

What is My Shelter, in My Terms

I know most people, when thinking of shelter, think of a place. Otherwise, a person they are close to, but not me. My shelter is a book, any book. From *Alice in Wonderland* (by Lewis Carroll) to *Wonder*, (by R.J. Palacio) books are places you can hide, away from the stark realities of life, of the startling truths, the ones you might not want to ever face. In a story, a book, a novella, everything always ends up pleasantly and happily. In real life, not everything turns out that way, not always like Eden. In reality, there are wars, famines, injuries, and unpleasant outcomes. In books, there are all that and more, but everything always gets resolved.

Books let you feel welcomed, included, never turning away, are always ready to lend you an ear. Unlike people, always forgiving, even after you put them down, always ready to go on a new adventure. Always welcoming. Never leaving. Always accountable. Books, you can count on to be there. It's not like they have their own plans or anything.

When you talk to a person, even your most trusted loved ones, even they can not block out the cold realities, the unimaginable truths, whatever you thought that even human beings were incapable of doing, the overwhelmingness of the world itself. In a book, you can escape into the pages, never wanting to put it down, because with each turn of a page- is a new chance for adventure, for belonging, for self-discovery, or for friendships or, maybe even, for betrayals. Getting comfortable in a cozy place with an exhilarating book filled with twists and turns and tons of fun- not saying nothing else can compare, but it can be pretty hard to get as engrossed in something, not like when you are reading a really interesting and unique book.

And yes, I am sure about this.