

MAGIC



WHAT WAS LOST COMES LOOKING

a relay in eight chapters

RELAY · WRITERS

The writers

Eight people who never met. One chapter each, in the order it was written.

ONE	Olive Kassen
TWO	Sammy Hall
THREE	Colin McAteer
FOUR	Priya Nair
FIVE	Dan Okafor
SIX	typewriter_tom
SEVEN	rpenguin
EIGHT	inkwell_amy

Chapter

ONE

written by Olive Kassen

The rain had been falling for three days when Margot found the library card in her dead grandmother's jewelry box. Not tucked between velvet dividers or hidden beneath brooches, but woven into the lining itself, as if the fabric had grown around it over years. The card was made of something that felt like vellum but moved like silk between her fingers. No library name. No address. Just a single line of text that seemed to shift when she wasn't looking directly at it: The bearer may borrow what was lost. Her grandmother had never mentioned a library. Had barely mentioned anything in those final months, her eyes fixed on the window where light pooled and drained with the passing hours. But Margot remembered the books. Stacks of them in the attic, their spines cracked and pages dog-eared, each one annotated in her grandmother's careful hand. She had loved them the way some people love children. The card grew warm in Margot's palm. Outside, the rain continued its patient work, turning the garden to mud, the streets to mirrors. She should have been packing the house, sorting a lifetime into boxes marked keep and donate and trash. Instead, she sat on the bedroom floor with the card, watching how it caught the gray light. Watching how it seemed to drink it in. When she finally stood, her knees protesting, she found herself pulling on her grandmother's old coat. It still smelled of rosewater and dust. The card slipped into the inner pocket as if it had always belonged

there, and Margot stepped out into the weather. The streets were empty. Rain did that to a town like this, sent everyone indoors to wait it out. She walked without direction, letting her feet choose the turns. Left at the corner where the oak had split in last winter's ice storm. Right past the boarded-up cinema. Straight through the square where the fountain had run dry and stayed that way. She found it in a part of town she didn't recognize, though she had lived here all her life. The building stood between a bakery and a shop that sold clocks, both of which Margot could have sworn weren't there before. The library had no sign, no hours posted, no indication it was open or ever had been. Just a green door, paint flaking like old skin, and a window too dark to see through. The card in her pocket had gone cold. Margot tried the handle. It turned. Inside, the air tasted of old paper and something else, something mineral and deep, like the smell of caves. Shelves rose into shadow. No lights that she could see, but she could see perfectly well, as if the books themselves were luminous. They weren't arranged by any system she recognized. Not alphabetically, not by subject. They simply were, filling the space the way water fills a glass. At a desk near the back sat a woman who might have been thirty or three hundred. She was writing something in a ledger, her pen moving with the steady rhythm of breathing. "You have a card," the woman said without looking up. Margot touched her pocket. "My grandmother's." "Yes." The pen paused. "She was a faithful borrower. Always returned what she took. Always on time." The woman finally raised her eyes. They were colorless in the strange light, or perhaps every color at once. "Rule number eight, however, she broke only once. It cost her dearly." "What rule?" The woman smiled, and it was not unkind. "The same one you're about to break. Tell me, Margot, what is it you've lost?"

Chapter

TWO

written by Sammy Hall

The thing is, I hadn't actually decided I was going to break any rules. I was still standing there with my mouth half-open, trying to figure out how this woman knew my name, when she closed the ledger with a sound like a door shutting. "I didn't say I lost anything," I told her. She tilted her head. "The card only appears to those who have. It's quite particular about that." I wanted to argue. Wanted to say I was just here because I found a weird library card and followed it like a trail of breadcrumbs, like an idiot. But the words stuck. Because of course I'd lost something. Everyone loses things. My grandmother, for starters. Three months ago in a hospice room that smelled like industrial cleaner and failure. But that wasn't the kind of thing you could borrow back from a library, was it? "Books," I said instead. "My grandmother's books. The estate lawyer made me throw them out. Said they were worthless." Not a lie, exactly. More like a detour around the truth. The librarian, if that's what she was, stood up. She was taller than I expected. Moved like water. "Your grandmother's annotations are here. Third stack, eye level, blue cloth spine. You'll know it when you see it." "That easy?" "Borrowing is easy. Returning is where people struggle." She gestured toward the shelves and I followed her hand. Didn't see any kind of organization, but I walked anyway. My shoes were still wet from the rain and they left prints on the wood floor, dark and getting darker. I

