

A Book Next Shelf

I am at one of the secret corners of the library stack written by an infamous author. I have been put here dusted from the day of my delivery to this college library and have remained uncommon. In the morning, I see people coming in taking my friends to their homes, reading them, and my friends tell me their experiences. Some tear us apart, some bind us, some scribble, some cover us. As every reader has their favorite book, every book here has its favorite reader. While I hope for someone to take me and at least run through the cover page.

This has become my daily schedule. I wake up. I hope. I sleep. Nothing stepped out until a girl on eighteen stepped in. Happiness and joy found their resting place in her. She came to my rack, reached the second shelf where I was, took me, and went to the chairs. Oh! The first time I fell on such beautiful hands. She was the only girl there. She is a girl who isn't worried about my author, publication but just started reading me. The first time such beautiful eyes of her ran through my lines. I could see curiosity and the fountain of joy in her heart. I could say she is a story lover by the way she read. She notices everything around but her eyes stood on me. Soon, she took me to the librarian and asked if she could take me. The librarian gave her a period of two weeks to return the book, the maximum time I was given to be with her. She would read me during her bus travel, in the early morning, and before sleeping in bed. Oh, what precious time it is when we spend it together

I found my home, my happiness, and my purpose with her. We were enough for each of us, all the time we had been together. She'll tell her friends about me and by the way, she narrates, she can make even the worst book win Oscars. I really felt that I'm worth something good and valuable. The two weeks passed. The time came for separation. I was returned. I was put back in the same rack number 14. Then my daily schedule changed. I wake up. I hope for her. And I slept not. Meanwhile, it's time for freshers and the shelves ought to be cleaned, tiles washed and books ordered. We were removed, our shelves cleaned and the librarian arranged every book with the addition of some new books. I was keen to go back to rack 14. By the time I was

taken, it was already full. So, they put me on 15, the next shelf in the next room. There was a wall of glass in between us. I couldn't see her for a few days. But I would tell the other ones at the rack, how I fell in love with her. She did come one day. She went to my old place, searched for me. She passed by, I was not there, then took another novel in that rack, went back to her usual sitting place. She found that beautiful. She took that home, told that story to her friends and she continues to inspire others. I never thought a rack number would change a lot like this.

I would say Every book needs a person like that if not until the end of the book but for at least a chapter. Sometimes, it hurts to see her with another book in her hand. But then I would think it would be too selfish because she couldn't be here as long as I am with her. And so kept myself hidden without disturbing her. First, you made me smile, then you made me cry, now you have made me love. I then understood it is not the worth of the book but that of the reader that determines its true value. I have found my value but have lost my love. What shall I do? Should I thank or blame? If so, Whom shall I blame?

The librarian who changed my shelf or me not telling that I love her while I was with her or she for not searching me again. No. Definitely I would not blame her. Because she showed me love and life. I live with that hope that she is searching for me and one day she'll come to my rack, find me, and take me home for a lifetime. Since then, I have talked every day about those two weeks with her to the friend next to me. He tells me soon you will find another person who will take you up, read the same way and be with you. I know he is just trying to keep my hope for the moment. It's funny to quote that books contain stories and at the same time that every book has its own story.

The readers can only read the one in it, but not the story the book has come through. I believe there is no good or bad book. Every book has its reader. It is to wait until and patience tests here. After this, every time I feel, I put them into words and words into stories and thus have become the author of my own book. This has become my purpose. To inspire. And I hope one day she'll read this and whether she knows or

not that she is the one in the story, I will always remain grateful for those two weeks. Thank you. Your book next shelf.