

It was big. Big enough to fill a whole table, but ending up on my doorstep. Sitting on the box was a pen. One pen. A beautiful pen that allowed you to pick any color in the world. It was beautiful.

But I was still confused. *How did it end up here? How did it just choose me? What am I supposed to do with this?* were all questions that twirled in my brain. I looked for any tracks that the sender could've left behind. I looked up and down, side to side -- **nothing** -- through the beautiful peony garden of the next door neighbor, Mrs. Maria, through the cherry blossom tree that captured anything that the wind would blow by -- **nothing**. I picked it up, but it was so large that I couldn't possibly lift it up the ground by myself. I looked all over the box -- **nothing** -- no stamp, no sender information, no receiver information, **nothing**.

I then grew scared, asking no one in particular, "What if it's a bomb? What if it's a distraction for someone to just come into my house and harm me? What if it's those darn kids that live **two** blocks away but have nothing better to do but annoy an innocent person like me?"

I went inside. I couldn't help the thought that whatever was inside that box could have harmed me. It was 4 hours until I finally decided to look at the box, had a plan to pick it up, open it, and destroy whatever was going to jump out and murder me. It wasn't a good plan. I went to the front door, turning the knob very slowly, and like a flash the book disappeared. It was like it decided to choose someone else. I was relieved.

But then as fast as it disappeared, it reappeared, but this time on my kitchen counter. I wanted to burn my house down. It felt as though I was going crazy; someone had to have come inside but again -- **I found nothing**. Someone, whoever it was, wanted me to open this box. Anything could have been in that box, but my curiosity took the best of me and... I opened it. Almost to get rid of it, I gave into its temptations. I tore open the package like a child opening presents on Christmas morning.

Inside was a box, then another box, and another until there it was, a book. It was more of a journal full of nothingness but the word "sity" sat on the front page and "diver" on the back page. I was confused why was named like that. I thought that maybe it was in another language, but I couldn't find what "sity" and "diver" could've possibly meant in any dictionary. I am fluent in many languages; Russian, French, Mandarin and many others, but still -- **NOTHING**. The pages were numbered 1-10, which is almost as many pages I'd write daily for my microbiology reports and research. I grew confused again, but while staring at the book, I wanted to pour out all my confusion and frustration into it. So I began, I wrote and wrote all my thoughts in so much rage that I almost tore a few pages. I made sure that book knew who it was messing with. I then placed it down to clean up the mess that was produced because of its secure packaging. The book brought me anxiety, so called it a night, but soon grew restless.

More questions began to fill my mind. *Should I keep it? and What should I do with it?* were just a few of the questions that made me sleepless. The next morning, there it was, right

next to me, like we were engaged to be married. I thought it was me. I know that my head was hurting but I thought that it was only in my head. It wasn't. I opened the book and saw that the raging words and questions that I wrote inside the nicely numbered pages were gone. As if it didn't like my handwriting, it looked like it erased everything that I wrote, but with white-out. It was scary. I wasn't about to keep it in my house for another minute. I got up, got dressed and ready for an early start, **on a Saturday**, to send this book to the farthest recycling bin that I could find.

I drove home as fast as I could. But as I drove through my driveway there it was waiting for me in the Mrs. Maria's peony garden. I couldn't do it. I wanted to through it across the street so that it would get run over by a car. But as I lifted it up, what I thought was a 10-page journal turned heavier. This time instead on empty pages, there was writing. Definitely not mine. It was as though from the time I put it in the recycling bin, it travelled around the world and back by my house in a manner of seconds.

I wanted to cry. Not only did it come back, but it smelled better, it looked cleaner, it was like it was up to ME to write and read everything that was inside it. I gave in...again. I opened it and saw different handwritings and symbols of many other people's stories. Some were full of joy but most spoke of people's troubles and heartaches. It made me want to cry even more. But this time because of all the sadness written in the journal. This book kept entries from 1492 to present day. From Natives encountering new arrivals, to a slave woman telling about her kidnapped childhood, to a Muslim man being kicked off of a plane after 9/11, it kept it all. I didn't realize. My confusion and distress took away the meaning of the book's arrival.

When I finally finished reading the different excerpts from people all around the world, I turned the book around. On the back cover of the book the two words "diver" and "sity" spelled "diversity." I was so blinded by my view on the book that when I finally changed it I noticed something new. Getting the pen, I began to write. I wrote until I thought that I'd fill up the journal. Diversity is something that most people, including me, disregard until we finally open our eyes and see the stories instead of just the pages. I wrote, "Never judge a book by its cover. The minute that you open your eyes, the world changes for the better. Here's my story..."