

# My Desire for Writing

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## My Desire for Writing

I can remember my mother telling me that I was going to be a writer some day. As a child growing up I would always sit in a corner by myself with pen and paper and just write (scribble rather). My mother told me that I started doing this when I was about one or two years old. She taught me how to write my name, the alphabet, and words at an early age. I [guess](#) it was during the early stages in my life that my motivation for writing started. In elementary school I learned the basics of writing, which is grammar. Once I learned the basics, it shaped and paved the way for future writing pieces.

I have always been the youngest and only girl in a family with three children. I was basically a spoiled brat who got whatever I wanted. I always kept a diary to record my feelings. Whenever I got mad at my parents or [siblings](#), or things didn't go my way, I would go to my room and write about how I felt in my diary. I always felt better once I had my feelings down on paper. Writing was my way of dealing with growing up and going through the different changes of adolescence to becoming a young lady. I always wrote at my unhappy or happy times and whenever something was bothering me. I had to write when I was emotional because, if I didn't, those moments would be lost.

When I was about twelve years old my writing started to develop a deep meaning. It was at this time that I started to write poetry to express how I felt about certain [situations](#). To me, poetry was a way to escape the “mean and cruel world.” Therefore, whenever I had a problem or situation I would write about it. In my poetry, I wrote about finding myself and determining who I was, as my own person. I basically wrote...

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...ook, buy it, read it, and realize the pain of living in a domestically violence home and do something about it. Better yet, I may become a famous poet and write poems about horrors facing society today. Homeless people, murderers and rapists, and people having high status in the world are all possible materials for my writing. My writing may be so deep and hit the world so hard that one will look at the crookedness of society and try to straighten things out. Being a children’s writer is another idea. I will probably be the one who writes a child’s first book she ever reads, thus stimulating a little one’s mind and causing them to want to learn more. Right now, all these things are still lingering around as a fantasy waiting to become a reality. Will they ever come true? I guess we all shall see whenever my name is written (or not written) on a book cover.

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