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English 101

29 January 2013

My Little World of Goosebumps

As my mother drove up and down the parking lot; I stared at the vast white letters that read Barnes and Noble. It was the first of the month which meant my parents had been paid and I was getting my allowance, which I had precisely chosen to be a book instead of money. I was maybe around eight years old when my love of the *Goosebumps* series began. I was sitting, strapped in my seat, stretching my neck trying to look for a parking spot to point out, waiting impatiently for my mom to pick a spot already. When she finally did I quickly clicked the rectangular red button that would release me into my own little world of books.

As soon as I approached the entrance I swung open the heavy door with all my strength and pranced inside with a smile that stretched from ear to ear. My legs had suddenly developed a mind of their own and they knew exactly where to go before my mind could even begin to process it. I raced past the counters, past the never ending rows of bookshelves, all the way to the back where the children's section was placed. The last row on the bottom shelf was where they kept my favorite series, I stood in front of the light colored mantelpiece and plopped myself onto the ground. I recall my mind racing, wishing, hoping, I could just pick them all up and take these books home. It was in that moment where nothing else mattered but these books. These books had become more than just a past time.

My mother loved books just as much as I did, possibly even more. I came to realize that her passion for reading was a benefit to me. She enjoyed taking her time and previewing novels that she found interesting which gave me all the time in the world to make the difficult decision of choosing only one of the many brilliant Goosebumps series. The process of choosing a single book was not an easy one. I remember sitting on the carpeted floor in front of the shelf pulling out book after book. I began by reading the title and looking at the cover; I'd then read a little preview or sometimes even a few chapters if it really grabbed my attention. I would always create two little piles on each side of me: on the left would be the books that have a real big chance of coming home with me, and on the right were the books that I can hold off on and get another time. After completing my left stack, I would begin to reduce it, thus creating another two stacks minimizing the book mound that I found more stimulating than the others. This method I created helped me a great deal in choosing a book however it didn't necessarily ease the disappointment in having to leave the other books behind.

After that long process of elimination I usually always ended up with two Goosebumps books that I couldn't bear to part with. Now the hard part was trying to persuade my mother to let me get two instead of just one. Sometimes I would just walk around Barnes & Noble carrying around two books with an indecisive and gloomy look on my face. Other days I would beg and plead or even give a speech about why I believed I should take both books home! In the back of my mind I always knew she would eventually buy me both; I believe she found a little enjoyment in listening to my enthusiastic reasoning. My mother could not deny the feelings I had for these books because she had them too with her own novels. In the end she'd tell me to take them both, my face would light up, and together we'd hurry to the counter to pay for our choices.

Soon after arriving home I would thank my parents and scurry to my room where I would shut the door behind me. I would silence any noise and sprawl myself onto the carpet and read an entire book. The following day I would begin and finish the other. The exciting feeling I always had after finishing another R.L. Stine's story never ceased to exist. I must admit the most difficult matter of all was waiting for the following month where the entire process would begin again.

Throughout the decade that has passed, I have kept my collection of Goosebumps. Every once in a while I'll pick one up just for the heck of it and begin reading; they're a lot easier to read than I remember. These books were a huge part of my childhood and hopefully down the line I will have the chance to share them with my own children and give them the joy that these books gave to me. Goosebumps will always be a memory that I will not forget.