# Stories of Change – Isaac - Transcript

I am keen to look at some of this author’s other books when I return this one to the library.

But the journey to get there fills me with dread.

It’s a hot day and there is concrete everywhere.

The buildings are dark, and the narrow spaces between them seem to amplify the road noise.

But I know it is not far, so here I go.

The walkway is narrow.

It’s almost as dark as a tunnel.

It gets lighter at the end.

And I know I need to turn here.

It gets a bit wider here too.

It turns into a laneway.

A car speeds past and it's noisy now.

There is a bin blocking the footpath now and I must walk onto the road to avoid it.

It's overwhelming.

And the noise is echoing amongst the concrete that seems to be everywhere.

I must be more than halfway to the library now, but I am already exhausted.

I need to take a rest.

I can see a bench and it's a relief.

But when I get there, it is dirty, with no armrests or back support.

It's in the sun.

There is no shelter, and the UV is high.

Now the combination of dark and harsh light and colour is digging into my brain.

I will keep going.

There is a sign.

Does it show the way to the library?

I hope so.

It feels like I am in the middle of a concrete maze now.

I get closer to the sign now and it says, “Keep out, private property”.

Even though I am on the public walkway.

It feels hostile.

I recognise that road ahead.

Its noisier.

It is a main road and now I can see the library.

Finally, I have made it.

The library is such a great resource that I appreciate.

But getting here could be so different.

If only on the way home, it could change into a well signed wide public footpath with green space.

A place made for all pedestrians with areas to rest, and even to start reading my next book.