounter. This poses a great danger because we can no longer trust anyone we

meet. After you unearthed that chest and fell unconscious, Shiblets seized a magical artifact from it and vanished. Moreover, I believe there was something else trapped within the chest," Hermione explained with concern.

"What do you mean?" Harry inquired, his curiosity piqued.

"Some sort of luminous ball of light emerged with astonishing speed. It was so elusive and swift that no one could have intercepted it," Hermione clarified.

"What does that imply?" Harry pressed for further details.

"So, because I can change my shape, does that mean you can't trust me?" Shiblets snarled, his true nature exposed.

Anhel spoke up first, noting, "Am I mistaken, or does that tiger talk?"

"Never mind that," Jyd interjected, "look! It has three eyes."

"Guys, we encountered this tiger earlier this morning, remember?" Daws reminded them.

"How did you freeze the Duchess, Harry?" Shiblets growled.

"What do you mean? I didn't do it. I believe the snowman was responsible," Harry defended himself.

"You might have caused her demise, Harry. Do you comprehend that?" Shiblets accused. "Don't say that, Mr. Shiblets! I know a Stupefy spell cannot kill someone," Harry refuted.

"Your spells have the potential to, Harry," Shiblets claimed ominously.

"Tell him the truth, Shiblets," a deep voice resonated from behind them. It was Niche. "Warn them, at least."

"What is he talking about, Shiblets? Tell us now, or else!" Harry and Hermione raised their wands, ready to take action.

"Shiblets, I now understand your true intentions, and it's time for it to cease. Just reveal the truth to the boy and let's put an end to this. He deserves to know," Niche urged.

"What is Niche referring to, Shiblets? We'll ask you one final time," Harry demanded.

"Fine, alright. I suppose you would have discovered it eventually. I'm actu—" "You know what, Niche? Since you crave being the hero, why don't you enlighten them about my plans?" Shiblets interrupted, his tone mocking.

Harry, consumed by confusion, initially aimed his wand angrily at Niche before realizing and redirecting it towards Shiblets. "If you take one more step, I will Stupefy you too," Harry warned, his voice tinged with frustration. "Sorry, Niche. Please, explain to me what's happening."

"Alright, listen, Harry. Shiblets here isn't who he claims to be. He's been deceiving you all along. This entire fingernail affair is merely a setup," Niche revealed, his voice filled with conviction.

"He's lying!" Shiblets snarled, attempting to deflect the accusations. However, Harry insisted that Niche continue.

"Shiblets doesn't want you to retrieve the fingernail. He wants to do it himself and claim all the glory. He's trying to win favor with the Kings and Queens, while you should be the true hero," Niche clarified earnestly.

Shiblets burst into laughter. "I can't believe I almost divulged my plan, assuming you had somehow figured it out," he mocked, pausing to relish in his amusement.

"Stupefy!" Harry shouted, pointing his wand at Shiblets, but to no avail. "Poor kids, you have no idea who I truly am or the extent of my power," Shiblets declared ominously. In a swift motion, he dissolved into the ground and reemerged in a different form.

Harry, along with everyone present, watched in awe as the three-eyed talking tiger transformed into the Wizard Snowman. "No one ever expects the snowman," Shiblets chuckled mischievously.

"Harry told me the story, and within two minutes, I figured out it was the snowman," Hermione chimed in, displaying her quick deduction skills.

"Gold star for the suck-up. I possess countless faces that will astound you," Shiblets proclaimed, altering his appearance once again, this time into that of a fully grown man. "Arthur?" Harry exclaimed, taken aback by the uncanny resemblance.

"He's not Arthur, Harry," Hermione interjected. "He's merely adopting his appearance. Remember, he's a shapeshifter."

"You're a clever little girl, but not clever enough. I played both of you, and it was effortless," Shiblets taunted. "Give me your hand, Harry, and I will spare everyone here."

"I'm not going anywhere with you, nor am I going to hold your hand," Harry firmly refused.

Shiblets pointed menacingly at McMuff and Anhel, and in an instant, they transformed into mere puffs of purple smoke. "Now, give me your hand, or the girl is next," he threatened, directing his gaze towards Hermione.

Reluctantly, Harry extended his hand towards Shiblets, expecting the worst. However, instead of severing it, Shiblets simply clipped his fingernail. "Please, explain. I'm a little confused," Harry requested, seeking clarity. Hermione stepped in to provide an explanation.

"Don't you see, Harry? For a new era to emerge, one would require the Crown of the Highest Head and the Hand of the Strongest Wizard. Shiblets believes that you, Harry, are the most powerful wizard in all of Library Land, surpassing even Merlin himself."

"So, if I'm the most powerful wizard, why didn't my spell work on you? Why send me on this futile journey? Couldn't you have simply taken my fingernail right away?" Harry inquired, perplexed by the situation.

"Honestly, Harry, you are ten times the wizard I am. I outsmarted you because I am older and, therefore, wiser. I knew that I couldn't take your fingernail until you were weaker than me. Hence, I devised a plan to send you on a quest, deliberately weakening you in the process. It was only when you were vulnerable that I would reveal my true identity and surpass you. Come on, Harry, 'Rettop' is just 'Potter' spelled backward... Your guilt blinded you to the small details, and you unwittingly walked right into my trap," Shiblets gloated.

"But that still doesn't explain how I became weaker than you," Harry pressed for further clarification.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist the temptation of tasting such a rare fruit. Fun fact: it only grows from the La-Gullom tree once every decade. Once consumed, its effects bring about a spiritual awakening, followed by a gradual draining of your powers. It isn't a permanent drain, but by the time your powers return, I will already be the ruler of Library Land.

Now that you have unearthed the crown, and I possess your fingernail, no one can stop me," Shiblets declared triumphantly before leaping into the fire and vanishing completely, leaving behind only echoes of his laughter.

Bambi

Bambi hesitated before entering the Royal Meeting. The events inside leading up to this moment remained a mystery, only to be revealed once the doors swung open. Bambi saw the bag of gold and headed straight for it. Alvin, with a sense of urgency, urged Bambi to follow Margaret and Agatha instead of freeing him.

Bambi followed their scent to Poetry Peak, the towering bookshelf that graced Library Land. Little did Margaret know that she had unknowingly attracted the attention of three determined individuals who trailed her every move.

As Bambi stealthily observed Margaret's actions, a table in the center of a grand courtyard caught their attention. Margaret arranged a peculiar assortment of items atop it. In the distance, a colossal figure emerged, causing Bambi to seek refuge behind an ancient rock.

To their surprise, Agatha was already hiding there, gesturing for silence and observation. Together, they witnessed the approach of King Kong, who deposited a large bag into a deep crevice and another beside it. Margaret expressed her gratitude, emphasizing her belief that this act would restore harmony to Library Land.

Little did she know the true intentions lurking within the shadows.

"She plans to steal the crown and seize control of Library Land. We must intervene," Agatha whispered urgently to Bambi. "I'll stop her. You go and seek assistance."

Bambi cautiously retreated into the bushes, while Agatha bravely confronted Margaret, revealing her knowledge of the deceitful plot.

"Stop this madness, sister," Agatha demanded. "We both know you could have won the vote fairly. You're highly regarded, and you don't even possess the crown."

Margaret's mischievous smirk betrayed her hidden agenda. "Oh, Agatha, it's not what it seems," she taunted, revealing the crown she had clandestinely acquired.

Agatha's eyes widened with astonishment. "How did you obtain that? That's the... Where is the Bookshelf King? You didn't...?"

"All these questions, my dear Agatha, and only I hold the answers. If you give me a moment, I will explain my true intentions. You will understand and join me. Margaret declared, her voice laced with a twisted conviction.

Agatha, standing firm as the Queen of History, refused to yield. "You forget that I hold the power of knowledge. As the rightful ruler, I am well aware that donning that crown without the vote would result in eternal banishment. Are you prepared to face the dire consequences of forbidden magic?"

A wicked glimmer danced in Margaret's eyes. "Banished? Yes, but only if I wear the crown to assert control over Library Land. I have other plans for its usage," she revealed, raising the crown high above her head. Whispering an incantation, she tossed it into the roaring fire, igniting a colossal purple flame that spiraled upward like a mighty tornado.

In the face of impending danger, Bambi's heart raced with a sense of urgency. They swiftly fled to warn the others, for the perilous game had only just begun.

End of Episode

Who is Shiblets?

And what extent of power does he possess?

Is his true form the tiger, the snowman, or another enigmatic entity?

In the absence of power, how can Harry thwart Shiblets' intentions?

What knowledge does Niche possess regarding the unfolding events?

What significance does the trapped ball of light hold?

Will Agatha succeed in halting Margaret's malevolent scheme?

What is Margaret's grand plan anyways?

Will she succeed?

And what consequences will it bring if she does?

How will Bambi navigate this intricate web of deception?

Most importantly, the lingering question remains:

Where is the Bookshelf King?

Rest assured, we shall unveil the truth soon.

If you're paying attention the next episode is called the new ruler of Library Land is... So at least you'll find out who takes over.

Episode 6

The New Ruler of Library Land is...?

Agatha

"What are you concocting?" Agatha's voice trembled as she desperately sought to engage her sister in conversation. And to her relief, it worked. "You know precisely what I am doing, so cease these attempts at distraction! I'm surprised you're not willing to lend a hand. Deep down, you understand it's the right path to take..."

While Margaret spoke, Agatha's attention shifted momentarily to Bambi, only to find an empty space behind the rock. With a quick glance, she refocused her gaze on her sister once again.

"...restore peace, we must..." Margaret's words were abruptly cut off by the sound of sizzling fire, followed by a peculiar transformation. Water emerged from the flames, rising and solidifying into the form of a majestic tiger.

Margaret let out a cry, "Finally! Now hand it over." Shiblets obediently handed her a fingernail. "Thank you. I imagined it would look different. It's blue. Regardless, I now possess everything I require. Shiblets, you have rendered a great service to Library Land, and you shall be duly rewarded once balance is restored. The same goes for the boy."

Agatha pleaded with her sister, her voice filled with desperation. "Forging it incorrectly will strip you of your powers, Margaret. You are aware of that, aren't you? This is your last chance to return to Central Bookshelf together and win the vote fairly and squarely."

"Shiblets, could you please silence her while I complete this task? I apologize, but it must be done. We don't need another vote. We need to stop him."

"We don't need to silence her, Margaret. Just act swiftly before King Stephen notices your absence," Shiblets interjected.

"I hope this endeavor proves successful... It has to, for the sake of Library Land..." Margaret took a deep breath, gathering her resolve to proceed.

With a swift, determined motion, Margaret hurled the precious fingernail into the heart of the roaring fire. In an instant, a blinding burst of light erupted, painting the sky with an awe-inspiring brilliance.

This extraordinary event would forever be remembered as the Great Flash, a defining moment etched into the annals of Library Land. The radiance it emitted was no ordinary glow—it engulfed the entire outdoor expanse, casting its luminous embrace upon every corner and crevice.

However, the sacred enclave of Central Bookshelf remained shrouded in secrecy, shielded from the mesmerizing display. Unbeknownst to the Council, their tranquil haven was about to be shaken to its very core. The imminent revelation hung heavy in the air, as the unseen forces of destiny prepared to unveil their hand. And so, the tale continues, unfolding with heightened anticipation.

As the radiant light slowly waned, Margaret's gaze descended upon the aftermath—an immense mound of ashes strewn across the ground.

A mix of confusion and determination etched across her face, she knelt down and swept away the remnants, revealing an unexpected sight—a resplendent crown emerging from the sooty residue.

Ecstatic with the realization that her endeavor had succeeded, Margaret couldn't contain her elation. "It worked! It worked!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with triumph. Her eyes briefly flickered to the crown, noticing the absence of one jewel. Undeterred, she shrugged off the minor setback. "One jewel missing... no matter. We shall rectify this at the Royal Meeting. Shiblets, it's time to proceed. Remember, stick to the plan," she instructed, her resolve unwavering.

Stephen

Meanwhile back in Central Bookshelf, the Royal Meeting was still being held.

King Ernest paused, basking in the lingering applause, before

delivering his momentous decision. "That was an awe-inspiring speech," he declared, his voice filled with gravitas. "I, King Ernest, cast my vote in favor of Stephen to ascend as the next leader of Library Land. And with the majority in agreement, it is settled. He even managed to forge peace with King Lewis... an achievement I never thought possible." Laughter erupted throughout the crowd, sharing in the lightheartedness of the moment alongside the King of Child Land and the Land of Small Creatures.

With the jubilant atmosphere pervading the room, King Ernest continued with great honor. "Allow me to bestow upon you the title you rightfully deserve—the new Leader of Library Land, the Bookshelf King!"

King Stephen gracefully approached the podium, met with thunderous applause. Despite the lingering apprehension surrounding his name, there was no denying the profound respect he commanded as a leader. Preferring brevity, King Stephen expressed his gratitude.

"I am immensely grateful for your unwavering belief in me. Rest assured, I shall not falter in fulfilling this responsibility. As I have said, Library Land lies in disarray, and it will require great effort to restore it to its former glory. Let us now proceed to Poetry Peak, where we shall formalize this appointment and embark on the journey to reclaim our beloved realm."