could feel her watching me. The stacks smelled different the deeper I went. Less like paper, more like gardens. Like turned earth. I found the blue spine exactly where she said. Pulled it down and yeah, there was my grandmother's handwriting. Margins filled with her tiny, furious script. Arguments with the author. Observations. Questions she'd never gotten to ask anyone. I opened my mouth to say thank you but stopped. Because tucked between two pages near the back was a photograph. Me, maybe seven years old, sitting in my grandmother's garden. I was holding something I couldn't make out in the picture, something small and bright. I didn't remember this photo. Didn't remember it being taken. "The rule," I said, loud enough to carry. "What is it?" The librarian's voice came from somewhere behind me, or maybe everywhere. "No book leaves after sundown. Quite straightforward." I looked toward the window. That dark square I'd seen from outside. Couldn't tell what time it was. The rain made everything gray. "What happens if one does?" "The book finds its way back. Always. And it brings something of yours with it. Something equal." "Equal to what?" "To what you took." I held the book tighter. Started to ask what my grandmother had borrowed, what she'd paid, but then I heard it. Footsteps. Not the librarian's. Someone else. Coming from deeper in the stacks, where the shelves disappeared into that luminous nothing. The librarian appeared at my elbow. Hadn't heard her move. "You have a choice," she said. "Borrow the book, follow the rule, return it before dawn tomorrow. Or leave now. Put it back. Walk away." "And if I take it? If I follow the rule?" "Then you'll learn what she wrote. What she knew. What she tried to tell you in those final months when her eyes were fixed on windows." The librarian touched the book's spine, gentle. "But you'll owe the library a return visit. To bring something else. Something it needs." The footsteps were getting closer. I could almost see who was making them, a shape forming in the shadow between shelves. "Who's that?" "Someone else who borrowed. Someone who hasn't returned." I shoved the book into my coat pocket. Same pocket as the card. They settled against each other like they were magnetic. "I'll bring it back," I

said. The librarian nodded once. "Before sundown tomorrow. After that, the book will come home. And it will bring what it considers fair payment." I turned to leave. The footsteps stopped. And I swear I heard breathing, close enough to touch. "Margot," the librarian called. "One more thing. The window faces east. You'll know when the sun sets." I was already running for the green door.

Chapter

THREE

written by Colin McAteer

The door slams behind Margot hard enough to rattle the glass in the frame. She's on the sidewalk now, coat soaked through in seconds, the book a hard weight against her ribs. The bakery next door is gone. The clock shop is gone. Just a brick wall between two vacant storefronts, paint peeling in long strips like sunburned skin. She checks her phone. 4:47 PM. The screen flickers once and dies. Battery was full when she walked in. The rain hasn't let up. It drums against the awning of what used to be the cinema, streams through the broken places where the fabric has rotted. Margot starts walking, no destination in mind, just away. Her grandmother's coat clings to her shoulders. The book pulses with warmth every few seconds, steady as a heartbeat. She needs to figure out what time the sun sets. This time of year, early November, it's usually around six. Maybe six-fifteen. She has, what, an hour and a half? Except she doesn't know when the hour starts counting. When she took the book off the shelf? When she left the building? When she agreed to borrow it? A car passes, headlights cutting through the gray. Margot waves but the driver doesn't slow. Doesn't even glance her way. She walks faster. The photo is what keeps nagging at her. That picture of her at seven, holding something bright she can't identify. She doesn't want to look at it again. Doesn't want to pull the book out in the rain. But her hand drifts to her pocket anyway, feeling the shape of it through wet

