



# Descriptive Writing Sample

## SSSSh!! Here Comes the Librarian

Over the years that I knew her, I gained an uncommon respect for the librarian at our high school. In one word she could be described as "eccentric", but only because she refused to accept the stereotypical notion of what the term "librarian" had come to mean. The students thought she was just plain weird, but those who took the time to know her realized she was a person searching for a comfortable identity.

At first glance, she could indeed be a formidable figure to behold. Her hair was most often in disarray simply because of her compulsion to go everywhere in tenth speed. Not only was her gait a marvel, but her purpose was also a wonder. She always gave one the impression she had a mission, and, at that express moment, had been called forth to duty. When classes would commence, she would proudly stride off to her room, as if a group of novice missionaries awaited her divine intervention.

Her habit of dress, however, was not in the least missionary-like. In fact, the students used to kid her about getting a summer job as a highway flagman. The brighter the colors, the more she became entranced by their iridescence. As she flashed through the library, students became hushed as if a bolt of lightning had struck. In the morning, her emerald greens and hot pinks were eye-openers for the rest of us when she walked through the staff room door.

Characteristically, her first words were a singsongy "Good Morning!" whereupon everyone would look up waiting for the next outpouring. She had an unconscionable taste for polysyllabic words – the more syllables the better. She used them with such flair, they looked good on her; and we could only smile, nod and try to make a witty rejoinder. Too often, we would be unfamiliar with the words, so she would march off to another venue with the assurance that she had stymied the lot of us.

Similarly, her other ways did not resemble those of a librarian. She was easily flustered – not at all cool and composed like some of her predecessors. One day nearing the Christmas holiday, a very well-established physics teacher on the staff kissed her full on the lips in front of almost all her colleagues. She went into a rage and made it clear that such liberty was inexcusable. Later that day, some mischievous students, who had gained access to the crawl space above the library, lowered a rubber chicken into her office, and suspended a rope decorated with mistletoe. It was no surprise to any of us when she polkaed too exuberantly at the staff party and knocked over the Christmas tree. What would have been embarrassing for many others was often summarily dealt with by "The Happy Booker," the pseudonym she was not unhappy to have bestowed upon her.

When our colourful librarian moved away to new lifestyle, chic hairdo and trendy clothes, we felt cheated when a very acceptable, but normal lady came to take her place. Who would wake us up every morning with the word for the day? Whose voice would be ringing through the halls even after the last bell had rung? Would she realize she had taken a part of us away with her? Most importantly, would she realize the legacy she left behind?

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