With a wave and a purposeful stride, King Stephen advanced toward the door, only to be met with a confounding obstacle. "What's wrong with this door? It refuses to yield," he muttered in frustration, attempting to turn the knob to no avail.

Every subsequent attempt by others proved futile—the door stubbornly remained closed. "There's no trace of magic within this room. How can this be?" King Stephen's irritation grew, while confusion shrouded the gathered crowd as they took their seats.

Engrossed in conversation, no one noticed the door swing open until it resounded with a resolute slam, revealing Luci standing before them. King Ernest, filled with curiosity, inquired, "How did you break the spell?" With a mischievous chuckle, Luci replied, "I simply opened the door." The enigmatic statement elicited laughter before King Ernest queried further, "But how did you gain entry?"

"Well," Luci explained with a grin, "the door serves as an exit barrier, preventing us from leaving. However, it can be opened from the outside. We need only await someone's entrance to unveil the truth behind this peculiar situation."

King Ernest and the rest of the assembly returned to their respective positions at the table, anticipation tinging the air. Once again, the door swung open, but this time it was Bambi who appeared. "Don't let that door close!" King Stephen urgently commanded, and Bambi swiftly intercepted, preserving the door ajar. "Good," he breathed in relief.

"Good, now Luci..." Stephen looked around and Luci was gone. Interrupting the suspenseful atmosphere, Bambi exclaimed, "Margaret is plotti... Is Rudolph present?" His words hung in the air, filled with urgency and concern.

"No, he is not. But what is this about Margaret?" King Stephen inquired, intrigued by the unfolding revelation.

Bambi's voice trembled with conviction as he revealed the perilous truth. "Margaret seeks to seize control of Library Land. Agatha is currently confronting her at Poetry Peak. We cannot remain idle... Are you certain Rudolph is not here? I can sense his presence."

Bambi diligently sniffed around the room, his search culminating with an accusing finger pointed at Shiblets. "It's you," he stated with unwavering determination.

Surprised, King Tom interjected, pointing towards the tiger. "How did he even enter?" Before Bambi could confront Shiblets, the door swung open once more, granting entry to Margaret, followed closely by Agatha. The stage was set for a showdown of epic proportions.

"Give me one compelling reason why I shouldn't lock both of you away in the cells!" King Stephen's voice thundered through the chamber, his anger palpable.

Shiblets, undeterred, retorted, "Because, technically, you're not the Bookshelf King." Caught off guard, King Stephen furrowed his brow in confusion. "Wait, who are you again? And why do you believe you have any place in this gathering? I am the Bookshelf King, and I could banish you this very instant!"

Shiblets remained steadfast. "There is no longer a Bookshelf King. We stand on the precipice of a new era."

Growing impatient, King Stephen attempted to banish Shiblets, only to find his powers futile against the defiant figure. The room fell into hushed whispers as the realization dawned on them.

Shiblets seized the moment, a smirk playing on his lips. "You see, Stephen, you've been deceived. You are not the Bookshelf King, as I've been telling you all along. Library Land now has a new ruler, and it is not a king. We have a Bookshelf Queen. Under her rule, none of you shall dare to stray from the path again."

Margaret's cheeks flushed, a mix of embarrassment and fear coursing through her veins. She had always harbored a deep apprehension of Stephen and his secret power, but now, at this very moment, that fear reached its zenith. Reluctantly, she mustered the courage to speak.

"I never intended it to go this far, Stephen. I had no choice but to do what I did. Rest assured, my reign will be short-lived. You needn't worry." The revelation struck King Stephen like a bolt of lightning.

"It was you? I trusted you! How could you betray me like this?" In a fit of rage, he lunged at Margaret, her reflexes made her banish Stephen, only to find her attempt thwarted—it simply didn't work.

Confusion etched across Margaret's face. "Wait... Not that I want to, but I don't understand. Why isn't this working? I wear the crown... It should be in my control."

Stephen tackled her to the ground, and in the chaos, the crown rolled across the floor, coming to a stop near Shiblets, who swiftly picked it up. A transformation began to take place, as Shiblets shape-shifted from a tiger into a man—Luci himself.

"Perhaps," Luci began, his voice dripping with malice, "you were never meant to be the Bookshelf Queen. Look at the two of you, consumed by your insatiable hunger for power, fighting each other." He held up the gold tooth, the missing jewel that completed the crown, a sinister smile curving his lips.

"That belongs to Rudolph!" Bambi shouted, sprinting toward Shiblets, but before he could reach him, a blinding flash engulfed the room, and Bambi vanished into a puff of golden smoke.

"Now, let me reveal my truest form," Luci declared, his voice resonating with an eerie authority.

"I am Arthur Louis Shiblets, and tonight, I pass the torch of command. With this crown, with this added piece, it becomes the ultimate symbol of authority. Its wearer shall be the true ruler and head of Library Land. Without further ado, allow me to introduce the new sovereign of Library Land..."

He paused for dramatic effect, his gaze sweeping across the room, before resting on a figure standing beside him, radiating with newfound power.

"The new Bookshelf Queen... My wife, Agatha."

End of Episode

Is Agatha truly the new Bookshelf Queen?

How does Margaret react to this revelation?

Why did Margaret claim she wouldn't rule for long?

What was Margaret's ultimate plan?

What significance does the tooth hold in this turn of events?

What options does King Stephen have to address the situation?

Is there any way for him to regain control?

Where was Bambi transported to?

But above all... Where is the Bookshelf King?

Let's uncover the answers.

Episode 7

The Guitar and the Stolen Bracelet

Margaret

“Let me introduce myself in my truest form... (yadda... yadda.... yadda...) The new Bookshelf Queen... My wife Agatha.”

I don't need to repeat that do I? Good. Let's continue.

The announcement took everyone by surprise, but Margaret was the most shocked of all. Her sister had managed to outwit her, and it infuriated her. "Shiblets, have you enchanted me?" Margaret growled in frustration. No matter what she attempted, she found herself immobilized.

"Silence her for a moment, darling," Agatha chimed in, preparing to deliver her speech. She placed the crown upon her head, embracing her new role. "I am deeply grateful to be chosen as your esteemed Bookshelf Queen. This is a tremendous honor."

King Ernest erupted in outrage, rising from his seat and shouting, "Chosen? Who elected you? I, Ernest, the King of Non-Fiction, denounce you as..." In an instant, a blinding flash transformed Ernest into a book.

"Yes! Finally, I understand the immense power held by the Emperors of History. The feeling is intoxicating," Agatha remarked, casting a mischievous glance at the other kings and queens. "With my reign, Library Land will witness significant changes."

"A wise woman once told me that only someone truly wicked can govern Library Land's immense chaos," Agatha continued, banishing King Tom and Queen Caroline without cause.

"Who among you will be exiled, and who will serve in the new Council?" Agatha surveyed the remaining rulers, waiting for a response.

It was King Neil who dared to speak up, saying, "I, King Nei..." before being struck by the same blinding flash, disappearing without a trace. King Sue, Stine, and J from the fantasy section knelt before Agatha, pledging their allegiance, and she allowed them to remain in their respective domains.

"Stine! I can't believe you would betray me like this," Stephen sighed, his disappointment evident.

Goldmember

Same room, same scene. Just a perspective switch for you. Goldmember despised speeches, finding them unbearable. Lengthy periods of talking always drove him crazy, earning his disdain for the Royal Speech. As soon as it commenced, his attention waned, and he quickly drifted off into his own world.

His dreams were consistently consumed by one obsession: gold. The allure of acquiring it, hoarding it, and amassing vast collections of it had a tight grip on him. In his dream that day, he found himself rowing a boat across an endless ocean, headed towards a radiant golden island. Everything he saw was bathed in shimmering gold. Majestic birds spewing flames soared high above him, creating a mesmerizing spectacle.

Suddenly, the resounding roar of thunder conjured by Shiblets reverberated throughout Central Bookshelf, jolting Goldmember awake. His gaze fell upon Margaret, still pinned against the wall, but his focus was fixated on something adorning her wrist. Ensuring that everyone's attention remained fixed on Agatha, he stealthily maneuvered towards the defenseless Queen of Fiction, seized by curiosity and a glimmer of opportunity.

"Verily, it seems you have naught to bestow upon me as reward," Goldmember whispered with a sly grin. Swiftly, he removed the bracelet from Margaret's wrist and departed off to the side again with a sense of urgency and ease. Amidst the gathering, only King Stine caught sight of the exchange, but he chose to remain silent, for his disdain for Margaret ran deep.

Agatha paused in her tracks, fixing her gaze upon Margaret, her own sister. "Shiblets, release her from the enchantment and restore her freedom of movement," she commanded.

With a wave from Shiblets, Margaret collapsed to the ground, only to rise again and lock eyes with her sister. Agatha took the initiative, posing a weighty question, "Shall you stand against me, sister, or choose to rule beside me? This decision holds immense significance, surpassing all others you have faced."

Margaret maintained a steely gaze, a mask of repulsion etched upon her face. Silence permeated the air, broken by Agatha's words once more, "Sister, why do you withhold your voice from me? Does your resentment stem from the fact that you are no longer the Bookshelf Queen?" Agatha awaited a response from Margaret, who remained resolute in her silence.

"Know this, sister," Agatha declared, breaking the silence once more, "I comprehend the cause of your muteness, and I respect it. Therefore, as the ruler of Library Land, I hereby decree a law: When I pose a question henceforth, it shall be deemed unlawful to withhold an answer. I pose the question anew, dear Margaret... Will you stand by my side in rule? Together, we shall forge a new and prosperous Library Land. Though the path may be arduous, living under my reign, I believe you will eventually come to embrace it. Tell me, dear sister, what do you desire? Will you persist as the Queen of Fiction?"

Margaret, compelled to reply, mustered her courage and swiftly responded, "I, Margaret..." She braced herself, expecting an imminent banishment, yet to her surprise, nothing came to pass. Agatha did not flinch nor attempt to banish her.

Seizing the opportunity, Margaret pressed on, "I, Margaret, the Queen of Fiction, denounce you as the new Bookshelf Queen..." Still, no consequences befell her words. Confusion and frustration etched themselves upon Margaret's face as she wondered aloud, "Why does it not work? The laws of Library Land dictate that uttering such a statement by a member of the Royal Council..."

Agatha chuckled, her voice laced with smug satisfaction. "Touch your head, dear sister. You no longer bear a crown... You have erred in forbidden magic, rendering you powerless. Still, I offer you a chance

to join me. Assume a ruling position, wherein you may strive to reclaim your crown. What say you, Margaret?"

In that moment, Margaret stood tall, a beacon of determination and resolve, as she proclaimed, "I, Margaret, the Queen of Fiction, shall rectify this grievance. I seek not the rightful rule of Library Land, but I pledge to seize the crown that adorns your head. Should you banish me, I possess a secret power, unknown even to you, which shall be deployed to overthrow you."

Agatha's facade wavered, a flicker of fear betraying her for the first time since her coronation. Raising her hand, she bellowed, "I shall cast you into a realm where never shall you lay eyes upon another living soul... Let alone pose a threat to my reign. But before I do, let it be known that it has been an honor to serve alongside you throughout these years. Though irreplaceable, I, Agatha, the Queen of History and ruler of Library Land, hereby banish you, Margaret! You shall not return until I grant permission."

In an instant, Margaret, like the others before her, transformed into a mere book, fallen upon the floor. Agatha collected the books, placing them within her bag, and bid her final words, "Farewell, sister."

Elvis was watching everything unfold in the same room, we're just switching perspectives.

In the midst of the chaos, Elvis caught sight of Agatha whispering a secret command to Shiblets, who promptly summoned King Kong. A sense of urgency gripped Elvis as he realized the gravity of the situation, contemplating, "No song in my repertoire possesses the power to halt this unfolding turmoil. I must make my escape before I, too, fall victim to her banishment."

As Elvis made his way out, he could still hear Agatha's commanding voice resonating through the air, addressing the crowd with authority. "I command that each and every one of you evacuate and return to the shelter of your abodes. From this very instant, Central Bookshelf shall be known as the Forbidden Zone. From the depths of its foundation to the summit of Poetry Peak, none shall tread upon its hallowed ground save for royalty. Any who dare venture forth shall be deemed spies, charged with treason, and subjected to trial. Fear not,

for I shall devise means to communicate the whereabouts of the forthcoming Royal Gathering, where new monarchs shall be elected."

With Agatha held aloft by King Kong, they departed, leaving in their wake a tremor that rattled the very shelves, causing objects to dislodge and cascade down upon the unfortunate souls below.

Elvis, Spiderman, and a select few managed to escape the ensuing turmoil unscathed, but many others found themselves trapped amidst the chaos. Papa Smurf arrived on the scene, promptly spotting Elvis.

Concerned, he shared his woes of Luci's disappearance and his inability to locate Smurfette. Elvis relayed the events that transpired, and together, they began devising a plan.

With haste, Elvis made his way to the Cadillac, retrieving his guitar case from the trunk. While returning to the scene though, he espied a group of Oompa Loompas in the distance, dragging Papa Smurf away under the direction of a figure shrouded in darkness. A hooded figure turned, pointing an accusatory finger, prompting a hundred Oompa Loompas to surge towards Elvis.

