Diaries and Libraries

By : RasiganVetri

A text that I'm writing and not sure about its completion or form. Anyway I'll post it everytime I complete a thousand words. Would love your comments, Thank you.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/RasiganVetri

Copyright © RasiganVetri, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Diaries and Libraries

If you dream youâ re dreaming, is the dream you dream less real than the dream you dream youâ re dreaming. â The book of disquiet, Fernando pessoa.

1.

From when did they start keeping diaries in the library, I wondered and a diary with such a strange beginning? *This is the diary of a man who lived within it, who had his day to day life happened within this. For he never existed outside this texts and Dear reader this you hold is the only copy of this diary that ever existed.* Yes it has to be I thought, all these scribbling handwritten stuff written in various states of mind reflected on it. Hard to repeated as it is. *Now you wonder who wrote it, like every other diary itâ s written by its owner. Enough of self explanations right? Sometime, somewhereâ ¦.* So thatâ s how the only copy of the diary of Mr. William miller who lived within the diary and Robert Goodman who worked in a subway bookshop met.

2.

From when did they started keeping diaries in the library, asked the librarian when I enquired in which section I can find the diary of Robert Goodman. And I explained to her about that which a friend I met in a coffee shop introduced to and probably it got to be a popular book. Unfortunately I havenâ t even heard about this popular book of yours said the librarian and then told me to come back in few days and sheâ ll check for it their archives meanwhile. Itâ s been a long time since Iâ ve visited any library, may be sometime longtime before I was appointed in a hospital in this British island. Oh yes I am a doctor by the way. I rarely visited any library to sit down calmly find a random book and read it rather than gathering some stuff to prepare my assignments in the last day hurry. So I grabbed a short story collection by some Latin American writers and eased myself on a reading table. It took me about half an hour to finish the introduction itself. There she was, with a cup of coffee in one hand and heavy book which seems to be written by someone called JRR Tolkien in another hand. How long has she been here and how did I not notice her earlier.

I lost my mood for reading already; turning pages through about 8 books I have completed none of them but one. The one I have completed is called No one writes the colonel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, itâ s a novella and Iâ ve written a short note about it in my notepad. I wrote it just for myself anyway here it is.

How long an October, November and half of December combined. Well if itâ s the story of someone who had felt nothing but bitterness for decades, it feels really long. So does this story about the events happening in the life of an old colonel who have waited for a letter never came for many Fridays. 80 days told in 70 pages feels an eternity. The details of the events prove Marquez is a master of details, I still have the images of a gigantic negro with a big snake around his neck, the myth of the circus people eating cats to avoid breaking bones, the wit of the doctor about the news published in Europe and south America about each otherâ s places. Just remembering this quote by I forgot who ***a good book is one that falls on you like a misfortune****. Being someone very afraid of the process of aging and the mystery of time. This story fell on me like a misfortune for sure.*

Then why am I here? All the evening. Just for her? Is this love? Not so soon. Well her presence kind of excites me like being in a church where an angel reading a verse from the bible, she reads to herself yet you can hear some words that you wish to hear. Not to deny the fact that she hardly knows about a person sitting before her and thinking about her.

3.

From when did they start keeping diaries in the library Robert? She asked that with a sound laugh that everyone in the café gave us a â these irritating lovebird kidsâ look and murmured. The diary of a man who reads a lot and/or have travelled/experienced a lot is itself a library I told Sano. To which she smiles quietly , in the way she smiles frequently while reading a romantic novel I said that and she laughed again praising my attention to detail. And gave me a half an hour lecture about how idiotic it is to fall in love with someone at first sight. Judging them by their looks, how materialistic it is to do that. *But I guessed a lot of things about you the very first day I saw you in the library and you so far have been very true to my guessing* I said. *Did you fell in love with me that very moment, based on your wonâ t go wrong guesses*? *No but I. thatâ s it thatâ s what I am talking about Robertâ* ¦ and it went on so till the café closed. *Donâ t we ever leave a place before they tell us to because they are closing, the library? The café? Ha-ha I guess not because none of has a busy job in the real world calling for us all the time. Real world? Like the library, café are imaginary. Arenâ t they? Café is a place for your own imaginations and library is finding others. Then see you in the otherâ s imagination tomorrow. Yeah show me that diary that you said about tomorrow. Sure bye.*

4.

From when did they start keeping diaries in the library? The librarian asked in an irritated tone when I said I want to donate my diary and wish it to be kept in the library somewhere forever. All books are nothing but diaries of someone written in different manners, he doesnâ t seem to be buying my philosophy, neither my diary even though both of them I am offering free. Yet I have already written my diary for that day and according to that I have to leave my diary in the library and commit suicide jumping down from the top floor of the town hall. So I went to another section of the library disgusting my diary as a notepad. Took a book on the philosophy of time, changed the cover, library seal and stickers, to my diary. I replaced it with my diary and left the library. The librarian down floor gave me the look for a madman who asks his diary to be kept in the library, probably his first encounter with one. Then all went well as planned, I just miss the officer who finds the diary of a suicide victim which starts like **contrary to the popular belief that time has linear nature, some believe in the cyclic nature of time.** I didnâ t have time to read it further, eventually they would figure it out and I hope they think itâ s just a book I bought without the library seal.

5.

From when did they start keeping diaries in the library? Rather than starting something again with the same question I intend to tell you about the library of diaries located in the beautiful island city of Santanas, after which you wonâ t ask that question with exclamation.

Just wait a while.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-09-04 00:45:35