

# The Mystical Universe of Books

By Jacqueline Schmeizl, age 10

The book tips from the shelf.  
It settles gently into my waiting arms.  
The cover opens. The first compelling words flow through my eyes and into my mind,  
Wriggling their way into the deepest crevices,  
Casting their addicting spells...  
The book succeeds.  
I am a victim of its charms.

Small black print floats into my brain.  
My fingers feel the uncontrollable need to keep the pages turning.  
Mother calls to me...  
Reluctantly, the book drops from my grip.  
Immediately, I feel for those enchanting, yellowed pages...  
Desperate...  
Wistful...  
Yearning.

Finally, we are reunited.  
Like a mother sparrow returning to her nest,  
I restore my place in the story, flying through the plot,  
Watching the conflicts unfold, feeling the characters' pain.  
I travel to uncharted places,  
Witness extraordinary things.  
But alas, against my will, I arrive at the last sentence.  
The book is closed.

Soon I will surrender to another book's wondrous reign.