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Dear Maurice Sendak

When I first read where the wild things are I didn't think much of it because I was 3, but as I got a little older I picked it up more often for the occasional bedtime read. As my mom read it to me more often I wanted be like max I would fight my brother and then get sent to bed in hopes a magical forest would appear in my bedroom. I ran around my house and yelled "I'll eat you up!!!" I played where the wild things are with my friend we gnashed our terrible teeth and yelled I'll eat you up! We would play all day long until it was the end of the day.

While I was in preschool I didn't have a lot of good friends so I craved attention like max it was apart of me and it made me feel very special. I loved it so much I memorized the book. I would have parades with my class. Well everything has to come to an end at one point and once I was done with preschool I had forgotten about Where the Wild Things Are it was in the past.

I had forgotten about the book until 5th grade when I was bullied a lot. I was like max I was getting in trouble and I imagined my old school as this crazy place where everyone one had one target that target was being "POPULAR". That can turn people into monsters and not the wimpy type of monster. I felt like all the nightmares had turned into one big monster that I could not escape. I was being targeted for standing out, being myself and trying new things. But every story has a good ending but that's not what I thought. I sat down at the dinner table like when max gets on his boat than my parents sat down. I genuinely thought that something bad had happened but this was something else. My

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parents started with a supply list I knew what it was for. Finally my journey was over. I was moving away from all the monsters.

I have started reading it more often not only to myself but to my little sister hoping she will never encounter the monsters like I did but everyone will, no matter who you are. But just know there is always a boat to sail away on.

Sincerely,

Ryan Howell
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