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Literary License

Heather Strubank
Sheldon walked into the library clutching three overdue books on home improvement to his chest, unaware that he was about to become involved in one of the most violent reading incidents in history.

Sheldon nervously approached the 'returns' counter and tried to act nonchalant as he slipped the dilatory volume into the slot.

"Three-fifty," a stern voice shot at him from behind the counter.

"Excuse me?" Sheldon replied, meekly.

"Three-fifty for the books--they're two weeks overdue," the librarian stated, her eyes never leaving the text she was reading.

Sheldon disheartedly felt around in his pockets; knowing before he did so that he would find only lint.

"Ummm..." he began.

"Haven't got it, eh?" the librarian insinuated, swiftly slamming down the book on Romanian cooking utensils that she had been so absorbed in and swiveling her chair to face the computer at her desk.

"Lairdbunkel, S. isn't it?" she stated and quickly typed it into the computer. A huge profile on him suddenly scrolled onto the screen.

"Cheated on your income tax this year, eh? Doesn't surprise me, the way you were sneaking those books in," the librarian clucked.

"Well, I, uh..." Sheldon stammered.

"I see your wife is seeing a shrink. Huh, I don't see that I blame her--seeing that she's married to a toad like you," the librarian rationalized looking Sheldon up and down as she peered over her glasses.

"Now, see here--" Sheldon blurted indignantly.

"Never mind, let's take a look at your credit rating. Oooh, not too good, all your plastic's been canceled?!" she crooned, shaking her head.

"We lost all our traveler's cheques at Boblo this summer--" Sheldon tried to interject, to no avail.

"And your personal cheques are bouncing all over the place," she continued.

"I can explain," he pleaded.

"Well, it's obvious that you cannot pay; just one, please," the librarian said as she pressed a button on the inter-com on her desk.
"Marge, yeah. Can you send up Guido and Louie to the returns counter? Thanks," she said and turned back to the extremely anxious Sheldon.

"Someone will be with you in a moment," the librarian smiled. "Please have a seat." She picked up her book and resumed her reading.

Sheldon sat down on one of the cold, yellow, plastic chairs against the wall and nausea began to set in as he awaited his fate.

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