

“Why do I write?”

I have always loved this question, I still do. I love how it forces me to think about my passion for writing beyond the fact that I've been such my entire life. It's become second nature to me. But the question made me wonder 'why', so here was my answer.

At age eight, I wrote because I was good at it. Due to speech impediment, communication was difficult. So instead of speaking, I wrote instead. I wrote because I liked seeing the stars my teachers gave me and how they showed my essays to the rest of the class as an example. I wrote because I liked how proud Mama got when the teachers told her that.

At age ten, I wrote because my English teacher had told me, countless times, that I was destined to do great things. She said to me, “One day I will hear an announcement about the greatest scientist in the world and I will tell everyone: He was my student.” I wrote because when I said that I wanted to write a novel, she told my mother that I could absolutely do it. I wrote because my English teacher was the first person to ask for a copy of my would-be novel.

At age twelve, I wrote because I wanted to publish a novel and because I wanted to bring it to show my friends and teachers in school. I wrote because I wanted to prove something, I just didn't know what yet.

At age thirteen, I wrote because I loved creating new worlds. I wrote because I had never felt such happiness as that when I completed a seven-thousand word chapter. I ran to my mother squealing. I hadn't even posted the chapter yet. I was just full of pride for what I wrote. For my work. For my creation.

At age fourteen, I wrote because I had something to prove to my new teacher. I had to show her what I was capable of. I wrote because my teacher returned my midterm exam, with a single comment: “You are such a writer, kid.”

Now, at age seventeen, I write because I cannot stop. I ponder during nights where I feel as if my grief has sapped away all my passion for writing. I envy my friends, just realizing their potential, and having the same unfiltered love for writing that I once had. I write because even if my fingers do not hold a pen, do not touch a keyboard, I write. My mind makes words and scenarios and I hear a voice reading out these lines. My mind writes even as I stare at the laptop in front of me, stringing words together as it has always done. I write because at midnight on the day when all my regrets stopped by to say hello, I could not stop.

And since I could not stop art, art kindly stopped for me.

In the past, I wrote, knowing that no one would read. I wrote sentences plucked from a ripe story that would never be completed, and I wrote even though no one could understand what I was trying to say. Even now, I'm writing this because my mind is beseeching me to do so. I have to release every thought. And when this is done, I will lean back with the tired relief of a marathon runner. Even if I find this years later and end up hating my writing style out of embarrassment, I'm okay for now.

I write, and I will probably continue to write. And maybe I will get my passion back, and maybe I will improve in the process. I write because I inherited stories; I hope to someday tell them.

Thank you for listening. Now I shall return to my home happily.