

# Worn Fiction Novel

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*This was the essay I wrote for the "Definition of Self" essay we had to write in my Advance Composition class. I just thought I'd share something, hope you enjoy reading it.*

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**Chapter 1 - Worn Fiction Novel**

**2**

# 1 - Worn Fiction Novel

## Worn Fiction Novel

I see different kinds of people everyday: short ones, tall ones, young and old, happy and sad, all kinds. Some take a glance at me and then they move on; others take a second look and pick me up. Most stare at me undecided as whether to take me or leave me be. These people, no matter how insignificant they are, are embedded in my heart. They have walked in and out of my life and all have become a part of me.

I am a worn fiction novel, a book that offers readers a temporary escape from the harsh reality. I am one of the many different books on this shelf, which is my home. This library is my world, and the people who walk in and out are my life. On this shelf I sit and wait. As I watch strangers walk by, I silently but eagerly wait for the person who will come and need me. I wait for the person who will come and take me. I wait for the person who will come and own me. I sit and I wait.

I do not care how readers use me, as long as they treat me with the respect I deserve and handle me with care. Of course not all people do hence my tattered pages, but I bear no ill will. This is part of my life. When a reader opens me, I am overjoyed. And the story inside me is what I offer. When my pages are turned, the part written on each possesses an emotion. I share my pain, sadness, happiness, dreams, and gratitude on each page. I share my story. I share everything.

My appearance is doubtful and probably not that appealing. My weathered cover can be an eyesore, and my tattered pages are yellow and fragile. I rely on my story in reaching out to people. Most of the people who have read me have been pleased. Some have become my closest friends. Others have been disappointed. I am not perfect, so I accept my limitations. I cannot please everybody, but I do my best. I give them everything. Nothing more, nothing less.

And so here I sit on this shelf waiting for future friends, hoping that I still can give comfort and joy despite my ragged self. I do not know how long the wait shall last. I might be left here till my world collapses, but until then I will sit, watch, and wait as strangers of different kinds go by. This is me. This is what I am. I am a worn fiction novel.