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Bookless at the terminal Emad Mohit 6232564234

At the last minute I decided to leave the library book behind.

No journey is complete without a book or two taken along. No matter how exotic the destination or how exciting the road, there will be occasions when only a book can be the journeyer's true companion. Think of the airport's waiting lounge, for example. With all that ebbs and flows of human waves and non stop barrage of sounds pouring out of inconspicuous loudspeakers, what else can you do but rest your already frazzled mind inside the pages of a book? You can people watch of course but for that you have to look cool (expensive sunglasses for sure) and appear nonchalant, mental properties I know I couldn't afford, not at the airport anyway. Stuck in the time warp of an airport lounge, my only salvation was a book.

I had left the library book behind for the fear that somewhere along the road I might lose it. A book is a book but a library book is more than that; it's a loan which must be dutifully honored and returned. But, I had to have a book anyway. So, being a last minute thing, I reached for a paperback sitting sad and lonesome among the unclaimed Christmas gifts leftovers. Then as soon as I was able to find a seat by the departure gate I pulled out the book. Per habit I checked the back cover and glanced over the 'reviews' and scanned through the usual adjectives and adulations. The last blurb took my attention, " A thickly plotted historical crime novel". Reading a novel is not unlike taking a trip, you expect excitement all along and wish for a great destination (the novel's ending). So I began.

But a few paragraphs and pages inside I noticed I kept thinking back about my library book and how I missed it and the story it had been telling me. I tried to refocus on my present reading but kept thinking back; not a good sign for the book opened before me. I tried and tried and even skipped pages, hoping to get to the exciting parts. But no luck. To my profound disappointment this 'thickly plotted crime novel' wasn't exactly a page turner. To me anyway, It seemed thinly plotted and as crime novels go it would be a crime calling it a novel. Oh boy, I thought, bookless at the terminal, not an auspicious start to a journey. Now I had to people watch. So I took out my cheap sunglasses, put them on and began watching, pretending to look nonchalant. What I saw was an epiphany: Nobody was reading a book but all were busy staring into their 'devices'. Maybe some of them were reading a book, maybe. An e-book. Now I missed my library book and was embarrassed that didn't have an e-book. I too took out my device out and looked for the nearest library at my destination. Until then people watching was going to be the elixir.