wool. The something bright in that photo had been small. Coin-sized, maybe. And she'd been smiling. Really smiling, not the version kids learn for cameras. What had she been holding? Margot turns onto Rosewood Street, heading for the house. Her grandmother's house. Hers now, technically, though the word doesn't fit right. The key is in her other pocket, the one without the book and card. She fumbles for it as she climbs the porch steps. Inside, everything is exactly as she left it. Boxes half-packed. Furniture covered in sheets. The air stale and waiting. She peels off the coat, hangs it on the hook by the door. The book stays in the pocket. She should take it out. Read what her grandmother wrote. That's the whole point, isn't it? But first she needs to know about the sun. Margot pulls her laptop from a box marked OFFICE. Opens it. The screen glows to life and she types: sunset time November 3. The results load: 5:53 PM. Less than an hour. She checks the window. The one in the living room that faces east, same window her grandmother used to stare through. The sky is uniform gray. No sun visible, hasn't been visible for three days of rain. How is she supposed to know when it sets if she can't see it? The library card is still in the coat. Margot retrieves it, holds it up to the window light. The text has changed. Not The bearer may borrow what was lost anymore. Now it reads: The bearer will return what was borrowed or become what was lost. She sets the card on the coffee table. Carefully. Like it might bite. The book comes out of the coat pocket next. Blue cloth, spine worn soft. She sits on the sheet-covered couch and opens to the first page with her grandmother's handwriting. A philosophy text, something about the nature of memory. Her grandmother has written in the margin: If memory is the act of retrieval, what are we retrieving from? A place that exists? Or a place we build each time we visit? Margot flips ahead. More annotations. Arguments. Questions. Then, tucked at page ninety-seven, the photograph. She picks it up. Seven years old in the garden. Definitely summer. She's wearing the yellow dress she'd loved, the one with pockets big enough for rocks and feathers and anything else worth keeping. And in her hand, that bright thing. Margot looks closer. Squints. It's a coin. No, not a coin.

A button. Brass, catching the light. She knows this button. Or knew it. The memory surfaces like something floating up from deep water: her grandmother's good coat, the one she wore to church. It had brass buttons. One went missing. Margot had found it in the garden, dirt-caked and glinting, and she'd kept it. Carried it everywhere for weeks. Where did it go? The window flashes. Not lightning. Something else. A shift in the gray, a sudden absence of light that makes the room darker than it was. Margot looks at her laptop. 5:53 PM exactly. Outside, the rain falls harder.

Chapter

FOUR

written by Priya Nair

The rain falls harder and then it doesn't. It just stops, mid-sheet, like someone hit pause on the whole production. Droplets hang in the air outside the window. Not frozen, exactly. Suspended. Waiting. "Oh, that's not good," Margot says to the empty room. The book in her lap starts vibrating. Not the pulse-warmth from before. This is different. Aggressive. Like a phone set to angry mode. The blue cloth is darkening, going from faded denim to deep navy, spreading outward from the spine. She stands up fast. The book tumbles onto the couch. Bad idea. Worse idea. The book opens itself to the middle, pages flipping without wind, without anything. They move with purpose, ruffling back and forth like something's searching. The annotations blur together, her grandmother's handwriting smearing into illegible runs of ink. "Okay," Margot says. "Okay, I get it, I'm late, but technically I'm not? It's not after sundown, it's exactly sundown, which should count as before, right?" The photograph falls out. Lands face-up on the sheet. Except it's changed. Seven-year-old Margot is still in the garden. Still wearing the yellow dress. But her hand is empty. No brass button. And she's not smiling anymore. She's looking directly at the camera with an expression Margot recognizes from mirrors, from bad days: confused and trying not to show it. "No," Margot says. "No, that's not how photos work." The book snaps shut. The sound echoes wrong, rattles around

the room like it's bouncing off surfaces that aren't there. Margot grabs the book. It's cold now. Actually cold, frost forming on the cloth cover in delicate patterns. Her fingers stick slightly when she tries to adjust her grip. She needs to return it. Now. Immediately. Before whatever's happening finishes happening. Margot shoves her feet into her still-wet shoes. Grabs the coat. Checks the pocket for the library card. It's there. The text has changed again: The bearer is overdue. "I know," she tells it. "Working on it." Outside, the rain is still suspended. She walks through drops that hang like beads on invisible strings. They're cold when she brushes against them, but they don't fall. Don't burst. Just shift slightly and resume their waiting. The street is wrong. Not empty, wrong. The houses are there but their windows are dark in a way that suggests not just turned-off lights but absence of the concept of light. No cars. No distant traffic sounds. No hum of electricity from the power lines overhead. Margot walks fast. The book is getting heavier. She switches it from hand to hand, flexing her fingers. Frost is spreading up her arms now, crawling along the wet wool of her grandmother's coat. She tries to remember how she got to the library. Left at the split oak. Right past the cinema. Straight through the square. She's at the oak now. Takes the left. Keeps moving. The clock shop should be ahead. The bakery. That stretch of nothing between them where the green door hides. Except when she gets there, there's just more brick wall. Unbroken. No seam. No indication anything was ever different. "Come on," Margot says. She's talking to the wall, the book, herself. "I'm here. I'm returning it. That's the rule, right? That's what I'm supposed to do?" The library card in her pocket goes hot. Not warm. Hot enough to burn through the lining, through her shirt, against her skin. She yelps and yanks it out. Drops it. The card lands face-up on the sidewalk. The text scrolls past too fast to read, line after line of rules appearing and disappearing. She catches fragments: borrowed materials must be returned to the circulation desk and patrons who fail to return and equivalent exchange will be extracted and then, finally, settling: The door appears to those who are owed or owing. Currently, you are both. Margot looks up. The green

