The brilliant light of elation floods my entire being! I am thrilled at the prospect of many new essay assignments. Perhaps writing honestly does not elate me, however, the horrible truth is that I do enjoy writing. Confessing this is difficult because the secrecy of writing is a major reason why I like it. I delight in the fact that I can write anything and easily conceal it in my inconspicuous blue folder. Meanwhile, my paranoid mind envisions nosy family members searching fruitlessly behind desk drawers. Despite the fact that I have been unsuccessful as a writer, I continue to achieve personal satisfaction from this hobby. At any rate, I am now forced to admit that writing, the process in particular, does indeed make me happy.

While trying to think of what to write next, I notice an emerald leaf glowing in the golden sunlight of late afternoon. Once again I find myself merely observing my surroundings, which seems to be the first step in creating a piece of writing. When I am witnessing a situation, I like to envision myself as a sort of camera with a mind. For example, I can either zoom in on a singular aspect, or I can perform a panoramic function. Furthermore, because I am a camera with a thinking ability, I can consider a situation on a variety of different levels. I could sensibly describe a physical component of a situation, or by manipulating the countless literary techniques, I could absurdly disfigure a condition.

Before I truly begin putting together a piece of writing, I brood. Ideas fold and meld into each other. I am particularly fond of this stage because it can occupy my time fairly effectively during the dull lulls of life. At this point, I become an artist and draw or erase other factors into or out of the picture. I begin to truly create my own scene.

Eventually, I actually turn on a word processor or grip a writing implement. Strangely, I especially delight in this phase. I not only adore the odor of a word processor in action, I also admire the multitude of clicking noises that it can generate. If I am using a pen, I like the way that blue ink changes the rosy hue of my right hand pinky's fingernail to violet. Even now, as I feel the soft, gently yellowing pages and inhale the spicy fragrance, I realize that I have a lunatic fondness for my thesaurus. I love to flip a piece of writing inside out and backwards in an attempt to produce a more interesting piece of literature.
Writing has a fascinating way of mutating on its own. The growth and dissolution of writing is analogous to a lump of clay on a pottery wheel. The transformation of literature is mesmerizing. If time were not a factor, all writing would probably continue evolving into infinity. However, for the sake of time, all writing must eventually solidify.

Finally, the finished product, like an exotic animal, stands to be studied. What will the researchers think when they discover the animal? Will it be decidedly sick, and consequently killed and burned? Will the animal dodge the trapper and be forever free? Is the animal going to be imprisoned because it is dangerous? Perhaps it is a novelty to be put on display. Maybe the animal is useful, and will be embraced by society. There is always the question of whether or not a piece of writing is successful.

The truth is out! My dark secret is clearly printed in black ink. Furthermore, after the keys began clicking, I did experience a peculiar happiness.