
A stake to my heart: holding off Ogawa's Memory Police

An hour and a hundred pages later, I find myself drowning into the depths of painful self-realization.



“Don’t burn the photographs” — Carl Kho

The book I have ordered following a win from our Sales Solutions Challenge has arrived. Overjoyed, I immediately ripped it open, hoping it wasn't another watercolor book I have ordered from a certain e-commerce store whose name I will not mention to avoid contributing to their infuriating acts of tolerated, intrusive marketing.

P.S This narration was made to help me move on from the multitude of complex emotions consuming me. Read if you must, but this is pure narration and nothing of value to you. I think.

I was greeted with a box taped and formed, all in one plane to retrieve my books. For some reason, I was always fascinated with the engineering it took to come up with those kinds of manufacturing. After that, all I could hear was the digital snap. Pop, swoosh, ring. I have successfully archived the photo on an online photo-sharing app. A taste of 2021's societal norms.

I hurriedly remove the plastic encapsulating the book. Careful to tread lightly, as one forceful snap was all it would take to form a dent on my book's seemingly silky cover. Wow. This one has some texture to it — The Memory Police.

I would have no idea on the emotionally heavy ideology it would smear, no, positively influence me after just an hour of reading. Before I did that, however, I shared my win with the most comforting of them all. My

grade 11 oral communication adviser: Ms. Maria Zapanta. We sent each other messages of how books would giddy us up, then we'd admire the glorious works of Haruki Murakami. Then, out of nowhere, the fragrant of chicken soup populated the room. I put down my hand phone and ate. A hearty meal it was, and a hearty competition is next. As I fail to successfully reach for access to computer first, I tell my brother how I'd be using it in the next 15 minutes.

Alas, 30 minutes have passed, and my eyes are still glued to the words stitched into the yellow pieces of this masterpiece of a novel. My mind would drift away to the solace the book's places would offer. The flowing of the river in the unnamed author echoed in my mind deepest shallows of my mind. An hour and a hundred pages later, I find myself drowning in the depths of painful self-realization. I imagine the sorrow of the citizens in the novel's center would be too great for our sorry, stuck-in-the-pandemic ass could comprehend. For the sight of dark green would be enough to shut everybody's mouths like a doll's pinned by brutally by a person who enjoys the nightlife.

6:44 to 8:04 PM. Page 96 out of 274, and the Memory Police have already given me depression.

I'm a digital product designer, but I feel like that time, that ideology, that "goal" or way of life is stripped of all its meaning. As of the moment, I am devoured by the immense pain the author has gone through. The death of a caring ornithologist, the love of a mysterious sculptor whose death has touched her lips too soon, and, of course, the wholesome tales of a mute and a typewriter teacher whose strokes mean more than just letters. I could live with this all day. I should live in this all day.

By [Carl Kho](#) on [September 6, 2021](#).

[Canonical link](#)

Exported from [Medium](#) on October 31, 2025.