

Dear Mr. Farshtey,

I will be bluntly honest with you. I despise reading, and if weren't for my teacher requiring me to read eight hours over the semester, I wouldn't have given Voyage of Fear a chance. However, because of my reading assignment and my past love of Bionicle, I figured that I'd give it a shot. Little did I know that from this little book, I would feel so much. So much emotion, so much fear, so much power, and so much passion. I can only scratch the surface of trying to describe my emotions generated from your book.

I have read some of your books previously, and I thought I was impressed, but a book never altered my imagination and train of thought like this book has. As I remember it, emotion was kindled from the very beginning. What was the spark that lit the flame? Suspense obviously. Would the Toa be unharmed? How would they escape from the recently destroyed Metru Nui? What trials will they face on their journey? Will the six Matoran capsules be rescued safely? I simply needed to know, so I read on.

As the Toa entered the cavern, it was like someone threw lighter fluid on the steadily burning flame; an instant rush of curiosity. I then tried to imagine I was a Toa, right there beside the other six. My first thought was that there is no way I would be brave enough to rescue all these Matoran, with danger lurking around every corner. However, I continued on reading the book, and on my journey as well.

As the Toa continued and the character of Mavrah entered the scene, things drastically changed. It was as if a huge dead tree fell upon the fire, instantly causing a blazing inferno of interest. I was instantly overwhelmed with knowledge of the great history of the Onu-Metru Archives and the dark past of the mysterious character Mavrah.

However, none of this ranks on comparison to pure flowing adrenaline produced when the amazingly huge, powerful Rahi beasts were introduced. Then it hit me, like a falling into a freezing lake; it felt like my physical being itself was sucked into the book.

I just sat there for a second with my eyes closed; not really knowing what had come over me. I realized then, that in my mind, I was actually there. I was at the underground lake right beside the Toa. I then proceeded to turn around and what did I see? A two hundred foot tall water monster standing right beside me! I then looked across the lake, so anxious to discover what I would find. I saw everything, as I had perceived it. All six Toa were there. Mavrah was there too, now becoming half crazy by this point. There were more Rahi as well. Not just five or six, but hundreds, tearing each other to shreds in all of the confusion that the Toa had caused. I just sat there, confused for quite a time. Shortly, the Toa entered the fray... and shortly, so did I. I loved the feeling of taking on a ten thousand pound crab Rahi, or a sky scraping sea serpent. What a rush of power! I was instantly consumed by goose bumps.

I realized then what I could've realized with any other book I've read. I can do anything. Fly, jump sky high, lift thousands of pounds, or run at the speed of sound. You name it, I could do it. I felt as if I were a mighty warrior, fighting along side the six Toa like I was one of their own.

The fighting continued for sometime, about half an hour I think, and then I did something I really regretted. I opened my eyes. It had felt so real, all the emotion, all the fire running through my veins. I continued to read, desperately trying to make it back to the world from which I had recently returned, but it was in vain. It was all over, and I would never again return to that deep crevasse in my mind where I had discovered this

amazing world. No more mystical powers, and no more ten thousand pound beasts running head long into each other. Most importantly, no more being a hero.

The day I read Voyage of Fear is still today one of the biggest mysteries of my life, even four years later. Was it a dream? Was it my imagination? I don't know what it was, but it altered the way I think and operate. Every time I recall that day, I instantly get goose bumps and felt like I can take on the world and win. So lastly, I want to say thank you, Mr. Farshtey, you have turned my dull imagination upside down, and I am so glad. Reading is more enjoyable now, knowing that one day, maybe, I might just come upon another Voyage of Fear. I can't wait.

Sincerely,

Isaac Schiltz

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