"Elvis, let us flee at once! Before we, too, fall into their clutches," pleaded Jack, his voice filled with worry. Elvis, however, stood resolute, responding, "You don't understand, my little buddy. We can retrieve him... With the power of my music, we can stand against any army, no matter their numbers. I shall wield the only weapon I shall ever require in this life... This guitar."

Placing the ornate black and white guitar case adorned with feathers and beads before him, he raised his gaze to meet the approaching horde of Oompa Loompas. Inhaling deeply, he unlatched the case, ready to draw forth his source of courage.

Yet, his heart sank and his confidence wavered when he discovered his beloved guitar was missing. Hastily, he rushed back to the Cadillac, driving away as the relentless Oompa Loompas nearly seized hold of the fleeing vehicle.

"Who would dare pilfer my cherished guitar? They couldn't possibly comprehend its essence," Elvis pondered with a mix of frustration and disbelief. As they distanced themselves from the crumbling Central Bookshelf, Elvis cast a solemn glance back, bidding his farewell.

"Farewell, Central Bookshelf. This dark day casts a pall over Library Land, leaving a sorrowful mark upon its annals," he sighed, his voice filled with melancholy.

End of Episode

**Where did Agatha send Margaret?
Where are the banished Kings and Queens?
Who's Agatha going to choose to replace them?
Can anyone stop Agatha now that she's the Bookshelf Queen?
Does Goldmember have a plan for Margaret's bracelet?
Or is he just addicted to stealing gold?
Why did Luci ditch Papa Smurf?
Who was the person wearing the hoodie?
Were they leading the Oompa Loompas?
What do they want with Papa Smurf?
Who stole Elvis' guitar?**

Most importantly... Where's the Bookshelf King?

He's in your heart. We're kidding. He is alive but you'll need to wait a little longer to find out where.

Episode 8

The Shiny and the Golden Shard

Queen Agatha

King Kong climbed up Poetry Peak and gently placed Agatha down. "You have been a loyal servant and a dear friend to me," she said to him. "I have an important question for you. Would you like to become the new ruler of the Fiction Section?"

King Kong respectfully declined, expressing his desire for an alliance with the one in power rather than seeking power himself. He assured Agatha of his continued service and loyalty. The Queen was pleased with his response and smirked.

Agatha then asked King Kong to find the chef, a specific individual whom they both knew. King Kong nodded and left to carry out the task.

Turning around, Agatha caught sight of her new castle in the distance. She found it even more magnificent than Shiblets had described. Eager to enter, Agatha tried to open the door, but Shiblets had not shared the enchantment to gain access. Frustrated, she snapped her fingers, causing the bag containing Alvin to vanish. "I'll get that after" she thought as she paced back and forth, contemplating the replacement of the banished Kings and Queens when she suddenly felt an attack from behind.

A creature leaped onto her back, resembling a malicious backpack that sought to harm her. Agatha knew that if she attempted to banish the creature while it was touching her, she would be banished as well.

Determined to remove it first, she engaged in a fierce struggle. Eventually, she managed to throw it off and chased it until it was cornered near some rocks.

With authority, Agatha proclaimed, "I, Queen Agatha, banish you now and forever to live within your book..." However, her banishment attempts failed to have any effect on the creature.

Frustrated and confused, Agatha demanded to know the creature's identity. The creature remained silent, prompting Agatha to threaten summoning the most formidable warrior she knew to extract the truth. Still, the creature remained huddled in the corner, whimpering and refusing to respond.

Growing increasingly frustrated, Agatha attempted to open a book from her bag but encountered resistance. In a fit of annoyance, she threw the book at the creature instead. Agatha pressed on, determined to uncover the creature's identity and allegiance.

Despite the creature's coughing and incoherence, Agatha managed to decipher a few words: "the shiny" and "sorry." Realizing that the creature was nothing more than a thief, Agatha declared that he must pay for his crimes. She forbade him from walking anywhere in Library Land and sentenced him to remain within the confines of a story for the rest of his days.

As Agatha prepared to enact the banishment, her husband intervened, urging her not to punish the creature unjustly. He proposed an alternative destination for someone like the creature, a place they both knew well. Agatha acknowledged their shared understanding and confirmed the location.

With a wave of his hands, Shiblets made the creature disappear, sending him to the designated place. Agatha and her husband then focused on their future together and proceeded to explore their new home.

Cupid

In our previous encounter, Cupid betrayed both Midas and Bambi, aligning himself with the likes of Darth Vader and Darth Maul in their quest to locate Rudolph. Unaware of the events that unfolded during the Royal Meeting, Cupid's main focus remains unchanged — he is determined to steal Rudolph's tooth.

"So, Cupid, I don't get it. If you lived with Rudolph for all those years... with the hopes to snatch his tooth; why did you never try?" inquired Darth Maul.

Cupid chuckled, contemplating the question before responding, "That's a good question, Darth Maul."

“Just call me Maul. Now that we're friends, you can drop the Darths; it gets confusing.”

"Okay, Maul, here's my story," Cupid began. "I've been searching for the tooth most of my life, and just when I had lost all hope, I spotted the young deer with a golden smile. It was the moment of truth, the culmination of my quest. I was heading towards Rudolph, but little did I know that Bambi was lurking just out of sight. I realized I had to play the role of their friend until the perfect opportunity arose.

However, every time I got close to taking the tooth, Bambi would inexplicably appear. It became a recurring obstacle, frustrating my attempts. I had even planned to lead them towards a beast I had tied up near the Deku Tree, but fate had other plans when we ran into you two instead. Well, you know the rest."

Darth Maul expressed his remorse, saying, "I'm sorry about everything. We're actually on a quest to find the Shard of Power. It's of utmost importance as it's the only thing that can save our father."

There was a pause as Maul gathered his thoughts, and then Darth Vader continued, "We deeply regret interfering with your pursuit of the tooth. We have a proposition for you to make up for it. We'll assist you in locating your tooth if you aid us in finding the shard. What do you say?"

Cupid considered the offer for a moment, weighing the potential benefits. Finally, he nodded and replied, "Agreed. Let's strike a deal. Together, we shall embark on this intertwined journey, each fulfilling our respective quests. The tooth and the shard shall guide our way. Let's keep walking, my new allies." And so, the trio continued their path, united by an unexpected alliance.

Margaret

Alvin is still stuck in the bag of gold. Last we saw the bag was earlier in the chapter when Agatha snapped her fingers and it disappeared. Let's find out where it went.

Alvin fought for his life inside the suffocating darkness of the bag of gold. Gasping for air, he desperately scanned his surroundings, but all he could see were the encroaching purple walls. Exhausted, he

attempted to chew a larger hole in the bag, but fatigue overwhelmed him, and he collapsed to the ground.

Closing his eyes, Alvin uttered a fervent prayer, his voice filled with desperation. "Please, in the name of Arthur, help me escape this dire situation alive. I vow to bring justice to Library Land," he pleaded.

Drained, he nestled into the comforting embrace of the gold and slipped into a deep slumber.

When he awoke, he shook off the remnants of gold that clung to him and gazed upwards. A glimmer of light streamed through the top of the bag, indicating that someone had been inside and left it slightly ajar. With renewed hope, Alvin wiggled his way through the opening and cautiously peered into the room beyond.

What he beheld left him in awe. The room was adorned with enchantments, intricate writings covering the walls, and a palpable hum of magical energy permeated the air. It was a sight unlike anything Alvin had ever witnessed in his life.

Just as he gathered his courage to explore further, the front door swung open, and two figures entered. It was none other than Agatha and Shiblets, their presence commanding attention and casting an air of uncertainty upon Alvin's newfound freedom.

Rudolph

Last we saw, Rudolph had struck a deal to surrender his tooth, believing it would lead them to an escape route. However, instead of fulfilling his part and aiding their escape, Luci vanished into thin air. Now, trapped in the depths of the abyss, they found themselves in a state of utter helplessness.

Bert from Accounting and Rudolph had been sitting in silence for nearly an hour. Sensing the tension, Bert decided it was time to break the ice. "You know, it's unbelievable how that Luci guy swiped your tooth and left us behind. Some people these days," Bert expressed, shaking his head in disbelief.

Rudolph remained silent, his gaze fixed angrily on the hole above them. "I genuinely feel terrible about this whole situation," Bert attempted to engage in conversation again.

"Why were you guys chasing us? It caused me to lose my most precious possession... My... Precious," Rudolph snapped, sinking back down and letting out a deep breath as tears welled up in his eyes.

"We were searching for a significant piece of our history, or so the legends say. The Shard holds great value, and we thought robbing you would provide us with enough to secure some food. I'm not normally this kind of person, but they make me feel important. If we had known it was just a tooth, we would've laughed and walked away," Bert explained, hoping to convey his remorse.

Rudolph abruptly stood up and shouted, "Just a tooth! Do you have any idea what that tooth means to me? How I feel right now without it? Don't even get started!" His anger flared, although he couldn't quite explain why. He began pacing back and forth. "I'm getting out of here!" Rudolph declared, attempting to climb but repeatedly stumbling with each step. Bert followed suit but fared a bit better before meeting a similar fate. After a few failed attempts, they both gave up.

"So, what's the plan now?" Bert caught his breath and continued, "If we collaborate, I'm confident we can escape this wretched pit alive."

Rudolph remained silent, his gaze fixed on the ground. "In that case, I'll help you find Luci and retrieve your tooth," Bert proposed. "And perhaps, in return, you can assist me in locating the shard. How does that sound?"

A smile broke through Rudolph's despondency as he agreed that joining forces was their best chance of escape. Suddenly, a loud crack reverberated through the air, and a small figure materialized before them. Cowering, it peered up at them with its bright green eyes.

"Nots this place again..."

End of Episode

What is the identity of the creature that attempted to attack Agatha?

What motivated the creature to desire the tooth?

What is the specific reason behind the Darths' search for the Shard?

Do they genuinely believe it could save their father?

What will become of the beast tied up near the Deku Tree?

**Is there a possibility that Agatha or Shiblets will spot Alvin?
Will Rudolph find it in his heart to forgive Bert for his actions?
Do they have a chance of escaping the hole?
Who is the mysterious figure that materialized before them?
What plans do the Darths have for Midas' hand?**

And most importantly...

Where can we find the Bookshelf King?

Can you imagine if we never told you.

Just kidding we will get to that soon.

Episode 9

The Caged Lion and the Climb

Alvin

Last we saw Alvin he was about to escape the bag of gold but Shiblets and Agatha approached making him jump back in.

"Shiblets, my dear, entrusted with one of the most crucial tasks of all, you must ensure that you cannot be overthrown by those audacious wizards until your mission is accomplished. For if they were to defeat you, they could denounce me, the reigning Bookshelf Queen."

"Speaking of which," Shiblets interjected, deftly changing the subject, "have you made your decision regarding the new monarch of Fiction? What about the King of Horror?"

Agatha, amused by the diversion, let out a light laughter before responding. "Ah, the King of Horror shall be a formidable and fearsome warrior, one who can masterfully navigate the treacherous realms of the darkest section. I initially offered you the honor, but you declined. Nevertheless, we shall revisit that matter in due time. As for the Queen of Fiction, I have found the perfect candidate for the role."

Curiosity piqued, Shiblets eagerly inquired, "Pray tell, who have you chosen to succeed your sister? I can sense your excitement!"

With a mischievous glint in her eyes, Agatha unveiled her selection, but before she could reveal the name, a resounding knock thundered at the door, interrupting their conversation.

"Who could it be?" Agatha wondered aloud, seeking insight from her companion.

"Only royalty may approach without an invitation. Let us disarm the enchantments and grant them entry," Shiblets commanded, raising his hand to dispel the spells. The door swung open, revealing the regal presence of King Sue, Stine, and J.

"Agatha, Your Highness," King Sue addressed her, "I come to inquire about the task you wish us to undertake first."

"No time for pleasantries," Agatha declared briskly. "Sue, I task you with venturing to the fabled lake we discussed. Are you ready?"

Sue nodded earnestly, ready to embark on his assigned quest. Agatha swiftly turned her attention to J, her gaze unwavering. "J, my trusted ally, you are the only one I can rely upon to journey to the perilous mountain. Will you accept this mission?"

J nodded, his loyalty unwavering. Agatha assured them, "I shall send you both detailed instructions via paper airplane. Waste no time, for I expect great feats from you in service of your new queen."

With a sense of urgency, Sue, J, and the others swiftly exited the chamber, eager to impress their new ruler with their triumphs.

Now, Agatha turned her attention to Stine. "Stine, I entrust you with the care of Stephen and our captive in the dungeon. I sense that you relish this task, am I correct?"

Stine's eagerness was palpable as he replied, "Indeed, Your Highness. I shall attend to their needs dutifully." And with that, he hastened away to fulfill his assigned duty.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Agatha and Shiblets, Alvin, who had mistaken their departure as an opportunity to escape, attempted to slip out from the bag of gold. However, their sudden return caught him off guard. Desperately seeking refuge, Alvin buried himself deeper into the glittering heap, colliding with an unforeseen obstacle that left him dazed.

