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Dear Stephen Chbosky,

I think the perfect way to describe life, is by something Charlie said in Perks of Being a Wallflower: “Everyone else is either asleep or having sex. I’ve been watching cable television and eating Jello.” That’s how my life works. All the people around me are participating, something I would love to do, but I just can’t. And what’s worse, they’re participating together. So I’m stuck eating some jiggly, sugary substance and watching the big T.V. of life alone. And everyone knows there’s nothing good on after midnight.

Now, you might say, “How hard is it to participate? Just get off your bum and do it!” Here’s the thing: I’ve spent so long being by myself, that when I’m placed in a social situation, I freeze up. But I do perfectly fine at home, when I’m complaining that I don’t get out more. I just don’t know why.

Maybe I feel left out or lonely when I’m around others, because I don’t have anything to escape in. At school, I can escape in classes, and schoolwork. At home, I can escape in reading, writing, homework, and movies. Yet, placed in a social situation, I have absolutely nothing to escape in. I can’t escape from these people, or from myself. And I hate that. I wish I could get away from them, but I can’t.

Charlie was lucky - - he met Sam and Patrick; people he could talk with. I have a very good friend, and she is older than I am, like Sam and Patrick were to Charlie. Unfortunately, I am in the 7th grade. I will never get to be in high school with her. So I must find some friends where I am. That’s probably how Charlie felt when Sam and Patrick graduated. It feels empty. I can’t connect with anyone in my grade. Every day I wish that I were just a year older. Everyday, I wish that I attended a fictional high school in the ‘90’s, so I could be friends with Charlie. Yet, I know that’s not going to help. I need to find friends where I am right now.

I don’t know if that’s what your book helped me see, or if it just introduced me to some great music, but whatever the case, thank you.

Sincerely,

Cassilyn Ross

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