Title: I am a Bible
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A small hand picks me up. It belongs to the daughter of my master. She looks at me with curious eyes, studying my gold title, and running her fingers through my pages. She takes me to her room and starts typing on her laptop, all the while casting quick glances my way; some with

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bewilderment, others with boredom, and even some filled with frustration. “What’s your story?” she says out loud. If only she would take the time to open and read me, then she would know.

I wake up feeling warm and cozy. My pages have just been printed and the warmth the ink left on my paper lulls me to go back to sleep, but I fight it. For the first time, I get a good look at my surroundings, there are high ceilings, loud machinery, and others that look exactly like me. A machine operator picks up a book like me but much fancier and says “this bible is ready to go out.” A bible? Is that what I am? Will I also look as pretty as the one in his hands? A man picks me up suddenly and places me in a clamp. It presses down, squeezing out the air in me, making me thinner. He proceeds to cut and sand my sides until I’m straight and smooth, and rounds my sharp edges. It hurts but I can’t shake free. I’m then placed in a machine that stains my sides with a red guild. Glue is slathered on my spine and a headband and footband are placed on either edge of my spine, with a ribbon attached to the headband. On top of that, a mesh is placed, and a large cover with gold embroidery is glued to my spine. Two harder pieces of paper that’s called a hand leaf is glued into my front and back just below the cover. The man making me picks me up and examines me. His eyes scrutinize me for deformities that might deem me unfit and invaluable. I pass the examination and am put into a box with many others like me to be shipped out.

That is the first thing I can remember. I was made by the Bible Society of India in 206 Mahatma Ghandi Road, Bangalore, India. I am a Malayalam King James version bible. All of us were made in the King James version but in different languages. However, I am not a whole bible; I only contain the New Testament and Psalms. This often made me feel inferior to the original whole bibles. From Bangalore, I was shipped off to Kerala and placed in a book store waiting to be bought. Many customers came and went, eyeing the more grandiose ones before
making a selection. Very rarely did a set of eyes fixate on me for I am not as glamorous or whole. The flamboyant ones were pretentious. They were placed in the front and looked at the rest of us with disdain. Months passed before a man walked in and looked straight at the back. He requested a bible that was cheap and contained only the New Testament and Psalms; to which the store owner picked me up and presented to him. He scanned my pages quickly noting my black font and its size, before coming to a decision. I was sold for 70 rupees. Bibles in that store could sell for 1200 rupees or more. Needless to say, I was enthusiastic to finally be out in the world and be used.

My master took me everywhere with him. He read through me, gaining knowledge and sharing it with others. He underlined important passages, and folded pages that he found meaningful. The more he used me, the more important I felt. The joy of imparting wisdom and comfort to my master and to the world was tremendous. I met his children whose grubby hands I was not fond of and witnessed them grow up. I travelled to many states in India along with my master, who spread my message to very remote villages. I was even given the honour of visiting Israel. Through my frequent travel and use, I became worn out. The red colour on my sides started to fade and I lost the spitting form I once had. However, as my pride grew, so did a great evil. My naïve self could not have anticipated this. As the years passed, the times changed as with it. Technology, which was once a fresh, slow, and unskilled newborn had now blossomed into a necessity for many. With the rise of laptops and smartphones, came online bibles and bible apps. I didn’t notice it at first, being left behind as my master went out. I figured he didn’t need me for those events. Soon, my days spent on a desk untouched grew longer. Replacing me in my master’s hands was a phone or tablet. They did whatever I did, but better. They were smaller, easier to carry around, and they shared information with other technology through a weird
invisible connection called internet. Is this it? Is that all there is to my life? Will I not be able to spread my message and wisdom? As time laughingly passes me by I cannot help but grow bitter. After years of dedication I’m left behind.

I snap out of my thoughts and see the young miss looking at me again. This time she has a gentle smile on her face and her eyes reflect appreciation. She finishes whatever she’s writing and picks me up, taking me back to her father’s desk. She’s about to reach into her pocket, probably to pick up her phone, when she pauses and glances at me quickly. Then she smiles and reaches for her bible instead and walks back to her room. For a moment I stare in awe. Maybe the times have changed but my value has not. Even if it’s not me being read, if anyone is receiving my message through any means, then I think I am fulfilling my purpose. Likewise, if I can influence even one person to pick up their bible, then I would be contented.
Bibliography


