

Kristin Grenfell

Addiction: Bound by Paige

“What have I done?!” My cry pierced the empty house. The two children lay limp on my library floor, surrounded by my burned, broken books. I looked at the nearest child- the youngest, Tommy. Silent and still, the boy still had dark hand marks around his scrawny neck. MY hands had killed him. I searched around the smoldering library for a way out. Placing the lifeless boy gently on the floor, I panicked and realized that I was alone. Utterly alone. I ran to my desk and lifted the phone with shaky hands. “No, I can’t dial 9-1-1...the children are already d-d-dead ... oh my god- they’re dead.” I inhaled and exhaled deeply. I did not know who I was talking to anymore-maybe I was just talking to make myself feel better. Who the hell knows. Turning around on my heels, I bent down and fingered the ashes of my classical book collection. Damn books. Always getting me in trouble.

I am an addict. No, not a drug, alcohol, or porn addict (get your mind out of the gutter!). I am an addict of the pages, the covers, the lines of words. Hello, my name is Paige and I am a book addict. A scholar once said, “Books are not just lumps of lifeless paper, but minds alive on the shelves,” words to live by. The obsession began when I was eight years old. Labeled the studious and nerdy one in school, I quickly became antisocial and books became my only companion. I had no girlfriends to shop or go to the movies with because they all made fun of me... especially one girl, Veronica. In 9th grade, she threw my favorite copy of *A Separate Piece* in a puddle after school just to see how I’d respond...and then she LAUGHED. Bitch. Yea, maybe I could have socialized

more but after that incident, I realized that most people could not compare to my beautiful books. Books are never cruel and are always there when I need them.

At age sixteen, I started working at a library and had to deal with bitter old women all day- I hid behind bookshelves and read any book that I could get my hands on. My plastic bookshelf at home became so heavy with books that it collapsed on top of my 10-year-old cat, breaking her ribs and legs. Maybe I should have invested in a stronger bookshelf. Poor cat. My addiction eventually became worse and caused me to lose control of my own thoughts at times. It consumed me, and I did some things that I'm not proud of. I hurt so many people. I caused so much pain. I put Tommy and Amelia in the grave... poor kids.

Please contact me for finished story.

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