

accomplishment, for being a great teacher, and also my family for all the support they have provided me.

L E V E L T W O



Cindy Tay, Age 13, Grade 7
Individual Entry
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Dear Mr. London,

I write to enlighten you of an event that drastically changed my life before I had crossed the threshold of my ninth year. You may ask in what manner this occurred, and what spurred me to contact you concerning it. In fact, you have every right to be informed, being the author of *White Fang*, the novel that brought about the alteration in my lifestyle. Before I read that book, I was just an average second grade girl. After that point, I was not. No doubt you are bursting to learn the details, so without further ado, allow me to explain.

It did not take me long to notice some major differences between *White Fang* and books published in the present. Your novel used literary composition forms that are almost extinct. I observed your sentences, which varied in length as well as structure type. It was a delight for me to read aloud your thick, juicy paragraphs dripping with rich vocabulary. Your fountains of vivid comparisons refreshed my parched mind. These were the hallmarks of a classic, and *White Fang* was probably the first one I ever read. It influenced me profoundly. I desired to resurrect your style from the tombs of classic authors and redeem my generation from the abyss of artistic decline. So I immediately embarked on a journey of self-improvement. I wrote papers on various subjects and read them, searching for weaknesses and using your skills to mend them. The local library was suddenly depleted of its stock of Jack London books as I consumed novel after novel like a bookworm. My writing soon gleamed with the luster of pure gold, and my vocabulary stores were amply provisioned. My imagination swelled a hundredfold, and my sentences flowed beautifully into each other. I developed a style mixed with modern and classical taste, producing a unique blend.

Up until this point, I have spoken only of improvements in my writing. However, that does not cover all changes you wrought in me. I also underwent a shift in moral values. In the primitive world, before the rise of modern humans, this was the law: kill, or be killed. Eat or be eaten. The world today follows the same decree, though in more refined methods than the slaughter of animals to gain food. Innocent though my perception of the world was, the law was plain: survival of the fittest. I might

have gone along with this for the rest of my life, had I not read *White Fang*. You know as well as I the savage strength of White Fang, and his cunning wiliness. He is the fittest in his world, and he makes this clear by killing any that dare challenge him. Eventually, Scott Weedon tames him, not with blows, but with caresses. This showed me that there are ways in life other than the law of the wild. I learned a lesson in humility, and always treated others with kindness, regardless of their social status.

Thus concludes my summary of how your work has changed me. I am in seventh grade now and I still enjoy writing. Throughout the years since I read *White Fang*, I have been recognized several times for outstanding writing accomplishments, but never do I accept these honors without first proclaiming that you brought me to where I am now. No hefty thesaurus could enable me to express my gratitude. I will say just this: thank you.

As a budding young writer, I always thought that I would pursue a career solely devoted to writing. Now, over the years, I have rethought my views, and concluded that a doctor would be a more preferable job for me. Doctors need a sizable deal of intelligence and the determination to complete years of study, both of which I possess, as well as efficient writing and speaking skills. In the field of medicine, communication with patients and colleagues via such means is vital, and I hope to someday incorporate these skills as a doctor.