

June 13, 2003

Dear Mr. Salter,

It's hard to write a letter to you. I feel pathetic, because I know who you are. You are the man that's taught me everything I needed to know to set my goals beyond impossibility, and I thank you, I salute you. You're not a normal person, everyone knows you are far from that. Everyone hates you and loves you at the same time. You've taught us everything we need to know to get past life, and my confidence has soared to the sky. My soul is free and my path is set.

I have a point in life now, to live up to my highest capabilities, to know that I did everything I could in life, and to stand proud and strong above everyone else because I am my own god, and I guided my own destiny.

When I first came to drama, I thought you were an idiot. I couldn't keep up with your teaching, it was fast and hard. I was angry, and not patient. I wanted to get out of drama so much! I was blind.

I soon found you out. You were the opposite of every teacher I've ever had. Rather than caring to make us learn, you showed us the best way. Fear. You've made us work harder than we've ever worked, and in the end, it was well worth it. You've made everyone, no matter how lazy or stupid, succeed and learn discipline.

I don't know how you do this. I have no idea. But however you do this do know, you've changed me. I feel so wise and confident, I can't let you go without thanking you! You've changed me. I can do anything now, and I want you to always know that you did make a difference. You made a difference to me.

Your student,

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