Dmitri McDonald
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Dear Mr. Spinelli,

Your book, *Maniac Magee*, amazed me, angered me, grossed me out, and made me sad. Yet it lifted me up in a way no other book has.

When I'm angry or depressed, I sometimes have moments when I feel like I want to run away from home. Now that I've read *Maniac Magee*, I'm a little more grateful for what I have. That I have a mom to tuck me in at night, and a dad who will play sports with me. That I have siblings who may annoy me, but are always there for a wrestle, or a laugh. That I'll always have a roof over my head, and most importantly, I'll always have a family who loves me.

Maniac's bold legendary deeds also ignited something inside me. They inspired me to show people that I'm not just that one kid in the hallway, or across the street. I'm the kid to be noticed! I'm inspired to try to jump higher, to run faster, to try not to just do well in school, but to achieve higher goals. I want to make people notice me, make people turn around and say, "Hey Dmitri, how's it going?!"

I want to do something with my life so that when I walk down the street people say, "Is that Dmitri McDonald?" or, "Can I get your autograph?"

Your book made me feel so happy when I read it, like I was riding in a hot air balloon, soaring high above the ground. This feeling is still with me, even though sometimes a hole might be poked in my balloon, either by events in my life, or (while I was reading *Maniac Magee*), events in Maniac's life. I felt as if his sorrow was mine, and vice versa. The hole in my balloon is always patched up again, though, and I go soaring once more.

Most importantly though, your book taught me that maybe I (and everybody else) should try and be more like Jeffrey Magee, because as long as I'm honest, caring, and brave. I always do good to others, I treat everyone equally and with respect, and I always try my hardest, I can become a legend.

Sincerely,
Dmitri McDonald