

Johnston Middle School
Johnston, Iowa

Dear Mr. Chbosky,

“Once on a piece of white paper with blue lines, she wrote a letter. She wrote it to a author, because it meant a lot to her, and this is what it’s all about.”

I have to admit, ever since I’ve heard about *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*, I’ve had this big urge to read it. Not knowing what it was about, just that so many people were so fond of it. When I finally devoured your book, I didn’t know it would effect my feelings or thoughts towards all the outlooks on my life as it did.

I think that everyone can relate somehow to this story: Your first date; going to your first big party; not ready to “take the next step”; family drama; mix tapes; homosexuality; or losing a friend. We can all relate—some more than others. It makes it weird how much me and Charlie have in common. It was like when something was happening to him, I had either already gone through it, or am currently dealing with it.

Growing up is difficult for everyone. But it seems that people have to throw in obstacles in the way on top of that. I had always felt stupid for making something small into a big deal when it wasn’t necessary, and than realizing later how little it was, and that so many people have it worse, it doesn’t change the fact that it did happen, and that we did experience it. We have what we have, and we get what we get. Nothing we say, do, or think, will change it.

At the end of *The Perks of Being A Wallflower*, Charlie realized something very important that I had never realized, and may not have ever realized without the help from your book. We all tend to blame things on someone or something else, as you well know. I tend to be one of those people. With Charlie, you helped me come to realize that blaming won’t do anything to improve your situation. I can blame him for not wearing his seatbelt that night. I can blame the driver for driving too fast. I can blame the driver of the other car for hitting them. I could blame everything and everyone involved in the accident, but I’m not going to. It would be pointless, because nothing is going to change the fact that the accident *did* happen, and that someone lost their life because of that.

The Perks of Being a Wallflower opened my eyes to many things. It made me want to just stop, and take a look around to see what happens. Like the time me and three friends were driving, surrounded by tall buildings with lights filling the sky, and trees with fall leaves on both sides of the road. We were listening to Tilly and the Wall. At that moment we felt **infinite**. I wish I could have bottled that moment up so I could re-live it. Even if it was just once more.

This book has me reflecting on myself, the things that surround me, and my life. I want to make my life worthwhile, and meaningful. *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* may just have showed me how. So here we are now, standing on the fringes of life, awaiting what’s going to happen next in this journey we call, *growing up*.

Sincerely Yours,

Rachel Rhodes