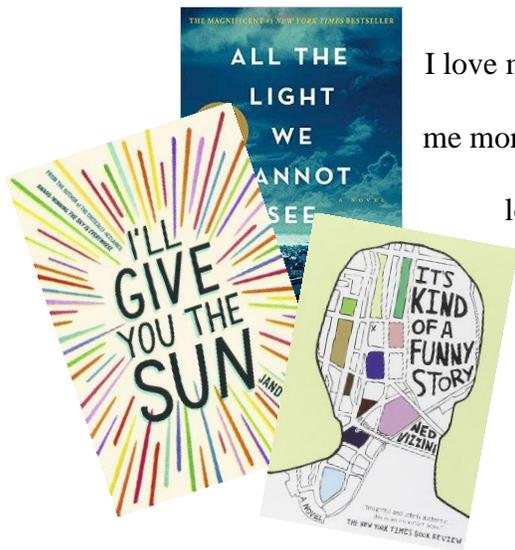


## What I Love

I love reading. I love meandering through the book store, intently searching for the cover that calls out to me. I love judging a book before I ever read it, even though it breaks every cliché you've ever been told to believe about judgment. I love scanning the back of the cover and getting a glimpse into the world that the book holds within its pages. I love feeling the spine of a new book, its pages untouched, its corners unfolded, and its dust jacket fitting snugly.



I love my Kindle. Its unlimited capacity to hold thousands of books makes me more excited than the thought of the library in *Beauty and the Beast*. I

love being able to have book delivered to my hands in an instant, floating through the cyber world and into my collection forever. I love the instant access of the dictionary, expanding my vocabulary at every turn of the page.

I love the stories. I love traveling the world in different times and spaces and getting to experience some of the highest highs and lowest lows that the authors can create. I love J.K. Rowling's enchanted world of *Harry Potter*; its magical characters make you see love, friendship, and the dichotomy of good and evil in a totally new light. I love the dystopian genre—from *Divergent* to *The Hunger Games*, *1984* to *Animal Farm*. I love how a book can affirm so many things in your life while making you question so many others.

I love the rush you get as your heart pounds when the characters plunge farther and farther into their complex fictional worlds. I love the feeling of my hands aching at midnight from holding my book so long that I can hardly keep my eyes open any longer. I love the feeling of accomplishment after you finish a book; I love knowing that I lived an entire journey in my mind that no one else can experience in the same way I did.