

Devinne Walters

Addictive Little Words

There's something addictive about the little worlds on those pages, isn't there?

There's something better, she said. Something that's not mine that I hold in my hand. There's something warm and safe and true. They're an escapist's best friend in the whole world, and there's so many worlds to choose from. I could be sitting on my bed, she said, but gliding through the streets of Gotham or taking sides in a Civil War, Marvel Style. She shrugged then, picking up something called Power Girl.

And that? I asked.

And this. In this, who knows? It's brand-spanking-new, she laughed. I don't always know what I'm getting myself into, you know. Sometimes I fall in love with the King of Dreams or swoon over a fuzzy blue elf who fancies himself a swashbuckler –

A what?

Exactly; he's adorable, anyway.

What else can these things do? Tell me more.

They can drown out the sound of screaming that penetrates through a closed and locked door. You're not always safe behind a locked door. They can make you forget about all the gross stuff inside your head, make you not sniffle for a few minutes. At least, no sniffles you're conscious of. When you should be studying, a friend calls your name, a friend who you know will never leave you, so you can at least do them this one favor. I don't know, really, she shrugged.

Are they alive?

Yes. More alive than I think I'll ever be. They have so much more to fulfill, after all.

I thought about this for a moment. The King of Dreams, huh? I asked. Sounds fun.

She only smiled and said, Oh, it is.

Good interview, I told her. But you never answered my question.

I think you can figure that out for yourself.

I step away from the mirror.