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My Escape

Who said being stuck in your head is a bad thing? Sometimes, it is exactly what someone needs. Ever since I was younger, I have struggled with stress. Because of this, I create worlds in my head to escape my stress. I will often ponder of worlds I have read about before: I think of the characters, their problems, and how they react to different circumstances. This helps me to cope with my own reality when life is difficult. Most would call this daydreaming, but I call it an escape. Reading is my escape. I want to be an author to show others my escape by writing the stories I often get lost in.

Around the age of three, I asked my mother if she would teach me to read. Since then, I have been homeschooled, and that has created a love for reading. One of the first series I remember reading was Harry Potter. It fascinated me. My heart soared with Harry on his broom; happiness erupted within me with every battle he won. Tears streamed down my face when I read of Dobby's death. Harry defeating Voldemort flashed in my mind like a scene from a movie. For the first time, I felt the joy of another world; another world I could never be a part of no matter how much I wished it was real. This other world acted like a door to an endless universe of other worlds. Books became my world. I could know the characters and feel their joy

and their pain. It was wonderful. Then something came along that interrupted my fantastical imagination: middle school.

My mother enrolled me in a co-op program where I went to classes once a week. With this came Algebra, Physics, and worst of all, Mrs. Selling. Looking back, she was one of the best teachers I ever encountered; however, the amount of detail she needed in her papers was unnecessary. I dreaded the drafting, I whined about the editing, and in that time, I hated writing. I was only in physical classes with her for one year, once a week. The next year she moved online. My mother again enrolled me in her classes, somehow knowing the impact Mrs. Selling would have on me. As I progressed through middle school, my writing improved. Somehow, this lady taught me to write with her absurd tactics. Through her repetition of the requirements in her papers, I was writing papers in an entirely different way. My love for reading continued to grow, but a new love was created within me: a love for writing.

Two years ago, when I started high school, I discovered NaNoWriMo, or National Novel Writing Month. Every year in November, people challenge themselves to write a 50,000-word novel. I was inspired, and ideas raced through my head, one after another, slipping through my mind like dry sand spilling between fingers. Suddenly, I caught one: a science fiction novel about a boy named Conner, living on Saturn's moon, Titan. Though I did not write 50,000 words in one month, 6,000 words were born. I treasure those 6,000 words, and I intend to turn them into something that inspires others. I will make them into something that can show someone else how fun reading and writing can be.

Reading will always be my escape from life, but writing is how I live my life. I express myself through characters and attempt to show others the joy we can find in words. If my mother

did not foster my love for reading when I was young, I never would have fallen in love with books. If my teacher Mrs. Selling did not teach me, I never would love writing as much as I do now. If I did not find NaNoWriMo, I never would have written my 6,000 words. I want to transport someone else to another world so they can experience the joy I feel when I read. Therefore, I want to major in English. Through this, I will grow in my ability to write. I will one day teach others how to love reading and writing as much as I do. I will show the world that being stuck in your head is not a bad thing at all.