Agatha and Shiblets, curious about the commotion, cautiously opened the bag, their eyes falling upon the perplexing figure before them. "And who might you be?" Agatha inquired, her voice tinged with intrigue.

As they peered into the bag, wisps of mysterious blue smoke began to rise, casting an enigmatic aura. Agatha's curiosity grew, prompting her to question, "What's happening?"

We'll come back to this.

Cupid

Maul and Cupid erupted into laughter, their mirth echoing through the forest as they shared a joke. However, their joviality swiftly faded when they caught sight of a figure approaching in the distance.

Swiftly, they concealed themselves behind the protective embrace of a towering tree. Observing the figure drawing nearer, Cupid whispered to Maul, "Could that be Bert from Accounting? The one you've mentioned before?"

Maul furrowed his brow, his eyes scanning the man's solitary presence. "It can't be him. Shh! He's almost upon us."

They bided their time, patiently waiting until the man stood just inches away. In a synchronized motion, they emerged from their hiding place, surrounding him in an instant.

"Who are you? And why do you tread upon these sacred woods today?" Cupid demanded, his voice laced with authority.

Little did they know, the man before them was Goldmember, his true identity unknown to Maul and Cupid. Held at lightsaber-point by Darth Vader, he made no attempt to retaliate, instead fixing his gaze upon Cupid's presence. "Your collar... it gleams so brilliantly. Is it made of gold?" he inquired, his fascination evident.

"Do not divert our attention. We shall ask the questions," Cupid asserted firmly. "Who are you, and what brings you to these woods?"

"I am merely taking a leisurely stroll, that's all. I assure you, I haven't stolen anything," Goldmember replied, his voice tinged with a hint of anxiety.

"Prove it! Show us what you have pilfered!" Vader interjected, his voice stern. The man flinched, but remained silent. Sensing their impatience, Maul bellowed, "NOW!"

Reluctantly, Goldmember relented, pulling a small pouch from his waistline. As he opened it before them, a brilliant radiance filled the air, causing all three to gasp in awe.

"It's merely a bracelet," sighed Vader, disappointment evident in his tone. "I see no shard, nor tooth. Where is it that you three are headed?" Crafting a fabricated tale, they spun a web of deception about their journey to seek an elusive wizard.

However, Goldmember cared little for their supposed quest or the enigmatic wizard. Instead, his mind schemed and plotted, fixated on a different prize: Cupid's illustrious collar. A plan was set in motion, silently taking shape within his cunning mind.

Rudolph

The last we saw Rudolph, he had just agreed to work together with Bert from Accounting to escape their predicament when a creature appeared in front of them.

"Who are you?" whispered Bert from Accounting, seeking shelter behind the protective presence of Rudolph. The creature, seemingly unfazed by their presence, averted its attention and began scanning its surroundings intently.

"It seems oddly familiar with this place," Rudolph murmured, his voice barely audible. "Notice how it gazes up at the hole above?"

Together, they observed the creature's behavior, its gaze fixated upon the aperture with a sense of recognition, as if it held a deep connection to the mysterious void.

“NOOOOO! We must get out of here...”

Rudolph and Bert strained to comprehend the creature's desperate plea. Confusion etched their faces as they simultaneously questioned, "What?" The creature continued its frantic ramblings, seemingly oblivious to their confusion.

“...you don't understand, AAAHHH! Why here? We need to leave, do you remember the ways from the past, where the first step again?”

“Who are you?” asked Rudolph but the creature kept talking to itself.

“We must remember where to go or the monster will get us, remember last times we almost didn't make it out.”

"Who are you? Speak now!" demanded Bert from Accounting, his voice resounding with authority. At last, the creature turned its gaze towards them, a realization dawning upon it that they, too, were living beings.

"Do you know how to get out of here too?" inquired the creature with a glimmer of hope. Rudolph brushed off the question, his own curiosity taking precedence. "Why have you disturbed us in this desolate place? You would have to wish upon the shiniest star in the sky to catch a glimpse of one again. We are trapped here, condemned to an eternity within these walls that defy all attempts to ascend. Who are you? Have you experienced this plight before?"

"Shiny! You know of the shiny?" Rudolph, caught off guard by the sudden shift in tone, responded with rudeness, mistakenly assuming the creature was referring to his prized golden tooth. With an impulsive push, the creature tumbled over, its sorrow manifesting in tears. Bert and Rudolph, feigning ignorance of the creature's anguish, turned their backs and engaged in their own conversation, deliberately ignoring its presence. In a semblance of detachment, they continued their discourse, pretending not to hear the creature's cries echoing within the abyss.

"We don't need you; we can climb out as we have before."

A moment later, they turned their gazes backward, only to witness the astonishing sight of the creature scaling the walls with incredible speed, surpassing their own climbing feats many times over. Within a few seconds, it disappeared from their view altogether.

"Didn't he mention that he had been here before and managed to escape?" Bert from Accounting exclaimed, his voice trembling with fear. "The way he's ascending now, I can't help but believe his words. If he spoke the truth about that, then what about the monsters... Oh, dear Arthur, we are doomed!"

Rudolph, however, remained deep in thought, his mind working swiftly to formulate a plan. "Bert, I have an idea," he proclaimed, his voice filled with a newfound determination. "Watch this! WE KNOW WHERE THE SHINY IS!" His words pierced the silence, capturing their undivided attention. In that moment, they listened so intently that the faint beats of their own hearts became audible.

A minute later, a distant voice barely whispered, "Shiny?" The sound reverberated through the abyss, growing louder with each passing moment as the creature made its descent back down the hole.

A Confused Man

The man abruptly emerged from a turbulent slumber, his senses reeling from the aftermath of a harrowing dream.

As he opened his eyes, a sense of uncanny déjà vu washed over him, as if he had traversed this bewildering landscape countless times before. Though disoriented, he couldn't shake off the haunting familiarity that tingled in the depths of his being.

Determined to unravel the enigma surrounding his whereabouts, he ventured forth, traversing the labyrinthine halls of his abode. Books, in a disarrayed symphony, sprawled across the floors, tables, and shelves, engulfing every nook and cranny. The disheveled state of the dwelling bore witness to the chaos within.

From the bathroom to the kitchen, he sought a glimmer of recognition, but all in vain. His quest led him to the desolate living room, devoid of any furniture but overrun by a sea of books. A surge of frustration coursed through his veins as he grasped a volume and attempted to decipher its secrets. Yet, the words danced before his eyes, elusive and indecipherable, shrouded in a maddening riddle.

Undeterred, he cast aside the book in exasperation, his heart pounding with a potent mix of anxiety and desperation. Rushing toward the door, his refuge from this enigmatic predicament, he found it obstinately locked, defying his efforts to break free from this surreal purgatory.

A tempest of panic and fury surged within him, transforming his very form into that of a majestic lion, its untamed wrath consuming his shattered sanctuary. Amidst the wreckage, exhaustion finally overcame him, and he succumbed to a fitful slumber, ensnared in an endless cycle.

Once again, he awoke in his bed, his memories of past ordeals erased by an amnesic haze, leaving only his undeniable existence. However,

this time, a subtle divergence caught his attention—a woman, an ethereal presence, seated in a chair at the foot of his bed.

With a gentle wave and a voice as sweet as honey, she beckoned to him, posing the question that echoed through the depths of his perplexed soul.

"Good morning," she uttered, her voice a melodious symphony,

"Do you remember who I am?"

End of Episode

"Who is the disoriented man, and why does he suffer from amnesia?

Who is the mysterious woman who materialized before him?

What is transpiring at the lake, where Sue is headed?

And what about the mountain, where J has been dispatched?

Who is the other individual being held captive in the dungeon?

Furthermore, what is the mission assigned to Shiblets?

Who is the new King of the Fiction Section?

And who now reigns as the King of Horror?

What fate awaits Alvin?

Why did the bag emit blue smoke?

What drove Goldmember to pilfer Margaret's bracelet?

Will he succeed in his quest to seize Cupid's collar?

Where are they transporting Goldmember?

What has befallen King Midas?

Who is the enigmatic creature in the hole?

Has it managed to escape from this place previously?

How will it react upon discovering they don't have the Shiny?

Could there be lurking monsters in this dark abyss?

Will they emerge from this perilous situation with their lives intact?

But above all... Where can we find the elusive Bookshelf King?

Rest assured, we will provide the answers soon.

Episode 10

The Street Rat

Papa Smurf

Previously we witnessed Papa Smurf embarking on a quest to locate Smurfette, which ultimately led him to the Royal Meeting when he couldn't find her. However, as Elvis hastened towards the Cadillac, an unforeseen turn of events transpired. A hooded figure, accompanied by an army of Oompa Loompas, swiftly apprehended Papa Smurf and spirited him away from the scene.

Papa Smurf awoke to find himself confined within a cage, his surroundings unfamiliar and devoid of any signs of life. With hunger gnawing at him and a thirst for water, he called out for assistance, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. Undeterred, he surveyed his surroundings, where rocks, dirt, and scattered books created a chaotic scene.

Frustration building, he raised his voice once more, demanding the presence of those responsible, but the silence persisted. Then, a glimmer caught his eye—a key shimmering on the ground not far away. Could it be the key to his liberation? Try as he might, his arm fell short of reaching it. At that moment, a curious squirrel approached, pausing just outside the confines of the cell.

"Hey, dear squirrel, could you lend a helping paw and retrieve that key for me?" Papa Smurf implored, pointing toward the elusive object. The squirrel regarded the key, but made no move to act upon Papa Smurf's request.

Urgently, Papa Smurf pleaded once more, but the squirrel remained motionless. Recalling the provisions he carried, Papa Smurf hastily tossed a handful of crackers and an apple toward the squirrel in a desperate attempt to garner its assistance.

The squirrel, gleefully consuming the offerings, eventually finished the last cracker and then, to Papa Smurf's astonishment, seized the key in its tiny paws.

Just as Papa Smurf grasped the key, the sound of approaching footsteps reached his ears. In a swift maneuver, the squirrel retreated into the cage, hiding from sight, while Papa Smurf braced himself for what lay ahead.

The fate of Papa Smurf holds immense significance, setting the stage for an enthralling journey into Season 2. However, for now, we shall momentarily set this scene aside and allow the chess pieces to align further, building anticipation for the remarkable events that await.

Rudolph

"We don't even know what the shiny is," Bert whispered cautiously. "Lying to him is our last chance to escape this predicament and survive, Bert. Don't mess this up," responded his companion in a hushed tone.

As the creature drew nearer, it posed a question, "If we helps you, will you gives us the shiny?" Bert, employing deceit, cunningly replied, "We will gladly hand over the shiny... and anything else you desire. Once we reach the top, it's all yours."

"You must makes a pinkys promise. Swears to me that your words are true," the creature requested, extending its pinky finger, awaiting their commitment. Bert and his companion exchanged glances, and with resolute determination, they swore to deliver the shiny once they were free. The creature joyfully danced around, exclaiming, "Let's go!"

True to its word, it guided them precisely where to stand and what to grasp next. Suddenly, they found themselves ascending with unexpected swiftness. After approximately five hours of climbing, they reached a point where they needed to rest. Discovering a comfortable ledge, they sat down to catch their breath.

Bert from Accounting struck up a conversation with the creature. "Where do you come from? You don't resemble anyone I've ever seen in Library Land, at least not to my knowledge."

"I am nots from this world. Well, one of my parents is, but the others isn't. That's why I'm still here, unable to find my other parent. I can't return home, or rather, I don't knows how to," the creature coughed,

then took a deep breath and carried on. "We didn't always look like this. We were once a mighty being, standing tall as a tree. Nearly as tall as the Wizard himself, yes, we were. And we possessed twice the power. Once, I possessed the most magnificent and precious object one could ever desire. It granted me immense power and elevated me above all others," the creature trailed off, lost in its thoughts.

Both Bert from Accounting and Rudolph were eager to hear the rest of the story. They roused the creature by asking, "If you stood tall before, why do you now crawl on the floor like an animal? No offense, Rudolph." Bert responded.

"Have you ever owned something that meant everything to you, the most vital things in the world, only to have it taken away? By the wickedest of men... Oh, how the bad man hurt us..." The creature started to look around anxiously. "...The thief had to come, a dirty, rotten thief. He was repulsive. He took the shiny and sent us here to fight the monsters." The creature drifted into daydreaming once more when Bert interrupted, saying, "You mean the shiny, right?"

"Yes, the shiny was our master, and it has been calling to us ever since, urging us to find it. It never rests, and it won't allow us to rest either. It longs for us, and I yearn for it. Without it, we have become like this... weak. We grow feeble with each passing day that we don't find the shiny, and I'll never make it home without it," the creature rambled. It dozed off again until Rudolph poked its shoulder.

Startled, the creature leaped onto Rudolph and uttered, "Leave the shiny alone, it's mine," before snapping back to reality. "I'm deeply sorry; the shiny sometimes drives us... crazy. Please, forgive us..." Rudolph let it slide, and they resumed their journey.

