

The Library of Dazalyn

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The Library of Congress Classification System is a system that is most commonly found in academic libraries. The origins of the system can be attributed to Thomas Jefferson. According to the Library of Congress' website, in August 1814, British soldiers set fire to the capitol library, where most of the collections and materials were destroyed. In 1815, Thomas Jefferson sold his entire book collection of more than 5,000 books to the library, all with his personal classification system. The Library of Congress used the system until the late nineteenth century when it was no longer able to keep up with the growth of the library's collection. Thus, the new classification system, Library of Congress Classification, where each classification number includes a class, subclass, or group of subclasses, was born. There are 21 major classes; each field of knowledge is identified with its own letter, following that is its own subclass, which represents fields or branches within the major field of knowledge; most subclasses are identified with two letters but, on occasion, can be three. Then, on occasion, it can be further subdivided into more specific categories like time, place, and subtopic. It can still go further than that with cutter numbers. To make this clearer and less confusing, one of my favorite books, *The Alchemist* by Paulo Coelho, is categorized with the following Call number/Classification at the Richard J Daley library:

PQ9698.13.O3546 A4513 1998

The Library of Dazalyn Catalog

<u>Audiobook Narrator</u>	EY. AN4.2007
<u>Broadway Musical</u>	EY. BM5.2008
<u>Chosen Journey</u>	EY. CJ6.2009
<u>Dream Library</u>	EY. DL7.2010
<u>Eternal Request</u>	EY.ER8.2011
<u>Family Wizards</u>	EY.FW9.2012
<u>Gifted Longing</u>	EY.FW9.2012
<u>Hidden Mentor</u>	MG.HM12. 2015
<u>Irrevocable Vow</u>	HS.IV14.2017
<u>Jealous Scholar</u>	HS.JS15.2018
<u>Keep Distance</u>	HS.KD16.2019
<u>Literary Obsession</u>	HS.LO17.2020
<u>Memory Sanctuary</u>	UI.MS18.2021
<u>Nurtured Affection</u>	UI.NA19.2022
<u>Overcoming Change</u>	UI. OC20.2023
<u>Printed Path</u>	UI.PP21.2024

<i>Library of Dazalyn Classification System</i>	
<i>EY: Early Years</i>	<i>MG: Middle Grade</i>
<i>HS: High School</i>	<i>UI: University</i>

Audiobook Narrator

EY. AN4.2007

At four years old, I was an audiobook narrator. I don't remember my favorite book at the time, but I remember my mom reading it to me every night. She would sit down in my twin bed, which I still have now, in a room that is roughly 7ft x 9 ft, maybe a bit smaller, with my pink walls and *Disney Princess* decals all around as well, my pink plastic flower light from IKEA which was the only light acceptable to be turned on in the dark beside my matching princess night light. My hard working mom made sure I had a few children's books that were always placed in my little library cubby that were draped princess fabric pouches to hold my books. My mom worked a lot, and even today, she works a lot, so I hardly got to have much quality time with her throughout the day. One day, when my mom came home from school, I was jumping up and down, so excited to show her my brand-new skill. She sat down with me on my bed, both of us hardly fitting on it; I opened my favorite book and read it to her... perfectly. Her eyes were so big with amazement, and then, not even two seconds later, looks at me with skepticism. She then grabbed another book and told me to read it. I looked up at her with what she calls my bug eyes and looked confused, one eyebrow raised; that's when she knew I didn't know how to read. Instead, I memorized the entire book that she read to me continuously being repeated to me every night. I just thought I was a cool four-year-old.

