

Firstname Lastname

Dr. Williams

English 101

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### The Book

There I was sitting in Mrs. Floyd's ninth-grade English class, and the last thing on my mind at the start of the semester of my freshman year was that I was going to get into reading. Mrs. Floyd even started off that first day by saying, "You will enjoy reading when you're out of my class this semester." But I sure didn't believe so. I have never enjoyed reading or writing. I could just never stay focused on any of it.

It was about a week into the class when Mrs. Floyd brought in a box full of books. Not just one type of book was in this box, either. There were books of different genres and length. When she set the box down she said, "Ok, everyone come get your books for a book report assignment." Everyone in the class looked very bored, including me. I got up and went to the front of the room just like everyone else to grab a book, not even looking. I wasn't going to read it anyways, or so I thought.

The book I ended up with was *Where the Red Fern Grows* by Wilson Rawls. One day I was sitting in my room, and the book was on my desk. I hadn't even looked at it since the day I grabbed it, but I reached over and picked it up because of the cover, where there were two dogs and a young boy. The cover caught my attention mainly because one of the dogs looked just like the dog I had when I was younger. I opened to the first page of the book, and it had some background information and who the author wrote the book for, none of which interested me at

the time. I kept flipping the pages until I reached the prologue, which wasn't that exciting.

However, I thought I did have a kind of resemblance to the main character of the book because he reminded me of my younger self, when I was only ten or eleven years old. So I kept reading

Once I got through the first couple of pages the book got more interesting, so I kept reading and couldn't stop. I found myself reading in between classes, at lunch, and even at home. I was finished with the book within a week, and I couldn't believe it myself. My English teacher couldn't either.

That was the first novel that I read from cover to cover, and I enjoyed so much it wasn't the last time I read it either. That one book opened my eyes to more novels just like it, and I kept reading. Since that day I've read multiple novels, and I keep reading. Reading is now a hobby of mine, and I read a novel about every other week now, all thanks to that one book.