

Dear Author,

Thank you, for opening the box, the box of treasures.

For in that box, we found that no journey was impossible to take, no stories were impossible to make, no historic event that could not be documented, and yet so many left to be unearthed, with clues in the infinite ageless and priceless books.

Thank you, for finally there is a place for people, where age is not a qualifying criterion. Where cast, creed and gender fails to discriminate us!

Thank you, for there is no solace greater than the one we find curled up with your book and engaged in your beautifully intertwined and genius story.

Thank you, for giving us the wings, to travel from the Prison of Azkaban to meet the Wizard of Oz and to take a trip with the Pirate with a Heart of Gold, only to encounter The Big Friendly Giant who takes us around the World in 80 Days, all the while sitting in our comfort zones.

Thank you, for giving us companions that are not judgmental or needy, but give us so much in return.

Thank you, for your books can be entertaining but sad, riveting but to the point, outrageous but courageous, unacceptable but truthful, questionable but quantifiable, mundane but relevant, all at once.

Thank you, for writing about your situations and trials and tribulations, for they reflect our story in so many ways, and end up being our support in times of crisis.

Thank you, for writing stories that jog a reader's mind, that makes him question and that makes him bold enough to speak out.

Thank you, for not holding back when you write, for your written word, gives millions of people hope about their agenda.

Thank you, for being sensational and flamboyant, for only you know how to make a statement.

Thank you, for gauging the entire radar of true emotions of a character, and making it memorable.

Thank you, for picking up that pen and turning your figment of imagination into the written word, sharing it with us and giving a purpose, to us, the lost souls, looking for a purpose in life.

With admiration

A Reader