Student

Mr.Haflin

Humanities

26 May 2015

Read or Sleep

 Most of my memories of reading as a child took place in my bedroom. My bedroom was a place where I felt safe, warm and cozy. Here I felt a sense of privacy where no one would be distracting me from my reading. The main color of my bedroom was a soothing ocean-blue. It was in this setting that I developed an enjoyment of reading as a young boy. An extension of my "lights out time" was also a factor that encouraged me to read. After a short while, I didn't read just to extend my bedtime but for the pleasures reading provided. Using my imagination, I was able to visualize and relate to the characters and stories I read about. Even after my extended bedtime, it was not unusual that I would find myself hiding under the covers with a flashlight so I could continue reading. My bedroom was not only a place to sleep, but a place to enjoy reading.

 Those last few hours of my day spent reading were often my favorite. Reclining in my bed next to the radiator, I could see the steam faintly moving out of my bathroom and filling the room with a pleasant scent of mint shampoo. As I read, the delicate sound of crickets played in the background and the radiator sang through its usual tunes. The summer winds as well as the lingering shower assured me that I was home. It was more often than not that I was able to convince my mother to come in and read to me, and she often brought her tea, scented with the finest jasmine. The tea was sometimes accompanied with warm, soft chocolate chip cookies. I was also able to enjoy surrounding myself with my cozy flannel sheets and blankets. When I would hear the harsh footsteps on the forever aging stairs, I would quickly pretend that I was asleep. After I surpassed my bedtime extended due to my reading, I was often found arguing with my parents for just a couple more minutes of reading time. Experiences like these greatly enhanced my childhood although the fun had to end at some point, and the room became dull with darkness. To my relief, I knew I would get to read again the next night.

 By developing a love of reading, I was able to positively impact my childhood as well as my ongoing educational experience. In Fahrenheit 451, Ray Bradbury presents the value of books by portraying a culture in which people are limited in their accessibility to books. The characters in this novel are only able to discover their need for books after they are taken away. Personally, while reading this book I felt sorry that the characters would not be able to have experiences similar to mine. Remembering my childhood reading habits, I am certain that I will always have a stack of books on my bedside table.