

# A memoir of my best friends essay

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



Friends! Everyone needs friends. Friends are an important part of our life. Without friends, life can be pretty lonely. Friends come in all shapes and sizes. You might have a tall friend or a fat friend, or maybe a hilarious friend or a supportive friend. I've had my fair share of friends too. I've had big friends and small ones. I've learned a lot from my friends, and many a time they have entertained me too. Our friends are supposed to walk beside us, and my friends have always been my side, stashed in my school bag, or tucked under my arm. Mark Twain once wrote, " Good friends, good books, and a sleepy conscience: this is the ideal life." (Mark ) My conscience has always been wide awake. As for my friends, good books have always been my good friends.

After all, books are a man's best friend, and they've been my best friends too. As extremely shy child I always found it hard to make actual " friends." I was never a talkative kid. In fact, when other kids enjoyed jumping around, having fun, I would wish for some means of enjoying solitude. That is when I befriended my first book; Peter and Jane Book 1a Play with Us. My mother had bought me that book so I would learn to read. Well, I could read alright, or so I thought. Then again, it wasn't what was inside that piqued my interest to pick up that thin hardback book, sit back on the couch and start reading it.

As far as I can recall, I peered at the vivid, illustrative cover of the book that depicted a boy and a girl peeking out of a tent for several minutes until finally turning the hardcover over. Now that I look back, those words, those sentences seem so simple, but back then, reading that simple transported me to a whole new world. Even though there wasn't much to read in that

book, but plenty of brightly colored images to see, I could almost picture myself there with Peter and Jane, just observing them from a distance.

Believe it or not, that somewhat meaningless book is the reason I started reading in the first place, and it is because of that book that I have had the pleasure of reading some of the finest books over the years. That book filled the void of having no friends during my early-childhood years.

The very next day, I started reading the copy of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* I had received as a gift. Although the cover wasn't as colorful as the books I had previously read, the illustration immediately captivated my attention. I put myself in place of those two children, and I imagined what it would be like to ride on top of a gigantic lion. At first, the book itself did not capture my interest because I found it quite similar to the *Wizard of Oz*, but as I kept reading, I found myself joyfully lost in the magical world of Narnia. (Lewis and Oram) At that time, I was so fascinated by that book that often I would open my wardrobe and walk right in, hoping to turn up in Narnia. Alas! That did not happen, but my hobby of reading books did not abate.

I was nine when I decided that I wanted to read my first horror thriller novel. I must admit that back then; I was fearful of everything that a nine-year-old could be fearful of, yet the excitement and thrill of reading a horror story gave me the courage to start reading the novels from the *Goosebumps* series. I started with the first novel of the series, *Welcome To Dead House*. I was already scared out of my wits after reading half of the book on the very first day. I could almost see myself in that creepy house with all those ghosts after me to get my blood and make me one of them. . I actually got worried about the Benson family, wondering how they would possibly get out,

(Stine ) but surprisingly, I finished reading the book and continued reading the rest of the novels, enjoying each frightening scenario they placed me in. So this was a short, unusual memoir of the years of my life that I had spent reading some of the most amusing and entertaining books. Over my childhood years, I have read a handful of books such as Oliver Twist, Pride and Prejudice, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, My Family and Other Animals, and many more. Now that I am in high school, I have plenty of friends, real friends, but my interest in reading books still remains. It was these books that I have read over the years that gave me company when I was feeling lonely, made me laugh when I was sad, amazed me, taught me things I didn't know and even scared me when I need some excitement. I could have written this memoir about anything. I could have written about any recent occurrence or some other distant memory, but I chose to write this memoir about the books that accompanied me during the moments of my life when all I needed was a friend by my side.

Books are indeed man's friend, and over the years, this has proven to be true for me. I might not have many friends during those early years of my childhood, but I am utterly glad about all the books I got to read. Today, most of us do not even have the time to spare to visit a library or buy a decent book and spend time reading it. As for me, I still have an avid interest in reading books. So call me a book worm if you will, but for me, reading a book is listening to the musings of a friend. Many of us probably do not even remember the first book they ever read. Do you? I surely do. I certainly remember where it all started out for me, how books became my best companions and have not left my side until today.

## **Works Cited**

Baum, L. F. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. New York, NY: HarperTrophy, 2001. Print.

C. S. Lewis, and Oram, H. *The lion, the witch and the wardrobe*. Harpercollins Childrens Books, 2004. Print.

Stine, R. L. *Welcome to Dead House*. Scholastic, 2003. Print.

Mark, Twain. *Mark Twain's Notebook*. Hesperides Press, 2006. Print.