

Words: 238
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MOVED TO TEARS

I sat on my perch, relaxing, listening to Enigma, having just finished an arduous legal endeavor, when a correctional officer opened my door and handed me a letter. I looked at the sender but didn't recognize the name. I opened the envelope and read:

Zach,

My name is Keri. A friend of mine told me I might be interested in writing you. She showed me. I was skeptical at first. Then, I read one of your letters. I feel compelled to tell you how amazing your style of writing is. I was moved to tears when I read an opening to one of your letters that told of a bird trapped in your housing unit that you let free. (I know, preposition galore) I am no where near on the same writing level that you are. Even if you never write me back, I will walk away happy, at least, knowing I was able to convey my feelings about your story. I feel like I should mention I am normally very in control of my emotions, so crying over a stranger's short story is not a common occurrence. In order to not sound like some silly fan girl, I'll just end this letter by saying I hope to hear back from you.

Sincerely,

Keri

After my bloated ego subsided, I wrote Keri back, thanking her for sharing her experience with me. It would of been rude not to.