

*Anne Rice Collection*

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The year 1994 is very memorable for me. That year, I got my first job, my first steady boyfriend, and it is also the year I was introduced to the enchantment of Anne Rice. I had already read several classics by that time, one of my favorites being *Gone With the Wind* by Margaret Mitchell. When I saw *Interview with the Vampire* in the theater that year, though, I knew I had to know more about the fantastic characters Rice had brought to life on the big screen. I am the type of person who feels taking time to read a book gives the reader so much more insight into a story, rather than just watching a movie. One can actually know what is going on inside a character's mind, because we are reading their thoughts, not just having a dialogue spewed at us from the mouth of an overpaid actor.

So, I hinted around, and for Christmas I received a box of Anne Rice's, *The Vampire Chronicles*. I immediately fell in love with mysterious and heart-wrenching lives of the vampire duo, Louis and Lestat. Most of all though, I became entranced by Rice's style. Her descriptions and detail were unlike anything I had ever read and anything I have read since. When I open the cover of an Anne Rice novel, I am not just reading words typed out on a page, I am living along with her characters seeing the world Rice has so intricately created through their eyes.

After I completed that first set, I had a thirst not unlike the thirst Rice's vampires must experience that could not be quenched. There are too many nights to count when my mother came into my room and insisted I go to sleep because I could not tear myself away from my precious books. The next saga I sought out was that of the Mayfair witches which spanned three novels, and I was sucked into the world of betrayal and secrets that lay behind the doors of a Garden District mansion in New Orleans.

I continued drinking down one Rice work after another, and then moved on to her lesser known works under assumed names. I have to say that I did enjoy these works, but they are definitely not of the same caliber as her Rice works. They seek more to fulfill the animalistic side of her readers, and I think a little of her craftsmanship is lost in the process.

In 1995 Rice released her first new novel since I had entered her following, *Memnoch the Devil*, and it was like Christmas all over again when I finally had it in my hands. Since then, Rice has published two more books, *Servant of the Bones* and *Violin*. I own both, but since I have started my college career, the opportunity for pleasurable readings does not occur as much as I would like. I cherish every moment I get, though, to lose myself in her enchanted worlds.