door is there. Three feet to her left. Paint flaking. Handle tarnished. Like it's been waiting the whole time and she just wasn't looking at the right angle. She reaches for the handle. The book in her other hand starts warming up again, frost melting, running down her arm in cold rivulets. The door opens before she can turn the handle. The librarian is standing there. Behind her, the stacks stretch into shadow. "You're cutting it close," the librarian says. "Come in. Quickly. Before the rain starts moving again."

Chapter

FIVE

written by Dan Okafor

Margot steps inside and the door shuts itself, gentle but final. The sound is nothing like the slam when she left. More like a sigh. "I'm not late," she says, which is maybe not the most important thing to establish right now, but it feels important. "The sun set at 5:53. I was inside by 5:53. That's not after." The librarian takes the book from her hand. Margot's fingers ache where they were gripping it, joints stiff with cold. "Time works differently when you're between states. You were inside your grandmother's house at 5:53. You were not inside the library." "That's not what you said. You said before sundown. You didn't say where I had to be before sundown." "I said the book couldn't leave after sundown." The librarian walks toward the desk, book tucked under her arm. "It did." Margot follows. Her shoes squeak on the wood floor. The prints she's leaving now are darker than before, almost black, and they're not drying. "Okay. Fine. So what's the damage? What do I owe?" The librarian sets the book on the desk. Opens it. Flips through the pages with that same methodical calm. She stops at page ninety-seven. The photograph is tucked there. She pulls it out, holds it up to the light that comes from nowhere and everywhere at once. Seven-year-old Margot stares out from the photo. Hand empty. Not smiling. "Your grandmother borrowed this book seventeen years ago," the librarian says. "She was researching memory. Trying to understand how we hold onto things.

She returned it on time. Early, actually. But something came with her when she left." "The button," Margot says. "Yes." "That's insane. It's a button. She took a button from a library?" The librarian sets the photo on the desk. "She took a memory of the button. The brass one you found in her garden. You kept it for weeks, she told me. Carried it everywhere. Then one day it was gone. You cried for hours. She couldn't find it, couldn't explain where it went." Margot remembers crying. Doesn't remember the button clearly anymore, just the feeling of loss. The specific weight of it. "You're saying she stole my memory?" "Borrowed. There's a difference." The librarian pulls the ledger toward her, opens it. "She wanted to keep that moment. The way you looked at something small and bright like it was treasure. She was afraid you'd grow out of it. Afraid you'd forget how to see worth in worthless things." "So she what, checked out my memory like a book?" "She annotated it. Kept it preserved here." The librarian taps the photograph. "Intended to return it when you were older. When you'd understand. But she waited too long." Margot sits down in the chair across from the desk. Doesn't remember deciding to sit. "The thing she lost. Her mind. That was because she broke the rule?" "That was the equivalent exchange, yes. She kept something precious past its return date. The library took something equally precious from her. Memory for memory." The rain outside starts moving again. Margot hears it hit the window, normal rhythm, normal rain. She looks toward the dark glass but can't see the street beyond it. "I brought the book back," she says. "I'm not late. Not really. So what do you take from me?" The librarian writes something in the ledger. Her handwriting matches the annotations in the book, Margot realizes. Matches her grandmother's. Has the same slant and pressure. "You're both owed and owing. That means we negotiate." "Negotiate what?" "The library needs a new borrower. Someone who understands the cost. Someone who won't forget the rules." The librarian closes the ledger. "Your grandmother was supposed to train her replacement. She ran out of time." Margot laughs. Can't help it. "You want me to work here? That's the negotiation?" "I want you to finish

what she started. There are other borrowers. Some have been overdue for years. Decades. They need reminding. They need someone to explain the terms." "And if I say no?" The librarian slides the photograph across the desk. In it, seven-year-old Margot holds her empty hand like she's forgotten what was supposed to be there. "Then you leave with what you came for. And the library keeps what it's owed." Margot picks up the photograph. Studies that confused face. "What did I come for?" "Understanding," the librarian says. "Whether you leave with it is up to you."

