Janita Harris
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Virginia Euwer Wolf,

I have read your novel *True Believers*, and if I had known ahead of time what the book dealt with I never would have read it. I never would have read it because it dealt with homosexuality. Although your book never stated whether he was gay or not, the point that the whole concept was brought up disgusted me. His character bothered me terribly. I was very upset because he was perfect for Lavaughn and he was not supposed to like another boy. Boys are supposed to like girls and girls are supposed to like boys nothing other than that.

I hated the book and even you for writing about it. Why couldn't he just like Lavaughn and then every thing would have been perfect. This bothered me so much I lost sleep. On top of that my aunt had come out that she was lesbian. Ignored and pretended that this was just some kind of sick phase she was going through. I figured she had to be sick in ordered to like girls. And then from reading your novel I find my self doing the same thing as Lavaughn. Shutting my aunt out my world because, of her sexuality avoiding her by all means. Your book forced me to look at myself. And I hated you for that. Because the person I saw, the person I was becoming wasn't someone I really liked. I saw myself being like most of the world. Discriminating against something I don't get. And even though I don't get it or agree with it, I don't have to be this close minded person.

At first I was disgusted in you but then later I was disgusted in myself. And being disgusted in your self isn't a good feeling. I feel from reading your novel I have become more open minded. Although I still don't believe it's right I still respect the person for the choice. Because there the ones who have to live with it not me. And it's not right for me to try and force them with my attitude toward them on how they should live their life. I even have a relationship with my aunt again. Myself not being homosexual I didn't see the harm that I was causing, maybe I did see what I was doing I just chose to turn the other cheek and be blind to it. Sometimes when you know your doing wrong it makes it easier to turn the other cheek. That way what seems wrong seems right. In all the frustration caused I am happy that I read your novel. Because the person I see today is a better person than I saw before.

Sincerely,

Janita Harris