

## Writing in My Life

Writing can be a beautiful work of art. It can give someone the ability to express themselves and their opinions. It also can give the reader a new light of understanding a different person or a different point of view. I didn't always like writing and reading. Many things had to happen in my life for me to fully understand and appreciate writing and reading. Even though all genres and styles of writing are good. I enjoy creative writing and fictional stories better than essays and textbooks. I feel it is more free and comes more from the soul than the mind which is what pulls me closer to it.

My father is a songwriter. He has written around two-hundred to three-hundred songs since he was seventeen years old. He has written fourteen songs for my mother and songs for every one of his children. At a very young age I looked up to him and his talent for Creative Writing. As you may know. Many fathers have a great influence on their sons from the time the child learns how to observe things. I watched him play piano and write what looked like chicken scratch on a piece of crumpled paper almost every day. Then around kindergarten I wanted to write a song like him. He was goofing around on the piano when I went up to him and said. "Daddy can I write a song?" He, of course, said yes and asked what I wanted to write the song about. Thinking about it for a good two seconds. I blurted "Halloween!" It seemed reasonable I mean, it was Halloween season at the time. He said "Okay, I want you to write the words to the song, and come back to me and we can put some music to it." So with determination, I grabbed a pen and paper and started writing words. I don't know if I heard the words somewhere else or a pure stroke of genius hit me. "One little skeleton crossing the street, Two little pumpkins sitting on the fence, three little ghosts saying boo behind the tree, four little frankensteins

under the bed.....etc.” I gave it to him and we put music to it. I have been writing songs ever since.

Starting in about fourth grade. Something hit me. I don't know if I just wanted to or something influenced me. All of the sudden decided that I was a poet. I grabbed a pencil and paper and starting writing. Now keep in mind I wrote some awful poems looking back on them now. I wrote a couple and told my sister. I also expressed some concerns about my new found hobby of poetry. I was already bullied as a child so I was afraid that I would be made fun of for being a poet. She told me something that changed me forever. She said “Zach it doesn't matter if you write poems. Just do what you want to do and it doesn't matter what anyone else says about it.” I thought about it and I decided that she was right. I could do what ever I wanted. I began to write and write and write some more. I love poetry with a passion now and have entered some for scholarships and contests. Poetry helps me put my emotions down onto paper. It has been a great help and life saver ever since that day I decided to be a poet.

In my eighth grade English class. We had to write journals every morning before class started. My teacher Ms. Krein put up different prompts for us to write about every day. Some were very very boring; but there were some that began with this. “I want you to write a story.” I loved those days. I looked forward to those days to be able to write a story. Every day in October were days like that. She would start off the story as a creepy or scary setting differently every day. The students had to finish the story. We were set to the begining of the story and I could make the outcome be what ever I wanted it to be. Of course I made my stories very, very eerie. Happy endings are very generic so why not make people cry and die in my stories. I still remember an ending line in one of my stories that said. “Dead but barley living.” I loved how I could form something so simple into something so complex and deep. I knew I was good at this. Hell, I was a natural. I would share my stories every day and watch my peers reaction to see what they thought of them. I could see mouths gaping, eyes closing and hear pure, dead silence echo

through the room. That made me realize one of my talents was writing to the point the audience loved it. I haven't stopped since.

Finally on the second semester of Freshman year. I enrolled in a Creative Writing class at AMES. We did so many things that I knew I loved to do. We did Grand theft poetry, regular poetry, creative poetry, sonnets, haikus, I remember poems, short stories, small books and more. I was so excited to perform every piece I wrote in front of the class. It made me feel alive to know that I was good at creative writing. It expressed my feelings, emotions, thoughts and soul. I knew I was good at it, but that class made me better. It made me realized form and setting and alliteration and engagement. I still have most of the things I have written saved and kept. I read them from time to time. As I read them it gives me room to grow and learn and get better. That Creative Writing class helped me in ways I couldn't have imagined.

These four very big events in my life have helped me to realize something. I love Creative Writing. It has given me a lot of things I didn't think I would have. Writing is an art if you make it an art. Writing just like art has the power to move, create, lift, lower and change lives. Just the positioning of twenty-six letters in one complex pattern of beauty can have an influence on the world. It sure has had an influence on me. I still write songs, poems and short stories. It lets me vent and express. I don't know where I would be without my writing. My songs and poems have lifted me out of a lot of dark times in my life. They help me put my thoughts out there into an art form. I am blessed to have this talent of writing and creativity.

Ps: I sent in a poem of mine for a scholarship. They still have not decided on who to give the scholarship to, but they have asked me for permission to publish it in a book.