

Dear Ms. Jane Austen,

Before I read *Pride and Prejudice*, books were merely sheets of paper, with meaningless splatters of ink, bound together. However, your writing showed me that books are really priceless jewels – windows to the world that exhibit all we may overlook with an eye unaided by the insightful presence of literature, barring nothing. *Pride and Prejudice* was the spyglass that showed me the truth and influence behind love – the core of all existence.

For as long as I can remember prior to reading your manuscript, I lived and breathed as a hopeless romantic. Fantasies of a charming prince sweeping me off my feet and transporting me to a majestic castle under the round, ethereally glowing moon often flitted across my mind. Yet your book illustrated to me that love is not all tender kisses and holding hands; it is about accepting, understanding, and persevering despite mammoth obstacles. In *Pride and Prejudice*, the witty, audacious, impulsive Elizabeth Bennett had to rise above her initial prejudice against Mr. Darcy brought forth by the arrogance he oozed, while Mr. Darcy also had to humble himself in spite of his pride, before the two could take their relationship to the next level of love and matrimony. Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth's realization of their own faults and their eventual tolerance of the other's imperfections indicated that love could arise unexpectedly because of the hard work and time it requires to cultivate.

Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth's overcoming of their blindness and biases in order to establish a relationship also expressed the inner goodness of humankind, the ability to change for love. Now whenever I encounter someone who may bully other people or commit heartless acts, I still treat them with kindness, with respect, with love, because your book has taught me that the right kind of compassion for others can be the glimmer of light shed upon their hearts, enabling them to spread the warmth to every inch of their bodies and right their wrongs.

I have yet to fall in love; my parents do not feel that I am old enough and I agree. When I am old enough to ponder such heavy topics seriously, however, I will remember to keep my eyes open because I now know that love may not be the delightful, magical whirlwind it is shown to be in fairytales, but something unexpected and laborious, yet special all the same. I will also remember to exert love to others when the time approaches because doing so may benefit both parties. Thank you for creating the unmarred spectacles that have blessed me with the ability to perceive love in all its beautiful facets.

Sincerely yours,
Sunny Huang