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Magazine Writing

1/26/19

Why I Write

First grade. Back then I was still a passionate believer in God, because I knew nothing else. I was in Catholic school, and I was treading into an area I'd never explored but had been fascinated by: creative writing. Sure, my vocabulary was small, and my ideas were pathetic and chained to what the mind of a first grader could perceive, but it was then that I wrote my first poems. Looking back, they are bland and uninspired, but for the time, they were incredible. They won school awards and were even hung on the wall for an entire month. This was my first taste of the ego trip that Orwell mentions in the original "Why I Write" essay, and though I was young I craved that attention.

I was always the smallest kid in class, even after leaving Catholic school. I was scrawny and weak, and held no notable attributes over my peers. I was average in every sense of the word, except for what was then called my "exceptional writing ability". Though I was stuck in remedial math classes and got pushed around my gym classes, I took a negatively prideful joy in the fact that people came to *me* for writing advice. As I progressed and matured, I found that writing was one of the few things I really excelled at. It gave me a sense of power that nothing else could come close to. I could create and destroy as I pleased, and in the worlds that I spent countless sleepless nights creating, I was God. I made the forests, the mountains, the towns, the governments, the wars... I decided the fates of countless imaginary characters.

Crazy. I sound crazy, right? The ability to write great fiction can often come with a window looking into pure madness, just look at any successful horror author. I always sought to write epic fantasy, or maybe heart-warming romance, or who knows, maybe I could attempt to fabricate stories out of the nightmares that I have. Before college, I was purely focused on fiction, but I—like many writers before me—found myself stuck. I could power through 60 pages but then I'd hate the story, despise every word. How could I write without finishing anything? As Orwell says, writing can be a nightmare in itself, akin to being gravely ill. I sought to expand my ability in college, so that maybe I could pursue a career in writing outside of fiction, while still being able to work at it on the side. Will it work? Who knows? Writing has always guided me when I felt lost, so at this point, I'll let my words take the wheel.