

# The Night the Books Came to Life

by Jayne Williams

The lock on the Library door is turned  
It is late  
Outside is dark  
But wait  
There's a girl  
And there's a boy

A brother  
And  
A sister  
Have sneaked into the Library  
To hide

They take pride in their success  
The plan for an over-night stay  
Has gone their way

Creeping out from the place where they'd crept into  
The boy and the girl  
The brother and the sister  
Cannot resist having a run around  
A mad dash between the shelves  
They cartwheel and clap their hands  
Perform hand stands  
And dance around in the dark

Fancy being pleased  
About being locked in the Library

It goes to show  
You can hide right underneath  
A Librarians nose  
And they won't have a clue  
That it's you  
Stood on top of the loo seat  
Or crouched under a desk  
With only your feet in view  
Tucked in behind a bin  
You're hiding skills are the best

But let's get on with the rest of the story

Surely  
The boy and the girl  
This brother and this sister  
Have a good reason for wanting to be locked in their Library overnight

Are they expecting an adventure?  
Hoping for a fright?  
Running away from something they might not like at home?

Being stuck in the Library  
With a load of old books  
Can't be that much fun

What have they done?

Nobody knows where they are  
Their tea will be cold  
And the Librarian will moan about Health and Safety  
When she finds them in the morning

This is the Library where they were told  
Lots of tall tales  
When they were small

The story that stands out  
Above all  
Is this

'The Night the Books Came to Life'

Now  
You might think its fabrication  
But it caught their imagination  
The night that books came to life?  
The tale of a little local Library  
That was visited by nobody  
So the books took themselves off the shelves  
And danced  
And pranced

This all happened one eve  
Whilst the Caretaker  
Steve  
Was on his holidays

Books coming to life?  
It's not what you expect  
Books  
Demanding more respect  
Feeling unloved

So they act out  
Around and about  
Flinging pages here and there  
Making people stop and stare  
Instead of passing by

No word of a lie  
It happened right here  
But those delinquent books  
Were put  
Under lock and key  
Punished for their bad behaviour  
Never to be free  
For children to read

And this boy  
And this girl  
The brother and the sister  
Thought 'what a shame'  
'We ought to make sure this doesn't happen again'  
'Maybe those books were just misunderstood  
And they feared that History would repeat itself'

They felt they should do something  
So set themselves the challenge  
To read each book  
From cover to cover  
Make them know they're loved  
And appreciated

Maybe you're thinking this is quite a task  
To read thousands of pages  
In one night

And even though they are both fast readers  
As the clock strikes twelve  
They're only half way down one shelf  
Between them

Then  
A sudden thudding sound  
Shudders the whole building  
They lose their place on the page

Such a loud noise would put anyone off their reading pace

They run and hide  
And watch  
As a sight  
That widens all four of their eyes  
To quite an unimaginable size

A sight that has rarely before been seen  
A sight that you wouldn't even believe

(You can picture what a big deal this is)

Right there  
In this very Library  
The books coming to life in the night!  
Just like they do in the story  
Only this time  
It's true

Books darting past their heads  
With the finest poetry and prose  
Only just missing the boys nose

Flicking and flapping their pages  
This sight for sore eyes  
Goes on for ages

Books based on fiction  
Some full of facts  
Books with loads of words in  
Those are hard backs

Books that have pictures and not so many pages  
Books written this year  
Some from the dark ages

Books about Richard III  
Books about dinosaurs  
Or how to spot rare birds

Books with instructions and drawn out descriptions  
Books by old playwrights for actors with good diction

They dance and they prance  
And they laugh  
And they sing  
Parading their spines that have fancy lettering

All this excitement makes for a tiresome night

Without much warning  
It's now morning  
The Librarian's key  
Wakes the girl and the boy from their snoring

'What mess!?'  
She says

The brother and sister  
Try to explain  
But they get all the blame for the untidy Library

No one believes what the girl and boy say  
Maybe they cannot perceive of such a thing  
Happening  
In their local Library

They clear up all the books  
And after some very stern looks  
And a serious telling off  
The Librarian agrees to forget about the matter  
When a clatter catches everyone's attention

They rush to look at what's caused such chaos  
A smattering of books on the carpet  
Flung off the shelf with such speed  
One open on a page  
That reads

'This book is dedicated to  
A boy and a girl  
A brother and a sister'