Why do I love literature?

The escape. When I read I can imagine. And imagining is escaping. All significant events in my life have been imagined, beforehand and after. I think that my imagination is one of most valuable possessions. I look forward to it. When I read I get to design the set the book is in. I am able to style the characters. I feel like my mind becomes a blueprint for the story and I am able to insert or remove any aspect.

I think my love of literature created this imagination and my love for daydreaming. For as long as I can remember I’ve been imaging things. It started with books but it did not end there. As a child I would envision my upcoming play date. I would think about what my friends home would look like, smell like, what games we would play. As I grew older the imaginations turned into projections of what I wanted. I started dancing at a young age and this shaped many of my daydreams. I would go over existing choreography in my head and add on to it. I would see myself performing in front of my friends and family, which I was always too shy to do. I’d come home from ballet lessons and my mom would ask me to show her what I learned and I’d always be too scared. But the Leona I imagined wasn’t shy or nervous, she was a great ballerina and outgoing. Soon these imaginations started to blur between the lines of reality and fiction. I would imagine myself on these great adventures in various parts of the world. There would always be some element of truth to my imaginations. In my mind I felt like they could never come true if there wasn’t some factual aspect to it. If I imagined myself living in New York as a photographer I had to have been to New York at one point in my life. It was important for me to keep one real aspect to my imaginations because otherwise I felt like they were a waste of time or a disappointment. My love of literature spiraled into a love of dreaming, imagining, hoping. These brief moments of escaping that I get to experience [not as much as I’d like] are still highlights today.

I have so many images in my mind from over the years. This routine of imagining and daydreaming started at such an early age. I wouldn’t want to deny anyone of this process or opportunity. I feel like