

On the recommendation of several friends I joined a site called Goodreads. It's a place where people share book recommendations, form groups, etc. etc. It's a lovely idea, but I feel really embarrassed because these people read a lot, and I've managed to post four reviews so far.

When I was a kid I read about a book a day (Dad taught me to read before I started school, and he taught me how to speed read). Anyway, I read a lot. Used to drive my mother crazy because I would get so lost in a book that I wouldn't hear her calling me.

Now I live in words, and sometimes I just can't face any more words. I write for many hours -- playing with words. I research -- more words. I read for my writer's group. I provide critiques for a few people not in the writer's group. I try to keep up with the news of the day by reading newspapers and magazines. I end up wanting to sing Eliza Doolittle's song to Freddy -- Show Me. It begins. "Words, words, words, I'm so sick of words. I get words all day long first from him now from you. Is that all you blighter's can do?"

Reading was my primary form of entertainment. Now I've replaced it with watching movies and television, playing on my X-Box, going to the health club, riding my horse, working in the garden. Sometimes I miss my books so much. I walk past a shelf and it's like they're whispering to me.

"Remember the Piper at the Gates of Dawn? Wouldn't you like to read the Wind in the Willows again?"

"Remember when Sophy galloped her horse in Hyde Park?"

"Kip is rescuing the Mother Thing on Pluto. Shouldn't you be there to help?"

And there are all the new books filled with people I haven't met yet, but sense I would come to love. Worlds I haven't explored.

I love my job, but sometimes I miss that girl who got so lost she didn't hear her mother calling.