Chapter

SIX

written by typewriter_tom

Margot puts the photograph in her coat pocket. The same pocket where the card was. She stands. Walks to the window. Puts her hand against the glass. It's cold but not impossible cold. Just rain-in-November cold. Real. "I need to see the ledger," she says. The librarian doesn't move. "Why?" "Because you said there are borrowers who've been overdue for years. Decades. I want to know who. I want to know what they took." "That's not how this works. You don't negotiate terms by demanding information." Margot turns around. "You said my grandmother was supposed to train her replacement. Train implies teaching. Teaching requires information. So either you're offering me a job or you're not." The librarian's colorless eyes hold steady. Then she slides the ledger across the desk. Margot opens it. The pages are thick, irregular. Handmade paper, maybe. The entries go back further than they should. Dates in the 1800s. Earlier. The ink changes color and composition but the handwriting stays the same. All of it in her grandmother's hand, or something that looks exactly like it. She flips forward. Finds recent entries. Names she doesn't recognize at first. Then one she does. Theodore Marsh. Borrowed 3/17, returned never. Item: biography, damaged spine. Penalty accruing. "Theo," Margot says. "I know him. He works at the coffee shop on Brennan Street." "Worked," the librarian corrects. "He stopped going three weeks ago. Stopped going anywhere.

The book is trying to find its way home. It's pulling at him. Soon it will pull hard enough." Margot keeps reading. Finds another name. Vera Soto. Borrowed 6/2, ten years ago. Item: gardening manual, annotated. Penalty extracted. "What does that mean? Extracted?" "It means she couldn't pay. The library took what it could recover." "Which was what?" "Her garden. Every plant. They simply stopped growing. Then stopped being. The soil is still there. Nothing else." Margot closes the ledger. Pushes it back. "This is extortion." "This is consequence. Everyone who borrows understands the terms." "They understand that if they're late, you'll erase pieces of their lives?" The librarian stands. She's taller than Margot remembered. Moves around the desk with that water-smooth motion. "The library doesn't erase. It reclaims. Everything borrowed was already lost. We're simply returning things to their proper state." "My grandmother wasn't in her proper state. She was gone. Hollowed out." "Your grandmother kept something that wasn't hers to keep. The library corrected the imbalance." Margot feels the photograph in her pocket. The brass button she doesn't quite remember. The moment her grandmother tried to preserve and paid for in years of empty staring. "If I do this," Margot says. "If I become whatever you're calling it. This replacement. Do I get her memories back?" "No." "Why not?" "Because they've been reallocated. Given to someone who needed them more than she did. That's how equivalent exchange works. Nothing is destroyed. Only moved." Margot walks back to the desk. Puts both hands flat on the surface. "Then I want something else." The librarian waits. "I want Theodore Marsh's book back. I want his penalty erased. That's my condition." "You can't negotiate someone else's debt." "You said I'd be doing reminders. Explaining terms. That means I'm working collections. So let me collect this one. I'll find Theo, get the book, return it. His slate's clean." The librarian considers this. The rain outside gets louder. Margot wonders if that means something. If the rain here is like the light, responsive to what happens inside these walls. "If you fail," the librarian says, "his penalty continues accruing. And yours begins." "What would mine be?" "The same as your

grandmother's. Memory. Starting with the earliest and moving forward until you've paid what's owed." Margot thinks about the button. The garden. Being seven and finding treasure in dirt. She thinks about Theo, who makes good coffee and always remembers how people take it. Who probably has no idea what's coming for him. "Deal," she says. The librarian opens the ledger. Writes something. Her pen moves like breathing, steady and inevitable. "You have until the next sundown," she says. "Twenty-four hours. The book is in Theodore's apartment. Third floor, red door. It will resist leaving." "What does that mean?" "It means bring something to carry it in. Something strong. And don't look at the annotations. They're not meant for you." Margot heads for the green door.

