

No one said to me, you  
become who you read.

My life as a  
quotation.

“ little picture:  
my life is only  
real when I  
read ”

PARROT  
BOOKS



My life seems to be made up of stories. Stories made up of words in particular. The beliefs engendered by the ideas portrayed by the words used in the story. False attributions. True suppositions. I don't write clearly, apparently, even though the thoughts I think are as clear as soft daylight. I get lost in an ocean of words, probably far more than some people might assume. Whether it is because I come from a different place, where different languages are used interchangeably irrespective of the intended meaning, or that certain nuances of western thought are not apparent to me, I can't be sure. Part of the problem comes from my liking of how a word can express a group of other words succinctly (it's like magic!), and also my attraction to the tactile quality their sounds seem to possess. My thoughts run faster than clear writing permits. For every idea, there are thousands of other interconnected thoughts, and for every thought, there are at least five hundred words. So by trying to write something as complex as what I am thinking, I invariably fail, quite badly. Perhaps it is a bad habit that I read too much. Perhaps it is a terrible habit that I distill my thoughts into fragments no one seems to be able to make any sense out of. Perhaps it is even worse that I like doing just that, shorthand my thoughts. I can't write tree diagrams into something as finite as the width of a line. Perhaps a line as wide as it is long would do me quite well. Anyway, what seems to be the problem is that it has become quite apparent to me that what I like doing, or what I have liked doing for the last 3 years, is reading and writing albeit terribly and badly. To some that may be quite a mundane discovery. But what, one may ask, is a etymolophile doing as a lab technician? And what on earth does she suppose she can do in this life?

MY LIFE AS A QUOTATION  
OF OTHER LIVES

# MY LIFE AS A QUOTATION OF OTHER LIVES



No One Said To Me, You Become Who You  
Read.

**Staff Pick**

"He tried to weigh his soul to see if it was a poet's soul. Melancholy was the dominant note of his temperament, he thought, but it was melancholy tempered by recurrences of faith and resignation and simple joy. If he could give expression to it in a book of poems perhaps men would listen."  
James Joyce

- Dubliners, "A Little Cloud"

Fig. 11.8 Book from Classics Section with accompanying Staff Pick comment