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Grade 11
Fiction Writing

Unwritten

What makes a story? The person telling it or the person living it? That answer is up to interpretation. For one young woman what made a story as if the words were written translated and transported her into the story.

She clocked in at 9:00 am every morning while working as a librarian at the local library. Fascinated and captivated by books and the words written upon them, she wanted to be in a place where she could exist with them. One morning she grabbed a stamp and opened a slick cover to the fresh, fawn, front page. She wanted to exist with the books, but within a matter of seconds, she was existing within them.

The young woman of no special caliber could suddenly go anywhere she wanted, as long as it was bound within typed pieces of paper.

She opened a harsh, hardcover, black book with silver sleek lettering. She arrived at a bar in Barcelona in a black dress with stressed silver features surrounding her bodice. She saw plenty of dressed-up people talking as if they had something to say, but it was the cold words between their eyes that held the conversation. The severe staring came to a crashing halt when a bottle was broken and the bar turned into an all-out war. She clocked in a 9:00 am with a newfound scar on her right hand from a shot glass in Barcelona.

The shelves were lined with a plethora of books but a pale green, sage color binding is the one that caught her capricious attention. She placed her fingertips toward the top and slid her fingers down the spine to get a better grip before pulling it off the shelf. She felt a cold breeze on her face and bright burnt leaves fall to her feet. Her hair blew in her face causing her to move and face the front of a *Heritage Institute* sign. The rest was a blissful blur of football games, detention, and dinner food. It ended with her as prom queen running in the rain to kiss her high school football player. She clocked in at 9:00 am with glitter on her face, from her prom crown.

Every day she meets new people whether it be from behind a cash counter at the library or the characters she meets while living and rewriting her version of the stories she picked off the shelves.

The once young woman had now grown older but always made time to go back to the library. It was a late night and a warm yellow light led her to the back of the bookstore. She passed the many racks of books scanning and reminiscing on how each one, she had experienced herself. She laughed at the ones she loved living and quickly passed the ones that wouldn't get a good review. She reached the back shelf that had only held one book. It was a clean cover and had a beige appearance that was both inviting and intriguing. She held her hand out to the book and felt the ridges between the cracks in her fingers. She admired that the last book she had left to experience was a story purely unwritten, as all the pages remained blank.

The new owner had unlocked the door the next morning to find a frail old woman peacefully placed on the floor; beneath a book now filled with plenty of words. Vast words were used to describe her story. The question still stands: what makes a story? To find that answer she opened a book, and then she opened her mind.