

“I know,” he said, “that at closing time they didn’t throw her out.” He had an absolute intuition about that; his near-psionic faculty in that direction had made him the good police officer that he was. “She’s still in there, and being held; she wouldn’t stay unless they detained her.”

“I’ll vidphone them,” Sebastian said hollowly.

“And say what?”

“And say I want my wife back!”

“Okay,” Tinbane said, “you do that.” He gave Sebastian the extension number of his prowler car’s phone. “And then you call me back and tell me what they said.” He continued fixedly to watch the screen of the cephalic-wave detector; it continued to indicate seven brains in the vicinity, moving about slightly; the location of the dots on the screen underwent continual minute relocations. They’ll tell you that she was there, he said to himself, and that she left. She never got there at all; maybe they’ll say that. And they know nothing. *Noli me tangere*, he thought; that’s what the Library says about itself. Warning: don’t meddle with me. Touch me not. The bastards, he said to himself.

Five minutes later his car vidphone light flashed on; he lifted the receiver. “I got the janitor,” Sebastian said miserably.

“And he said what.”

“That he was alone in the building; everyone else, the staff, everybody, had gone home.”

Tinbane said, “There are seven living people below me. Okay, I’ll go down and take a look. I’ll call you back as soon as I have anything definite.”

“Should I call the police?” Sebastian asked.

“I am the police,” Tinbane said, and rang off.

He set the warning circuit of the cephalic-wave detector to activate itself when someone was within five feet of him, and then, lugging the detector in one hand, his service revolver in the other, he hurried awkwardly to the unlocked entrance door of the Library.

A moment later, by the stairs, he had reached the top floor.

Closed doors. Darkness and silence; he fumbled with his infrared flashlight, switched it on. A study of the screen of the cephalic-wave detector showed the seven dots arranged on a horizontal plane vertically distant from him by over five feet; the warning circuit had not triggered. The next floor down, he decided. He tried, as he again descended the stairs,