

Dear Mr. Crudele,

Thankyou for coming to speak at our school. I've learned more about living today, then I've learned my whole life. You made some of the things funny and I think you did a great job. I loved the stories about the boy who loved school so much that he just had to go. What you said was so touching that I started crying.

I used to have a wall of my own after my great-aunt died. She was really special to me. She was 85 years old and had Alzheimers. I remember the last time I saw her. She was in the hospital. My whole family went to visit her, and out of the 15 of us, I was the only one she remembered. When I walked into the room, she looked up at me, smiled, said my name, and asked who the other people were. I took it really hard when she died. I pushed everyone away from me, including my parents and my friends, until I met my English teacher, my Mr. Byers. She taught me a lot about the world and she also helped me take down my wall.

Thankyou again for coming, and I hope to see you again.

Sincerely,  
Amber Zadunafsky