A Young Street Rat

A daring young man and his nimble monkey partner moved stealthily through the opulent halls of a grand mansion. The air was thick with anticipation as they approached their target. The man strained his ears, listening intently for any signs of activity behind the closed doors. Suddenly, a faint snoring sound emanated from one of the rooms.

"I can hear him snoring. Go in and get his keys," the man whispered to his primate companion.

With a flick of his wrist, he silently turned the doorknob, revealing a dimly lit room. The tiny monkey slipped inside, moving like a shadow. It crept toward the nightstand, its eyes focused on the glinting keys.

"Good job, Abu! You've made me proud. You never let me down," the man praised in a hushed tone. "I'll head up to the study, then meet you at the gate. How's that sound?" The monkey nodded, a glimmer of determination in its eyes. With their plan set, they parted ways, each embarking on their respective tasks.

The young boy approached the study, his heart pounding with a mix of excitement and apprehension. He attempted to turn the doorknob, only to find it locked. Undeterred, he carefully sifted through the keyring, each key a potential opportunity. As he meticulously tested them one by one, he couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

"Scrooge loves his keys... Just as much as his fortune," he muttered, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "He will regret the day he met the great Ali Baba." And then, like a stroke of fate, a big silver key slid into the lock, fitting perfectly. The door creaked open, granting him access to the study.

Inside, the walls were adorned with an array of pictures, certificates, and awards. It was a testament to the vast wealth and accomplishments of the mansion's owner. But for the street-smart intruder, it was the big black desk positioned in the room's center that held the key to their objective.

With a mix of anticipation and caution, he approached the desk. Carefully scanning its surface, his eyes locked onto a specific file.

He swiftly picked it up, his fingers gripping it tightly as he marveled at his successful heist. With the prize secured, he wasted no time. In a daring move, he dashed toward the window, ready to make his escape into the night, leaving behind the glittering treasures and the mysteries that lay within the mansion's depths.

End of Episode

**Where is Papa Smurf imprisoned?
What led to Papa Smurf's captivity?
Does the key he discovered unlock his prison?**

**Who lurks beneath the hooded figure?
How will the creature react when he uncovers their deceit?
From which realm does the creature originate?
Who exactly is this enigmatic being?
Who are his biological parents?
What precious possession was stolen from him?
What secrets did the file contain that Ali Baba absconded with?
What actions will Scrooge take in response?**

And most importantly... Where can the Bookshelf King be found?

Rest assured, the answers start coming as we wrap the season up.

Episode 11

The Lost Lover and the Lone Wolf

Romeo

my dearest romeo, I don't know exactly how to say this . . .
i've been lying to you about My pAst.
i should've Told you earlier but i THought you wouldn't undErstand
or worse, you wouldn't beLieve me.
there Are many things you don't Know yet but this note
is the first stEp to you knowing the truth.
i will give you instructions on what we sHould dO,
inclUding a map of where to go to find me, but we will get to that.
romeo, oh Sweet, romeo. I love you but only if you crack this codE
will we be able to see each other again.
-love you, juliet.

As Romeo finished his morning meal, he stumbled upon a scorched note lying on the ground. Although its visible contents were fragmented and perplexing, it piqued his curiosity. Romeo waited expectantly for two days, hoping she would return, but when she did not, he made the decision to embark on a quest to find her.

The initial days were fraught with anxiety. Every corner turned, he anticipated her presence, ceaselessly searching until the darkness obscured his vision. Then, he would unroll his sleeping bag, patiently awaiting the dawn to resume his relentless pursuit.

Residing in Concord, a tranquil abode within Library Land, Romeo knew this place as a refuge for those seeking a peaceful retirement or a clandestine refuge. Decades had elapsed since he last laid eyes upon Juliet. His hope for a reunion had dwindled, leaving him disoriented, unsure of where to direct his search. Thus, he wandered.

Lost amidst the labyrinthine jungle or forest, Romeo set up camp for the night. As he kindled the fire, he emptied his bag, revealing its contents upon the ground before him.

The assortment primarily comprised old letters and faded photographs, which he perused each night, imbuing his dreams with memories of her. These relics served as his wellspring of determination, propelling him forward day after day.

In a somnolent state, Romeo was jolted awake by the sudden combustion of his blanket. Swiftly extinguishing the flames, he found himself wide-eyed and alert.

The sun had yet to rise, but the gradually brightening sky heralded the imminent arrival of morning. Romeo carefully waved his hands through the stack of letters, quelling the faint embers nestled amidst the pile. While most of the stack remained unscathed, a few pieces had succumbed to the fire's grasp. He picked up a postcard, only to find it charred beyond legibility. Discarding it on the ground, he noticed another postcard that had eluded him for weeks.

Featuring a grand bridge, labeled "Dawn Fell Bridge," it was not the bridge itself that captivated Romeo's attention, but rather the house encircled by a conspicuous red circle in the corner. A surge of realization coursed through him. "This must be it," he pondered.

Romeo hastily gathered his belongings, fueling his motivation to persist in his quest. On his daring journey, Romeo diligently questioned everyone he encountered about the elusive bridge, but his inquiries yielded no recollection of any such structure in Concord.

Despite the fruitless search, he found solace in the fact that he was once again driven by a purpose, kindling a spark of joy within him.

In the depths of the night, Romeo was abruptly awoken by a sound that stirred him from his slumber. His eyes fluttered open, revealing a mysterious figure rummaging through his bag. With bated breath, he observed as the shadowy intruder fruitlessly searched for something. When it turned to leave, disappointed by its findings, Romeo swiftly leaped onto its back, catching it off guard. Amidst the ensuing struggle, he ripped off the intruder's cloak, unveiling a pirate.

Drawing his sword, the pirate advanced towards Romeo, only to collapse in a faint. Seizing the opportunity, Romeo secured the pirate to a nearby tree, rendering him immobile.

As the pirate regained consciousness, Romeo began his interrogation.

"Who are you? And why did you attempt to steal from me?" he demanded. Yet, the stranger remained silent, gazing down at the ground, refusing to dignify Romeo with a response. Frustrated by the lack of cooperation, Romeo altered his approach.

"Have you ever heard of a structure known as Dawn Fell Bridge?" he inquired, hoping for a glimmer of recognition. Though the man remained tight-lipped, he raised his head and fixed his gaze upon Romeo when the distant howls of a wolf permeated the air.

"That's no ordinary wolf, kid," the stranger uttered. Intrigued, Romeo probed further, "What do you mean?" The stranger's ominous words lingered in the air, "If it bites you, you'll become one." Perplexed, Romeo pressed for answers, "How do you know this? Tell me who you are, and perhaps I'll consider bringing you along. Or, if you prefer the solitary path of a lone wolf, I'll leave you here to become a late-night snack."

"I'm dying anyway, leave me be. I merely wished to warn you before you attempted to face it," the stranger responded, resigned to his fate.

The sound of approaching footsteps reverberated through the surroundings, prompting the stranger to whisper urgently, "Run and hide! I can handle this." Romeo concealed himself behind a nearby tree, his heart racing, as he listened to the approaching wolf.

"Ahh! You again..." the wolf huffed, its predatory gaze fixed upon the stranger. "I didn't expect to see you again. Yet here you are, sitting there, defenseless. It makes me reconsider devouring you, but hunger compels me." The wolf stealthily closed in on the stranger.

Just as the wolf was poised to attack, Romeo sprang forward, hurling his bag at the ferocious beast. Though the impact caused no harm, it momentarily halted the wolf's assault. "I am going to feast on you for that, you know," the wolf growled, now advancing towards Romeo.

However, its progress came to an abrupt halt when it approached Romeo's bag, visibly taken aback by its presence. "That scent... I can't believe it..." the wolf fell momentarily silent. "It's your lucky day, kid.

I won't devour you. You're under protection. But I have unfinished business with your unfortunate friend bound to the tree over there," the wolf declared, swiftly redirecting its attention towards the captive

stranger. Meanwhile, the man, having carefully severed his bindings, awaited the opportune moment to escape. With swift precision, he stabbed the lunging wolf just as it descended upon him, sinking its teeth into his shoulder. In an instant, both the wolf and the stranger lay motionless, leaving Romeo in a state of shock, his world momentarily frozen in disbelief.

End of Episode?

Where is Juliet?

Will Romeo unravel the cryptic clues leading to her location?

Have you discovered the truth?

Where can Dawn Fell Bridge be found?

What significance does it hold in their quest?

Who is the enigmatic lone wolf?

And now that Romeo has encountered it, is he afflicted by its bite?

What did the wolf mean by declaring Romeo as protected?

What unseen forces are at play?

How does all of this intertwine with the narrative we are unfolding?

What secrets lie beneath the surface?

But above all... Where does the elusive Bookshelf King reside?

The answer lies just beyond the horizon, awaiting our exploration.

Episode 12

The Brotherhood

Rudolph

The escape unfolded into a grander adventure, surpassing the wildest imaginations of Rudolph and Bert. Finally on a flat path, they could continue their journey by foot.

"Will this ever come to an end? Can we take a moment to rest? Why are we rushing?" Their barrage of questions irritated their guide. Fed up, he spun around and threatened to abandon them if they didn't keep quiet. The duo fell silent.

As they ventured further, the creature, struggling with its words, spoke of their shared experiences. "When we first traversed these trails, fear consumed us. We were al... alo..." The creature's words were interrupted by a fit of coughing, resembling a desperate attempt to clear its throat.

"Why does it refer to itself as 'we' instead of 'I'?" Bert whispered to Rudolph. "I don't know, but it sends shivers down my spine. I can't deny feeling uneasy. Do you need to rest? We can pause for a while to catch our breath," Rudolph suggested, seeking a conversation.

"If we are to proceed any further with you, we believe it's only fair to know your name," Bert insisted.

"My name is Smea... (cough) Goll... (gasp)... Go... (cough) Sme..." Suddenly, an ear-piercing screech echoed from below, causing all three to jolt with alarm.

"The monsters... Monsters... The monsters are coming... Run!" The creature dashed ahead, its speed leaving Rudolph and Bert struggling to keep up. Soon, they lost sight of their peculiar companion.

"Where did that foul creature vanish? It seems he has abandoned us, Rudolph. If I ever cross paths with him again, I'll personally cast him into the abyss," Bert proclaimed, ready to face any challenge. Yet,

another screech emerged from the depths, and Bert swiftly retreated to seek cover.

"What do you think that sound is, Rudolph?" Bert inquired.
"I'm afraid it's something we're better off not knowing. We should hide until it passes. I refuse to meet my demise in this place. Not while Luci holds my tooth. We will escape this perilous abyss,"

Rudolph declared, looking up at the daunting path that still lay before them, feeling a tinge of discouragement. "We have been walking for days, and we still have two-thirds of the ascent remaining. Let us camp for the night and start anew at dawn," Rudolph proposed.

He made his way behind a rock, where Bert was already settled, and crashed down. "Unless we become someone's dinner while we sleep," Rudolph muttered, unable to let go of his worries.

While Bert managed to drift into slumber, Rudolph's mind remained fixated on his missing tooth.

Throughout all his trials and tribulations, even when he lost his parents or embarked on his runaway journey, Rudolph had never longed for anything as intensely as he did for this tooth. He acknowledged the peculiarity of his attachment, uncertain of the reasons behind it.

In the midst of his contemplation, Rudolph was abruptly jolted back to reality by the sound of approaching footsteps. "Bert, Bert, wake up! I think the creature is returning. Let's surprise it when it comes near," Rudolph whispered excitedly.

"Just a few more minutes, and I'll get up, okay Mommy," Bert mumbled in his sleep, unaware of the urgency.

Undeterred, Rudolph reached for his aqua flask and splashed water onto Bert's face. Startled, Bert jolted awake. Rudolph quickly covered his mouth and signaled him to stay quiet, indicating that the sound was drawing near.

They prepared themselves to pounce on a presumed small, weak, and unarmed creature, only to find a flickering fire. In an instant, they jumped back behind the safety of the rock.

"T-T-That wasn't him. That must be the monster," stammered a panicked Bert. "Yes, I realize that. But we can't fight against something made of fire. I'm on the verge of giving up on this search and leaping back down," Rudolph expressed, his voice tinged with resignation.

"Don't do that, buddy. We might still find a way to confront this... Rudolph, why is your nose glowing?" Bert questioned, noticing the faint illumination.

"My nose hasn't glowed in years. I have no idea why it's happening now. Did you know I used to possess many powers? Believe it or not, I could fly," Rudolph shared.

"Rudolph! That must have been incredible," Bert exclaimed. "Indeed, it was. I'll tell you all about it later tonight," Rudolph promised, his tone filled with nostalgia. With newfound determination, he sprang forward, ready to face whatever awaited them.

As Rudolph jumped out, expecting to encounter a fearsome monster, he found himself surrounded by emptiness. Straining his ears, he caught the sound of breathing ahead.

"I don't wish to fight, but if you force my hand, it won't end well for either of us," Rudolph addressed the darkness of the cave, hoping to communicate with an unknown presence.

"If fighting is not your desire, it is not mine either. Allow me to introduce myself," a voice replied from the shadows.

Startled, Rudolph took a step back, feeling a surge of fear as the figure of a dragon emerged, its form gradually becoming discernible. At this crucial moment, Rudolph and Bert exchanged glances, silently encouraging one another to summon their courage before jointly taking the next step.

