



Why is writing important to me?

by Ayush V. (4th-6th Grade Division)

I swallowed hard and spoke, “I really have no idea how we could possibly build a bridge from asteroids.” The void in my mind was like a black hole. Nothing got in, nothing got out. And that was my biggest problem. I was never anything more than just a few stars. The hole inside of me consumed the one most important quality anyone can have. It’s the one that people use to be innovative and find new solutions! Creativity. But I faced one problem. How would I approach this? How would I turn the black hole into a place where I thrive?

Time flew away from me as this question haunted me. I wanted it to change. I needed the void to be filled with the creativity I so badly needed. I needed my one little planet where I could change into something that I wanted. I found my answer in something I thought I hated: writing. Writing was something I used to do solely to make sure I could spell words. I had no intention of ever getting better at it. But there was some feeling that came out of the fury of writing. All my emotions were splattered onto that paper. My frustration. My happiness. The black hole sucking in everything that I had, was finally evaporating into the depths of my mind.

Writing was now the way that I removed the asteroids that crowded my way in discovering a new solar system. Writing conquers those asteroids, by throwing my own asteroids at them. My asteroids are made up of something stronger than moon rock or steel. My asteroids are made up of feelings and words. They are made up of the person that I am, and the experiences that I have!

However, removing these asteroids, turned out to be a very grueling task. For the past three years I had simply embedded it in my mind that I would never be creative! However, after a lot of destruction, I was finally able to remove the crowd, and make myself free to explore. Most important to me, was that I had become more creative. Words were not just stuck on the paper, but now they were making the impact on my life. The words that were once just a fantasy, had become an amazing reality that I would’ve never believed possible. Now, I implement my newfound qualities by starting my own free non-profit during the COVID-19 Pandemic where I teach over 80 students! Having the quality that I so badly wanted enabled me to find new solutions to teach little children, and elderly people.

Writing is the telescope for me to discover the endless possibilities of who I can be. The endless possibilities of who I can change. Writing is more than just words. My black hole has now collapsed, but now bringing new stars into my galaxy.

Writing to me, is the place, where I improve, where I grow, and where I exist.



Why is writing important to me?

by Julia X. (7th-9th Grade Division)

Writing, it has been used since ancient Mesopotamia and ancient Egypt but has been found on the walls Homo neanderthalensis (neanderthals). We as modern-day humans have many uses for writing, to educate, to entertain, to record, to inspire, to laugh, to cry, to think or to feel. No matter what the purpose of a text is about, any person who can properly manipulate and utilize words and sentences to create a vivid new reality for the reader is a writer.

This is why writing is important to me because it creates. Writing has created a magical school for witchcraft and wizardry, adventures about a galaxy far far away, and a team of mutant superheroes that protect the world. But, writing does not only create fictional worlds but also newly refined ideas, such as the ideas of rebelling from a tyrannical monarchy or making laws that will eliminate discrimination from a country. All it takes is a writer to start from scratch to possibly make one of the greatest works of literature ever Writing is an exploration. You start from nothing and learn as you go — E. L. Doctorow.

Writing moves people, it makes them feel fear, hope, love, anger, regret, and happiness. Words mean more than what is set down on paper. It takes the human voice to infuse them with shades of deeper meaning.— Maya Angelou. If a reader can correctly find the theme or message the author puts in a book then they can assess how it may tie into or connect to their own life. This is how writing moves people because it can connect with the struggles and hardships of their life to give them hope that things will get better.

Writing relates to our world. The author makes characters and settings, even though they may seem bizarre and out of this world, they can relate and have a connection with events in our past. An example of this could be Animal Farm, an allegorical novella by George Orwell tells the story of a group of farm animals who rebel against their human farmer, hoping to create a society where the animals can be equal, free, and happy. This is all a political satire allegory(a story or book that has a deeper meaning usually connecting to events that have happened in politics) that talks about the Russian revolution and the nature of men. But on the outside, it seems almost like a children's book where animals in a farm debate who has power. A reader must look in to find what the writer creates, how it moves, and how does it relate to himself/herself.

Writing is important to me because it can create fictional worlds and characters, new ideas about the way we live our lives. It can move a person and give them hope that the austerity in their life will change. And because it can relate to our world and make us see different events and people in our life and past in a new light. Writing creates, moves, and relates, that is why it is important to me and you.



Why is writing important to me?

by Jonathan X. (10th-12th Grade Division)

2020 has been a year full of crazy surprises including the Black Lives Matter Movement, several natural disasters around the world, the Coronavirus outbreak, and the upcoming election to name a few. But Covid-19 has made me become extremely frustrated as I am stuck at home for months on end with little social interaction. Actually, in the beginning, the newfound time seemed amazing - I could work out, learn a new language, and bake new recipes. But that “amazing” time seemed to lessen as time went on. The thrill I once felt to go to school to see my friends everyday dissipated when I realized school would be online. And those ideas of bettering myself through learning languages and working out slowly left me as each month passed with no signs of Covid-19 leaving for good. I started wasting my time on youtube for hours on end and procrastinated into the wee hours of the morning.

Yet, during my moments of frustration, even borderline desperation to go outside and enjoy the things I used to take for granted, writing started to help me let go of my frustrations by allowing me to channel my thoughts and feelings into words. As a person who doesn't like to open up to others and talk about my feelings, writing started to become extremely important to me as it was a crucial outlet for me to organize my thoughts onto paper and find peace again. Just writing in a notebook or journal about anything was like talking to a friend for me. Writing for a few minutes allowed me to logically think about my situation and calm me down to find the motivation to improve myself in different interests such as learning a language and playing the cello again.

