An Entry In My Soul By “Joe Student”

(unfinished rough draft)

To call myself a true writer would be an overstatement. I write, but not nearly with the eloquence and grace that defines some of my more talented friends. I cannot communicate grand stories of valor in which the reader is entranced by my words. Writing is merely an escape for me, a way to get lost in the beauty of words and to discover thoughts that lurk deep within the confines of my soul. I don't write for fun. I use writing. It's my method of archiving important events and releasing pent up tension that builds from the stresses of everyday life. It's a medicine that I am forced to take if I want to feel better. Sometimes it leaves a bitter taste, but I know I am ultimately healthier for its consumption. Writing has made me shed tears, and it has also brought me great joy and pride in myself. My writing is an extension into the very core of who I am.

My past writing experience varies differently in tone, but my voice is easily depicted in all papers. The piece I chose to write about was an unsent letter to one of my closest friends. It was written on Tumblr, and has no particular structure. It is not written for a grade or to impress anyone. However, upon further inspection it illustrates some key aspects of my personality as a person and my writing style. One can deduce that I am incredibly opinionated and caring of my friends. One can also feel my anguish as I attempt to assist a friend without overstepping boundaries. The piece was written to a friend who was undergoing love issues at the time. He was contemplating re-entering a relationship with a woman who had caused him much pain, yet also been a large source of his past happiness. As a writer I depict my over romanticized vision of love, show my naivety in the subject, and demonstrate my tone in how I speak. I sound overly harsh and pessimistic, but it was a difficult situation for me to handle. I spend a lot of effort communicating feelings and opinions. I am not afraid to say something that I feel strongly about. I wrote this after having an actual conversation with him where I gave him a very mixed reply. It's hard to assess a situation without prior thought and organization. This piece was my attempt at clarification in my thoughts and the giving of my true opinion. I wasn't trying to convince him out of a relationship, but rather to make him think about why he wanted it. I wanted to communicate that I cared about his happiness and well-being, and didn't want the relationship to be a temporary manifestation of such emotions.

I am not a writer. I cannot simply grab a pen and paper and bleed words. I am merely a young college man struggling through the trials and tribulations that life entails. I write to illustrate my emotions at a given time, to relive events, and to deals with difficult times. I've written when my dog passed away and was I brought to tears by the pure grief associated with it. I've written about family issues, school issues, and many other instances of pain that I've encountered. Yet I've also written about love. I've written about my happiness and the serenity I find in friends in family. It gives me feelings of bliss and security to be able to realize what I am truly happy about. I don't write for fun. I merely write to maintain my sanity. My writing defines who I am as a person, and shows who I am underneath my exterior.

English 1A will be good for me. I am not experienced in writing multiple drafts that actually build upon my writing. In the past, my multiple drafts have been miserable attempts at trying to increase my word count to a more bearable level, hence overall depreciating the quality of my papers. I took this class over other English classes for a reason. I want this to be a learning experience for me, and for me to develop my writing skills and become worthy of the title of "writer."