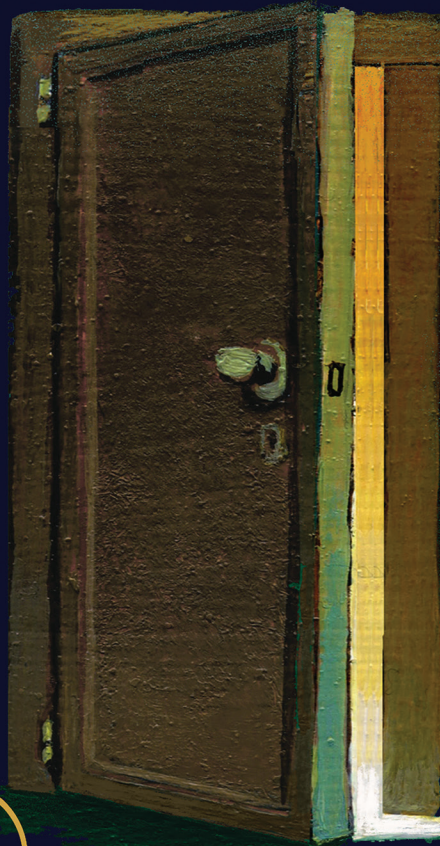


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THE BOOK BOOK

INSIDE THE INSIDE STORY



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INSIDE THE INSIDE STORY

JIMMY HUSTON



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ISBN: 978-1-970022-61-2

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This is what we call “front matter,” like all the legal gobbledygook on the opposite page.

It’s also where you routinely skip the preface (whatever that is), or the prelude, prolusion, prolegomenon, forward prologue, or proem. Authors love to show off. Why can’t they just call it the introduction?

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Dedication

And this is where you barely glance over at the dedication,
which meant so much to the author and his/her mom, etc.

For all the lovely Librarians—especially Veronica.



We need to talk.

Don't misunderstand me. We books love our readers.

But, there are a few things about books that you should know.
That way we'll all get along better.



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Yes, I can see you.

You have eyes. Books have “I’s.”

We can feel your eyes going across our pages, one letter at a time. It tickles, but not really in a hah-hah kind of way.

2

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I watch as you browse bookshelves in stores and libraries.

I see you pick me up and study my back cover, like it’s the meaningful part. Way to go.

3

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I was sleeping peacefully when you cracked me open,
despite my stiff spine, and flipped through my pages like
there was animation hidden there.

You glance at the table of contents as if that's where the
good stuff is.

I know you always skip the footnotes, too.



The End?

Some of you are in such a hurry that you go right to the end of a book, to see how many pages you have to read.

Some of you don't. Good for you.

And, the worst of you *read* the ending right away—first thing—wasting all the author's work on the lovingly constructed climax and denouement.

We don't love that.



Don't you understand that our pages are in a particular order for a good reason? We're leading you on a journey.

Authors work really hard to tell a story properly, from the very

Our pages are actually glued into place to keep them in order—out of respect for the story itself.



We spend hours and hours with you, lovingly caressed as you peruse each page—one at a time.

And then when you're done, you put us back on a shelf. Usually you never open us again.

What you probably don't know is that we're relieved. We can get some sleep—until the next browser comes by.

