

"writer" essay

Business



She sits there, fingers poised above the keys, sifting through her mind for the last piece of the puzzle.

She always has trouble with this, finding the right word. The lyrics of the music playing drift through her ears, and the emotions of each word build up until finally, she has it! The tapping of her fingers on each key start up again, ideas spilling over. There's almost not enough time to get it all out before another idea takes hold. She loves the rush of this, loves putting what's on her mind to paper. She loves bringing joy to the people who read her work. Writing is an outlet, a place for her to change thoughts into organized expressions and emotions.

In her world, anything is possible. As she attempts to compose her story, her mind drifts to one of those shows everyone watched as a kid... Pooh was stuck. Again. But he was the cause of this misfortune. Having eaten too much honey, he was too big to fit through his window.

He could see the honey, just out of reach. The scent of it made his mouth water. He couldn't help himself. He knew he shouldn't eat anymore, but he was so tempted, and it was so close... He needed help; that was for sure. But his voice wasn't loud enough.

He had to get out... but how? He mulled it over, trying to come up with the perfect solution. An idea sparked in his mind. He wriggled slightly, and much to his happiness, moved forward an inch. He wriggled as much as the hole would allow. Finally, he plopped to the ground, and congratulated himself.

He noticed the jars of honey, but after that accident, he wasn't so hungry anymore. Writing was one of the many joys in her life, but it could also be very difficult. She tries again and again to place a word, but usually to no avail. Her mind stays attached to that topic, until the word is triggered by an action or event, and she has that feeling of satisfaction, and continues her writing. Typing letter after letter, she translates abstract feelings into words, until her mind, blocked by a wall of some sort, stops.

But she knows this was her fault. She put off her writing until she couldn't procrastinate any longer. Wasted time turns into half-hearted work, and to her, that wasn't good enough. Work requires heart and passion, and she just didn't have any time for that. She was disappointed in herself.

In many ways, she and Pooh shared the same feelings and faults. Pooh had trouble fitting through the hole, and she had trouble with her writing. They had both been stuck, and their actions had been the cause of their difficulties. Frustrated, they kept thinking, until the light bulb clicked as they perfected their solution. When they realized how stuck they were, and how much they had contributed to their problems, they came up with the best answer to their dilemmas.

Still tempted by what caused them to be stuck in the first place, they yearn for it, and feel they need to have it to feel fully satisfied. But in reality, they could very well do without it. When they finally realize this, they mend what has been broken, and set new goals. They are examples of problems that happen to every human being, but they are also the answer.