

The doors open and the first thing I do is inhale. The fresh new book smell fills my nose reminding me of the possibilities. The best part about my library is the experiences waiting to happen. Rows and rows of shelves full of opportunities between two covers. I look to the left, I see pirates and unicorns. To the right I see the bustling streets of Rome. Whether I choose a mystery, or a non-fiction book on hippos, everywhere is an adventure. I gaze down the aisles picking and choosing the books I wish to read. The choices are unlimited. Do I want this one? No. Maybe this one? I'll take both! With two mysteries, one fantasy, and three historical fictions cradled in my arms like a precious baby, I walk to check them out. On the way home I face the hard decision of choosing which to read first. In the end I close my eyes and just pick. I grabbed the fantasy! I open the cover and instantly I am submerged in a world of dragons, fairies, and wizards. The ride is usually seven minutes, but it felt like one. Upon reaching home, I ran up to my room, flopped on my bed, and kept reading. I go through the books like lightning. In just two short days I am ready to go back to the library, and experience more.