

When the town fell asleep,
the old library stayed awake.



Barnaby guarded every single
spine on every single shelf.



Volume Seven of maritime tales
was gone.

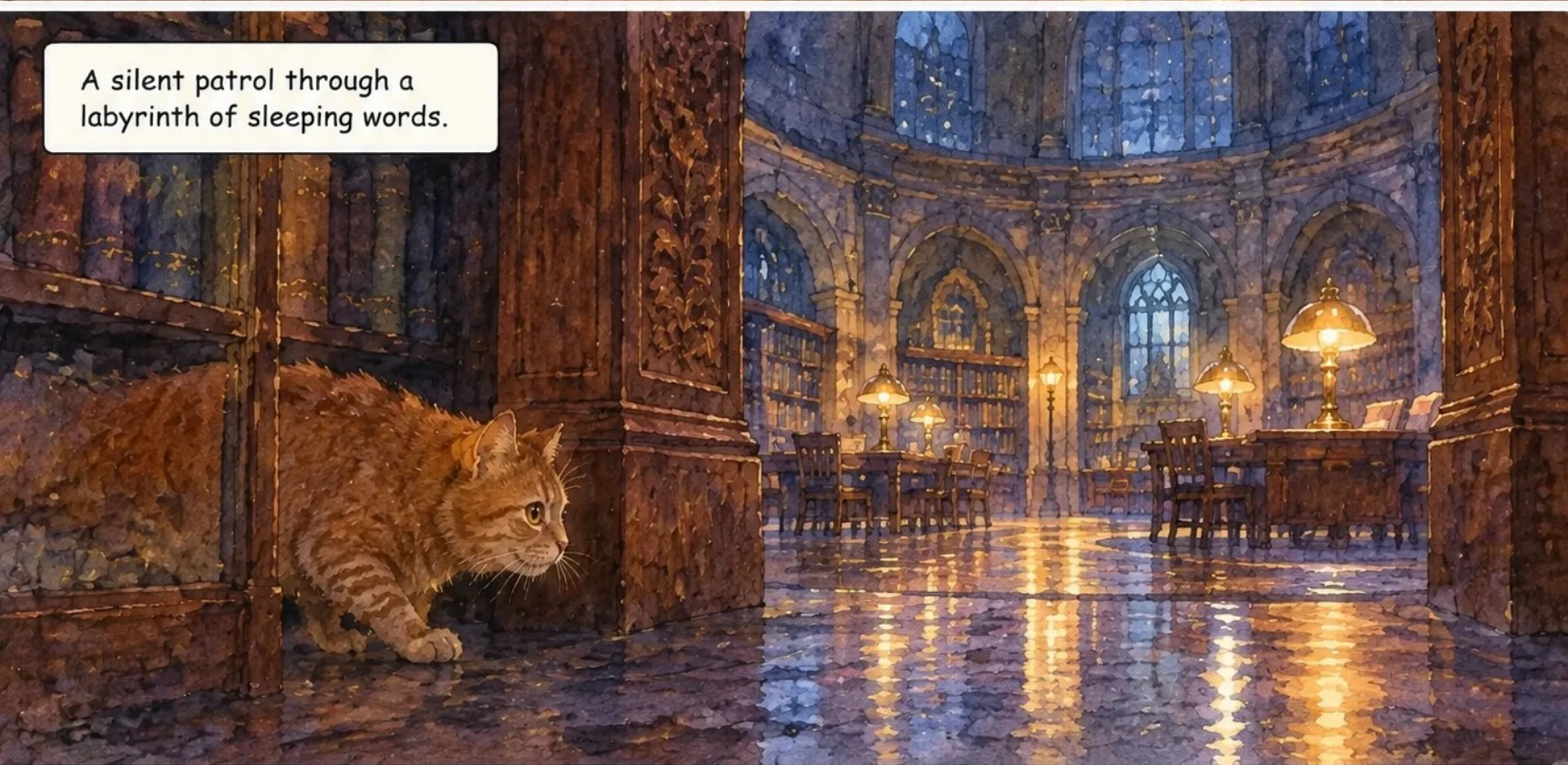
Sniff ...Mrow?



The scent was fresh: rain, cedarwood, and old paper.



A silent patrol through a labyrinth of sleeping words.



The thief had left a light on.



Prrrrt?

Not a burglar. Just a boy.



"The great whale
vanished into the mist..."



Just one more page
before morning.





Mrr-oww.



Please don't hiss!
I wasn't stealing it!



I... I don't have
a library card.

A book's keeper knows
when a book is loved.



Oh... you're
a good boy,
aren't you?



Page eighty-four.
That's enough
for tonight.



Every book returned home
before sunrise.

Ի՞նչ քան խոն քեզ
հոտերն հոտ արձատ...

See you tomorrow
night, Barnaby.

A quiet pact was forged
between cat and reader.

All books accounted for.

Purrrrr...