

# Getting started with Windows® 8 and RT

You can use OverDrive's mobile app for Windows 8 to borrow and enjoy eBooks, audiobooks and streaming video from your library on your Windows 8 or RT device. Windows 8 comes on tablets and computers, and Windows RT comes on tablets like the Microsoft Surface RT and Surface 2.

**Note:** The steps below work with both Windows 8 and Windows RT. With Windows 8 (but not Windows RT), you can also install the classic desktop version of OverDrive's software for Windows, which will allow you to download WMA audiobooks/music and WMV video, and burn and transfer files (as permitted). Some digital formats may not be available from all libraries.

## Step 1

Install the OverDrive app from the Windows Store.



## Step 2

Open the OverDrive app and find your library's OverDrive-powered website. To do this, select **+ Add a library**, then follow the prompts to find your library.

- Once you find it, swipe down (or right click) on your library to save it to your "My libraries" list.
- Click or tap your library's name to start browsing.

## Step 3

Log into your library's OverDrive-powered website with your library card and borrow a title.

## Step 4

Find borrowed titles under your account on your library website. You can:

- **Download** (Select one format) EPUB eBooks\* and MP3 audiobooks directly to the OverDrive app.
- Add streaming videos to OMC.
- Select **Read** (In your browser) to open and read OverDrive Read eBooks right in your browser.
- If you've installed the Kindle® reading app from the Windows Store, you can select Kindle Book (U.S. only) to complete checkout on Amazon's website and send the book to your Kindle reading app.

**\*Note:** To read eBooks in the OverDrive app, you'll need to authorize your device with an Adobe® ID. It's a one-time, free process that takes just moments to complete.

Need more help?

Contact your library or visit OverDrive Help at [help.overdrive.com](http://help.overdrive.com).

The Goldfinch

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WHILE I WAS STILL, in Amsterdam, I dreamed about my mother for the first time in years. I'd been shut up in my hotel for more than a week, afraid to telephone anybody or go out; and my heart scrambled and floundered at even the most innocent noises: elevator bell, rattle of the minibar cart, even church clocks tolling the hour, de Westertoren, Krijtberg, a dark edge to the clangor, an invrought fairy-tale sense of doom. By day I sat on the foot of the bed straining to puzzle out the Dutch-language news on television (which was hopeless, since I knew not a word of Dutch) and when I gave up, I sat by the window staring out at the canal with my camel's-hair coat thrown over my clothes—for I'd left New York in a hurry and the things I'd brought weren't warm enough, even indoors.

Outside, all was activity and cheer. It was Christmas, lights twinkling on the canal bridges at night; red-cheeked *dames en heren*, scarves flying in the icy wind, clattered down the cobblestones with Christmas trees lashed to the backs of their bicycles. In the afternoons, an amateur band played Christmas carols that hung tiny and fragile in the winter air.