

Dear Colleen Hoover,

I never really fell in love. Of course I once had a crush and thought of him, but I never let him influence my actions or my behaviour. I wasn't really interested in getting to know what it's like to be loved in this certain way it was described in books I read. I just didn't get the point of adapting ones actions to somebody and then belonging to this person.

Needless to say I read thousands of romance novels, all describing this one true and pure love. Of course I would finish the book, knowing that these two characters had something special going on between them, but I'd hardly spare a thought about their love or love in general and its definition. Until I read your book.

While reading your book, I started wondering. Why would you forgive someone, who destroyed your self confidence, your career and mainly your self love? Knowing that you wouldn't have to bear the pitying looks, that you wouldn't have to stop your stage career, that you wouldn't have to wear long sleeves shirts to hide your scars if this person hadn't been there. Why for god's sake would Fallon ever forgive Ben?

The answer is love. Because loving someone means forgiving them. Loving someone means to take risks and be altruistic. It's devoting oneself and trusting this one person, without knowing when, how and where it will end. Love is when you're willing to give up the things that mean the most to you just to see someone else happy, that's real love.

Fallon noticed the importance of her love to Ben. Of course it took its time, until she realized that this extremely rare love she had with Ben was worth the pain. But she did realize it. Because "when you find love you take it. You grab it with both hands and you do everything in your power not to let it go [...]."

When I read "November 9" I was deeply impressed by your writing skills. You not only made me cry and laugh at the same time, but also showed me that loving in all respects is important.

Whether it's self love, friendship or this one true love I talked from at the beginning. Reading your book made me understand it. It showed me that it's a need and certainly not self evident. I want to thank you for making me believe in this crippling, debilitating, paralyzing concept of love.

Sincerely,

(Z.S.)

P.S. Please continue writing books that make a 16 year old girl writing a three pages diary entry about love in the middle of the night.