Additionally, besides the current covid-era, writing is vital as it not only allows me to self-express my thoughts, but it is also an extremely important creative tool to communicate with other people. Using writing to communicate one's thoughts can bring communities together through stories of triumphs and failures. Writing stirs up people's imaginations of worlds that are too far, too expensive to travel to, and of fantastical worlds of magic and happiness. Authors' thoughts, beliefs, and values, can continuously inspire and impact others to strive to make a difference in the world.

Overall, writing has been an important asset to my life, now more than ever, because it has allowed me to de-stress from schoolwork after long days of zoom which drag on more than usual school days, relax from the current Covid-19 situation, and gain creative freedom to write down anything I feel at the moment. While I may not be the best writer or the most talented writer with outstanding vocabulary and concise points, the freedom of writing anything that comes to my mind has helped to increase my vocabulary and appreciate the hard work other authors put into their pieces of writing including books, poems, and articles.



Why is writing important to me?

by Lydia T. (7th-9th Grade Division)

How can we speak without talking? The most generic way to exercise an opinion is to talk, unless, of course, it is not possible. Many artists have found different styles to convey their emotions, like dancing and painting, to express their emotions. My personal favorite is writing.

Writing amazes me, the way ink from a pen flows onto my college ruled filler paper or how the double spaced size 12 Times New Roman letters appear on my 13-inch MacBook Air hypnotizes me while I am telling my story. It's a way of relief. Therapists often encourage journaling to clients when they go through a tough time. You can spill out all of your secrets into one diary or journal instead of stuffing it in. Studies have shown that psychologically, writing in journals has improved people's mental states. Calming me every night, I always write in my bedside diary before going to bed. Things I can't even tell my parents are in that journal. It has prompted me to let go of the events that have happened that day.

Like reading a book, writing is unstoppable. Once you start, you can't remove your fingers from the keyboard. The simple act of typing is nostalgic, and it becomes your world, revolving around the chaotic world outside, or that random Spotify ad that pops out of your Lo-Fi playlist. Either way, writing can help keep your mind in check, letting you write about anything. Writing also has no level, you can be a beginner and still feel the effects of writing. One thing I do is if I had a bad day, I would sit down for hours and type away, ranting about what I should've done, or what I shouldn't have done. This helps me reflect on my own life. Writing doesn't have to be making up a fiction story, and I think people sometimes perceive it like that.

Finally, writing is critical to understanding what you read. I read a lot, and I enjoy it. Not only does it increase my knowledge, but it also lets me see other's perceptions. A lot of times, I tend to become close-minded and forget that there are always two sides to a story. Reading has let me understand the author's point of view and what they believe. This also blends in with real life. If a public figure says something controversial or not as accepted by the public, I want to make sure that I understand fully what he/she says instead of being close-minded and cherrypicking words out of their speech. One way to improve my reading skills, like annotations, is by writing. If I know how to write, then I should be able to read and understand text clearly and absorb more information.

In conclusion, writing is a massive part of my life, it is calming and helps with my mental health, it's addicting and a healthy way to pass time, and it helps me read and understand more information. Writing, to me, is a way of life.



Why is writing important to me?

by Jane Z. (10th-12th Grade Division)

Abashu. Thank you for your blessings, but I did not sneeze. I wondered why my peers said I spoke like a sneezing Teletubby when asking questions. Despite English being my first language, I detected no difference between absolutely and abashu. I felt foolish for being in speech therapy. Yet when I read my first New York Times article at age seven, I discovered an outlet to have all the questions I was too self-conscious to ask answered. I occupied my time reading newspaper articles and scientific journals in hopes of clarifying my unexplainable questions. I continued applying my inquisitive mindset to Science Olympiad, where I perfected how to pronounce and locate eye structures. But pursuing biology felt restrictive. I still had non-researchable questions. While I still am interested in biological sciences, communications and explanatory journalism explores a more interdisciplinary approach.

I took a chance to explore outside my comfort zone when an entrepreneurship nonprofit recruited me as a mentor. I observed the tangible changes that communicating well made in Dallas, Cupertino, Palo Alto, and Novi. I felt the most accomplished when I depended on my network of driven young women. They pushed me to create, for my students and myself, an environment of innovation, curiosity, and growth. Writing answered some of the unexplained questions I had, yet there came a time when I no longer heard a difference between abashu and absolutely. I heard nothing at all. While I can still hear perfectly well, the keys on the piano, the whispers of the voice talents, and the monotonous lectures of my Zoom teachers fall on my deaf ears. The non-researchable questions had explanations longer than I could stomach within a sitting, even while I rushed through the file on double speed.

You have such a poetic writing style! Such flowery language! It is so refreshing to read. They grin ear-to-ear when praising my opinion-editorials, which should have no business being "flowery." But whether I believe them is a separate issue. Using words from Thesaurus.com and using complex-compound sentences warrants compliments that seep out of the mouth like sand in the wind. Of course, you are free to use your better judgment.

Writing became therapeutic in how the clicking and clacking of each key somehow, almost magically, transcribed what I could not afford to say. Writing is how I learned to communicate when my voice was not enough. Writing is how I gained some morbid sense of value in a society where aesthetics are everything because no matter how much I dress the paper up or down, the content I write is the same. That type of blind beauty is what makes writing versatile and poetic. Do I still have things to say? Abashu.