



During our darkest hour, a band of intrepid puzzlers -- once strangers, now friends -- arrived from afar and saved all of Bookspace. We know we can never repay you, but perhaps if we inscribe here in print your devil-may-care exploits, it will serve as some small token of our great affection. If we have left out something you have seen during your time here, we're sure you can fill it in.

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Toward the beginning of your adventure you wandered through our Rows Garden, and were able to enjoy the splendor of our arbors there, where bungee cords help resters to keep them from falling and to increase the available shady space.