Why I Write

As the only child you'd expect to me to be the most proficient when it came to reading and writing since I wouldn't have anything else to keep me occupied, I'm here to prove you wrong. I surprisingly remember where my writing all began. It started in elementary school. Our activities would be to draw a picture and then write about what was going on in the drawing. It was what one would expect from little kids. It was misspelled, horrible penmanship, and disastrous capitalization. Although it was what it was and where it all began. I was the biggest activist against reading when I was little. My English teacher would assign us to do a reading log. A good majority of the time I would lie about reading “x” number of pages, then I’d try and convince my mom that I read it all on the bus. Due to me never reading much as a child it would cause me to have a bad reading level and doing not so good in English classes. This would change slightly in my years of Middle School.

In middle school my liking towards reading and writing grew, but not by a lot. I would only read when I was assigned to, especially with writing. Due to me not caring so much about reading or writing my skills in penmanship and reading level took a massive hit. The teacher who would change my view on English would be Mr. Elliot. A giant of a man, but a gentle one at that. I started to care about books and the effort it took to write an essay or a book. He would always choose the best books to read. If only he would’ve taught me earlier, I could’ve been an amazing reader. My 3 years in middle school weren’t the best. I was bullied and instead of the cliché of reading a lot to comfort the pain, I instead played video games. I idolized the characters, I wanted to be like them all powerful, charming, and doing good. I couldn’t though, I
was just a kid after all. It was then I found the power of storytelling. These games came out during a golden period in gaming. They must keep the player intrigued in the story and the character. This would be a major factor in why I would begin to write for myself in high school.

At the beginning of high school, I had an amazing English teacher. She cared about us and wanted us to explore the joys of writing and how it can help you in the long run. I didn’t do so good grade wise, but I got the most important part, which was caring about reading and writing. My sophomore year I had Ms. Wathen who was an amazing teacher as well. She expanded my brain and gave me writing powers. I didn’t do so well in that class either, but I did get a good score on that SOL. To this day I still have an issue with reading, I always think that I could do something more productive or active than look at a book for hours. My writing on the other hand has changed. I adore writing, just the idea of making a whole world in your head and then putting it on a piece of paper is just amazing. I only have started writing recently but I just love it. It is also very useful in my everyday life. I finally have the same skills to make worlds and characters like the games I play. It also calms down my very imaginative mind. Just recently I made a dystopian city short story from hearing a Japanese song and artwork of a lit-up city. I write for my future as well. When I become an engineer then I’ll be able to talk about the project in such clarity. When I’m an actor I would be able to play the characters that I’ve made. When I am older and become a politician my speeches could move people and believe in the cause even more. Just writing this paper I no longer feel upset or overwhelmed. I am aware that my skill in writing is left to be desired. I just know I will get better. Reflecting on my past tends to be a not so pleasurable thing to do. This time I feel joy from it, it feels good to know how far I’ve come to this very moment. I can’t wait to see what else is in store for me.