



Macy is a librarian who shares reading her through her diary. What happens when her best friend's dad disappears? Could it be her friend who murdered his father?

The Librarian's Escape

By Jackie Adams

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Chapter 1

I've been a part of this lake community in the middle of the woods since I was born. It's where I love. Only one time had I ever ventured into a city bigger than the one forty miles from here. An adventure, never to be again. Love is like that, isn't it? It takes us from everything we've ever known into the unknown. This love became a bigger part of me, and it led me to question myself still to this day!

I sit on the white paint peeling rocker with my eighty-year-old body staring out at the blue cedars, white pines, and tall oaks. There's more mixture, but I'm only appreciating what's right in front of me. My eyes can't see beyond. As I open the photo album on my lap, and I open my notebook. I start reading my notebook and looking at photographs as I find myself going back to a time....

"Come on, Macy. Don't look at me like that! Have you done it or not? And be honest, we're best friends. You can tell me." It's Patricia. I'd call her Pat, but she hates when people cut her name short. She doesn't like the nickname Patty either. I don't know why she's against it. I think it sounds pretty all three ways. She lives across the lake from me with her dad. Her mom abandoned her when she was only three years old. She doesn't have any memories of her. Which sometimes makes her sad. She said her dad told her that her mom couldn't take living in

the middle of the woods in their lake house. That Patricia's mom, Stella, needed the city life.

"I told you," I let out a breath of frustration, "I've never kissed a boy. We talked about this last time you came here. Why is kissing all we talk about now?"

Patricia sits with a thump on my twin-size bed and leans towards me while I'm sitting on my desk chair. "Can I tell you a secret?"

My eyes get big, knowing she's going to tell me she kissed a boy. "You know you can. You've told me plenty I haven't blabbed about."

Her eyes get all dreamy like, "I did it! I had my first kiss three weeks ago."

I cover my mouth, letting out a squeal. "You didn't!"

She giggles, "I did!"

I uncover my mouth, leaning closer to her as she's still seated on the end of my bed. "To whom??? Was it Bobby Thompson? He's always liked you, you know."

She shakes her head. "It wasn't Bobby Thompson. He's so immature. He would probably kiss anyone, including a frog."

We both giggle again together. She wraps a finger around her curl. "You'll never guess because you don't know him. Not

yet! I want you to meet him. Will you, Macy? Will you meet him?"

I look down at my notebook I had scribbled homework assignments on to bring back to my desktop. I never like meeting new people. In fact, I've always been shy, unless it comes to Patricia. The real me somehow comes out. "No, you know how I am."

She looks up at the ceiling. "Come on, Macy. I would do it for you."

I wheel my desk chair to face her again. "That's not fair, Patricia. You know you're outgoing. It's not that I'm being mean about it. I don't like meeting new people, especially people that don't even go to our school."

She looks at me surprised, "How'd you know he doesn't go to our school? Have you been spying on me?"

I get all serious. "Spying on you? I barely leave the house."

She busts out laughing, "I was only kidding, Macy. Geez, have a sense of humor."

I laugh with her, realizing that without her bubbly self, I'd probably be stuck in some kind of sad state.

She scoots to the side of the bed closer to me. "I'm going to tell you all about him, and after I do, you'll feel like you know him. Then, you're going to meet him whether you like it or not."

I hit the desktop hard drive a few times, rolling my eyes trying to get it to work. “Man, Patricia, you’re not going to take no as an answer.”

She says, “How about if we make a deal?”

I turn around and ask, “What kind of deal?”

“If my suggestion of hearing all about him works aaaaaand, I will bring him here to your front porch because I know there’s no way your parents would let him in. We take a walk around the lakes and get to know him. You’ll really like him. He’s really the nicest boy.” She studies my face, trying to get an answer before I say anything.

I’m quiet for a long time considering her ideas and her feelings. Is this something I can do? She would do it for me, there’s no doubt. I let out an exasperated sigh and say, “Fiiiine, you win this time. Only a walk around one lake, though. Don’t think I didn’t notice you said lakes, plural.”

Patricia nods, and she goes on to tell me all about him. He’s actually two whole years older than her. We are thirteen, which makes him fifteen years old. It’s practically a crime! I’m both fascinated and disgusted. I think it’s gross to be kissing anyone, but a fifteen-year-old boy??? Eww!!!

Finally, through all her talking, which has been nonstop knowledge and chatter, I ask “How’d you meet him?”

She lowers her voice and whispers, "He's my dad's friend's son."

I lift one eyebrow curiously. "By friend, you mean your dad's guy friend, right?"

She covers her mouth, holding in a giggle. "No."

I stand up out of my chair, "Patricia Lynn, you can't!"

She stands up too and walks to my door, turns around and says, "I can, and I did!" With that she walks out and leaves.

I don't try to follow her. I can hear the front door slam. I know she's well on her way back across the dam back to her house.

I sit back in front of my notebook. I've always been a nerd. I'm a huge reader of any books I can get my hands on, and I love to write. I write about everything and anyone. It's why I'm such a big listener. I feel like listening leads to skills. I carry my notebook everywhere. This one in front of me is just for assignment notes, but the one I still have to take out of my backpack is full of paragraphs about life. I peer at it, wondering if I should write about this. I decide I will, even though Patricia herself said it's a secret.

How could she kiss a fifteen-year-old boy? I bet his breath stunk. Imagine where his nasty mouth has been! He probably baits worms on hooks, doesn't wash his hands, and bites his nails. Eww, gross!

I hear my mother call from the down the hall, “MACY! Dinner is done. Come in the kitchen. And your dad is home. Come eat with us.”

Mom is still a strong believer in having family-time meals. I feel like I’m getting kind of old for it. This month I get my driver’s permit! Mom is just waiting until driver’s ed course is done at school. She said she feels safer with me in the class than behind the wheel of Dad’s car. He tried arguing with her about it, but mom always has the final say.

I sit at the table and put my notebook I had pulled out of my backpack on my lap. Mom puts a plate in front of me, “If you want more chicken, it’s on the counter. And how many times have I told you, no books at the table?”

Like some kids are bad with their phones, I’m bad with either fictional novels or my notebook. I like keeping it close to me in case I get ideas. I never know when I’m going to get one, especially today after all that Patricia told me.



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