Broadway Musical

EY. BM5.2008

At five years old, I was on Broadway. When my mom wasn't working, She did, in fact, make time for us to go to our local library together; we'd sit there for hours and hours; as the clock kept running, we stayed put. She would read to me or we would walk around the forest of bookstacks as tall as giant sequoia trees. On this peculiar day, I picked out this series of books: *Don't Let the Pigeon Drive the Bus*. I absolutely loved the book, but mostly, I loved the illustrations and the quirky-looking pigeon who, coincidentally, I think we have a slight resemblance to one another. During the same time of my discovery of these books, my elementary found out that the play adaptation of this book was having shows in the city. My school made it their mission to take all the classes to see the musical; we also started reading the series in school as a part of our reading time. When the most exciting day for five-year-old me came, all I could imagine while on the bus was I finally would get to see a pigeon act the greatest actor of all. I was, for the first time in my life, going to witness a pigeon talk. I was so ready that I imagined myself as a Broadway actor ready for the greatest performance of my life. Unfortunately, that was not the case; the pigeon ended up being a stuffed animal. I don't know why my five-year-old brain thought it would have been a real trained pigeon that would talk; could you imagine?

Chosen Journey

EY. CJ6.2009

At six years old, I traveled by myself. My mom used to work at this clinic for Northshore Hospital; from what I can remember, she worked there for almost all of my childhood. On occasion, the hospital would hold book fairs for the workers, patients, and visitors. At the time, I only really read picture books and short chapter books, which always seemed to have point sixteen Garamond font. All of my books were either hand-me-downs, books from the library, or free ones from the little free libraries around the city. On the day of the book fair, my mom came home with a present for me; to my great surprise, she gifted me what I thought were the most massive books ever, like Stephen King's *It*. I was so happy that I got not only one but two books, one being a Pantone 319 color and the other Pantone 2086; both books where choose your own adventure, which gave me thousands of possibilities for my journey every time I read the book and let me choose my perfect story. Now that I'm older, I realize the books weren't actually that long, but they seemed to like it because they had so many different versions of one story. I read them over and over until I went through almost every single version of the book; to this day, I still have those books, not because they were good but because they opened up a new chapter in my life. A moment where, for the first time, the spine of the book wasn't broken and the pages stuck together but a brand new book that was all mine and only mine. A journey of my own.

Dream Library

EY. DL7.2010

At seven years old, I was a collector. As a side job, my mom would be a dog sitter for her former boss, Dr. Susan Warren. Dr. Warren used to travel at least once a month and would let my mom and I stay at her home for the entirety of her trip; it gave us a glimpse of what we hoped our life would be like one day. Her home was one of my favorites; she lived in a grand house in Evanston, blocks away from Northwestern University. Her home was a three-story house, with the entirety of the third floor being the master bedroom with the biggest walk-in closet; it was as if I was walking into a store. Her home had original hardwood floors, and all the entrances and hallways connected essentially into a maze; it was never-ending. My favorite room was the playroom, where the entirety of the walls were floor-to-ceiling bookcases, each overflowing with books that became stacked into stairs on the floor. There were books of all ages and genres it was my dream to have a collection of my own like that. Every time I was there, I would always pick out the same series of books *Junie B Jones* by Barbara Park, which changed my life. On some random day when my mom came home from work, she handed me a plastic bag so heavy it weighed more than me; low and behold, the plastic bag held every single edition of the *Junie B Jones* series. I am not sure how Dr. Warrner found out those were my favorite books; maybe my mom told her, or maybe she saw those books lying around her house every time she would come home from her trips. Either way, I was beyond excited finally, I was one step closer to having my floor-to-ceiling book collection.

Eternal Request

EY.ER8.2011

At eight years old, I met Santa Claus. My mom always told me I should write a letter to Santa, although we both had the undisclosed understanding that she was Santa. That year, I asked for a book, any book, a book that was mine. Christmas morning, there it was: a book. The joy it brought me was indescribable knowing that my mom worked hard to get me something of my own was the one thing that brought me the most joy. I am not sure if my childhood self was aware of our financial hardship, and that's why I chose a book thinking it was something that was semi-affordable or if it was because the characters and places mentioned in them made me feel less alone as an only child. All I know is that books were the only thing that allowed me to travel from place to place, universe to universe, any time I wished. From that point on, I have asked for a book for Christmas every single year. When my cousins, aunts, and other family members would ask what I wanted, I would always reply with a book, and every year, without fail, a book is what I would get. I have been asking for the same thing so much that they don't even ask what I want anymore; instead, they ask me to send them my Amazon book wishlist. My cousins joke around with me and always wonder if this is the year I will ask for something different, and no, I won't, and I'm not sure I ever will.

