



## *Why is writing important to me?*

by Catherine S. (4th-6th Grade Division)

Imagine this. A child, no more than the age of nine or ten, scribbling furiously on an already full sheet of paper filled with mathematical computations. They were all hurriedly scribbled and overlapping each other, which only served to make the girl more and more frustrated until she finally admitted defeat. She reached for another sheet of paper, immediately resuming her disordered thoughts as if she was afraid they would all but disappear if she stopped for too long.

The girl's nickname was Cookie, and math was the bane of her existence.

It wasn't that she wasn't good at it, at least according to school test grades.

No, that wasn't it. It was people expecting her to love math and be brilliant at it because she had a brother who did.

Because by third grade, she had made clear that she had no interest in anything related to math. And all she received in response was disappointment.

Like, I get it, math is important but did my entire life need to revolve on math and how well I scored on tests made for people in at least seven grades above me?

And when I apparently didn't score well, being scolded and compared to my ever so perfect brother? Math was structured. No matter what someone thought, math would never change.

And I hated that. Hated that it was so cold, defined, and emotionless.

But writing was different. It couldn't be more different than math if it wanted to.

Good writing was something that no one could deny was crucial for school, and so it became an excuse, if you would, to take a break from the numbers and formulas. A way to finally be different from everyone else. In the household that I lived in, math was considered a top priority, and everyone loved math; everyone but me.



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Writing was like a flashlight in the dark, a way to lead me out of the darkness that was math.

And that was all it ever was; A way to rebel against the expectations and a way to escape math. But I had never really cared about writing, even back then.

Until I began enjoying it, using every second available to write. I would spend hours in bed every day, thinking about my characters and the adventures I could lead them on.

I discovered how much of a treasure writing could be.

Writing was a way to vent when angry, a way to document happy experiences, to bring joy to the people around me, making the characters come alive.

A way to pour out all of my hidden emotions, where no one would ever know it was me.

What started as just scribbling notes from the dreams I came up with as I was in bed, supposed to be asleep, soon became dreams of being a published author.

You could live through your characters; Do anything and everything through them, and share your story with the world.

Anything that you ever imagined.



## *Why is writing important to me?*

by Avanti V. (7th-9th Grade Division)

Expressions...thoughts... emotions. These same feelings allow our minds to expand as we write and bubble with feelings. Writing opens up a passage through the human mind and impacts us to communicate through our words while bursting with new ideas. Writing is very important to me because it has opened up a new door to a side of creativity and no limits. When a pen is in my hand, I feel unstoppable as if the birds are flying free. My words just scatter on the paper and allow me to express some things that may be difficult to say. Sometimes when I speak my hands clam up and heart pounds a mile a minute. Often, the point I try to make does not come out right. However, when I write, it lets me think with deeper thoughts and spiral my words in just the way that makes sense.

I love writing because it allows me to speak from my heart. Writing is like a close friend. When all else fails, writing is one thing that is there for you. Anywhere you go, there is a pen in someone's pocket, on a dusty desk, or even on the floor. And when I grasp the pen in my hands, my fingers fly like the wind as I get out all the thoughts caught in my mind. Writing not only pushes your thoughts to paper, but it contributes to your learning. For example, your imagination can take you so far. Through the art of writing, you will learn your own strengths. The first time I attempted to write an imaginative myth, I was questioning my ability. However, I learned through writing that anything can be possible and to never doubt your abilities. Writing has taught me so much while allowing me to express unsayable words. This is why writing is so powerful and has such an impact on human beings. My favorite part of writing is when you discover that word that fits perfectly into your sentence like finding a small puzzle piece in a 10,000 piece set. The piece is so important to the puzzle as a whole, just as a powerful word is crucial to an essay.

Overall, writing is one of the most beautiful pieces of art. Although some may not consider it art, the unique ways to form each sentence, phrase, and word is what makes writing so beautiful. Thousands of people could rearrange words and come up with creative and new sentences. I love how there are so many ways to write. Each time I start to write, no sentence is the same as when I last wrote last time. In addition, there are so many styles of writing that there is something for everyone. With fiction, non-fiction, argumentative, expository, and more, there is no end to writing. Writing is so important to me as a way of expression, creativity, and unique thought. It is a powerful way to express what cannot be said.



## *Why is writing important to me?*

by David H. (10th-12th Grade Division)

The processes of life, a perpetual balance of harmony and discrimination, are best metaphorically characterized as an industrial factory. Metallic machines eradicate the flaws and imperfections of raw materials to please the collective consumer under the false promises of perfection. Is that any different from modern society? We have built a society where we mock others for being divergent and ensure that conformity is best for their future monetary success. Collectively, we have brainwashed and beaten the next generation into uniformity, and who am I to go against the grain instead of melting — hiding — within the sea of a million guilty fish? In the early years of my adolescence, I was lost and utterly terrified; I did not have the faintest idea of what my future would look like. However, I discovered the one thing that would accept me for who I was: writing. My poetry does not only embrace my flaws; it has taught me to accept myself for who I am — an oddity. I proudly withstand the knives and the bricks that society may throw at me because I have learned self-love through artistic expression.

Poetry has become my steel backbone, giving me structure when I have needed it most in my life: my parents' divorce. My poetry reminds me that I am human because, with each stroke of my pencil, words come off of the page, transforming into clouds or daggers. Floating from the page, the twinkling clouds fly to my brain and numb my peripheral sensations. A drug. On the other hand, the words that are brimming with grief and anger are inked in with blood, and these words are sculpted into small splinters that reanimate the helplessness I felt every time my parents fought. My saving grace has been proven to revolve around this eccentric duality; I need comfort when I am pained, yet I need pain when I am numb. This capacity to feel raw emotion reminds me that I do not need to conform to society's expectations of perfection.

However, my mastery of writing is not fully developed, and I have ventured into my high school experience looking to grow. From taking on the role of one of the editors in my yearbook class to leading the Freedom Creative Writing club at my school, I actively seek opportunities that will expose me to new facets of the English language. I believe the pure essence of writing lies in a silky bath, dreamlike and enchanting, yet, I am unable to fully comprehend the convoluted aspects of it all. By honing my craft, I hope to bask in its raw nature one day as a way to demonstrate that I am no longer the little boy who wept while clutching loose-leaf sheets of poetry.

Poetry has allowed me not only to survive but to live by allowing me to settle with the demons of my past. Writing will continue to act as a beacon in my life; its light will illuminate potential avenues of change that lead me to my future, not by chance, but through the deliberate pursuit of writing's powerful elegance.