My Page-Turning Adventure

I'm a book. Yes, you have questions, I know. You probably have questions like "why is a book writing a book?" and "are books alive?" and "which books are your friends?". Yes, we are alive but, books' personalities are not what is inside the book. For example, my friend, Harry Potter; The Sorcerer’s Stone, does not know anything about magic. I am Wonder, and, (sorry Auggie), I look just like all the other books. Anyway, about me.

Name: Wonder

Age: Well, I've been in Sierra's room for about 4 years, but I was made about 8 years ago.

Favorite thing: HOT CHOCOLATE. Yeah, even in summer. Call me crazy but it's SO GOOD. Sierra has found me with “mysterious” chocolate stains sooo many times before.

Least favorite thing: Library books. The reason I don't like them is because when Sierra is reading me peacefully, Mom takes her to the library, and she comes back with a bunch of new books that she has to read within the next 2 weeks. And you know what that means; ditching me for 2 weeks.

Best Friends: Harry Potter; The Sorcerer's Stone (Harry Potter for short), and Ramona Quimby, Age 8 (RQ8 for short).

I'm going to tell you a story. Today, Sierra went to the library (again. Why?!?!). She brought home a sneaky new book, Who Was Harry Houdini? Apparently he thought of himself as the best escape artist ever! Soon after Sierra went to sleep, he said “Hey. You. Who are
you?" I tried so hard to ignore him but he just came right up to my face and said, "Hey. I'm talking to you, kid. I know you heard me."

"Fine, what do you want?" I whispered. "You are a LIBRARY BOOK!! I don't talk to library books!" And then he said, "Well I was going to ask you if you wanted to go explore the house with me. What do you say?"

You know what I said? "NO!!" Then he YELLED all the way across the room to ask his other library book buddy if HE wanted to go. YELLED!!! Sierra almost woke up!!!!!!! She rolled over!! And then that guy learned his lesson all right. He was so scared, he almost jumped out of his dust cover! It was so hard to hold my snickers back.

That was the start of one of the worst weeks of my life! Why, you ask? You don't even want to know. Ok, fine! I'll tell you. The library books went into the kitchen and saw a note on the fridge that said FINISH PACKING. Which we figured out means... SIERRA'S MOVING. If Sierra's moving that means... WE are moving. AAAAAHHHHH!!! Even more scary news. We're moving TOMORROW. So we are getting prepared today. Harry Houdini just went back to the library with his friends. Everyone else agreed that, so we won't have to be moved in a dark and uncomfortable box, we should go ahead and go there BY OURSELVES. We are getting on the road TONIGHT. Only some of us are moving tonight because Sierra would think it was weird that all her books were gone in the morning. I only agreed to go tonight because RQ8 and Harry Potter were bothering me about it, and I knew they weren't going to stop until I agreed to go with them. Plus, riding in a box for multiple hours in a noisy truck does sound a little uncomfortable. We're moving to FLORIDA. And that's going to take FOREVER because right now, we live in TENNESSEE. I am using a lot of capitals right now, aren't I? But don't judge me because this is scary!! So I will get back to you ON THE ROAD!!

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I am definitely NOT on the road!! You want me to tell you the story, don't you? No offense, but you can be SO nosy sometimes! We had just gotten moving, when it started to rain. I don't think I should've come. I'm just straight up BAD luck. For example, when I went to the talent show to support Harry Potter in reading his poem, he tripped as he was walking on stage. He's had a torn page ever since. Now that I think about it, I would probably be better off in the box, for the sake of everyone, even me. I don't know why I agreed to do this.

Anyway, we all ran in different directions. I was the last one in the rain trying to get my friends to come into the building that we were by, but they ignored me. I discovered we were still in Tennessee. I saw a sign that said "Thank you for choosing the Nashville International Airport." I have absolutely no idea what an international or an airport is. But I do know that Nashville is a town in Tennessee. I turned around to admire the place. I saw two weird things. They looked like long white hot dogs with wings and wheels. They were so big. They had to have something in them. I wonder what it was...? After that, I started feeling a little light-headed, so I decided to go to sleep. I would catch up with my friends in the morning, when it had stopped raining. After all, it would stop raining... right?

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It did NOT stop raining. It just started raining harder. Thanks a lot, Mother Nature! Now we're never going to make it to Florida! I just woke up when someone came into the building. It looked like a cop. I only know what a cop looks like because of Sierra's little brother, Gracen's, comic book. I actually became really good friends with that guy when Gracen left him in Sierra's room. The cop started turning on the lights and unlocking the doors. I decided it would be a good idea to move when no one was looking, so I wasn't sitting straight in the middle of the floor. So, I scooted to the wall. As the day went on, I watched people pass me by, going up to the workers and giving them what looked like luggage. I shifted my eyes just the tiniest bit so I could see if it
had stopped raining. Nope. Should've known. My day was VERY long. At the end of the day, what I had dreaded happened. Someone, I think it was the cop from this morning, picked me up. Then, he brought me around the wall, put a sticky-note on my forehead, put me on a desk, and walked away. Actually, more like threw me on the desk. I could only make out 2 words on the sticky-note. 50% OFF. One thing was clear: I was for sale.

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The next day, I was on display at the front of the store, and I had good news and bad news. Good news, I had a much better view of what was going on. Bad news, thanks to my view, I knew it had stopped raining. This was bad news, because my friends could be well on their way to Florida right now. I had no way to escape. I was looking straight forward at a bench that was empty. Pretty boring. But it had a nice pattern on it. Hey, you try looking at the same thing for multiple hours on end! You've got to look for the bright side! Anyway, I was trying to memorize all the colors, when I saw someone familiar sit down. Or 4 familiar someones. My heart rate zoomed up, as fast as a rocket on its first shot of power. It was Sierra and her family! It was so hard to keep my mouth from dropping open. It was them! Sierra seemed really sad. Then, she looked up. Straight. At. Me. It was her mouth that dropped open. She came running up to me, and picked me up off my stand as she said, "Mom! Mom, it's Wonder! It's Wonder! Can we buy it, please? Pretty please with a cherry on top?"

"What a miracle," her mom said. "Now, if I buy it, all our problems will be solved and we can still go on vacation, right?"

(Vacation?)

"Yes Mom," Sierra said. "Yes they will!"

"Okay then sweetie. It's a deal," said her mom, as she took Gracen's hand and led the family up to the cashier. I was officially back with my family.
As I found out later, it was just a vacation, and we would be going back home. And I found out that those weird things were called airplanes. And I know what they hold. People! And, some books :). I still don't know what an international is, but that's okay. As we were in the place that we will live for the next week, called a hotel room, apparently, Sierra said, “Well, this book is nice, but I wish it was the one I had originally.” Maybe someday I'll find a way to tell her.