Family Wizards

EY.FW9.2012

At nine years old, I knew magic was real. My cousin Kelsey and I have always been close. We were born 20 days apart, and she is the closest thing I have to a sister. She wasn't much of a reader, but I was. Although reading wasn't big for her, we shared the same love for the Harry Potter series. We grew up with that; we would have sleepovers just so we could watch the movies together. The smell of microwave popcorn would fill her room as we would attempt to make a fort and always end up either failing or getting into trouble for taking all the sofa cushions out. Harry Potter transformed us into the people we are today. We knew what magic was, and we will always know. One year, we went to Florida to Universal Studios to Harry Potter World, where we felt right at home. We even got matching wands. As we grew older, we drifted apart. It was mainly my doing, as my mental health led me to push many of my family members away, but our love of Harry Potter is always there even today; we rekindle our relationship by always sending each other Harry Potter TikToks. We even made a pact to re-read and watch the movies and books. Hopefully, adulthood doesn't get in the way.

Gifted Longing
EY.GL10.2013

At ten years old, I was mournful. My elementary school, Henry D. Lloyd, every year held a Scholastic Bookfair. It was always my favorite time of the year more so because I hooped to buy a new book. A few weeks later, when my teacher would hand out the Scholastic catalog of their inventory I would do the same thing every year without fail. I would sit down on my little desk cubby and circle almost all the books on the catalog that I wanted, from science experiment books to the entire collection of Harry Potter. I would imagine how one day I would have these books all to myself. When the time for the fair would come, the librarian would carve out time for each classroom to have their own time at the book fair. We'd have about 30 minutes to look around and pick out our books unfortunately, I had the same issue every year. I didn't have enough money to buy a book. Seeing everyone buy a book and me leaving empty-handed, having my classmates show off their new purchase always broke a piece of my heart. I always got sad after that. I didn't buy a book, and I never got the chance to do so.

Hidden Mentor

MG.HM12. 2015

At twelve years old, I had an English degree. I never had a favorite subject growing up, I did hate math even to this day. In my middle school, Aspira Haugan Middle School, our English class would always consist of reading a short book and then watching a movie. When we weren't doing that, we had the option of journaling and answering a prompt or creating our own story. I usually always choose to create my own story. One of my final assignments for the class was to write a two-page story in our notebooks, just write no editing, only our raw work. After turning it in, I realized I never got my grade back. Then, my teacher at the time, Mr. Mashni, who, now looking back, looked like he had just graduated from university and was his first-year teaching, told me he would give me my grade after parent-teacher conferences. When the day came and my mom went to his class, I was terrified. I had never been called into a classroom with my mom before. He ended up telling my mom how I wrote such a good story. I don't remember what I wrote, but he was definitely over-exaggerating; he told her that I should consider going to university for an English degree. I wish I could tell him he is one of the reasons I changed my major from Psychology to English.

Irrevocable Vow

HS.IV14.2017

At fourteen years old, I made a vow. In the one semi-English class we had at ITW David Speer Academy, we would start off the class by reading for ten minutes and then reflecting on what we read. We didn't have a required book, just any we wanted at the time. I chose to read *They Both Die at The End* by Adam Silvera. It was a beautiful blue hardback book that was bare and naked. This was my doing. I hate dust jackets because of the ways they never align correctly and are always so flimsy and in the way; anyway, my teacher, Ms. Dice, was walking around the classroom and was intrigued by the title of the book. She asked me what it was about, and I told her. She then asked if it would be okay if she could borrow it. I, a naive child, said yes. While finishing the book, I grew an attachment to it as it was one if not the first book that has made me cry, but it was also one of the first books I bought with my own earned money from my then part-time job as a McDonald's cashier. When I got to school the next day, I gave it to her . . . never to be seen again. It was my senior year of high school and yet I still didn't have my book. I wish I could go back in time and snatch it away from her hands. I graduated, and I still went back to school for my book, and again, it was not to be found. From that day on, I swore I would never, and I mean never, let someone borrow my personal book copy ever again. The saddest part of all of this is that its dust jacket still remains within the depths of my bookcases, long awaiting its companion to keep it warm. Will they ever meet again? I think not. Here lies the beautiful blue book: a friend, a lesson, a promise.

