

Why I love Telling Stories

When I was in 6th grade, I won a Creative Writing award (I still have it) for a story I wrote about a magical whale. I can't remember every detail of that story, but what I remember vividly is the way that writing made me feel. Excitement bubbled up in my stomach, and while at first, I thought it could be the cafeteria pizza I ate for lunch makin' moves, I quickly realized that it was because I had a story to tell.

My imagination ran wild that day with preposterous details like fins that were rainbow colored and waves made of diamonds. I fell in love with storytelling because there are no rules. Elephants can fly. We can believe in fairies. A beauty really can learn to love a beast. Worlds that only exist in your mind are brought to life with just a pen and a sheet a paper (or these days, a laptop and nimble fingers). To me, that's always felt rather miraculous.

Stories also bring people together in a way that nothing else does. Millions of us have lived at Hogwarts, or begged Juliet not to drink the poison, or trekked along the Misty Mountains...as strangers, we've traveled entire universes together and when the story is over, there we are, bonded through time and space without even leaving the couch. It's actually kind of incredible when you think about it.

Most people think it's weird that I enjoy writing resumes. Is it my favorite thing to write? No. However, I do enjoy it because through the resume I not only get to know the person, but I become a small part of their story. A piece of me lives in that resume. For me, writing is a natural extension of my heart and I'll string whatever words I need, in any way that I can, to keep it beating.