"My name is Zembillas, and I hail from Viviadex Point, but you can call me Spyro. I don't know what you guys are doing down here, but you're lucky it's me you ran into. If you had encountered any of my brothers, they would have devoured you without a second thought," Spyro introduced himself.

"I can't believe you're real! I always thought dragons were just stories my parents would tell me. My name is Rudolph, and I hail from the North Pole. We've been trapped here for weeks, trying to find our way back home... To make matters worse, our guide abandoned us," Rudolph exclaimed in disbelief.

"Hi, I'm Bert. I hail from the Accounting Department," Bert chuckled, then continued, "My two best friends in the whole world are up there, worried sick. I need to find a way to let them know I'm alright."

"I was just leaving myself... It's a long story, but I'm running away. I'll guide you out. But we'd better be quick. I can fly you up the climbing areas, and we'll hike the paths whenever we can," Spyro offered, ready to assist them in their escape.

As they continued their journey, the three of them took turns asking questions and sharing stories about their pasts. Time seemed to slip away from them, engrossed in conversation. Eventually, they decided to take a break and relax.

However, their peaceful respite was abruptly interrupted by another piercing screech, yanking them back to reality. The trio listened intently, their faces etched with concern.

"What's that sound, Spyro?" Rudolph asked, his voice filled with worry. "Think of it as an alarm clock, but one you definitely don't want to be around when it wakes up. Especially not our leader," Spyro explained gravely.

"Who is your leader?" Bert inquired, fear creeping into his words. "My uncle. He's the king of our brotherhood, one of the oldest and most powerful dragons in Library Land. He's a formidable leader and harbors a deep hatred for anyone other than dragonkin. We've been in hibernation for several centuries, and they're almost ready to reclaim our homeland. You're lucky because we still have time before they awaken. In a few months, dozens of dragons will take flight from here. I suggest we leave this tunnel before then," Spyro warned, looking up at the remaining distance they had to cover.

"That's not good news. We should probably start heading out now," Bert voiced his concerns once again.

"And miss breakfast? Why would you want that?" a sinister voice emerged from behind them.

Startled, they turned around, only to witness Spyro gasping and saying, "Let me introduce you two to my cousin, Stythliamieux, but the brotherhood calls him Styx."

End of Episode

Where did the creature disappear to?

Why is Spyro on the run?

What is Styx's role in all of this?

Why did Rudolph's nose start glowing?

But most importantly... Where is the Bookshelf King?

We're almost there. The chess pieces are almost in their positions.

It's time to bring them all together.

Episode 13

The Red Blanket

Papa Smurf

Papa Smurf is trapped in a cage. That's pretty much what you need to know going back into his chapter.

Papa Smurf observed three Oompa Loompas and a mysterious figure cloaked in secrecy approaching the front of his cell.

"Why have you imprisoned me? I haven't committed any wrongdoing," Papa Smurf pleaded, his voice filled with desperation.

The cloaked figure whispered something to the Oompa Loompas, who then proceeded to sing a peculiar song.

"Oom-pa, loom-pa, doop-a-dee-doo,
we've got a riddle perfect for you.
Oom-pa, Loom-pa, doop-a-dee-dee,
if you were wise, you would listen to me.
What is scared, locked up, powerless, and blue?
Where you're headed, it will test if you're true.
What lies ahead? Soon you'll know,
Feels like a prison, but it's time for the show."

"Time for the show? What does that mean? What do you intend to do with me? Is this some kind of twisted joke?"

Papa Smurf felt a mixture of fear and confusion, clutching a rock from outside the cage, ready to defend himself unless he received answers. Once again, the cloaked figure whispered into the ear of an Oompa Loompa, then swiftly departed.

"Hey, buddy! How about showing some mercy to an old Smurf? Please release me," Papa Smurf pleaded, hoping for a glimmer of compassion. The Oompa Loompa pretended not to understand and sat down, indulging in a chocolate bar.

"Fine, don't bother answering. It doesn't matter anyway. This only reinforces the belief that Oompa Loompas lack hearts or, dare I say, souls," Papa Smurf lamented.

"My name is Waldo, and I do have a heart. I'm pretty sure I have a soul too," replied Waldo, the Oompa Loompa.

Papa Smurf was taken aback. "Wait, you have a name? History books claim that Oompa Loompas don't possess individual names. What on Smurf is happening here?"

"I feel like I'm not myself, or rather, I feel like I'm not real. Do I even exist? Everyone keeps telling me I have a vivid imagination, or they suspect I'm going insane. But I swear, I sense that I had another life somewhere else. I feel like I wasn't always an Oompa Loompa. Isn't that strange? They wanted me to offer you this chocolate bar. For us Oompa Loompas, it's our sole source of sustenance, our customary fare. But why would they ask me to force you to eat it? Things are becoming increasingly bizarre," explained Waldo, his voice filled with uncertainty.

"This is utterly fascinating. I can hardly believe what I'm hearing. What if you were someone else, someone who has been magically transformed into an Oompa Loompa against their will? Do you recall your childhood or any memories of your life before this?" inquired Papa Smurf, intrigued by the unfolding mystery.

"You believe me, huh? You're the first person to believe my story. Most think I'm simply mad. No, I don't remember anything prior to my first day working at the factory. How could they enslave an entire colony of us without us knowing how? And who could possess such power?" Waldo questioned, seeking answers himself.

"Gargamel could, but I know he's imprisoned. This can't be his doing. If your tale is true, which I strongly suspect it is, then all the Oompa Loompas are individuals who have been abducted and transformed into slaves," Papa Smurf declared, his determination unwavering. He retrieved a key he had found, hoping it would unlock his cell, but it proved too large.

"I don't have a key, and neither does she. None of us do. I'll pretend you consumed this chocolate, alright? Play along," whispered Waldo, tossing the chocolate into the bushes.

"Sounds good. But who is the 'she' you mentioned..." Papa Smurf's sentence was abruptly halted as the three of them returned. The hooded figure whispered into Waldo's ear, and he swiftly bumped into her, causing a commotion that dislodged her hood momentarily. Papa Smurf caught a glimpse before she managed to conceal her face once more.

"Smurfette? You're behind this?" Papa Smurf exclaimed, his voice filled with a mix of surprise and disappointment.

Smurfette looked at Papa Smurf, puzzled, and asked, "What's a Smurfette?" Papa Smurf's heart sank, and he replied with sadness in his voice, "You too? I can't believe you don't know who you are anymore. This is a sorrowful day for all of Smurf-kind."

"You think I'm a Smurfette? My name is Five. Address me by my proper title," Smurfette, or rather, Five, corrected.

"Hahaha, Five, like the number... Couldn't they come up with a better fake name for you?" Papa Smurf couldn't help but burst into laughter, momentarily forgetting his distress.

"I know you're not the Smurfette I once knew because you would never allow yourself to have that much chocolate on your face. Do you even own a mirror anymore?" Papa Smurf's words hit a nerve, and Five became furious, storming over to the cell.

"I could end you right now, but the truth is, I'd rather see you suffer in the place you're headed," Five seethed, whistling to summon a few more Oompa Loompas who arrived carrying a large red blanket.

"Ah, perfect timing. All we need now is approval from the big boss man, and then the games can begin. Can you two..." Five pointed at two Oompa Loompas, assigning them a task. "Go and inform the Candyman. Tell him that... What's your name again?" she turned to Papa Smurf, feigning forgetfulness.

"You don't remember who I am either, Smurfe... I mean, Five?" Despite his heartbreak, Papa Smurf chuckled as he referred to her as Five. "I don't know you, let alone remember you. I've been an Oompa Loompa my whole life," Five responded coldly.

"Have you ever wondered why you don't look like them?" Papa Smurf questioned. "They're my brothers; of course, we look alike," Five replied confidently.

"You're blue, and they're not!" Papa Smurf pointed out. Before he could say more, Smurfette interrupted, "Don't let him escape. And don't cover him with the blanket until I return. I have something planned, and I will personally speak to the boss about it."

With that, Smurfette departed, leaving only two Oompa Loompas behind. Papa Smurf knew her return was imminent, so he realized he had to act swiftly.

"Hey, young man!" Papa Smurf called out to the other Oompa Loompa. "If you could choose any name in the whole world for yourself, what would it be?"

"You're starting to sound like Waldo here," he chuckled, so Papa Smurf asked again. "I've always liked the name Maurice for some reason, so I guess that would be it."

"Well, Maurice, can you grant a Smurf one last request?" Papa Smurf pleaded. Maurice hesitated but replied, "Depends on what it is, but I'm pretty sure I can help."

"Can you fetch me one more chocolate bar? It was the best thing I've ever tasted," Papa Smurf requested. "See, this is something I can help with. One more coming up," Maurice agreed, and he left to fulfill Papa Smurf's request.

As soon as Maurice was far enough away, Papa Smurf turned to Waldo and started talking urgently. "Where are they taking me? And what is that blanket used for?"

Waldo replied quickly, aware of the limited time they had. "There's only a few seconds, so I'll be quick. The only thing I know is that they're taking you to a place where you'll have to fight to survive. As soon as Five returns here, she's going to cover you with that blanket, and it will instantly transport you there. I want you to take this pouch; it contains a few things that may come in handy and could even save your life."

"Thanks, buddy. Will you give Elvis this key? He might know something about it," Papa Smurf requested, handing the key to Waldo, which the squirrel had retrieved for him.

"I wish I could let you out, but I don't know how, and I can't risk being discovered. They will do terrible things..." Waldo's words trailed off as he heard Maurice returning.

"Here you go, the last one in my bag. Enjoy," Maurice said, handing the chocolate bar to Papa Smurf. Papa Smurf placed it in his hat and expressed his gratitude. "This stuff is so good, I swear it might control my life," he joked, winking at Waldo.

"Prepare the cage for transportation!" Five's voice echoed as she burst through the door. Without wasting any time, she threw the blanket over the cage, chanting something under her breath, and suddenly, the cage vanished into thin air.

End of Episode

"What's happening with the Oompa Loompas?

Is Waldo actually someone else?

Why has Papa Smurf been imprisoned?

Why has Smurfette transformed into an 'Oompa Loompa'?

Why is she going by the name Five?

Are there others like her?

Will Waldo be able to deliver the key to Elvis?

Who is the Boss they mentioned?

Could it be the Candy Man?

What fate awaits the squirrel?

But most importantly... Where is the Bookshelf King?

We'll uncover the answers. Right now!

Episode 14:

Teragram

Romeo

Romeo hurried over to where the stranger and the wolf lay motionless, their struggle having taken its toll on both of them.

Approaching closer, Romeo noticed that the man had a hook lodged in the wolf's side, while the wolf had its teeth sunk into the man's arm.

It was a dire situation for both of them.

Examining the scene, Romeo realized that the man was still breathing, but the wolf had passed away. Romeo gently pushed the lifeless body of the wolf off the stranger.

Fortunately, Romeo had a bottle of Wolverine's blood, renowned as the most potent healing potion in all of Library Land. He applied some of it to the man's neck. Gradually, the man stirred, shaking off the effects and locking eyes with Romeo.

"This potion will heal my flesh wound, but it won't rid me of the poison coursing through my veins. I'm still dying, yet you chose to help me instead of running away. You've saved my life, my friend, and I owe you a favor. Ask anything, and to the best of my ability, I shall make it happen."

"Before I ask for anything, I would like to know your name," Romeo requested.

"I am Captain Jimmy Jones the third, but you can call me Jage," the man introduced himself, extending his hand for assistance. Romeo reached out and helped him to his feet.

"My name is Ro..." Romeo began, but Jage interjected, "I already know who you are. I searched through your bag in search of your Library Card. When I realized you weren't the Prince I sought, I planned to sneak away unnoticed."

Curiosity piqued, Romeo inquired, "Whom are you searching for, then?"

"I seek the Prince of Darkness. I've been told that only he possesses the power to cure me of my affliction. I can spend the remaining time I have assisting you until I succumb, or we can embark on a quest together to find the prince. Once I am cured, I can continue supporting you on future endeavors," Jage explained.

"Strange, I have never heard of this Prince of Darkness. How do you know he exists? Wait, even more importantly, what is your affliction?

Will you transform into a wolf or something?" Romeo asked, perplexed.

"A wolf? No," Jage responded, retrieving a bottle. "This vial contains mermaid tears. Just a single drop each day is sufficient for..."

Interrupting, Romeo interjected, "Where did you acquire mermaid tears? Mermaids are a rare sight in these parts."

"When we first arrived in Concord, my ship was attacked by a group of..." Jage paused, his gaze falling to the ground as he shook his head.

"We were given an opportunity to surrender, and my crew accepted their terms. However, as a pirate at heart, I refused to yield the ship without a fight. I managed to kill their captain before he could finish his mead. Briefly, I believed we had triumphed, but... but then I witnessed the ship behind us erupting in flames.

My brother was aboard that ship. I dove into the water, swimming toward them, but an arrow struck me in the back. I have been hit by many arrows in my lifetime, but this one felt different. I lost the ability to swim, feeling paralyzed.

