



The Magic of Novels

“ A Famous quote from Game of Thrones, by **George R.R Martin** states that “A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies. The man who never reads lives only one.” I have never understood how true this is until the time I picked up my first book and a whole new world and life opened to me.

When I was younger about 8 or 9 years of age, a friend who saw me reading a novel asked me why I liked them as novels did not have pictures. She like many of my companions at that time found books without pictures tediously boring. At that time, the question confused me, and I was at a loss on how to answer. Mainly because I was under the mistaken assumption that everyone was like me in the regard that too could clearly visualize the worlds that made up my novels.



Why would I dislike it just because it did not have pictures? I had never needed them. The words alone were enough for me to clearly picture the worlds and characters that made up the many novels which I read. Every time I read, I could hear the voices of the characters and visualize their features and personality as if they were right in front of me.

I knew them just as well as I knew myself. It was not something I could express in words, it was a feeling that could only be understood by those who had experienced it themselves, who had experienced the magic of books.

I have no clear memory of when my first experience with books was, all I knew was that I had always loved them, beginning with small picture books for children when I was a toddler before moving on to novels that detailed entire worlds, books were my constant companions.

Of course, even among those novels I had genres which I preferred more than the rest. From the very beginning I was drawn most to the mystery genre. Many of the novels in my collection are Mystery Books from the simple mysteries of Enid Blyton to the more sophisticated ones by Agatha Christie, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle novels which kept me on the edge of my seat were my absolute favourites.

My Favourite past time on raining days is to curl up on my bed or sofa with a cup of hot coffee and a good book. My Hobby of collecting books began from a single remark from my mother. At the time I was more interested in reading books and had given no thought about collecting them, until the day I bought a lot of books, more than what I usually buy, and my mother laughed and remarked that I was going to end up with a nice collection by the time I am old and grey.

That sparked my hobby of collecting as many books as I can so that I could have a huge collection just like my mother had predicted. My family & friends were aware of my love of books. Anytime one of them asked what I wanted for my birthday or for Christmas my response was books.

That reply hasn't changed even now. I am sure that no matter how much time passes my love of books alone will remain constant. While like my friend many find reading as a tedious process with just a little bit of imagination you can experience new and exciting worlds and learn things that you never have known before then. So why not try it? You might never know what you will find. After all each book is a treasure just waiting to be uncovered.



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