

My Favorite Book

This book is an instant classic dating back from 1968. *Corduroy* was my absolute favorite book growing up and to this very day I can look back at it and it's almost like hopping into a time machine. I loved this book so much it's torn almost to threads. It has scribbling and even in black crayon the words "I LOVE YOU CORDUROY," in the back two pages.

I first received the book when I was in second grade at St. Mary of the Falls. Our second grade class took a trip to the library and all of us picked out a book we liked. Of course at that age everything was interesting, so it took awhile until I stumbled upon the little red book. I looked through the pages and thought nothing of it. After school that day I came home and decided to read the book a bit later. After a bath and dinner I sat in our toy room, crowded by 3 other siblings, and tried to read this book. What I found out next simply fascinated me.

I opened the first page, seeing the little brown bear on the shelf and started sounding out the words. "Corduroy is a bear who once lived in the toy department of a big store" (Freeman 1). Later reading I learned that poor corduroy had lost his button and was denied the greatest

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joy a stuffed animal could have, a home. Later that night when he was left alone at the toy department, he got down from the shelf he was resting on and started searching for that long lost button. What he would find next would open his eyes to a world he has never seen.

After he climbed down he felt the floor suddenly move from underneath him. It was an escalator! Something he has never seen before. He thought, mistakenly, that it was a mountain and was excited about his new experience. He even stated, "I think I've always wanted to climb a mountain (Freeman 9). He finally reached the furniture department and is amazed at all the luxurious furniture. He thought it was a palace. He started his quest again for his long lost button and stumbles upon a bed with buttons sewn into the mattress. He tries to grab the button from the bed, but loses his balance. Shortly after he is found by a night-shift guard and is put on his shelf he belonged to.

The next morning, just as he was waking up, he saw the visitor he had seen from the other day! She saved all her money and bought him and carried him home under her arm. It was Corduroy's best day ever! He finally had that home he longed for so much. She fixes his button in her white rocking chair in her room and hugs him gently and tells him that she is happy they are friends.

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This book means the world to me as weird as it may sound. It gives me an opportunity to look back in time and recognize what actually made me happy. I firmly believe that the little things in life do make people happy. I'm making sure that this book is passed down to my children after they hopefully have the same experience I had with it.

Works Cited

Corduroy. Don Freeman. Newfield Publications inc. copyright 1968. Pages 1-28.

