

A Book?

A weird note and package came in the mail.

I know you aren't a fan of books, but this one is extraordinary.

I sat back, stunned, "dude" I whispered. I began to read.

It was thrilling. Every night I stayed up reading it. Some might say it was controlling me!

If only I'd known what it was then, maybe I could have stopped it before it devoured everything.

The next day a thought came to my head, one that wasn't mine. It just...popped into my mind. *You must get back to your book!*

Next thing I knew, the book was in my hands. I lost track of time. I was clueless, but I'd later learn that that was mind control.

I read all day long. I finished the story, but then a thought, not mine, had me open the book again. Unbelievably, it was a whole new story! And one I knew all too well.

My life...in that book. It was odd. It sparked something, I had my own thought. *I can't let the book win.*

Suddenly the book stopped. There were still more pages, but they were all blank. That was the moment everything changed, a small window opened in my mind. I could think!

The book seems to not be able to keep up with me. Weird, it stops at the present.

More thoughts screamed in my mind that weren't my own. The book was fighting. The book seemed not to want me to think what I was about to think. But I realized what I should have figured out long ago.

The book was alive.

"Hello," it said.

"Ack!" I shrieked. A giant paper origami monster was standing right behind me! It had sharp fangs, wicked nails, and plenty more horrifying features. "Who...are you?" I stammered.

"I'm the book. You shall have the honor of becoming one of us!" it explained.

"No way!" I screamed.

I chucked a lit candle at it with my full strength. It chuckled and put out the flame with his hand.

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I was out of ideas. Then a better idea (my own this time) popped into my head. I grabbed the curtain from the window and tossed another candle onto it. I knew the fire would take a bit to spread enough, but it was my last hope.

“Finally,” I whispered when it was ready.

I jumped onto it and put the curtain on it. Things never go according to plan though. He grabbed onto my leg and spun me around so I was dizzy. Luckily, I fell into a table, and files went flying and caught fire. Several landed on the monster and he was destroyed.

“YES!” I celebrated.

It's over, I made it I thought.

Later that day, my mom came home and was obviously upset, but I passed it off as a cooking accident. The book was destroyed in the fire, and I was thinking perfectly. Everything was back to normal. Except one thing, I love books.