

One Writer's Beginnings

I've always wondered which I learned first, to read or to write. Do I remember learning how to read and write? No. But my Mother kept my old nursery books in which I learned to write. They are really quite funny to look at. Just writing the number 1 was a great struggle for me apparently. My best attempt was a squiggle which resembled the number one. It was probably my first and maybe the best writing accomplishment ever in my life. Reading? The earliest book I remember reading was a children's story book titled: 'Puss in Boots.' The story is about a fat boy who was the youngest of the boys and although his family heritage was the smallest, he made the most out of it because he met Puss in Boots. I remember the story so vividly because the story was so well written that when I read it, vivid images formed in my mind.

My mother played a big role in teaching me how to write. She is a Languages teacher by profession and so gave me several writing exercises as a child. And because of her, I was top of my class in the English class. She also bought me and my brothers many story books when we were young and a couple of novelettes as we grew up. My mother believes that reading inspires writing and I have found this to be true. I have poignant memories of reading childhood story books. One in particular is very vivid because I was sitting in the sitting room and reading a story book in which the author was describing rain. I remember looking out and seeing that, like in the story, it was raining outside. The rain made me feel like I was in the story and I was driven so deep into the story that in a way, a part of me still feels like the story actually happened in real life.

As for writing, I always have days when I really look forward to writing and even when I do not have an assignment, I just start writing there and then. Other times I absolutely dread it. I don't even want to look at the pen or the laptop for that matter. During my long vacation, I tried writing a story. It was about a socially awkward boy with secret abilities. I was so interested in it that I wrote 20 000 words in one day. The next day however, I was not at all in the mood and changed the story to one where the same boy has a crush on a girl. The next day, it all looked like garbage. I think the factor for this is inspiration. From this, I have deduced that my desire to write is based on the kind of inspiration I have at the time.

I have discovered over my past writing history that I need motivation to write. If say, I am writing an essay and I get bored with it, I stop and go out to do other things and come back later with some motivation which enables me to go on with the writing with a new topic or a different approach. This is not a very good process because when I have a deadline, it becomes hard to come up with motivation at that moment. Consequently, I end up with a poorly written essay or miss the deadline.

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