A Friend Request

Dear Mr. Poe,

Let me start off with congratulations! Happy Birthday! Sorry I’m about six months off, but a 200th birthday is quite significant! I heard how the therapy clinic finally discharged you after 8 years. Man, that resurrection business is pretty tedious stuff! Now with the pleasantries out of the way, I humbly ask you to please accept my friend request. I have always been your biggest fan, and I know you have influenced the world as much as you have influenced me. You have had amazing foresight into the problems of mentally deranged, you possess a unique view of the world, and you can truly write a story that allows others to experience a malevolent side of the world.

One of my favorite stories by you was *The Tell-Tale Heart*. Through the eyes of the twisted murderer, I saw the point you tried to make. That story allowed me, and other, to understand how it truly felt to be mentally disturbed. I too see that “Evil Eye” sometimes and I too feel the heartbeat of the corpses beneath me. I know that through that story, you we’re revealing a little of your own mind to all your readers. It’s really was you who discovered the illnesses which people are now calling schizophrenia and depression, not some fraud by the name of Freud. You showed this through your writing. Maybe you were just trying to expel your grief and emotions through that poem, but nevertheless, you fashioned the world in ways that you can see now.

You amend the world in tangible ways, but you also shape the world by changing its ideals. In *The Masque of the Red Death*, you used a group of nobles to represent the individuals of the world. Although there was a plague in the land, the nobles hid in their castle like how people in today’s society hide from the problems of the world and not fix them. Finally at the end, a manifestation of the plague incarnated itself and visited the nobles personally. I know I’ll learn my lesson from you because I’m your biggest fan, but other people today will soon have their lives consumed by the very perversions they tried to run from. I know you struggled through alcoholism throughout your life, and I know that heavily influenced your writing, but I’m glad you have been sober for 160 years now!

Other than alcohol, I knew the death of Virginia affected you deeply as well. When you wrote *The* *Cask of Amontillado* in 1846, her health had already begun declining. I know it has been 162 years since her death, but I’m sure you still feel the pain. May she continue to rest in peace, unless of course, you’d like her resurrected too. The dark sadness you felt as her health declined was reflected in *The Cask of Amontillado* by the dark madness that circled Montresor. Through insanity, he became jealous and hated his close friend so much that he ended up entombing him alive. The story shows how always, that evil deed has gnawed his insides and lets us see how it felt when you saw Virginia suffering. Now even today, people are still dealing with similar feelings, an evil gnawing of the insides and you wrote about this back in 1845. I apologize if I ramble, I just feel like we can connect so well since so many things you wrote about are pertinent today!

You communicate so well to the world and to me; you’re just an inspiration to me. I’ll be 17 years old in two and a half years, and then I’ll finally be able to watch the movie Sweeny Todd which you liked. I hope in the mean time, we can be Facebook friends and talk about gothic writing. I have many gothic and emotional friends, they all love you and all want to be your Facebook friend. Please, please, please, please, please add me!
From Your MOST ADORING FAN EVER!,

Little Johnny (a.k.a. The Raven)