

Reflective Essay Example

Reading My Favorite Book

When it comes to books, I didn't understand the appeal. I'd read one after another for each assignment not understanding what all the fuss was about. However, the moment I read *Pride and Prejudice*, it was like my literary eyes opened for the first time. It stirred love within me for classics I didn't realize could exist.

When I was first given the assignment of reading *Pride and Prejudice*, like many of my friends, I scoffed. With an eye roll, I internally calculated how much time I would have to read the book and write a report. I sighed at the loss of time with my friends for a stupid classic.

Cracking open the cover, I was determined to hate it before even reading the first words. By the time I reached page 3, I nearly called it quits. But there was something about Elizabeth Bennet that quietly piqued my interest. I can't say where, but somewhere along the way, my eyes devoured the pages instead of trudging along.

The moment I reached the end, I was ecstatic and disappointed at the same time. Their ending had been perfect, but I realized I would miss them. Not only them, but I would also miss being part of their world.

It was the first time characters of a story had affected me this way, so I tried to shake it off. However, after several days, that sadness carried me to the classics section of the school library. The moment I cracked open my next classic, my soul instantly felt more at ease, and I've never looked back.

I never thought I'd say a book changed me, but in this case, it's true. The love I found in *Pride and Prejudice* introduced me to a beautiful world of classic literature I can't imagine living without. Despite not reading *Pride and Prejudice* for a while, it will always be my favorite book.