

# A letter to my favorite author

Business



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Dear Jeffrey Eugenides, Hello. My name is Christmas. I am a fifteen year old girl who is a student in high school. I was an avid reader in elementary school and part of middle school.

Sadly, life eventually became too busy for me to read a book all the way through. This all changed when I discovered *The Virgin Suicides*. A couple of weeks ago I was idly wandering around my local bookstore, waiting for my mom to finish her usual skinny vanilla latte, when I happened upon your novel. I picked it up and started reading, and it was like an ethereal force was telling me to take it home and finish it. I happily did so.

My friends gently teased me because I couldn't stop reading it, even at lunch while they chattered nonstop about the latest gossip (which I've never really been fond of). Once I found myself reading it as I was walking through the hallways, and I nearly collided into a profoundly handsome upperclassman, much to the amusement of my friends. *The Virgin Suicides* is an embarrassingly enchanting novel, and it temporarily turned me into the nerdy bookworm I used to be. I really cherish your novel *The Virgin Suicides*, because I relate to the characters, and it helped me come to a bittersweet realization. My Aunt committed suicide, and just like the anonymous narrator of *The Virgin Suicides*, I did my best to try and figure out why she killed herself.

I scrutinized her photo albums and belongings almost obsessively. I spoke to people that knew her, even in the most minuscule or distant way. I needed to find a comprehensive truth in the darkness and despondency that was the consequence of my Aunt's suicide. Many of the things that happened after

Cecilia's suicide also occurred to me after my Aunt's suicide. Certain objects triggered memories.

Over time these objects became less potent, the memories they triggered less tangible. Both the narrator of *The Virgin Suicides* and I fell victim to the ravages of time. People spoke of my Aunt's death as if it was inevitable, and they separated her from the rest of the family, considering her as a bad Apple. At the novel's end, the narrator recognizes he is an outsider, unable to enter the Lisbon girls' world. The end of the novel really took a toll on me emotionally, because it made me realize that I will never know what was going through my Aunt's head when she took those pills, and I will never find the pieces to put her back together.

I had no idea *The Virgin Suicides* would change my life so much. Your novel has helped me come to terms with the fact it is impossible to completely understand my Aunt's suicide, and has put me at peace with my loss. Thank you for writing such an authentic and addictive novel. *The Virgin Suicides* is truly a work of art. Wishing you all the best of everything, Christmas