Mortlock took them to a huge library. It had shelves of books that went up to the tall ceiling. The books were all bound in polished leather. Some did not have titles, they had a date on the spine with some strange letters and symbols. Along a wall were cabinets with hundreds of tiny drawers.

A log fire burned cosily at the far end of the room. The children sat on comfortable leather chairs and Floppy lay on the thick carpet in front of the fire and fell asleep. Mortlock sank into a chair, wiped his forehead with a handkerchief, leaned forward, and began.