Annotated Bibliography

   Though a bit boring at times, it shows how intricate any animal’s life can be, even that of a rabbit.

   Because of this book, I decided to learn more about tigers. Now, I know far more than I should. A story of a family separated and reunited, a common plot that I am weak for.

   When I first saw the movie, it felt as though I was being punched repeatedly. The book is no different, and demonstrates the unwavering loyalty and courage our pets have for us.

   Sequel to *A Dog’s Purpose*. The unwavering loyalty of Buddy is astounding and made me wonder if we’re the ones taking care of our pets, or if our pets are actually taking care of us.

   A story where the dog is reincarnated several times. The ending left me melancholy but satisfied. Just as with *The Art of Racing in the Rain*, it made me wonder if I’d ever see my own dogs again.

   A real-life account of a woman and her cats struggling through life and through September 11, 2001, with an interesting twist: Homer the cat has no eyes.

   Eva, once a girl, now a chimpanzee. An interesting story on the effects of a growing human population and what happens when human and animal become one.

   If I remember correctly, this was one of the first books I checked out of my public library after getting my library card. It’s forever remained one of my favorites and reminds me of harrowing adventures my dog and I went on. The stepfather is also eerily similar to my ex-stepmother.

   A librarian suggested this book to me, and though not my favorite, I enjoyed the characters’ yearning for freedom countering the rigidity of their social statuses.

   My aunt, who died at twenty-one, loved flying, and though I never met her, I believe she would love this book. The dog, though not the main character, influences some of Hig’s most important decisions and helps keep him human.

The start of a saga about cats and told by cats. It’s the book that inspired my first writing attempts and the series that kept me reading. It’s also the first book I read that many different authors wrote and then came together under a single pseudonym.

I like to think of this book as a companion piece to *White Fang*. Buck sheds his tamed domesticity after being stolen and reverts into his primordial self. White Fang sheds his primordial self and becomes domestic, tamed by his love for Scott. It reminds me of the ‘wolf in sheep’s clothing:’ just because Buck looks innocent doesn’t mean he is. The beast is lurking just beneath.

*White Fang* shows the distinct ways a man’s beliefs can be imparted on an animal companion. With Beauty Smith, White Fang becomes a killing machine, mirroring Smith’s vicious, vengeful behavior. Weedon Scott, who saves White Fang from Smith, is the first to show him affection, and as such, with time White Fang is tamed. I will forever be grateful for this book, as it is the book that got me into reading. It is also entirely possible that I took it from my classroom’s library and forgot to return it.

One of the first ‘long books’ I ever read. Pi and Richard Parker work together to survive but never quite achieve friendship, just a tenuous truce and an understanding. I still can’t read the ending without crying.

Another book that pushed me into writing. Yet another one that, as a child, left me crying bittersweet tears in a corner of the library.


The only book in my collection that my mother ever adored. Based on the true story of Juana Maria, better known as "The Lone Woman of San Nicolas Island," *Island of the Blue Dolphins* tells the story of Karana, and reminds me that dogs can and do return life-saving favors.

Another one of my all time favorites, though not necessarily for the plot or the characters. I adore this book more for the memories it brings, and I do love it when there’s a giant polar bear thrown into a story.

I don’t like bees. They scare me, even though I know they won’t bother me unless I bother them first. After reading *The Bees*, I’m not as anxious around the yellow and black insects. On the other hand, I am much more terrified of wasps.
I first read this in the fourth grade, and it’s entirely possible that I absconded with it in much the same way as I did with *White Fang*. Though monkeys aren’t my favorite animals, the roundabout techniques Jay used to try and capture them was entertaining.

The kind of book that makes you rethink a horse’s life. What really grabs my attention is how, in each chapter, there’s some sort of moral lesson on the treatment of horses. This book truly advocated for the betterment of horses in Victorian England.

I came across my copy of this book three days after my dog died. Enzo is loyal and steadfast until the end, comforting himself with thoughts of reincarnation. Will I meet my dog again? I don’t know, but the book offered comfort when it was sorely needed.