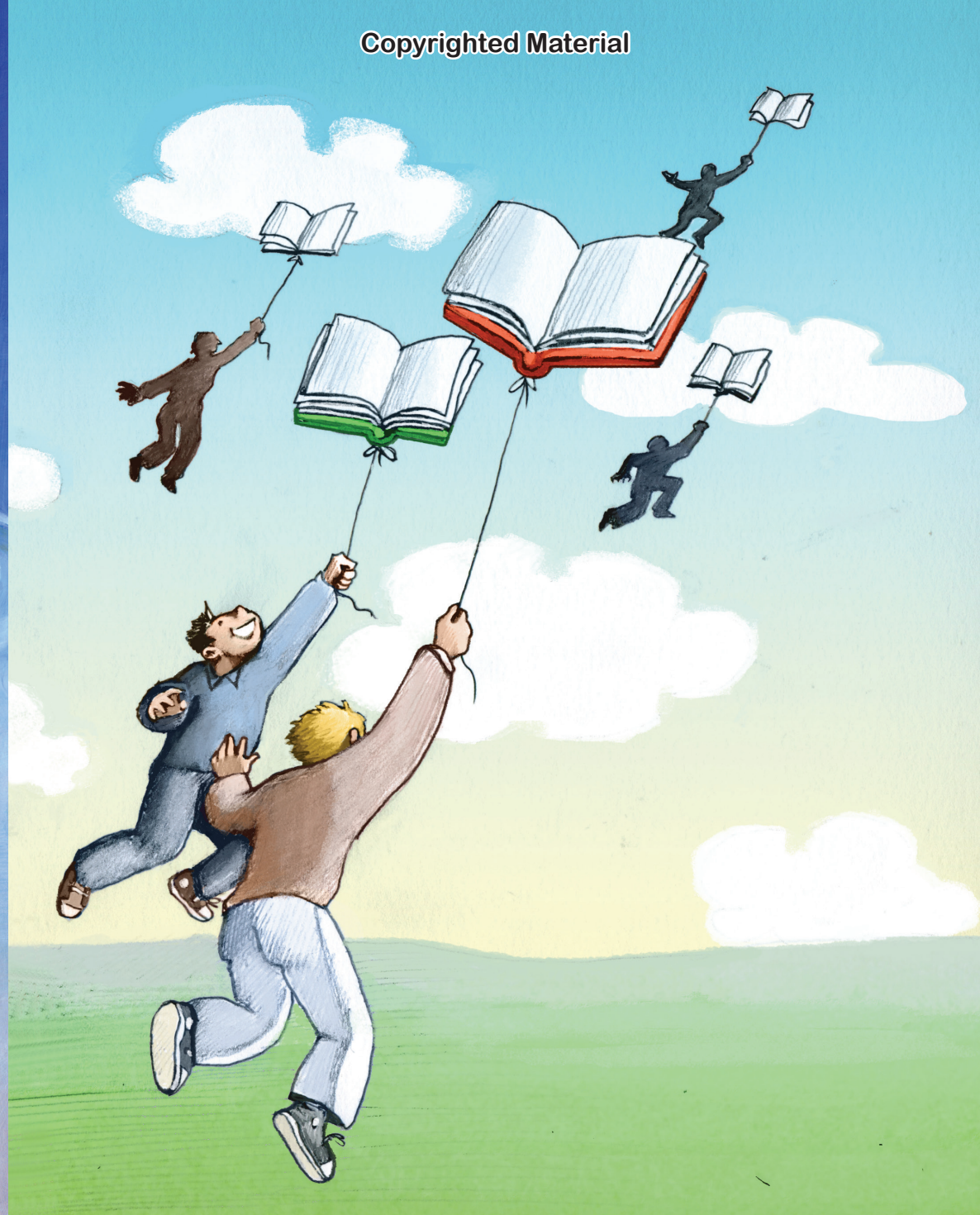


Often, when we are awakened, it's somewhere new.

Maybe we're in your home—big deal—or your bedroom, but it's just as likely to be in some dumb classroom.



Sometimes you take us somewhere interesting. Like a lake



And sometimes we transport *you*. To a faraway land that could be real or imagined.



We're here to help.

Maybe you need to build something.
Maybe you're looking for a good story.
Maybe you need directions for a trip.
Maybe you want a good laugh—or a good scare.
Maybe you don't feel well and want to know what to do.
Maybe you just need a recipe.

Our stories are neverending.
We hold the secrets to the universe.
We hold the answers, or at least the hints, to every question
imaginable, even contradictory ones.
We cover all kinds of things—philosophy, religion, fantasy,
and even mathematics.
And recipes.

