

# **“Sucked into the pages of my favourite books”**

By Ashleigh Rechnitzer, age 11

*This poem is inspired by the many books I've read. Included inside are references to books such as ERAGON, NARNIA, HARRY POTTER, WINGS OF FIRE, A SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE EVENTS and THE HOBBIT, just to name a few.*

*I love Dr. Suess, which is where I got my great rhyming skills from, stringing this poem together and getting it flowing smoothly.*

*This poem is based around the question: “If I were a book, what would I be?” If you had a book all about you, what would you be?*

*Ashleigh Rechnitzer*

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If I were a book, what would I be?  
A brave knight in shining armour, would that be me?  
No, too dangerous of a plight.  
I don't think I'll be a knight.

What if I were to be,  
A magician with a magic wand,  
Travelling far, far beyond.  
Would that truly be,  
The book written about me?

Or should I be a Rider of Dragons,  
Dodging the hot blasts of canons?  
That might suit!  
Yes, that would be fun!  
Yet it doesn't quite make the home run.

Or should it be that I am,  
A conniving villain conceiving a plan?  
Or a sailor concealing a terrible sham?  
No that's not right,  
I won't be the enemy in this plight.

What if in the book about me,  
I am a traveler from a distant land,  
With a blue scarred hand?  
Nay, I don't think  
That's what I want when danger's on the brink.

But then maybe,  
A treehouse many stories high,  
With many friends coming by,  
Would be the book for me.  
I'm not sure if I see  
Myself within that tree.

Or could I be  
A hobbit separated from my hobbit hole  
Or siblings to a magical land where winter takes its toll.

Or dragon hatchlings cursed by a prophecy,  
Or a dog on a long, long journey.

Or a book of a crazy dog whose owner loved him still.  
Or maybe a trio of siblings working in a lumber mill.

And though it would be fun,  
I just can't get those things done!

I don't have super strength, or speed, or flight.  
I can't do those amazing inhuman things in my plight.

But then,  
Must it be dangerous when  
My book about me,  
Could just be,  
A peaceful picnic under an oak tree,  
Surrounded by my friends and family.

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