

Linet Mercedes

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English CN

Due Monday in class he said loudly as he tried to be heard over the soft jazz. He then took his seat and sunk his head back into the laptop. I was still stuck as I always was, hoping an idea would pop into my mind which would later signal to my fingers to start typing. This was my third attempt. I had spent the last few days in class procrastinating, typing a bunch of nonsense onto a document and then erasing it completely. It went on like this for a few weeks, whatever type of writer's block I was experiencing it seemed like it was going to last forever. I don't know why it was so difficult for me to write 500 about myself.

I stood over the bookshelf, with a hand among the books and another in one. 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.