

# Written in The Disappointing Library

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I guess I am considered a rising sophomore since my first year of college is almost over. As I rise there are several things that have caused me to get irritated, that make my cheeks feel hot and my eyes shake like my knee. Like “bad” grades and calendars and chairs and loud people and news and icebreakers and the smell of ramen and jackets that really aren’t weather-proof like they’re supposed to be. Some things have made my eyes wet. Like independence and confusion and tv show credits and the color purple and homesickness. But one thing that has made me stop writing, and walk slower, and click the “close” button five times on the elevator  
Is the disappointing library at this school.

I am not angry or sad about it. I am disappointed. This library deserves the disappointment card. Why are there ninety different copies of literary criticism but not one *Frog and Toad* book? Why are there sixty different copies of the bible but not one copy of *Amelia Bedelia*? No *Corduroy* No *The Rainbow Fish* No *Velveteen Rabbit* No *Fablehaven* No *Land of Stories*.

Why are there thirty encyclopedias? Why is everything in here from the real world?

I don’t know if I would read all of those books that I read when I was a kid now in college, but it would be comforting to have them here. To remind me that I have only been in the world for eighteen years. That I have time.

Time to think about talking frogs and magic tree houses.

Time to read books with pictures and not figures.

Time to flip pages without thinking.

Just thinking about the stories I encountered when I was shorter makes me think about the things in college that have exposed my megaphone of a laugh and made my lips curl up and reminded me how childish and immature and curious I could be.

I am allowed to be.

Like boba runs and fast-walking and rain and trees and flowers and fountains and apple fritters and leaves and breakfast burritos and concerts and phantoms and tangerine juice.

But when I go into a library, a place that is supposed to be filled with stories and worlds and emotions that should excite me and I feel disappointed, it reminds me that I am  
A grown-up.

It reminds me that I am gripping onto my childhood and tearing its dry skin.

That's why I don't study in the library every week. That's why "getting outside of your room" does not make me feel better. That's why I like sitting in my room listening to music without headphones next to the shelf of books that I could barely fit into the box that barely fit into the car that got me here. That's why I am taking the elevator to go back to my room.  
Bye disappointing library.