

Scarlett Scholar

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English Composition I

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The Hubris and Folly of a Mess

It was probably noon when the book tumbled from its spot on the shelf to rest at the foot of the white bookcase.

A simple picture book about the usual whimsies that exist only in children's books. I found it lying on the floor in the conjunction between the hallway and my bedroom. I could not, in any case, be bothered to save it from its fall and replace it on the middle shelf from whence it had so swiftly and unnaturally departed.

No, instead I deigned to step over the product of many pounding trips taken back and forth by the two six-year-olds in the house and continue my quest to the kitchen for a cup of tea.

Unfortunately, the adults of the house had no appreciation for such follies, and so they began a tirade of pleas to free the floor from unnecessary obstruction.

"There's a book on the floor here. Can you pick it up please," is how the comments began.

"Scarlett, will you **please** pick this up?"

"Please pick up the book."

"The book!"

The rebukes came in many different forms nevertheless, the book remained on the floor untouched and avoided by all who passed it by. Children ran and skipped through the hall,

narrowly missing its slippery cover, and finally, even parents stopped commenting on its presence on the floor.

Desolately the book lay in the spot, seemingly damned for all eternity to this one resting place of shame. There he sat for hour upon hour upon hour, waiting in sorry anticipation for one to pass who cared and was kind enough to save it from its misery.

“Oh, will nobody free me from my agony,” is what I am sure the book cried silently from his spot on the floor.

Alas, not one person in the dwelling reached to rescue him from his plight.

And it came to pass through the evil hours spent on the floor that the book began to plot a terrible plot. Yes, I do believe that in the crevices of whimsical blue creatures and their handmade cars, the idea of revenge was birthed. Boiling and bubbling with hatred and resentment a plan became evident in the small book to destroy those who would not reach to aid him in his time of great need. Thus, the book set forth in his quest to fell the members of the household and quietly, strategically, placed himself in the path that all must take when walking into rooms.

The clock struck eight, and the plan was effectively set in motion all that was needed was a pathetic victim. All was still as the unexpected assassin waited for his prey.

And there I was, as innocent as any other in the house.

I do not quite know to this day how I was chosen for this awful sacrifice or even yet how exactly it occurred.

At one moment, I was headed on my merry way, eager to immerse myself in the pleasant viewing of a film centered around an immortal Scotsman, the next, I was tumbling through the air flailing and grasping at anything to save me from my sudden fall from grace.

It was one of the most terrifying moments of my short existence on this Earth. Sliding across the floor in panic, practically flying toward the wall in front of me.

My foot caught the cover, and I flipped my heart nearly stopped, my hands shaking, and I found myself wondering if that was a crack I had just heard from the bottom of my leg. My forehead smashed against the wall with a dull thud, and just as quickly, I was on the floor with a sprained ankle and bruised face.

The book had triumphed, and within a few seconds of my injury, it was placed in a secure location where it could not harm another. Yes, back to the middle shelf it went, and to this day remains.

Yet, even so, this choice came far too late. I was injured and there was the chance that others could have been irreparably damaged due to the avoidance of simply picking up the book and replacing it on the shelf from whence it had fallen.

To this day, whenever I now walk into the hallway, I check underfoot for a book first, and if I by chance spy one I immediately place it where it must go. It is by cleaning that my household has since been saved from further incidents by revenge-hungry books. For, if cleanliness is close to Godliness, I can only be led to believe by this incident that messiness is close to sudden, painful death.

Looking back, I am positive that I should have picked up the book the first time I noticed it was on the floor. While it may be tempting to go about ignoring every little problem that presents itself, this makes life a lot more difficult later on. Being lazy only makes situations worse with time, so I think it is important to do things the right way at first to prevent any later injuries or inconveniences that might be caused.