WAKE UP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LYING THERE? The library doesn't open for another two hours, you shouldn't be here at all. If it isn't the limit! Now they've started locking readers into my basement. Honestly, there's no end to what I have to put up with. No, no point shouting, it's not *my* fault . . . But I know who *you* are, you know your way round the library. You mooch about this place all day, so sooner or later you were bound to end up spending the night here. No, don't go away, now you're here, you can give me a hand. I'm looking for a book they want upstairs. *Existentialism Is a Humanism*, you know, book by Sartre, they've somehow lost it down here, so take a look on the shelves, please. What? You don't recognize me? But I work in this room every day. So I must be completely unnoticeable.

Nobody sees me, that's my problem. Even in the street, people bump into me and say, "Oh, sorry, didn't see you." The invisible woman, that's who I am, the invisible woman, the one in charge of the Geography section. Ah, yes, now you've remembered who I am, of course. Oh there it is, thanks very much, that was quick of you. *Existentialism Is a Humanism* has no business down here in my basement, we don't have philosophy on this level. It suits the eggheads on the ground floor. I'll give it back to them, they'll be pleased, they've been looking for it for ages up there. See, you really are a big help. Anyway, I'm not allowed to open the doors for you, it would mean calling the security people, it's too dangerous. Yes, it is, it's dangerous, because it would be unprecedented, first time ever. And in a library, one should never draw attention to oneself. If you attract attention, you'll disturb people. You can just stay here with me, while I get my reading room ready. I've more books to shelve. And since you're so efficient, can you take out of the History section all the geography books that readers have shoved in there? Go on, don't complain . . .