The Comfort of a Story, The Safety of a Lie.

In the novel *The Thirteenth Tale*, Diane Setterfield challenges the notion that people really want to be told the truth.

Her character, Vida Winter writes:

"My gripe is not with lovers of the truth but with truth herself. What succor, what consolation is there in truth, compared to a story? What good is truth, at midnight, in the dark, when the wind is roaring like a bear in the chimney? When the lightning strikes shadows on the bedroom wall and the rain taps at the window with its long fingernails? No. When fear and cold make a statue of you in your bed, don't expect hard-boned and fleshless truth to come running to your aid. What you need are the plump comforts of a story. The soothing, rocking safety of a lie." Vida Winter

What do you think? Do people really want the cold, hard truth? Or do they really prefer the "soothing, rocking safety of a lie"?

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