I watched helplessly as the entire ship sank beneath the waves, while my ship sailed away, leaving me behind. I lacked the strength to swim further. I remember sinking, but I awoke on the shore with this bottle.

It was accompanied by a mysterious note and a seashell. Strangely, there was no wound or arrow in my shoulder, yet I have since endured a constant burning sensation at the spot where the arrow struck. Were it not for this bottle, our paths would never have crossed," Jage revealed, his voice filled with a mix of sorrow and gratitude.

For several minutes, neither of them uttered a word, sitting in contemplative silence. Jage broke the stillness by taking a sip from his flask.

"I cherished that ship more than anything in the world. She was more than a vessel; she was family. Family and honor are the two things I hold dear," Jage confessed.

Curiosity getting the better of him, Romeo interrupted, "But why did you abandon the ship then? I thought the utmost duty of a captain was to retain command."

"My brother Davie was the captain of the other ship. At that moment, my priority was..." Jage began to say, but Romeo cut him off.

"Wait a second. If your brother was the legendary Davie Jones... that would make you... Really? I can't believe I'm meeting you. I thought you were dead. You are the legendary Captain..."

Margaret

Last we saw Margaret she had been banished by Agatha.

Margaret awakened from a dream, disoriented about her whereabouts. It was evident that she was not in her own home. She scanned her surroundings, searching for something familiar that could trigger her memory.

You see, Margaret possesses an incredibly rare gift within Library Land. She has the ability to regenerate her memories rapidly, unlike most people who would take days, weeks, or even months to retrieve theirs. If an exiled commoner were to touch something or someone from their past, fragments of their previous encounters with that person or object would be revealed. Margaret could recover her memories independently, but when she did stumble upon a trigger, her flashbacks were far more intense than anyone else's.

Although nothing particularly stood out at that moment, everything felt strangely familiar to her. As she touched the doorknob, a flood of memories rushed through her mind, reminding her of Library Land, but her own identity still eluded her. Margaret recalled that she possessed powers and attempted to summon help, only to realize that her abilities were absent in this place.

Frustration grew as she tried to open a book, only to find herself incapable of doing so. In her frustration, she stormed into the bathroom and tore down the shower curtains, inadvertently entangling herself and collapsing onto the floor. Rising to her feet, still entwined in the curtain, Margaret summoned enough rage to tear it off in one swift motion. As the curtain ripped away, she stood before the mirror, looking at her reflection, and suddenly, she knew who she was again. She reached out to touch her face, but the reflection remained motionless.

Margaret let out a scream of surprise when the reflection began to speak. "Welcome back, Margaret. I presume you now remember who you are?" the reflection questioned.

"I do. I am Margaret, the Queen of Fiction and the rightful ruler of Library Land," Margaret confidently declared.

"You are Margaret, indeed, the self-proclaimed ruler of Library Land. However, I'm sorry to inform you that you are no longer the Queen of Fiction," the reflection replied.

"I will always be the Queen of Fiction! Just look at the crown atop our heads," Margaret argued.

Margaret felt her head but realized that she wasn't wearing a crown, though her reflection still wore one. Confused, she asked, "How do I regain my crown or escape this place?"

"I cannot directly provide the answers. I can only offer guidance through hidden meanings and subtext. You must find the answers yourself. I believe you possess the right words to lead you out of here," the reflection explained.

"You speak as if it's only me who can escape, as if we are two separate beings. Are we?" Margaret inquired.

"Yes, when you escape, you will be the only one who is free. We are distinct entities. I will remain trapped within this mirror for eternity, serving you as you have commanded me in the past," the reflection, known as Teragram or Tera, clarified. Margaret couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for her reflection.

"If you are not me, then who are you? And what do you mean by commanding you in the past? I have no memory of that," Margaret admitted.

"My name is Teragram, but you've always called me Tera," the reflection responded.

"It's a pleasure to meet you again, Tera. It appears you know more about me than I know about myself. Can you please show me how to escape this place? I beg you... Show me the way out, and I promise that once I regain my crown, I will set you free," Margaret pleaded earnestly.

Tera replied with a riddle, saying, "I told you, you need to find the right words to read your way out of this."

Margaret suddenly recalled the books scattered on the floor, which she couldn't read. "I can't open any of these books," she lamented.

"You are unable to access the power of reading within this realm, but if you ponder, you may recall something you possessed before arriving here that could aid you," Tera suggested.

In a moment of realization, Margaret exclaimed, "Ah! I had forgotten that I stole this." She pulled out a book from her bag.

"Do you remember to whom this book belongs?" Tera inquired.

"Yes, this book belongs to him," Margaret replied.

Opening the book, Margaret found herself transported to a cluttered room where a man lay asleep in a bed. As he awoke, she greeted him with a gentle smile and said,

"Good morning. Do you remember who I am?"

End of Episode

"Who is Jage precisely?

What is the nature of his affliction?

Who holds the title of the Prince of Darkness?

Who rescued Jage from drowning?

And bestowed upon him the mermaid tears?

Who is Tera, the trapped entity within the mirror?

Why has she become confined to such a state?

Will Margaret release Tera if she ever gets free?

Which book did use to break free from her confinement?

With whom was she communicating?

And, above all... What has befallen the Bookshelf King?

We shall address this question directly. Right now.

Not lying. You'll finally find out right now if you haven't clued in already.

Harry

When we last encountered Harry, he had lost consciousness only to find himself amidst a gathering of unfamiliar faces at a lively party.

Hermione was attempting to explain the events that transpired to Harry when Shiblets suddenly appeared and absconded with one of his fingernails. Unaware of Agatha's ascension to the throne, they mistakenly believe that Shiblets alone harbors intentions of claiming the title of the Bookshelf King.

"I can't believe I was so naive. We had no knowledge of Shiblets, and a few simple words managed to deceive me."

"Harry, Shakespeare warned us to discern friends from foes; we should have heeded his advice."

"You're right, Hermione. If he was right about that... " Harry paused, deep in thought. "He also said... for some of us, time is precious."

"Don't be silly, Harry. Shiblets himself mentioned that our powers will return. We need to heal and return to Central Bookshelf; the Royals will assist us."

"What should we do with him?" Daws pointed towards Niche, who was locked in the back of the Hummer.

"We need to extract every piece of information he possesses about Shiblets. Since he was with him when we first encountered the tiger, he likely knows more than anyone else. Let's take him to the place Jay told us about," Harry suggested.

Harry glanced at Jay and asked, "Can we still lay low there?"

"Of course! My house is your house," Jay replied with a smile.

"Jyd, come here. Can you fetch Dimitri and place him in the wagon? It's only fair that we bring him along since we're using his Hummer. The rest of you, gather as much food and supplies from the house as possible. We're heading to the Base. Thanks, guys."

The boys dispersed, and soon the Hummer was fully loaded and prepared for departure.

"Where are we going?" muffled Niche's voice from under the shirt covering his head. Jyd understood and responded.

"We're going to learn everything you know about the tiger. What you did to Harry wasn't cool, dude."

"Mhm mhhm," mumbled Niche in reply.

"Listen, dude, we'll arrive in a few minutes, and then we'll talk," Jyd assured him. They pulled up at an abandoned school and began unloading their belongings inside.

Dimitri was already asleep on the gym floor, and the boys were bringing in the final load when the entire sky suddenly illuminated with a bright flash from Poetry Peak.

"More weather disturbances? What's happening?" Jay inquired.

"That wasn't lightning. I don't know what it was... but I fear it's not good. We need to discover what the elf knows about Shiblets' plan."

Rudolph

In our previous encounter, Rudolph encountered a newfound friend named Spyro, who offered assistance in finding a way out. However, their journey took an unexpected turn when they heard a voice from behind, and Rudolph introduced them to his cousin, Styx. Just to refresh your memory, both Rudolph and Bert from Accounting have found themselves in quite a predicament as they now navigate the company of dragons.

"What do you want, Styx? Just leave me alone. You know very well I don't care about the rituals of our brotherhood. Just let us leave in peace," Spyro said, releasing a small puff of smoke from his nostrils.

"Is that supposed to intimidate me? We've been fighting our whole lives. I just want to eat your friends. I'm so hungry," Styx retorted.

"Absolutely not," Spyro firmly refused.

"Just let me have the little one at least, and you and the deer can walk out of here," Styx persisted.

"They are friends. I would never let you harm either of them," Spyro declared. "We're not friends..." Rudolph interjected for some reason, glancing at Bert from Accounting's saddened face. "I mean, we've become friends on this journey, but I am in here because of him."

"That's not the point. You're not eating them, Styx. So, let's fight, or we can leave together. Wait, why are you awake? You were leaving too, weren't you?" Spyro questioned, but Styx remained silent.

"Just let him eat me. Rudolph's right. I am the reason he's down here, and it's only because I wanted to be cool. It's a very selfish thing to do, and I think I deserve to be eaten," Bert from Accounting stepped forward and confessed.

"He's not eating you, so step back," Spyro insisted. "They're at the point where they must climb again. How about you take one, and I'll take the other, and we'll fly out of here?"

"How about this... If I agree, dinner's on you when we get out. How's that sound?" Styx proposed.

"Deal. Hop up, little guy," Styx bent down, but Bert from Accounting hesitated. "I'll fly with you," Rudolph insisted, climbing up. Bert climbed on Spyro, and they took off. They soared out of the hole and landed on the ground outside. Rudolph was filled with joy seeing the grass and basking in the sunlight. He was finally free from the hole, and it felt exhilarating.

"Thanks, guys. You saved our lives. Come with me to the North Pole, and I'll repay you," Rudolph offered.

"Sounds good, but my cousin Styx and I have some catching up to do..." Spyro glanced around but couldn't spot Styx. "Styx?... Where are you?"

"Where did he go?" Rudolph asked, and his question was answered when Styx came soaring towards them. "Rudolph, watch out!" Bert from Accounting jumped in the way and got burned in the blast. Spyro leaped at Styx, and they began fighting.

"Are you okay?" Rudolph carried Bert to the side.

"Go help Spyro. I'll be okay. I promise," Bert assured him.

Rudolph headed towards the hole where Styx was biting Spyro's wing. He charged into Styx's side, catching the dragon off guard. Styx let go of Spyro, and now he focused his fiery attacks on Rudolph.

Reindeer are fast, one of the few animals capable of keeping up with a dragon's fiery dance.

Spyro crawled away, injured. Rudolph momentarily lost focus when he saw Spyro, and he tripped over... believe it or not, the same branch from before. Styx took advantage and pinned him down.

"You're not getting off that easy," Styx taunted, standing over him to display his strength. "Wait... what's going on with your nose?" Rudolph's nose began to glow again.

This distraction was enough for the creature that had been guiding them before to appear out of nowhere and tackle them. As they tumbled into the hole, Styx grabbed Rudolph, and all three of them fell together.

Bert crawled over to the edge of the hole, each step weighing heavy with concern for Rudolph's survival. Tears streamed down Bert's face as he approached Spyro, whose head hung low.

I won't elongate this moment as much as it felt for them. Although it seemed like an hour from when Rudolph fell in until he flew out, it was merely a minute.

Bert watched as Rudolph landed on the ground in front of them. "You could fly the whole time? That could have been useful days ago," Bert exclaimed before rushing forward to embrace Rudolph.

"I used to be able to fly when I was a kid. I don't know why my powers are coming back right now, though. I do have to go to the North Pole to figure this out. Want to come?" Rudolph invited.

"I'm going to have to pass. I need to find my brothers and make sure they're okay. I want to see if I can change their minds about our lifestyles. If you could help me, maybe I can help them. Besides... you said it yourself, we're not friends, so maybe we should stop pretending," Bert explained.

"That's not true, Bert... You jumped in front of a dragon for me. As far as I'm concerned, I owe you one. I respect that you want to help your brothers. How about we go our separate ways, but you come to visit me at the North Pole afterward, and we'll play some reindeer games?" Rudolph proposed.

"I think that sounds wonderful. My journey might take a little longer than yours because, well... you can fly now, and I've got these little legs," Bert chuckled.

"I'll take you wherever you need to go... and then meet you at the North Pole," Spyro agreed. Bert climbed onto Spyro's back, and they began walking away.

Alvin

The previous encounter with Alvin had left him in a precarious situation. He had been found by Agatha and Shiblets while desperately hiding in a bag of gold, clinging to the hope that it would somehow save him. And, as we delve into the story further, we will come to understand how it did. Agatha and Shiblets seized Alvin from the bag, and a wispy blue smoke emanated from within. And that's the current state of affairs.

"What brings you into this room? I thought only royalty could access this door, Shiblets. And why is this little creature here?" Agatha inquired, playfully pinching her husband's cheeks.

"He must have been either invited or sneaked into the bag when it was sent in. I believe we should send him to the hole with the others," Shiblets responded.

As the blue smoke billowed out, it gradually took on the form of a man. "Who has summoned me?" the man inquired.

"What's going on? Another man has entered the castle. I'm starting to doubt its safety, dear," Agatha grumbled, growing increasingly frustrated. "I am not a man. I am a genie, summoned by your request," the genie clarified.

"Well, well, now we have a genie. How exciting! Shiblets, what should I wish for?" Agatha pondered. "What more do you need? You already possess everything, my dear."

