

I'm sorta sad to hear J.D. Salinger died today



"I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. It's awful. If I'm on my way to the store to buy a magazine, even, and somebody asks me where I'm going, I'm liable to say I'm going to the opera. It's terrible."

Holden Caulfield

Twenty five years after reading this from the pages of my brother's "The Catcher in the Rye," I still remember it. How do you like that? I had to look up the exact wording and all, but for the most part, it's stamped on my mind forever. I don't even know why exactly, maybe it is that voice, the way it was irreverent, bitchy, sad and rambling all at the same time—the way J.D Salinger told a story resonated with me like no other author.

"The Catcher in the Rye" was the first book I ever fell in love with; that I carried around with me everywhere; that I underlined phrases and remarks in order to memorized them so I could use them

later on my friends as my own; that inspired me write stories down and relentlessly staple them to my “real” homework and turn them in to hapless English teacher.

J.D Salinger died today at the age of 91-freakin’ years old. Not bad. Leave it to The Onion to write this in his honor [“Bunch of Phonies Mourn J.D. Salinger.”](#) Seems appropriate.

(Image from The Changing Hands Bookstore.)