

Utah's First Place Winning Letters LAL 2010-2011

Level 3

Dear Fellow Dreamer (letter to Jeff Scott Savage),

I am. I am the holy crusader of the sacred temple of lost entities. I am the prodigal pyromancer who's lost his spark. I am the last of my dwindling kind, a dream. I am whoever I want to be. At the heart, the foundation, the very core of my being there is something that fuels me: inspiration. It generates thoughts, ideas, and even emotions. Jeff, I was inspired by you, far more than other author's words and writing. I once felt ashamed for always being the goof ball, the dunce, the eighteen year old child with his head in the clouds. But now, you and your words of wisdom have empowered me.

When we met during Mrs. Cox's "Evening with an Author" at Olive Garden, you told me something that boomed thorough me like a nuclear explosion. "Find your magic." That smacked me n the face as if I had just told a woman it seems like she's been gaining weight. I strolled home that night wondering, "Do I even have magic, that special flare about me?" I felt worthless and magicless the next couple of days. I felt like Kyja in your book *Far World, Water Keep*. I had no natural talent. I crawled helplessly through a world where everyone had something I didn't. What would it take to get what I needed, why couldn't I achieve what I know I deserve to feel? I pondered on the topic long and hard trying to figure myself out. But, as time went on, I began to understand what the meaning of your books and the meaning of yours words were.

Everyone is special. It does not matter whether you are imprisoned in a wheelchair, or you're just a little different. Find your magic means, Find yourself. Love yourself. Love what you have become. Love every little thing about yourself. We are all perfect, and I found my magic.

Erik Daniel Silsby