

Audrey Warren
9565 Old Mill Trail
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Dear Ben Mikaelson,

Your book *Petey* was a very emotional book for me. My great grandfather and I had a very strong relationship. Whenever I would go visit him in South Carolina I would go to his home and we would do artwork, steal food out of the kitchen, and we go to thrift stores and the dollar store so we could grow his collection of random junk. When you walked into his room it was full of old antiques. My great-grandfather was like Petey in many ways, he was a funny, wise, and just a happy old man until he found out he had cancer. My great-grandfather died of lung cancer in 2015 when I was in fifth grade.. Petey and my great-grandfather were alike because they both were dying from a disease or disorder that was making them very ill.

I was reading the final chapters of *petey* when my great-grandfather passed away from his cancer. After being informed he had died, I read the last two chapters of *Petey*. As Trevor told Petey he was there and Petey laid there lifeless, trying to speak, I was reminded of saying goodbye to my great-grandfather in the hospital. There I watched the heart rate monitor slowly come to a flat. As my grandmother grab her father's hand we heard him say "Marcia, don't..... drink... my.... wine." My grandmother laughed. She had a smile on her face for about five seconds then her face changed to a gray and gloomy. My mom and grandmother backed away from the bed while the nurse moved my great-grandfather out of the room. I stood there and watched the doctors do their jobs.

Your book changed my life in many ways. Readings the words, "Reluctantly, Trevor followed everybody from the room. In the doorway, he stopped and looked back. He

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whispered, "I'm going fishing, grandpa Petey." I was having flashbacks about saying goodbye to my great-grandfather. Being in fifth grade and watching someone die who was close to you was hard. Especially at a young age, it's hard to fully understand the true emotion that people dying gives you. Seeing Trevor cope with his loss made me not feel alone.

Sincerely,


Audrey Warren, grade eight

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