"You're right... Hmm..." Agatha deliberated.

"I wish for a magic carpet. I despise not being able to fly," Agatha expressed her desire, but the genie remained motionless. "Is it malfunctioning? Shiblets, make it work."

The genie's gaze was fixed upon Alvin, sparking an idea in his mind.

"I wish that Agatha and Shiblets would be incapable of causing me any harm," Alvin declared, and with a snap of the genie's fingers, Agatha released her grip on Alvin, while Shiblets attempted to zap him but ended up being affected himself. He winced in pain and exclaimed, "This cannot be!" Agatha whispered in disbelief.

"Now for your seco..." the genie began. "I'm the Bookshelf Queen," Agatha interrupted. "For your second wis..." "You don't have power over me." "For your second wish, would you like... That's it. I will not be insulted..."

Alvin observed as Agatha and Shiblets stood frozen in place. If it weren't for the hovering coin next to the bag, he would have thought they were merely statues. But everything was frozen.

"You froze everything?" Alvin asked.

"No, I simply paused time. I lack the ability to freeze anyone unless you wish for it. However, I can enter a temporal realm where we can converse without distractions. There are numerous rules regarding what you can and cannot wish for, and they can be found in this guidebook," the genie explained, handing Alvin the Guidebook.

"You'll also need to provide your information and fill out a questionnaire so that future wishers can learn from your story. Inside, you'll find accounts of countless other wishers and their wishes, offering guidance for your own journey. Once you complete your wishes, you will never be able to encounter another lamp again.

Therefore, make each wish count."

"I understand. Now, unpause time so I can save Library Land," Alvin declared confidently. He knew exactly what he wanted to wish for, and the moment time resumed, he began, "For my second wish..."

Agatha and Shiblets exchanged confused glances as Alvin appeared to teleport across the room.

"...the Second wish, I am putting an end to this madness once and for all. Your reign will be short-lived, Agatha. I wish..."

"SILENCE!" Agatha shouted, and Alvin found himself unable to speak.

He attempted to utter words, but only a gust of air escaped his lips.

"If you can't speak, you can't wish," Agatha sneered. Shiblets, still recovering from the earlier attack, could do little to intervene. Agatha seized Alvin, hurling him into the treasure room and slamming the door shut.

Pressing his ear against the door, Alvin strained to listen, even though the surroundings remained eerily silent. He could faintly hear Agatha speaking outside.

Queen Agatha

I don't need to replay this scene from Agatha's perspective because you just read what happened through Alvin's...

So, we'll just start exactly when she closed the door.

"I can just go through the door... You know that, right?" snickered the genie. "Go ahead. He can't talk, so good luck trying to get him out,"

Agatha taunted, confident in her perceived superiority over the genie. But little did she know the extent of his power. The genie vanished, leaving Agatha to turn to Shiblets.

"That would have crushed a weaker man. You are truly strong, Shiblets," Agatha remarked, impressed by Shiblets' resilience.

"Agatha, this is dire. The genie possesses more power than both of us combined. If he makes the right wish, everything we've worked for will be obliterated. It took seven Kings and Queens to confront the wisher from Word War One. We have only four or five allies at our disposal now," Shiblets warned, concerned about their precarious

situation. "I need to take drastic measures, something significant to win the people over to our side..." Agatha contemplated deeply. "I'm going to destroy Library Land."

"Don't be absurd, my dear. We must approach this with rationality," Shiblets advised. "No, no. I am being rational. I will expedite the setup of the competitions. People love a spectacle, and it will keep them occupied. I'll compose the paper airplane message right away," Agatha declared, seizing a scroll and swiftly penning her thoughts.

Once she finished writing, Shiblets read over the message and grinned. "You truly possess a wicked mind, Agatha."

"It's brilliant, isn't it?" Agatha eagerly sought Shiblets' approval, nodding in anticipation.

"Honey, this is truly magnificent. I can't wait to witness the unfolding events," Shiblets responded, sharing Agatha's excitement.

"And you will be there... in a way. But first, I need you to fetch the boy. He will be the key to phase two," Agatha instructed, outlining her plans.

"I shall rest for the night, and first thing in the morning, I'll set out on the task," Shiblets promised, eager to carry out his assignment.

"Furthermore, I'm going to involve that chipmunk in the games. That should take care of him," Agatha announced, as she made her way to the treasure room, only to find that both the genie and Alvin were nowhere to be found.

Romeo

The last time we encountered Romeo, he narrowly escaped an attack by a wolf, which ended up targeting the pirate instead. Jage, displaying great skill, managed to overcome the wolf but not without sustaining injuries from the encounter. Romeo, realizing that the man he had encountered was a renowned pirate, struck a deal with him. In exchange for his assistance in locating Juliet, Romeo agreed to aid the pirate with his own predicament.

As Romeo observed the slumbering Jage, his thoughts wandered, pondering the enigmatic pirate's past and remaining vigilant against any potential treachery. Just then, a paper airplane gracefully descended, landing at Romeo's feet. Curiosity piqued, he unfolded the note and read its contents.

"I have the file. We need to meet. Same place as always. AB."

Determined not to disturb Jage's rest, Romeo gently covered him with some foliage and embarked on his way to meet his loyal friend.

Arriving at an aged hut adjacent to a church, he stepped inside, finding the place deserted for the moment. Taking a seat, Romeo waited patiently, and before long, a monkey made its entrance.

"Abu! How have you been? You seem to be thriving," Romeo greeted with a chuckle. Aladdin reciprocated the warm welcome, extending his hand in friendship. "How are you, my friend?"

"About the same as always. And yourself?" Romeo inquired. "Wonderful. Life couldn't be better at the moment," Aladdin replied cheerfully. "But I have more than just the file. The situation is far graver than we had anticipated. We must escape Concord, and we must do so swiftly."

Alarmed by Aladdin's somber tone, Romeo pressed for further details. "You're starting to worry me. Please, enlighten me. Do you have any leads on Juliet's whereabouts? What about Dawn Fell Bridge?"

Aladdin sighed, his eyes reflecting a mixture of concern and uncertainty. "The file doesn't provide an exact location, but the last sighting of Juliet was reported at the Central Bookshelf Marketplace. However, there's no mention of a Bridge in any of the records."

"Central Bookshelf... Where is that?" Romeo inquired, seeking clarification. "It serves as the capital of Library Land and lies across the vast Aegean Sea," Aladdin responded.

"That reminds me," Romeo interjected, excitement lacing his voice. "I encountered Hook. Yes, Captain Hook himself. He agreed to assist me in finding Juliet on the condition that I help him locate the Prince of Darkness. So, if our journey requires crossing the sea, we already have a captain at our disposal."

Their conversation was abruptly interrupted by an authoritative voice from outside, demanding their presence. Aladdin's panic was palpable.

"It's the guards! How did they track me?"

Without hesitation, Aladdin took the lead, guiding them to a concealed exit behind the church. Together, they squeezed through a small doorway, emerging into the shadows. Aladdin urgently signaled, and with a melodious whistle, the carpet swooped down to retrieve them, offering their only glimmer of hope.

"We must find Hook and secure a ship," Romeo asserted, his determination unwavering.

Margaret

The last time we saw Margaret she was banished by her sister and regained her full memory inside her book. She has a secret weapon up her sleeve and well we're about to find out what it is.

She sat at the edge of the bed, her heart pounding with a mix of anticipation and apprehension, waiting for the man to awaken from his slumber. The weight of their shared history and the gravity of the situation hung in the air.

"I can't believe it's actually you. I've missed you so much," Margaret spoke softly, her voice laden with emotion. "So much wrong has happened since you disappeared. I hope we can make this right. I gave up all my power to try and bring you back, and I only made it worse. I can't help now. Please, wake up."

Her words lingered in the stillness, as if carrying an invisible force that had the potential to shape their future. And just like that, almost as if Margaret's words possessed a mystical power (**although in truth, it was mere coincidence**), the man stirred awake and turned his gaze towards her. A glimmer of recognition flickered in his eyes, and Margaret couldn't help but smile sweetly at him.

"Good morning. Do you remember who I am?" she asked, her voice tender with hope.

"I do not, but you look familiar," the man replied, his tone tinged with confusion.

"We have known each other for a long time. Do you know your name?" Margaret inquired, her voice gentle and patient.

"I do not remember anything," he confessed, a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"Your name is Arthur. You're the Bookshelf King. You are the Ruler of Library Land," Margaret declared, her voice filled with conviction.

Arthur's brows furrowed, and he questioned, "What's Library Land?" A sigh escaped Margaret's lips, and she knew she had a daunting task ahead of her. "This is going to take a little while. I don't know who imprisoned you within this book, but we need to ensure that this magic does not continue to harm you. I need you to trust me, okay?"

"I do," Arthur nodded, a flicker of trust shining in his eyes.

"Okay, I need you to enter this book," Margaret said, opening a book that rested on her lap. "You want me to get into that book?" Arthur looked puzzled. "How is that even possible?"

"You and I created the first house like this many years ago. It was after we saved the Council during Word War Two, and we needed a place to detain traitors who sought to harm Library Land. Somehow, we found ourselves on that list. I know you don't remember this, but there were years when we doubted King Stephen's loyalty. We installed secret backdoors in the system, just in case he tried to overthrow us," Margaret explained, her voice tinged with a mix of regret and determination. "I became so consumed with investigating Stephen that I missed the signs from Agatha."

Margaret briefly lowered her head, her heart heavy with the pain of her sister's betrayal, but she quickly composed herself.

"The worst part is that Library Land will believe I was responsible for all of this. I know Agatha will find a way to make it seem like I killed you and sought power for myself. Yes, I did consider becoming the Bookshelf Queen, but only to find you and restore your rightful place. We need you," Margaret implored, her voice filled with urgency and sincerity.

Arthur's gaze bore into her, his mind grappling with the overwhelming information. It was a lot to absorb in one fell swoop, but Margaret's words resonated with a deeper truth.

"Library Land needs you, Arthur..." Margaret's voice trailed off, her plea hanging in the air, a testament to the fate of their cherished realm. With a resolute shake of his head, Arthur made his decision.

Climbing into the open book, he demonstrated his trust and resolve. Margaret followed suit, stepping into the void, and in an instant, the book vanished, leaving behind an empty room, now devoid of their presence.

End of Episode

We have finally uncovered the truth behind the fate of the Bookshelf King, yet our journey is far from over.

There are numerous lingering questions demanding answers, intricately woven into the fabric of our story.

Why did Rudolph's powers resurface, defying all expectations?

What lies in store for Bert in his quest to find the enigmatic Darths? And when Bert from Accounting arrives with Spyro, how will Vader and Maul react to this unexpected encounter?

Did the creature and Styx survive their perilous fall, or are they locked in an unending struggle for survival?

The fate of Midas' hand now rests in the hands of Vader and Maul, but what course of action will they take? And how will Midas wield his newfound lightsaber, shimmering with potential?

Will Cupid succeed in locating Rudolph, and what did truly befall Bambi, lost to us in the midst of chaos?

The file Aladdin delivered into Romeo's hands holds secrets yet to be unveiled, but will Scrooge grow furious upon discovering its theft?

The enigma of Concord weighs heavily upon our minds, its unfolding events shrouded in uncertainty. Captain Hook's destiny remains uncertain, his quest for the Prince of Darkness perilous. Can he overcome the bite that threatens his very existence and aid them in their voyage across the treacherous sea?

And how did Alvin manage to escape the clutches of the treasure room, gifted with two remaining wishes? Will he reunite with his brothers or devote himself to saving Library Land? Yet, a challenge remains—how will he convey his desires if he is unable to speak?

The Guidebook bestowed upon Alvin by the genie holds untold wisdom, its pages brimming with possibilities.

Whom shall Agatha select as the new leaders of Library Land, and what mysterious competition or games lie on the horizon? Could it be the same trial that Papa Smurf was once subjected to?

The identity of the chocolatier responsible for the maddening confections eludes us, along with their motive. Could it be the elusive chef Agatha tirelessly pursues?

And why was Elvis' guitar stolen, plunging us into a world of intrigue?

Of the tiger, snowman, and Luci, which form truly embodies Shiblets? Will Harry's healing prowess prove sufficient to thwart Shiblets' plans?

And what secrets does Niche hold, concealed within the recesses of their knowledge?

The whereabouts of Oakley, Harry's unicorn, elude us, while the Duchess remains encased in frozen stasis amidst the tumult.

Snow White's enigmatic blackouts perplex us, intertwining with the intricate tapestry of events.

Margaret, the architect of salvation, conceives a grand plan to rescue Library Land. But will she honor her promise to liberate Tera, and is the caged lion truly the long-lost Bookshelf King? And where has Margaret spirited him away?

But the most pressing question of all, one that has eluded our grasp for far too long, remains: Who trapped the Bookshelf King in his ethereal prison?

Prepare to be astonished, for the answer lies beyond the realms of Margaret, Agatha, and Shiblets.

All shall be revealed in due course, as our narrative unfolds with unparalleled intrigue and astonishing revelations. Stay tuned, for the tale is far from over.

Coming up...

Season 2: The Slumber Games