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Daydreaming Near the Window

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There's a reason that all the celebrities do it, 'cause it gives you such a rush."

"Um, I don't think I should be talking to you anymore."

"Look, kid. I can see you're scared of the Tolkien. I get it, trust me. I wouldn't start on the Tolkien, either, oh no. Here, try this J.K. Rowling. The high you'll feel isn't as great as the Tolkien, but it's easier on the system. And besides, your parents don't ever have to know."

She hands you the book.

You reach for your wallet.

"No, no. No need to pay me, this one's free."

"Thanks, I guess."

At this point you just want to run away, so you break eye contact, hoping to escape without any further questionable activity taking place.

"Hey kid," you hear her call out.

"If you like that one, just come see me. There's six more where that came from."

At this point, you're at a full run, just hoping to get through the day without getting caught with a, *gulp,* book in your backpack, intending to throw it away as soon as you get home. But you don't, because you glance at the cover, and you think:

"Just once can't hurt. And the librarian's right, my parents never have to know."

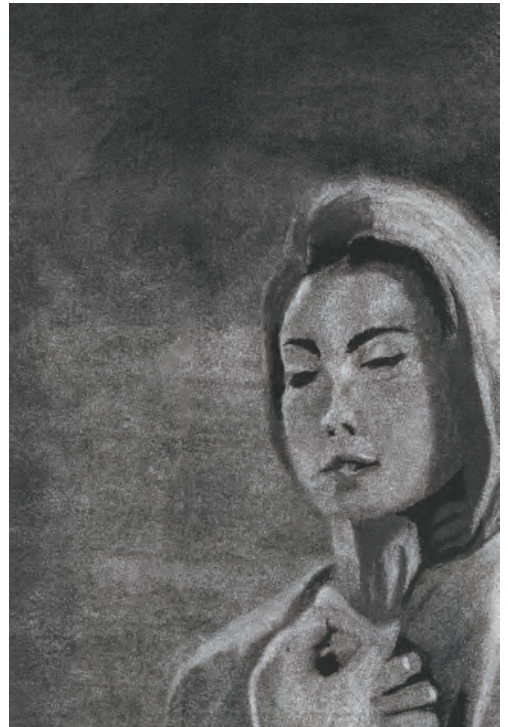
Later, you find yourself in your room, under both the cover of darkness and your actual covers, reading a book by flashlight.

And then you're hooked.

So, on the day that the librarian said, "no," I was shocked that a librarian wouldn't check my sister's books out. It would have made sense if we were trying to steal books, but we weren't, we were trying to put them on her card. But even if we were attempting to steal them, by my estimate, libraries are like food banks and donated-clothing storage facilities. If someone wants what is inside these places so desperately that they are willing to steal it, then you might as well let them keep whatever they stole. They clearly need it.

"I need her to show me some I.D." the librarian said.

"Like what?" I asked.



DAYDREAMING NEAR THE WIDOW

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