

Writing gives me a feeling, a feeling you cannot quite
explain.

The feeling of being able to write anything down,
everything you feel, hear or think.

The feeling of sharing your thoughts, thoughts no one else
can see.

The feeling of being able to write down your feelings,
anything you feel.

The feeling of being able to write down stories, stories no
one else can tell.

The feeling of being free, that is what writing feels like to
me.

If I wanted to paint something so beautiful, you would be
my art.

If I wanted a book that from the outside looks ordinary,
but from the inside full of the best stories, you would be
my story.

If I went outside lost in a field with all the same flowers, I
would choose you because you are the only one who stuck
out to me.

I went to catch a fish.

My eye caught the most beautiful fish, in my opinion.

I wanted that one.

I tried and tried but kept failing.

In a sea with more than a billion fish with so many other
choices, I always kept my eye on him.

As I thought I was getting close, someone else caught the
fish that I have been wanting for so long. It was mine, yet
it did not know it.