

UNABLE ARE THE LOVED TO DIE. FOR LOVE IS IMMORTALITY.  
(EMILY DICKINSON)

Books. A world of imagination. A shelter far away from reality.  
A space where dreams come true and hope is an everlasting power.

It's magic!

Standing in front of a bookshelf. Letting your eyes wander across a million different  
How far would you go to find the one you love?  
covers.

Carrying a million different titles. Inhabiting a million different words. Telling a million  
different stories.

My favorite place?

A bookshop.

Not the huge commercial ones. The tiny ones. The ones with flair. And charme.  
Where you feel comfortable losing yourself as soon as you step over the doorstep.

These are the places where magic happens.

My magic.

The magic of literature.

There is a little bookshop just about an hour from home.

It's been there for as long as I remember.

And everytime we go to this little town we stop at the little shop.

It has become some sort of a ritual.

Tradition, almost.

When I was younger, I knew my mom would always buy me one of these gorgeous,  
unique books they were selling in that bookshop.

It was my special treat.

And I treasured it.

Still today, although I have grown to be an adult and, most of the time, just browsing  
is enough for me now, I know that mom would never hesitate a second to buy me a copy  
if I'd just asked.

It was there, in my favorite bookshop – where most of my childhood treasures came from  
– that I saw it for the first time.

AMY PLUM

This amazing book.

It actually was a German copy.

Beautifully designed. And it immediately caught my eye.

They were giving away free reading samples.

Tiny little brochures carrying the same cover.

I took one, having no idea what the story would do to me.

That's how I ended up ordering the English original of what has become my favorite book:

*Die For Me.*

For a long time, I haven't had an answer to the question what I would call my "favorite book".

There is a childhood favorite – *Ronja, the Robber's Daughter* by Astrid Lindgren.

And there are books I dearly love, of course.

Books I treasure. Books I read over and over again.

But!

None of these books is like *Die For Me*.

It's not easy to put in words what this book – this series – has done to me.

Probably because it's more about how it made me feel.

And feelings are hardly ever done justice by expressing them in words.

Maybe, like this: I have fallen!

Fallen for Kate. For Vincent. For the Resenants. For Paris.

And for Jules – oh my gosh, have I fallen for Jules ... ☺

Amy, your books have reminded me of the magic that is literature.

In a way that no others have done for a long time!

That's probably the biggest compliment I – a true bookaholic and lifelong reader – can give.

You had me hooked from Emily Dickinson quote onwards.

(Which, by the way, is now decorating my office!)

AMY PLUM

And the last words of your series are the ones I anticipate and fear most.

At the same time.

For if they are read, I have to part with the magic you've created.

IF I SHOULD DIE

And Goodbyes have never been my thing...

But that's what loving books is all about:

Finding the magic and letting it go so others are able to experience it as well!

(Want to know my secret recipe for parting pain?)

- Rereading!!!

Always helps.

But, psst, don't tell! 😊)

Yours,  
Anne Flegel

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