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Thoughts on Reading

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Thoughts on Reading

Isabella Proia

In a short story I recently read, the narrator feels alienated by his family and finds solace in reading books. He states that a major reason for his being attracted to a certain woman was that they both “shared a passion of imagining lives that we could live through others,” to which I could immediately relate. I would say that I have led a sheltered life. Not much has been presented to me in the way of hardship, at least nothing that equates to the hardships felt by those in other parts of the world. I wake up every morning and experience the same things and see the same people. I do not have to struggle each day to feed or clothe myself. From the outside, I lead an easy existence. However, when I read, I am no longer myself, but the person who is telling the story. I lose myself in the story and forget about my unbearable amount of schoolwork, my soccer team, or my friends. Recently I read *The Kite Runner*, a novel about a young Afghan who has the opportunity to redeem himself in adulthood for the sins he committed in childhood. While reading in the early hours of Saturday morning, I became the narrator, Amir. I felt his pain and his happiness, his fear and his anger. The ability to escape from reality, to free myself from the real world, even if only for a few hours, draws me to read again and again.