



The Librarians
...and the Man who Hated Fairies

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To Hayley M. & John L.

...and the Man who Hated Fairies

*A fanfiction based on
the TV show « The Librarians »
on TNT
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Note:

this fanfiction takes place after
“... and the Happily Ever Afters” (2x09).
It also contains references to
“...and the Point of Salvation” (2x08)

**Special thanks go to those who make the magic of “The Librarians” happen
and to Geoffrey Thorne & Jeremy Bernstein who wrote
“...and the Happily Ever Afters”**

*This is a work of fan-fiction, with no affiliation to Electric Entertainment or TNT
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a story about a fictional universe and characters.*

The Librarians...and the Man who Hated Fairies

"And don't break anything!" Jenkins shouted as Ezekiel Jones ran through the Back Door.

The young Librarians and their Guardian had been called on a new case involving mysterious symbols appearing randomly and frightening the inhabitants of a small town in East Europe.

Now that they were all gone, the Caretaker was looking forward to some time for himself. He would sort old manuscripts and then proceed with a few experiments. As he was about to disconnect the device, he caught a brief light, like a shooting star, entering the Annex. He quickly turned around, but couldn't see anything suspicious. The Back Door was now closed and the device inactive. Everything was silent inside the Annex, yet Jenkins knew better. Centuries had taught him to trust his instincts and he was therefore certain that he wasn't alone. The idea that some stranger was hiding inside the Annex was more irritating than worrying, because it implied some precious time lost chasing whoever had managed to sneak in.

"Show yourself!" Ordered the Caretaker. "Or I shall cast a spell to force you out!"

The threat didn't have the expected outcome. Papers started to fly around while a trail of shiny green dust remained briefly in suspension.

"I hate fairies," groaned Jenkins who had identified the unwelcomed visitor as one of those annoying creatures.

He then added in a louder voice: "Fine, let's have it your way then."

Just as he was about to grab a piece of chalk from the desk nearby, a woman appeared right next to him, so close and so suddenly that it caused him to startle.

"You!" He exclaimed, recognizing Ariel.

"Me!" She replied using the same tone and casting him a bright smile. "Are you pleased to see me? You were not exactly yourself last time we met and I thought that I could meet the real you."

"So you simply decided to come unannounced? How typical of your kind!" He said wryly.

Ariel didn't get a chance to reply. The Clipping Book came to life. The fairy immediately approached to get a closer look, but the Caretaker quickly walked past her to reach the book first.

"How strange!"

The sight of newspapers' articles that had magically covered the pages fascinated Ariel. Jenkins wondered if she was referring to the way the book worked or to the articles. He doubted that she had ever seen a newspaper. The Caretaker decided that the question was irrelevant. What wasn't on the other hand was that the whole team was away when a new case had popped up. He stepped away from the Clipping Book to reach for the old-fashioned phone that was sitting on his desk. Ariel gazed at him curiously.

"What?" He asked with annoyance.

"What is it that you will do about those?"

She was pointing at the articles.

"I'm going to call Colonel Baird. Let her know about the situation. Maybe she can spare one or two Librarians to investigate the matter."

The fairy looked disappointed. Slightly surprised by her reaction, Jenkins didn't dial Eve's number.

"Aren't you fit to investigate yourself? I could help you," offered Ariel.

"Why would you want to help me?"

The Caretaker was growing suspicious, but the fairy's face lit with joy:

"It was so amusing last time! I wish I could do it again!"

She seemed genuinely excited by the prospect of participating in an investigation involving magic. Jenkins himself was tempted to go back into the field. That way he wouldn't need to disturb the team. He looked at his clepsydra. According to his calculations, Colonel Baird and the Librarians wouldn't be back for a few hours. He and Ariel would have plenty of time to work the case, maybe solve it and still be on time to greet the others when they came back.

"Very well," he said. "But on one condition."

"Which one?"

"No fairy tricks of any sort. Is that clear?"

Ariel nodded happily and walked to the Back Door, waiting for him.

When they opened the door, they found themselves in a large room that was both a cabinet of curiosities and an office. Before they had left the Annex, Jenkins had carefully studied the newspapers' clips. An impressive fissure had mysteriously appeared on a Victorian manor's frontage the night following the death of the owner's sister. The man was

a widower with no other family. Rumours had it that he was an eccentric who kept for himself.

"Now what?" Whispered Ariel as they stepped out of the closet that had allowed them to enter directly inside the manor.

Using a remote control of his invention, the Caretaker disconnected the Back Door before he replied.

"We try to locate the artefact that created the fissure."

"How are we supposed to recognize it?"

"You will know when you see it," explained Jenkins. "Be careful and don't make too much noise. We wouldn't want to alert the household of our presence."

The fairy nodded. Satisfied, the Caretaker lit a reading lamp that provided enough light for them to work. The night had settled in and it was pitch dark outside the window.

They searched in silence, studying the content of every display case, examining rare books sitting on the library's shelves, but nothing seemed to be worth adding to the Library's collection of artefacts.

"What next?"

Ariel looked as disappointed as him.

"We need to check the rest of..."

He stopped abruptly. Rapid footsteps could be heard outside the room and soon the door was swung open.

Ariel's first reaction had been driven by instinct. She disappeared in a shiny puff of fairy dust, leaving the Caretaker alone.

