

My first interaction with writing was around first grade. I was given a pink spiral notebook with a fairy on the cover and each night, and occasionally on the bus ride to school, I would take it out and write poems. The poems were short and lacked much substance but writing them made me happy and I felt that the pen could extract all that was on my mind and release it onto the page through words that effortlessly created images in the mind. My love of writing evolved around third grade when in an afterschool program I sat down with two friends to write and illustrate our own pamphlet-like books. As the years passed, the thesaurus in my head grew in size alongside the frequent vocabulary quizzes and words from books I failed to understand and had to search up.

In sixth grade and seventh, the culmination of what was learned and read in my language and literature classes corrected the minor mistakes in my writing. I was able to apply the grammar techniques, form fluid and concise paragraphs, in addition to introductions that lured the readers and conclusions that excitingly summarized the ideas mentioned. The lessons taught that one must never refer to oneself in first-person, contractions were forbidden, repeated words were dull, personal opinions differed the focus of the piece, and that each aspect of the prompt was to be addressed. The regulated speech and manner of writing made multiple appearances during my writing process and in that way I became a decent writer. I never struggled much to complete the assignments apart from leaving them to do in the hours before the due time.

This semester, however, has been more difficult than any previous scholastic year. Though the material was understandable, I struggled the more than I ever have gathered up enough motivation to complete writing assignments. The anxiety of the due date no longer fazed me and I strayed from the coursework altogether. The mountain of pending assignments grew as

I delved into a pit of youtube series on disordered eating habits, hoarding, psychological studies, poetry slams, as well as documentaries on an array of subjects with different respect to those aforementioned.

Each morning I would arise and plan to complete the set list of things that played like a broken disc in every neuron of my brain. I changed position and location in my room throughout the day to see if that would help. I put my phone on airplane mode, let it die, and ultimately turned it off in the span of two weeks. Still the distractions continued to arise from the abyss. The music no longer got me in an inspired state. In times when the inspiration did strike and I felt eager to discuss a particular topic I could not because that assignment was not yet due and there were other four past due assignments that needed to get done.

At night when everyone would retreat to their rooms for the night's rest I would go to the couch, a place that in the past had been a safe working space that allowed for the completion of homeworks. I would stay awake until five or six or seven with "I need to start" replaying on and on, until all of a sudden it was morning. The world was starting its day. The birds and other creatures working to survive another day, the essential workers doing their duty to save society from a deadly virus, parents caring for their young, and individuals crossing off checklists throughout the day to later on participate in social ongoings in the evening. I watched the days go by as though I were ripping off the day's page on those calendar post-it notes.

I would restrict food thinking back that everyday I had had breakfast, I had managed to not do my work. Hence, I prolonged the time between my last meal, the night before, and the next day's afternoon. I could go eighteen hours or more without so much as water. And still, nothing done, nothing submitted; another day of disappointment and the growth of an

insurmountable mountain of work. Somehow the spring semester was coming to an end. I dreamed and longed for the day in which nothing would be awaiting my attention. There was this dream that made a reappearance at least once a day. I could see it, a path into what seemed like a garden of bliss. As you walked further into the dream you could see neverending bushels of flowers and grassy fields, and trees that provided shade. As you closed your eyes you could hear it: the wind playing every leaf hanging from the branches. The sense of peace extended. The winds blew with all their strength hitting against you as they tried to remain close together on their journey's course. The consistent impact stimulated every cell of my organism, almost awakening them from a deep slumber. The sunlight's haze laying over all that rested on the Earth's surface. I was alone, free from every responsibility and thought. Free to do as I pleased: to dance, and rest, and play amongst the fellow earthlings that surrounded my vicinity. Listening to the birds tell me stories of their travels, desires, and experiences. And then, without intent, I would blink and the story would revert back to the scholarly priorities in front of my eyes.

I thought of how selfish it was of me to request extensions and hope that the professors would accept my late submissions when everyone else was capable of doing it all on the time. When others probably have serious problems to deal with and despite such obstacles manage to fulfill their class duties. I felt horrible thinking that the educators might not mentally move on with the class curriculum due to the lingering thought of possibly having to grade missing assignments that are turned in after time. I could not help it; I couldn't start. I would set my own due dates and try to fulfill all of the assignments on that day but I would fall back into my self-sabotaging tendencies and not finish any. The need to complete multiple assignments in the period of a week has broken this pattern in a way. The realization that everything needs to be

submitted before the grading period has become a motivating force. This is my first completed assignment. Though there are many more to do I feel confident that I will start them, thus allowing me to finalize the year.

On my own, I only make a habit of writing poems or journal entries. The inspiration is sourced from the feelings and thoughts that have been on what seems like a perpetual journey around my brain. As I give the thoughts time to ferment, I notice analogies between the natural world and what I feel. These connections call me into the drawing room to set them free. I light a candle and watch the thoughts flow onto the pages of paper. Afterwards I feel a sense of release. The thoughts no longer haunt my everyday and I am able to provide my full attention to new observations.

Through all of these years I have learned that though the basic fundamentals of writing remain consistent, the style of writing varies with the type of writing you seek to do. One must remember various factors that contribute to the overall appeal of the piece. In writings which pertain to the fields of science, it is best to include the discoveries in such a way that makes the information digestible by the intended readers. To be a good writer one must be genuine in their passion for the topics they discuss whilst simultaneously keeping the audience in mind to be sure that the piece resonates with their personal experiences. I have yet to understand motivation and the ways that make it a long lasting force, but as time goes on so grows wisdom and I will eventually grasp the key to do so.