Chapter

SEVEN

written by rpenguin

The green door exploded. Margot was flung backwards. A MAGIC CURSE! What can be done? nothing. Find another door. Margot was now in trouble. Penalties? This was the problem. What a mess!

Chapter

EIGHT

written by inkwell_amy

Margot hit the floor, shoulder first. Her elbow cracked against wood. The green door was splinters. Beyond it, the street wasn't there. Just shelves. More shelves. The library had folded itself wrong. She got up. Flexed her arm. Nothing broken. The librarian stood at the desk, unchanged. Pen still in hand. "You can't leave yet." "The door just blew apart." "The door left. You stayed. That's the problem." Margot looked at the space where the exit had been. Jagged frame. Empty air that showed only more stacks, more books, more shadow going back forever. "You said I had twenty-four hours. I need to get to Theo's apartment." "And you will. When the library allows it." The librarian set down her pen. "The building doesn't appreciate hasty departures. It wants assurance you'll return." "I made a deal. That's not enough?" "Deals can be broken. The door wants collateral." Margot's coat was heavy. She reached into the pocket. The photograph was still there. So was the library card. She pulled out the card. The text had changed again: The bearer is bound. "What collateral?" Margot asked. The librarian gestured toward the desk. "Something you need. Something whose absence you'll feel." Margot touched her grandmother's coat. The fabric was still damp, still smelled like rosewater and dust and three months of grief. She started to shrug it off. "Not that," the librarian said. "The coat is already ours. Your grandmother wore it here for forty years. It knows the way back."

Margot stopped. Looked at the coat differently. Saw the wear patterns. The places where fabric had rubbed thin from leaning against the same desk, sitting in the same chair. "What, then?" "Your name." Margot waited for the rest of the sentence. It didn't come. "My name." "Until you return. The library holds it. You can still function. Still speak. But when people try to recall what you're called, they won't be able to. When you try to introduce yourself, the word won't form. Names have power. This one will guarantee your return." "What if I don't come back?" "Then you won't have one. Simple." The librarian opened a drawer. Pulled out a glass jar, empty, with a metal clasp. "Say it into this. Once. The library will keep it safe." Margot took the jar. It was warm, like someone had just been holding it. "And then a door appears?" "Then the library lets you leave through whatever exit it chooses." "Not the same thing." "No. But it's what's offered." Margot unscrewed the clasp. Held the jar up. Her name felt strange in her mouth suddenly, too big and too small at once. She'd been Margot for thirty-two years. Her grandmother had chosen it. Margot, after some aunt who'd lived in Boston and sent Christmas cards with checks inside until the year the cards stopped coming. She said it into the jar. "Margot." The word went in like breath. The glass fogged briefly. The librarian took the jar, sealed it, set it on a shelf behind the desk between two books with broken spines. "Twenty-four hours," the librarian said. "After that, Theodore Marsh's penalty resumes. And yours begins. The east window will show you when." A door opened. Not where the green door had been. Somewhere in the stacks, between shelves Margot hadn't noticed before. This one was gray metal, institutional, like something from a hospital or school. The kind of door that locks from outside. She walked toward it. Her shoes still left dark prints. The annotations on the nearest books caught her eye as she passed. Different handwriting now. Not her grandmother's. Rushed, jagged: this is taking longer than expected and I can't find the way and please if anyone reads this. "Don't read those," the librarian called. "They're not finished being written." Margot reached the gray door. The handle was cold. She pulled it open. On the

other side: Theo's apartment building. Third floor, red door, just like the librarian said. Morning light coming through the hallway window. The rain had stopped. She stepped through. The door closed behind her, and when she turned to look, it was just a maintenance closet. Mops inside. Bucket. Smell of bleach and old water. Margot tried to say her name, test if it was really gone. Her mouth moved. Nothing came out. She climbed the stairs.

Finished on 28 April 2026.

*Written in relay on relaywriters.com: eight strangers, one chapter each, never
more than eight hundred words at a time.*

[https://relaywriters.com/read/34?t=qxRcGZMLuZwxnYi02j5IeyAncXf
rG6HE](https://relaywriters.com/read/34?t=qxRcGZMLuZwxnYi02j5IeyAncXfrG6HE)