A man in his fifties, with a pale complexion and thin grey hair was standing at the doorframe. He was wearing a long dressing gown over his pyjamas. He stared at Jenkins who was already preparing a little speech to explain his presence. He didn't however expect the greeting he got.

"You're here to investigate on the curse, right? I've been informed of your arrival. I didn't expect you so soon, though."

"We take those matters very seriously, Sir," said the Caretaker very formally, pretending to be whoever the man thought he was.

"Please, call me Rudy."

He extended his hand. Jenkins shook it, amazed at how sympathetically the owner of the manor behaved. The articles he had read depicted him as a solitary soul who hated visitors. Journalists probably stalked him hoping for a good story and took offense when he refused to give them any statement. They probably expressed their frustration by writing a severe portrait of the widower.

“I think that I have found the cause of my family’s curse. It probably comes from an object that has been in my family for over a century. From what I can tell, our misfortune started right after we got it. I would be very grateful if you would examine it to confirm my suspicions.”

The Caretaker agreed and Rudy’s face expressed relief. He left the room and came back soon after, carrying an object wrapped into a piece of silk.

“Here.”

He abruptly handed it to Jenkins who had no other choice than to take it. He realised too late that he had been fooled. Rudy had deliberately given him the item in such a way that the silk protection fell off, forcing the Caretaker to have direct contact with the crow carved into black onyx. When he looked up to the widower, Jenkins noted two things: Rudy was smiling maliciously and the surroundings were fading away. He then closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, he was standing in a room of bare walls. From the look of it, it was set in the basement of the manor. The only way in or out had been sealed with bricks. There was nothing in the room save for casks of amontillado and a small oil lamp that allowed him to see his prison. The Caretaker sighed deeply. He took the Back Door’s remote control out of his jacket’s pocket and stared at it. Without a door, or a doorframe, it was useless.

A now familiar shiny light flickered in front of him and Ariel appeared.

“Here you are! I thought I would never locate you!”

The fairy was struck by Jenkins’ gloomy expression.

“That man is very much like the Wizard, you know,” she added in an effort to comfort him. “He bounds people.”

“It’s worse than that,” said the Caretaker. “You might not have noticed it, but I’ve been walled in alive. I will spend the rest of my days here, suffering a long agony.”

The words of the sprite he had invoked a few weeks earlier came to his mind, adding to his growing feeling of despair. The creature had confirmed that Jenkins couldn’t be killed, but that he could die. The words sounded awfully prophetic now.

Ariel considered the unhappy Caretaker a moment. When she spoke again, she was

unusually serious.

“I promised that I would help you and so will I. Tell me what can be done to free you from that horrid fate of yours.”

A glimpse of hope shone in Jenkins’ eyes.

“The item needs to be removed or destroyed.”

“Consider it done!” Exclaimed the fairy.

“But do not touch it directly under any circumstance!” Warned the prisoner before Ariel disappeared.

Shortly afterwards, the lamp ran out of oil and died, plunging the Caretaker into darkness. He didn’t move, remaining utterly still, his senses in alert. He lost track of time. Then a deep rumbling started to shake the manor from its foundations to the top of its roof. As the walls started to collapse around him, Jenkins whispered: “The Fall of the House of Usher”.

Ariel was standing at a safe distance from the manor, witnessing as it collapsed upon itself in a big cloud of smoke and dust. Above her, a black crow croaked before vanishing into the sky. A bright full moon now provided enough light for the fairy to see the ruins of the manor. She had escaped as soon as her mission had been completed. Jenkins didn’t have such luck and she had been unable to rescue him before it was too late. She felt a tear roll down her cheek as she realised her responsibility in his demise. It was her who had convinced him to investigate the case in the first place.

She startled when she saw some of the debris move, suddenly worried that Rudy might have survived. But soon, the Caretaker’s tall silhouette emerged completely. He brushed his suit that was showing traces of the man’s recent burial. Jenkins didn’t look otherwise injured.

Ariel was overwhelmed with joy when she saw him. She ran towards him but as soon as he understood her intention, the Caretaker stopped her with a stern “I don’t do hugs”. Instead, he gently wiped away a tear from the fairy’s cheek.

“Let’s go home,” he suggested, pointing to the portal leading outside the property.

When they set foot in the Annex, the whole team welcomed them.

“Mister Jenkins!” Cassandra exclaimed. “We tried to reach you! You got us worried!”

“Yeah. Luckily Flynn was around to help us get back in,” said Ezekiel.

“What is she doing here?” Asked Jake referring to Ariel who was still at the Caretaker’s side.

“And what happened to you?” Added Eve.

She had never seen Jenkins in such a dishevelled state.

“It’s a long story,” simply replied the Caretaker. “Mister Carsen, thank you for helping them. I shall be more careful in the future.”

Just as Colonel Baird was about to insist on a full debriefing Ariel let out a distressed cry.

“Oh no! He found me again!”

Jenkins instinctively reached for her wrist in a futile attempt to retain her in the Annex but she had vanished already, leaving only a puff of shiny dust behind her.

Sadness brushed through the Caretaker’s face, quickly replaced by his stern expression.

“I was under the impression that you hated fairies,” casually noted Flynn.

“Not all of them,” grumbled Jenkins.

And with that, he briskly left the main room while Carsen smiled in amusement.