Your Name

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Literary Narrative: The Little Bookworm

It all began with “Sherlock Homes”. My father, for all his flaws, got one thing right. He knew that to motivate me and my sister to pick up good habits in life, such as reading, he had to give us an environment and fill it with things that would motivate us towards reading and writing in the first place. He was my first teacher, my preschool, and my source of all things I considered “Fun”. Over the years, he changed his methods, his actions and his approaches to motivate my sister and I to read, but his efforts never faltered. My mother, who held her doubts about the concept, soon followed in his footsteps, helping me sing along to *Hickory Dickory Dock* as a 4-year-old and later.

My father instilled this sense of curiosity with books in me from an early age. In my household, books were seen as an object that commanded reverence and ensured that we saw them as priceless possessions; one that were too dear for words. Thus, when he presented me with a collection of Sherlock Holmes short stories, it was nothing short of honor in my little seven-year-old mind. I will not lie and state that I went through the whole collection of short stories in one sitting and that I enjoyed it more than I am capable of putting into words. I did not understand a single word. I had no idea who Sherlock Holmes was and why was this Watson person around and why were people coming to him with their problems. To be honest, I was a little unimpressed by the entire ordeal.

Regardless of my feelings, my father continued to present me with books. Some of them, I understood and enjoyed. Others were treated in the same manner that Sherlock Holmes was. Years passed when I was still lost in the pages of fairy tales and comic books. But then I turned 12 and discovered the magical world of Harry Potter. To say that I was hooked is an understatement. I read all 6 books cover to cover within a month’s time. Then I read it again, and again, and again. It was only my luck that the last and the final book released soon after and my thirst to know what happened next in the story was quenched.

The Harry Potter series came to an end, sadly, but what it did leave behind was an endless thirst of reading in a soon to be teenager. With time, I made new friends, both real and fictional. I delved deep into the mysteries with Nancy Drew. I followed Prince Caspian onto a wild adventure to the end of the world. I feared the dark with Fear Street. I got lost in the Spiderwick Chronicles. I made friends with Percy Jackson and all the Demigods I came to know. I got lost in New York City with Mia Thermopolis and traveled the world along with a pair of traveling pants. I even got reacquainted with Sherlock Holmes. This time I greeted him like a long-lost friend, following along on his adventure with gusto and thrill. I flipped pages to a new adventure every single day and I loved every minute of it.

There is nothing like the joy of cracking the spine of a new book, with its new book smell and untouched pages. It is akin to starting a-new, with a life full of possibilities and an unblemished horizon waiting to be found. I devoured a book a day well into my late teens, moving from Rowling, to Sparks, to Brown, and eventually discovering Austen, Shelley, Dickens, Hemmingway, Hosseini, and Coelho.

These books, they taught me to look beyond what was right before me and seek the hidden aspects of life. It is reading between the lines that have made me proficient in the matters of the heart and understand the people that I live my life within a better manner. It has given me a perspective, a new view-point to look at things, showing me the error of my own ways and even the dark side of the moon.

Books have been my constant companion through life. I will admit that life has begun to take its toll on me lately and I have been out of touch with my friend that I held so dear for so long. However, every time I settle into the reading nook and crack open a new book, it is as if the distance between my best friend and I was never there in the first place. It greets me with open arms, carrying with itself a new world just beyond the yonder, for me to delve headfirst into. There is no question asked and no apology necessary. I am like Frodo, traveling through my world to seek the eye of Sauron, like Trix, finding her identity in a world divided, like Langdon, finding the next clue to the mystery I am lost in. I am Violet, stuck playing my brother in order to survive in a strange land. I am Gulliver, surviving on an Island where I try not the crush anyone around me.

I am in my happy place, flipping through the pages of another great book, finding new Acquaintances that will take me on an adventure of a lifetime, the sort that will never quench my thirst for something new, something bright and something brilliant. With a new book in front of me, I am one with my truest self and life holds nothing but possibilities.