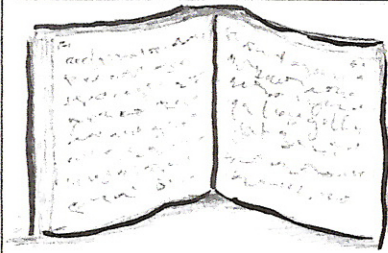




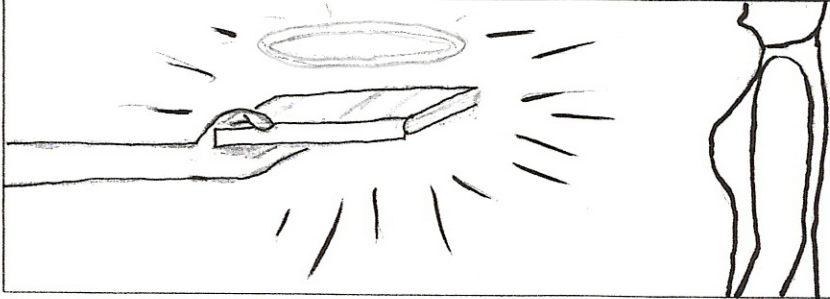
By Nadine Buckley



I once read a non-fiction story that I didn't understand.



I asked a friend to read it, so that maybe I could get a different perspective.

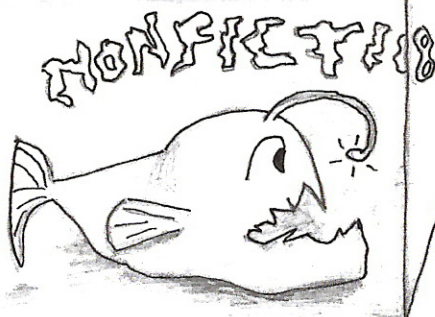


But she didn't agree.

No, I don't like nonfiction.

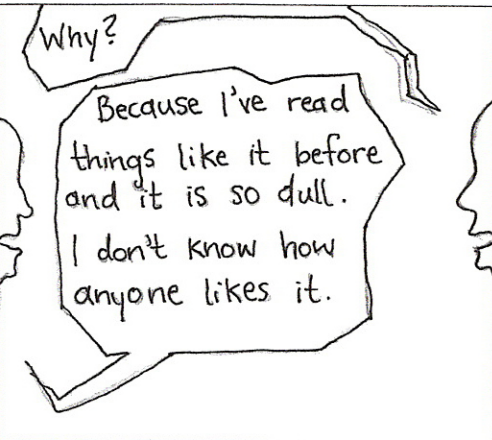


She was content to stay in her box of hot cocoa, warm blankets, and some sunlight. Nonfiction was...nonfiction was Death.

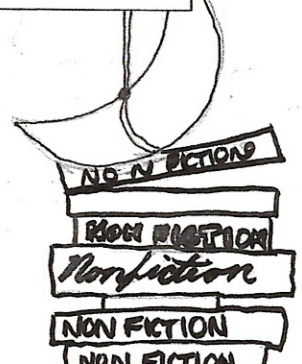


Why?

Because I've read things like it before and it is so dull. I don't know how anyone likes it.



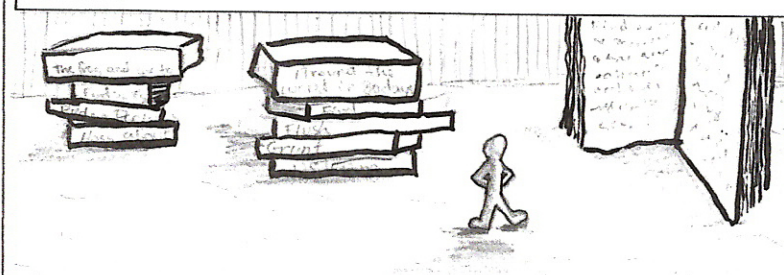
That is when I realized how one-sided her views were.



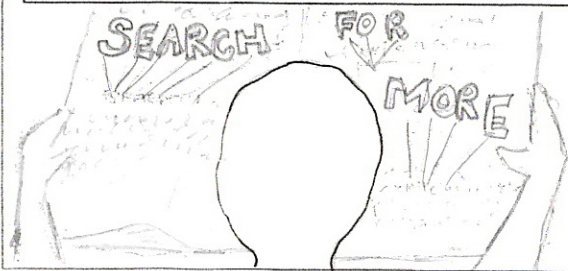
Then I asked myself: was I doing that too?



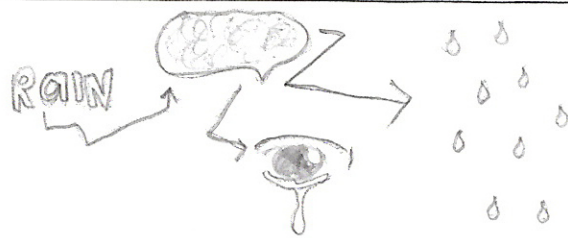
I began trying to read books that I wouldn't have considered before.



I then began to understand books more than ever.



To see the transfer of knowledge from one place to another.



I found a whole new world.

