

LILA & HER TIME LIBRARY





EPISODE 1:

THE CARD THAT FOUND HER

It was the kind of rainy afternoon where time felt slow and stretched, like melted toffee. Lila pressed her forehead against the window of the bookshop, watching drops chase each other down the glass.

Her grandmother had brought her here to wait out the rain, but the little shop on Bellwether Street wasn't exactly exciting. The dusty bell above the door had let out a tired ting when they entered. Shelves leaned slightly to the left, and the books smelled like tea leaves and thunderstorms.

"Go explore," her grandmother whispered with a smile, already flipping through a thick gardening manual. "Sometimes the right book finds you."

Lila wandered, dragging her fingers along book spines that whispered as she passed. Nothing stood out—until she noticed a section with no sign at all. A narrow shelf sat in the far corner, partly hidden behind a faded curtain. A single drawer was tucked into the bottom, the kind that didn't match the rest.

Curious, Lila crouched down and pulled it open.

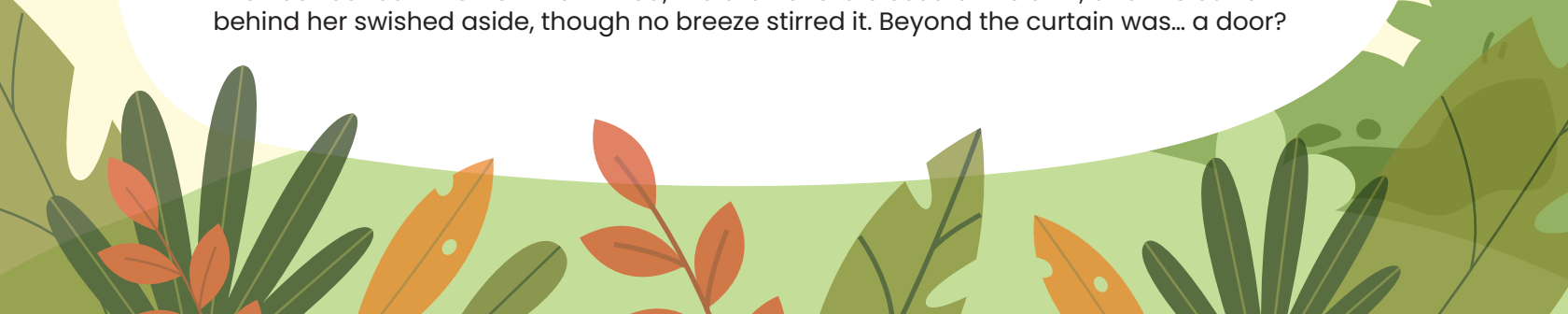
Inside was a card — smooth, thick, and humming ever so slightly. It glowed faintly, like moonlight caught in paper. On its front, in elegant looping script, it read:


Lila Ellery: Page Keeper

Her breath caught. She hadn't told anyone her middle name. And Page Keeper? What did that even mean?

The second she touched it, the world changed.

The floor beneath her felt like it tilted, the drawer slid closed on its own, and the curtain behind her swished aside, though no breeze stirred it. Beyond the curtain was... a door?





No — a doorway without a door. An arch made of dark wood, twisted with vines carved in its frame. Through it glowed a soft golden light, flickering like candle flames. Lila stepped through before she had time to wonder whether she should.

The space beyond wasn't a room. It was a library. A vast, endless one.

Shelves stretched up and up, past sight, winding like staircases into the ceiling. Floating ladders drifted between the aisles. A warm light hovered overhead — no lamps, just glowing orbs that drifted like fireflies. The air smelled like cinnamon, old pages, and something else... like magic.

In the center of the library stood a desk carved from a single, spiraling tree trunk. Behind it sat a figure in a cloak made of patchwork pages. Their face was kind, though Lila could only see their eyes — deep and twinkling.

"Ah," the figure said softly. "Lila. You've arrived."

"No. But the Library knew you. It always does."

The figure stood and handed her two objects: a glowing bookmark — the same moonlight shimmer as the card — and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles.

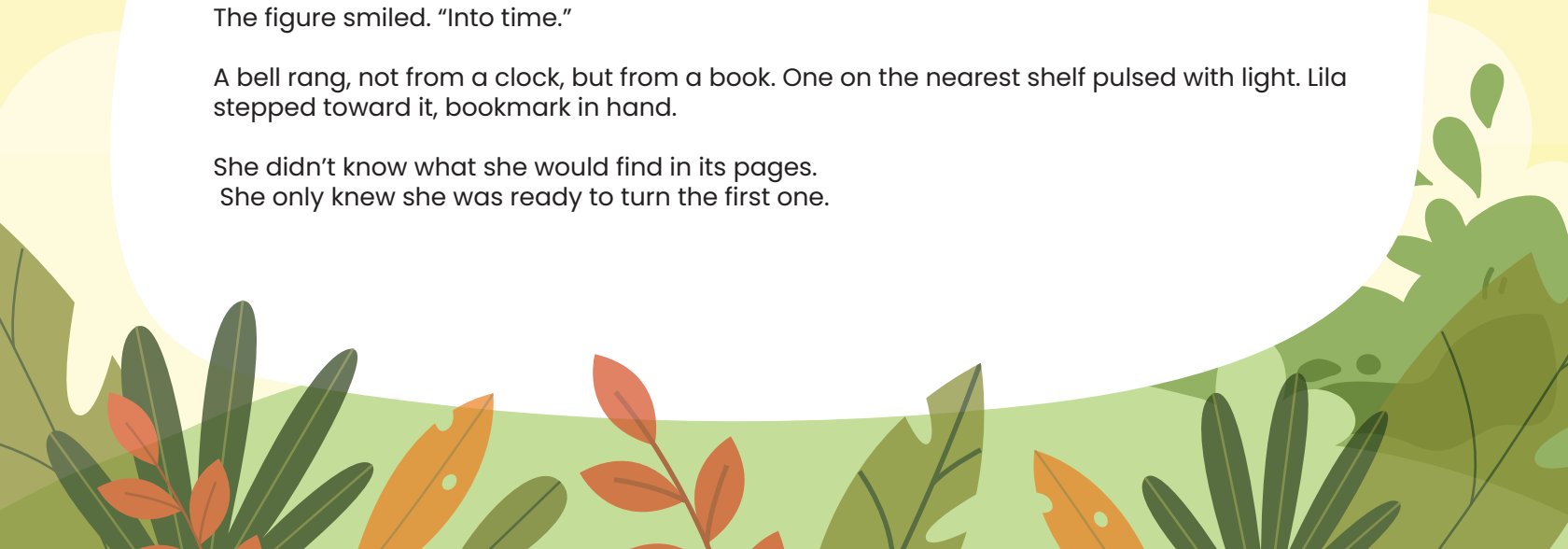
"They'll help you read what others cannot. And go where others dare not."

Lila stared at the vast shelves, her heart pounding in the best way — the kind of thump that meant adventure. "Go where?" she whispered.

The figure smiled. "Into time."

A bell rang, not from a clock, but from a book. One on the nearest shelf pulsed with light. Lila stepped toward it, bookmark in hand.

She didn't know what she would find in its pages.
She only knew she was ready to turn the first one.





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