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# National Library Week Essay Contest

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## National Library Week Submission

“Thank you so much, ma’am” Whispered a man – short, buff, tan, with brown hair – from the other side of the aisle, as he shook hands with the librarian who had just congratulated him on getting the job. I couldn’t help but feel envious as I watched him walk towards the doors with a smile wider than Texas on his face; undoubtedly thinking about his new job in the world of books.

Biting back a smile on my own face, I reached for the copy of *Wuthering Heights*; tucked onto the top-shelf where I could barely reach it. If only I had a Heathcliff to grab it down for me. My fingers curl around the dusty-cover as I lifted that dreamy Bronte book down; wondering why it hadn’t been checked out as of late. It always seemed so strange to me, to think of how people complained about how difficult and expensive it was to find books for their classes, when there was an entire building of them available for free. People could be real Rosalie’s, if you know what I mean.

Stepping out of the aisle, I started up the rows upon rows of novels; the checkout desk distantly in sight. To my left I saw a cluster of middle-school students; all of whom were wearing their royal-blue “volunteer” shirts while they unpacked programming-manuals onto the shelves. A few of the girls were chatting about their upcoming poetry competition, while others debated if their teacher, evidentially named Miss Daniels, would let them checkout a few of the Java books.

“Beth, how are you?”

I looked away from the kids; startled as my Geometry professor approached with a soft-whisper. I paused my pace, and nodded while muttering good; his eyes trying to make out the

book cover tucked beneath my hand. I held it up a bit for him to see, and said, “It’s for British Literature; I’ve already read it twice before, though.”

He laughed to this, and then started over to the faculty-suits; office-hours calling.

I continued on my way to the check-out desk; spinning past the computer-lab and study-rooms on my way. Glancing to the side, I saw that the new art-exhibit had just opened up in the small corner-gallery; I knew where I was headed next. Reaching the counter, I set my book down and smiled at the Student Assistant standing to help me.

Grabbing my book, she asked, “Have you heard about our drawing? We want people to sum the library up into three words, and then we’ll pick three people at random to win a prize. Would you like to enter?”

“Sure” I said quickly; already taking up the hot-pink pen and a slip of paper. I set it down and jotted my answer while she slid my return-receipt into the back cover.

Describe a library in three words.

Convenient. Inspirational. Educational.