

The Magic of Writing by Amelia Gold

The room was filled with the sound of pen against paper as ideas galore were quickly jotted down before they could escape the writer's head, never to be remembered again. Words blurred together, their frantic and shambolic handwriting making every letter barely recognizable. Still, each one was known by heart. Finally, the last word of the last sentence was finished and with a pause, pen still ready over paper, they finished. As the writing utensil was set down, the writer slowly rose to their feet, notebook full of scribbles in hand. The writer read the paper, over and over, as they paced about the room.

As they began to read from their notes, they changed their vocal patterns. Sometimes silently mouthing all the words until the very end or just the dialogue of the characters. Other times, they would read aloud, their voice as loud as a freight train or in a soft whimsical whisper. Every time they read the word filled pages, it was done differently. However, it didn't just sound different, it felt different.

It could be an enchanted feeling that can make anyone lose their senses of reality. Or perhaps a forlorn touch, a type of dejected sadness that could bring crisp tears to people's eyes. But the best change is one of ardor, a feeling so bright and fervent that everything else no longer could matter.

Finally, the writer fell back to the floor, the thousands of voices quieting and disappearing into the air. However, they did not sit back down because they had given up with no more voices to act out. Quite the opposite, as the writer's head was filled with imagination. The voices became characters, opinions, and settings.

With each peak in pitch the scene became more beautiful with brightening moments, fair notions, and lively surroundings and milieu. However, as the voices deepened, the story darkened. The former vista became ruinous with stressed emotions roaring up, a plague of remorse clouding the area with despair, and death poisoning the lands. However, the peaks rose up and the song crescendoed, perfecting everything back in balance as much as the song could. The detail became so real to the writer as they wrote on and on, refining their words and phrases.

The writer paced the room many times, reinforcing the emotion and heart in their story. The song continued to peak and deepen, the scenes perfectly playing into each other. The words were harmonious, some advanced but some mediocre in challenge. The writer felt like they were soaring above the clouds, all the things that dotted their dreams coming to life inside their head.

They never stopped, changing pens when the ink ran out and never straying from their ideas. A smile broke the writer's face, their eyes sparkling as

they dotted their pen down for the last period of the final sentence at the end of their novel. They set their pen down and stood up for their final song. They danced around the room, reading their novel, chapter by chapter, line by line. The novel was beautiful in their mind, the song now a full breathtaking symphony of creativity.

The author's heart was filled with joy as they stopped in the middle of the room, their voice stopped with the end of the page. They hugged it to their chest and dropped to their knees, their self worth skyrocketing. They felt on top of the world as they sat there for a good while, not wanting to set their masterpiece down. They blinked the proud tears from their eyes and slowly stood up.

They stroked the front of their notebook like a beloved pet and felt a tear drop off their face and onto the cover. Finally, all their ideas were in one place harmonized into perfection. It was horrible that they would never see the light of day. The writer silently voiced their goodbye and gently nuzzled their notebook in between various other books on their shelf.

As they turned their back they started to wonder. They started to wonder what actually would happen if they let their story into the world to be read. If people would like it or not. If people would love it like the literature of Shakespeare or throw it away like a horribly written picture book. They didn't know any of the answers but they did know one thing and that thing was that even if they weren't ready now, they would be someday. It didn't matter when, it didn't matter how as long as they knew, someday their stories would shock the world.