Jealous Scholar

HS.JS15.2018

At fifteen years old, I was an Engineer. At ITW David Speer, we didn't have a library; we hardly even had English classes. From what I can remember, the most important class we had since freshman year was engineering with our teacher, Mr. Choi, who is now rumored to be a grad student studying to be a surgeon. Crazy switch, right? From what I can remember, he also had his master's in engineering, but besides the point. Engineering class was my least favorite. They took everything so seriously, and then, over the next four years, I was even more miserable. We had welding class, computer science, and 3-D printing class, and every class was the same. I hated it. All I wanted was a library and a decent English class; we did read some books required by the school, but never anything to encourage us, hell I didn't even learn proper grammar; not sure if that was my fault or the school's, but... Was a library and English classes too hard to ask for? I yearned for the day I could walk into my school's library and read every book, like Belle from *Beauty and the Beast*. To this day, ITW David Speer still doesn't have a library, and I'm not sure they ever will.

Keep Distance
HS.KD16.2019

At sixteen years old, I exiled a book. In 2019, it was the peak of covid everyone, including myself was under lockdown. I was beyond bored with nothing to do but school, which I honestly didn't really care about over Zoom. In hopes of alleviating my boredom, I started reading some books I've had on my list that I haven't had time to get through. I picked up *A Death-Struck Year* by Makiia Lucier, which I bought a few weeks before everything shut down at the dollar store; I had no knowledge of what I was about to read to my luck... or well, unlucky, it was about the pandemic of the Spanish flu. At first, I gave it a chance; it was, in my opinion, mediocre at best until I got to the ending; now, unfortunately, do I remember exactly what happened? No. But what I do know is that I had never been so viscerally appalled by the book before I could even say I hated it. I didn't even want to look at it, not even touch it. I wouldn't even let it near my other books, thinking the foulness may spread like a disease and affect all the others. I took it upon myself to evict the book from my personal library and donate it to a little free library by my home. Sometimes, I wonder where the diseased book could be right now. Is it still in my neighborhood? In Chicago? In the state? Or did it have its unfortunate end in a recycling plant?

Literary Obsession

HS.LO17.2020

At seventeen years old, I became a symphony conductor. Books have been an integral part of my life, their pages turning and turning like ballerinas in an act. The smell of the pages gives a sense of going back in time and smelling what the author once did. The text transports me to another dimension where I can be seen where I am loved, hurt, empowered, and never alone, not even in Dostoevsky's *White Nights*. My personal library is organized by color regardless of the genre, author, or anything else; color is what determines the placement of my books. I've done this for a while, and they are still like this. I think I've grown an attachment to seeing it this way that now every time I try to change it, it feels wrong, as if I am trying to change it into something it's not supposed to be; honestly, it feels like I am attempting to create the philosophers stone and fail every time. My books weren't always filled with annotations; actually, I used to hate writing in them. I'm not so sure what changed between then and now that I write in them religiously. Their covers are all different, giving a sense of their personalities, the music they would listen to, the shows they would watch, and the hobbies they would enjoy. If you're silent enough, you'll hear that they all sing in harmony. No one is misplaced, and everyone simultaneously performs beautifully with the flick of my wrist.

Memory Sanctuary

UI.MS18.2021

At eighteen years old, I loved architecture. My cousin Mayra, who is about eight years older than me, was enrolled at school at the same time as I was. She had sent me a message this crisp fall morning asking if I wanted to go with her to the Harold Washington Library to study. I had never been so naturally, I agreed. I met her at the Brown Line exit, and we walked in together. Walking into the winter garden was something out of a fairy tale. The ceiling was so tall and large, with sunlight so warm it felt like a hug from my childhood blanket beaming into the space through the beautiful but dirty glass ceiling panes. This made me realize how important it was to keep beautiful spaces such as this one alive. As we continued to explore the libraries, I saw the infamous green library lamps. To this day, I still wish I had one of my own, surrounded by the many people reading and enjoying their books and research. It was a space of mental nourishment, one that I wish to be in for eternity. A space where thousands before me came and shared the same love that I have: the love of books, of learning, and the appreciation of traditional architecture.

