

A Look Into My Mind: Why I Write

Why do I write? Well, there is more than one reason, because I write in more than one outlet. I write as a student, an intern, and an inventor. Each of these types of writing requires from me a varying set of skills. I use different vocabulary when I write an essay for my Communications class, for instance, than when I write a review for a new indie album. I write more abstract, more creatively and imaginative when composing a fiction piece. Each of these categories of writing are unique in their demands and purposes, but they are all necessary components of my life.

The most enjoyable writing I do is the writing I do in my mind, when I create my own stories. I love to lay back and listen to music –indie, instrumental, and everything in between –and let the music take over my mind. Before I realize it, a story is occurring in my head. I am lying in bed when “Prologue and Birth” by Audiomachine comes rushing into my ears. Suddenly, I picture a man hiking through the mountains. One minute and thirty seconds into the song, and I know his name and where he’s from. He’s a father, a fighter, and afraid he might die. Two minutes later, I know why he is hiking, where he is going, and what he will find. The secrets, the successes, the stories of this man I have learned in less than five minutes.

The story is over. I tap my phone to play the next song; it’s “Buffalo Herds and Windmills” by The Samples. It’s 1992; a young group of friends are driving in a big, beat up van. I see it in a montage sequence: howling wolves, hitchhikers, and a home left behind. The friends have just finished college and are retreating to the country before the real world sets in. David dances around the campfire; Lisa laughs as she strings the guitar.

The story continues until the next song plays, and a new one begins. I drift to sleep; the stories turn into dreams. They play in my mind all night, one story to another, until I awake and write them down.

Writing allows me to take these dreams and ideas and make them poetic. Writing helps escape the dread, the deadlines, the disappointments of reality, and delve into a new world created

entirely by me. I can insert myself into these worlds as a character of my choosing. I can be a milkman, a marmot, a magician who lives in a cave, a castle, a cornerstone of some country I made up. I don't have to worry about pleasing someone else; the only critic is myself.

There can be sadness, stress, even schoolwork in everyday life. It can bring us down, but every person has a way of bringing themselves back up. If you ask me how I escape the world for a moment and clear my mind, the answer is simple: why, I write!