

Price Laboratory School
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Dear J.R.R. Tolkien,

In your book, "The Hobbit" I was taken into the story with the mere power of words alone. I walked into the magical land of the Shire. My senses and I were definitely in for a treat. My eyes were able to feast upon the rolling hills, the small cottages, and the beautiful countryside of the Shire. As I peered out of my spectacles, I would see the holes so carefully dug by little hands in my mind's eye. The small market places run by the small, round hobbits are teeming with business. I could see hobbit children playing in the fields of tall and plentiful corn. The farmers are busy with the never-ending task of tilling their land to perfection, and their wives are singing merrily while doing the laundry. Everyone is laughing, happy to be alive, in this place of comfort.

If I were to put my hand to my ear, I could almost hear the lone horse (as all but the largest of hobbits can't ride one) neighing sadly in his stall, telling his tale of woe for all to hear. The children are laughing as they play some made-up game. The old men's rocking chairs creak with age, as they smoke their pipes and tell each other "when I was a lad..."

The smell of smoke reaches my nostrils and I smile, for the smoke smells like pine, a delightful smell in a delightful place. The smells of fresh bread, and muffins too, waft up from the local baker's store. As I sniffed closely, I could smell a whiff of peppermint on the breeze that I could almost feel caress my ear.

Alas, it was time to go already. Smells of dinner were pulling me back to reality, and no matter how I tried, they were not to be ignored. The Shire was growing hazy in my mind's eye, and my real surroundings were becoming more apparent. The world drifted out of vision completely, like the smell of peppermint on a warm breeze. Thankfully, the world of the Shire would await my return. If only I, too, can await to reenter your magical world!

Sincerely,

Judy Bleile