Nurtured Affection

UI.NA19.2022

At nineteen years old, I felt loved. I traveled for the first time by myself to my dream city: New York City. This was my second time being there. The first time I went was when I was 15 with my mom and cousin Edwin. Coincidentally that same trip was the trip that I met my partner Jay. The first time talking to him, we realized how much we had in common. It was quite scary—actually scary in a good way. We connected over our love of electronic dance music, EDM, and books. During one of our many conversations over the phone, we talked about the magical works of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, which I briefly mentioned I never read, and if I got the chance to, I would love to in its native language, Spanish. A few months after we first met, I went back to New York City. I was beyond excited to see my at-the-time friend, and to my surprise, when I saw him, he was holding something behind his back. He had a gift for me. Was it a book, might you ask? Precisely that. Not only did he gift me *One Hundred Years of Solitude* in SPANISH, but he also gifted me his personal copy, a copy that he loved that had conversations with him and got to know him before I did. Now, it will know me as much as it knows him. At that moment, he didn't know, but I had something for him. I gifted him a copy of *The Alchemist* with my personal annotations. I even included a note on the cover page, a testament to time, a note that will be on this earth long after we are, a note our children will look at and understand that was the beginning of something. At that moment, I knew love not only as a friend but as someone more. When Jay visits me, or I visit him, we make it a tradition to gift each other a book, from anniversaries to birthdays, to just because. It's always books. Funny enough, we even made it a habit of going to used bookstores, trying to gain as many books as possible to grow our library together as we grow with each other. Some part of me wonders if the books in our home will overflow our entire being. Gosh, I think we hope so.

Overcoming Change

UI. OC20.2023

At twenty years old, I learned about the axiom of equality. During the spring, my partner Jay read *A Little Life* by Hanya Yanagihara. We would talk about the book, but he would only tell me enough to understand it and not spoil it. I told him I wanted to read it, and he told me to read with extreme caution. Did I listen? Maybe not. I took it upon myself to make it my summer read. I took that book everywhere, and I mean everywhere to restaurants, to the movies, to parties, e-v-e-r-y-w-h-e-r-e everywhere. While reading it, my book endured many things. From being a coaster for my coffee to tissues for my tears, my book was loved. Some people hate paperbacks as they can get “destroyed” easier and quicker. To me, I LOVE paperbacks. It doesn't show how they are “destroyed” but how well-loved they are. It's the axiom of equality: the book nourishes your soul as you express your love and gratitude toward it. As I kept reading and feeling a connection to the characters, my book did the same with me; it started falling apart, a sort of form only some get to experience. It felt such a connection to me that it allowed me to nourish it and repair its nude body with tape as its cover was falling apart, almost like how Jude St. Francis learned to let himself be loved and nourished. After reading *A Little Life*, there was such a deep connection that it destroyed me and made me understand the true meaning of friendship, of the unpredictability of life, and the endurance of one's self. After finishing the book, I think about Jude St. Francis, Willem Ragnarsson, Jean-Baptiste Marion, and Malcolm Irvine at least once a week. I wonder if they think of me as well.

Printed Path
UI.PP21.2024

At twenty-one years old, I became a librarian. When I found out I got the job at Richard J. Daley Library in their Special collections department, I was beyond excited. Like, are you kidding me? It is any bookworm's dream to be surrounded by books for work, let alone rare books and archives. I think I've known I've always wanted to be a librarian, tho I thought it was kind of silly at the time. I find everything so fascinating there, having books that are much older than me and hold more wisdom and knowledge than I could ask for. We have books that have been written, published, and survived the Great Chicago Fire, a true testament of time with the power to withstand what destroyed so much. This chapter in my life is one that I will never forget as it has been one of my most important thus far. Sometimes, when I'm sitting in storage room B-241, where we house our rare books, I realize how far I've come one day, wishing I could be surrounded by so many books and being so fascinated by them; it's kind of funny how the universe works. Who knows, maybe one day I'll be the department head of my own special collections and archives.