

Dear Main Library,

We need to talk. We've been together for almost three years now, and when we first got together I found your mysterious ways alluring. I never dreamed a library like you could be interested in a girl like me. Your rockin' collection and ample study space blinded me to any possible criticism.

But, the time has come for me to admit: I don't understand you at all. What is the deal with your room numbers anyway? Just when I think I know what to expect, I fall flat on my face. How can rooms 214 and 216 be *inside* room 220?! And no room 215 in sight...I mean, sure you have all the evens; but the reality is you are just as odd.



On top of that, you're secretive. What are you hiding on your third floor that I can't see? More books? 3-D printers? A secret temple of knowledge? How can we have a future together if you insist on keeping secrets?!

Look, I don't want to lose you. I hope we can work through this together.

I still don't know how to get to room 66.

Jessica

