



## Library Fun Weekly Shoutout



Hey there friends. I hope you had a good week. My week was pretty good until we went to the library. I like books a lot. I like to read and learn new things. When I read stories, I try to imagine what I'm reading is real. That's a lot of fun. The other day my dad was going to get a book. I was so happy when he said I could go with him. That was great because that meant I could pick out some books too.

When we got there my dad went to the librarian's desk. The librarian is the person who works in the library and knows about where all the books are. The librarian can always help when you're looking for something in the library. My dad reserved a book. When they called to say he could pick it up, they said it would be at the librarian's desk.

My dad said he'd pick up his book and then we would go into the kid's section and pick out mine. The librarian was helping someone else when we got there. We were waiting but it was taking a really long time. I told my dad I was tired of waiting. He said I could go start to look and he would meet me in the kid's section when he was done. That surprised me because my mom always makes me stay with her.

I went into the kid's section and started to look around. The librarian in there knows me because my mom takes me to the library usually every Saturday. She said hi when I walked in and asked about my mom. I said I was with my dad and pointed to where he was. She said maybe I should wait for him. I told her he said it was okay. Then she nodded and smiled.

When I was looking around, I noticed that the books weren't sorted very well. They weren't in size order. That was just wrong. I started to move them around. I put the smaller books on the higher shelves and the bigger ones on the bottom shelves. The medium sized ones were in the middle. My dad came into the kid's section and was talking to the librarian, so I just kept working. It was going really fast. I was getting all the books sorted the right way and I felt really happy.

Then my dad and the librarian walked over. The librarian got really upset. She yelled at me and asked what I was doing. I told her I was sorting the books in the right way by size. Then she started talking about something called the Dewey Decimal System. She started moving the books all around. She was putting them back the way they were. She said it was going to take hours to get the books back in order. My dad said he was sorry. Then she said things like this are the reason my mom stays with me in the library.

I was very confused. I was just fixing the books. My dad explained that books in the library are put on shelves in a certain order using a special system. He said it's called the Dewey Decimal System. He said that system makes it easier for people to find the books they are looking for. My dad reminded me that I should ask questions before helping. He said that the Dewey Decimal System is a way to organize things that someone with persnickety ways would like. He said there are different ways to do things. He said when I don't ask, I don't get to understand the other ways. I felt bad for messing things up. I told the librarian I was sorry. Then my dad made me leave without picking out any books.

What do you think I could have done differently? Why do you think it's important to learn about different ways to do things? What could I have done to fix my mistake?

Friends, my persnickety ways make me want things to be a certain way. When I see things that aren't right for me, I like to help to make it better. Sometimes I forget to ask before I start fixing things. Now that I know about the Dewey Decimal System, I can see how it's a great way to keep library books organized. It's a system that's perfect for my persnickety ways.

I guess the biggest thing I learned is that things aren't always as they look. We should all be open to the possibilities, and the way to do that is to ask questions. I hope you can see that there's more than one way to do things. I hope you can be open to other possibilities.

Until next time,

Your pal, Persnickety Pearson 🧡