Word count

[Business](#)

I've always wanted to be a writer, I thought writing would take me far in life. Writing seemed to me like an easy job to do, if you write a good book or story you get a good pay if you don't then you better find another publishing house. Turns out I know nothing about being a writer, even if writing is what helps me express myself it still doesn't make me a good writer or make me good with words. It makes me, a person who would rather write down how horrible or how happy I feel than sharing that with another person.

Writing has been a big part of my life there past two years, and I've decided that writing is my future but now as I grow up and learn more about it I truly start to disagree with myself. I don't want to write a story that has an end line, I want to write a story that never ends. Something I can go back to and rewrite or add stuff to when ever I feel like I need to, something that I like and express my vision. Writing went from a good hobby to something I had to do to get a grade and I don't think I like it as much anymore. I used to be enchanted by writing and the stories my head came up with but now I have to dig up a story that I don't exactly like.

It has become hard, something I loved to do now become something O had to do. Like now for example I had an idea to my next short story but I decided to write that as my own story instead of turning it in for a grade. Now I have 291 words and I have nothing else to write. I'm no longer writing because I want to but now it; s just for the grade. I miss the way I used to thing of writing, I like not having to rush to get a story done, and I like not thinking about standards, paragraphs, comas, ECT. I like writing the first thought that comes to my had and making a simple word into an unforgettable story.

As I grow I've learned to replace people with and empty piece of paper. Sometimes I feel like my paper and pencils are better listeners than an actual person. Whenever I feel like talking to someone, I need someone to listen and be there with me, not someone to say " aw, I'm sorry! Everything is going to be okay!". All that is all paper does, listen and doesn't tell, listens and doesn't tell me everything is going to be okay when things are bad, it just listens and that's all I ask for. It's probably wrong of me to replace a friends job for writing but I like it.

Yes, I still have friends and yes I still love them but writing is my accomplice, my secret, and only I can control what response I get from it. A lot of the words I'm writing now have no meaning to me, before a simple word like " yes" opened a door to the best story ever made, but once I wrote it down on paper it was nothing that I wanted. Now when I think of " yes" I think of the meaning; an affirmative expression. I think if everything logically, nothing more that that. It has become hard for me to think beyond of what's in front of me. I'm at 589 and I'm stuck again.

I struggle to get thought out of my head, when I feel them boiling inside ready to burst out. How can such simple concept become so hard in a matter of hours? I truly don't know where I'm going with all of this but somehow in my head it makes all sense, but when people read it they seem to get lost in the first two words. I love American Literature, it was my favorite class! I discovered that I wasn't the only one who believed that by letting our minds run free and make it into one with the wind people would learn how to live in peace together and become better humans. But when I talked to people my age about this they don't seem to understand, or even older people. That's

what I mean by letting our minds free, I mean to fight the mental slavery all humans live under, to be an individual, to fight for what you believe in. To let our mind become one with the wind is to relax and connect with your spiritual self, to not take things so personal and know that no matter how bad today is that tomorrow will always be new if you make it change.

But mostly all people wouldn't even bother giving this a second though. This feeling is dying slowly as I grow up, and I don't want to loose it. I don't even think this is an actual short story, it sounds more like an essay. I've stared talking about being a writer and ended talking about my thought of humanity. I just truly wish I felt the same way I used to about writing as I did before.

I wish I wanted it so bad that I worked hard to get it, and I would let anyone or anything get in my way, But that's not me, I'm a quitter. I give up easily on things or maybe I don't want them hard enough to try beyond my abilities. I'm at 930, and still I have not found a meaning to this. I don't think I will ever be a writer or even get any of my writing published, I suck at spelling and I don't think I'll do as well as I expected in this class. There's so much competition and ten time better writers than I am. I don't think I'm even considered a writer.

I'm just a girl who likes to write. 1005 and still no where to be done. It's hard trying to come up with words when all you have to say is said. Now I'm just trying to expand my writing to make it to my 1500 words and get my grade. It might seem like I didn't put much thought in this writing or if I didn't care but I truly did, I just tried to get my point across but somehow I ended up

with another thought that had nothing to do with what i attended to write about at first.

I like getting carried away with my writing, it takes me places I've never dreamed of writing before. But if I always get carried away I will never get a good solid story. I need to learn how to organize my thoughts and get them down on paper like they read in my head without loosing track. Like I said before I love getting carried away in writing, I'm more of a personal writer, I rather write for myself than for other else to read ad criticize my format. This might make me sounds big headed or that I have a big ego but I don't, I just believe that writing shouldn't have a format. People should write a story just how they have it in their minds, with no paragraphs, no chapters, and no tabs.

I don't think I have what it takes to make it as a writer, I don't work hard enough. Maybe someday when I'm older I might get something published. But so far all or my work isn't good enough, but I love the way I wrote it, it's just how I saw it in my head and I wouldn't change a thing. I know there's no such thing as a perfect paper but it's the way I wanted to express it and that's the way it came out. A lot of people disagree with me and might think it's the worst thing they've ever read in their life's but to me it's just how it was meant to be. Yes I might have spelling errors and all those things but I know it's understandable for everyone.

Like this paper, it might not be my best and I know I contradict myself a lot but I'm just writing word by word what my mind tells me. Now I'm at 1406, and as much as I wanted to get this paper over with now for some reason I

don't want to end it. I feel I have more to say and express. But like my mother always says " everything always has to come to an end", and I'm no one to change that. It was good being honest and telling how I really feel about writing now.

Hopefully one day I regain my interest in being a professional witter again and pursuit my dream and work with a great publishing house and share my thought with the world and have people relate with me. Now I'm at 1513.