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I stood over the bookshelf, with a book in hand and another hand among the books on the shelf. I was busy archiving books that day. The quiet, lavender scented room created the perfect condition for a nap or a headache. The office buzzed softly, a laugh from here and a door shut closed over there. I have always been a fan of books. After all, that's why I interned there but, god was it boring. All I ever did was draw books from a shelf, type up their titles and authors on a spreadsheet and then return them safely to their nooks. Not once did I extract one that appealed to me. I would occasionally get up and put the already archived books away and then stand over the shelf filling my arm with another pile.

This week I was putting stickers into the books. They were small and white, about a quarter inch in width and contained in blue font the words, *property of*. As excited as ever I drew a book and began the tedious process; extract, archive, return and then eventually, repeat. I did this about a million times until I grew tired enough to let my eyes wander upon the shelf of books glaring back at me like an audience waiting for a performance. I ran into childhood favorites like "A Wrinkle in Time" by Madeleine L'Engle and other books that I often saw at school but was never interested in. Just below that shelf, I stumbled upon some math textbooks,

which immediately made me roll my eyes and sigh in frustration, eventually continuing the process.

The books and I have built a relationship in the past few months I've worked here. They would wait quietly for me as I opened the door and grunted my way to my desk. They were always friendly, not once giving me a paper cut as I turned the first few pages, trying to understand what they meant. Once again, I was up on my feet, on a mission. This time I took on the lower tier of the shelves. Although the shelves were packed to the brim these books never seemed dusty or antique. Beginning to mount them onto my left arm, I picked up a small white book with the center made up of colorful blocks that came together to form a heart which also seemed as if it was being torn apart. Whatever it was, it felt like looking through a window. Looking at it I could not possibly imagine what lay inside, waiting to be read and admired.

This book put an end to the boring days at work. "This Is How You Lose Her" by Junot Diaz took me two weeks to finish. On the fateful day, I had to return it to its home I became angry and defensive. The books and I had a staring competition until I finally broke, and returned the book into its rightful place. Breathing in deeply as I had just committed the most difficult thing in the world I took my seat. I missed Junior, the main character, and I missed relating to him and his efforts to try and overcome things such as heartbreak. In Junior, I also saw myself, finally finding a book that did not require thousands of pages of analysis. Junior's conscience was my conscience, it was free-flowing and reading the book became as simple as spelling my name.

I never finished archiving the books in that library. I finally realized that in a sea of books, not all of them were for me. As a reader and writer, I have learned what books interest

me. For a period in my life, I did not consider myself a reader because I was always burdened with books that were taught in a certain uninteresting light. Only as I grew older, I understood the true beauty and quality of certain pieces. Some books require their own analysis and comprehension outside of a classroom environment. In a sea of books, there are always those designated to be read by you. Just because I did not discover what was at the bottom of the ocean did not mean that I hadn't swum enough. For me becoming a reader meant discovering my own path regarding books. I did not always have to choose the most difficult one because that's what we did in school. Reading was a chore until I read enough that it became a pleasure. The day I stop enjoying books will be the day I finally finish working on the library.

Reflection

Initially choosing a topic or experience to write my narrative was difficult. For my draft, I created two separate paragraphs outlining two completely different events. In the first paragraph, I began to write about my experience as a writer and how that challenged me when it was time to write my personal statement for college. In my second paragraph which I adapted into my narrative, I wrote about how I landed a boring job working on a library and how that changed my own perception of myself as a reader. Beginning to type, I found myself thinking of how similar this was to a memoir. My first step then became to look at some sample memoirs and literacy narratives. I enlisted the help of a few friends and read their former pieces while also conducting a quick Google search and reading some online too.

This prompt really required some thinking on how my reading and writing changed and when and why the shift occurred. I could have chosen to write about my favorite book as a little girl but I did not have enough knowledge on that experience and what effects it created. I would also like to note that I did enjoy this task. It is the perfect way to begin an English Comp course, this task provides some background on the student not only regarding their experience with reading and writing but also gives the instructor a taste of the students writing style. I enjoyed being able to use descriptive language which is not something I do very often now as a result of the type of English courses I am currently taking at school.

Putting this piece together took me a few days to write. I could have easily written this in one sitting however I found typing when I wanted to and then stopping when I wanted to stop, allowed me to look back at my work and either change or modify what I already had. By doing

this in stages it helped me avoid losing or changing a lot of my work in the end. One of the most helpful parts was hearing feedback from others on how I should improve my work. Needing help to tie the loose ends I asked a partner to read it which as a result gave me my theme. Another hurdle I endured was finding a theme or main idea after picking my topic. In the end, I believe it is a decent piece that meets the requirements of the prompt.