

Writing Sucks

I, Mavic of.... what's this place called? Heibrika?, hate writing. The reason I hate writing is because I suck at it. But also because it just sucks. We were asked to write about something we're passionate about, and I passionately hate writing. One, because you have to figure out what the crap you're writing before you write it. Two, because it takes forever. And three, no one's gonna want to read it, so what's the point?

Disclaimer: I did absolutely no planning in the making of this essay.

Let's start with my first reason, shall we? You have to figure out what the crap you're writing before you write it. You have to like "brainstorm" and "plan" and all that crap. But it's all worthless, because no one really thinks things out before they talk. No one thinks when they're hungry, "Oh, my stomach is in need of sustenance. I shall look for something healthy to put into my body." No, when you're hungry, all you're thinking is, "FOOD! Tummy gurgling! FEED ME!" So yeah, no one thinks things out when they talk in real life, so why do it in writing?

Reason number two: writing takes forever!
When did class start? Like an hour ago? My



hand's cramping up and my tummy's yelling, "FEED ME!" and I keep getting distracted by the girl in front of me, because she keeps flipping her hair, and the guy next to me just fell asleep and there's drool on his paper which is going to be so gross for Sir Ten when he collects it, but I'm kinda thinking, "Serve's you right for making us write for a freaking hour!" And now Madam Ten is eating an apple, causing my tummy to switch from yelling, "FEED ME!" to "I NEED THAT APPLE! GIVE ME APPLE! ARGH!!!" Also, I met this girl today named Kicker who has no arms. Where did they go? Like, she pranked me into thinking she had arms, but now what if she's pranking me into thinking she doesn't have arms, and I'm the idiot that fell for it. And then the next time I say something stupid, she can slap me and then I'll be all, "What?! Where did your arms come from?!" And then she'll just laugh at me.

Did you read that paragraph? My mind had time to veer that far

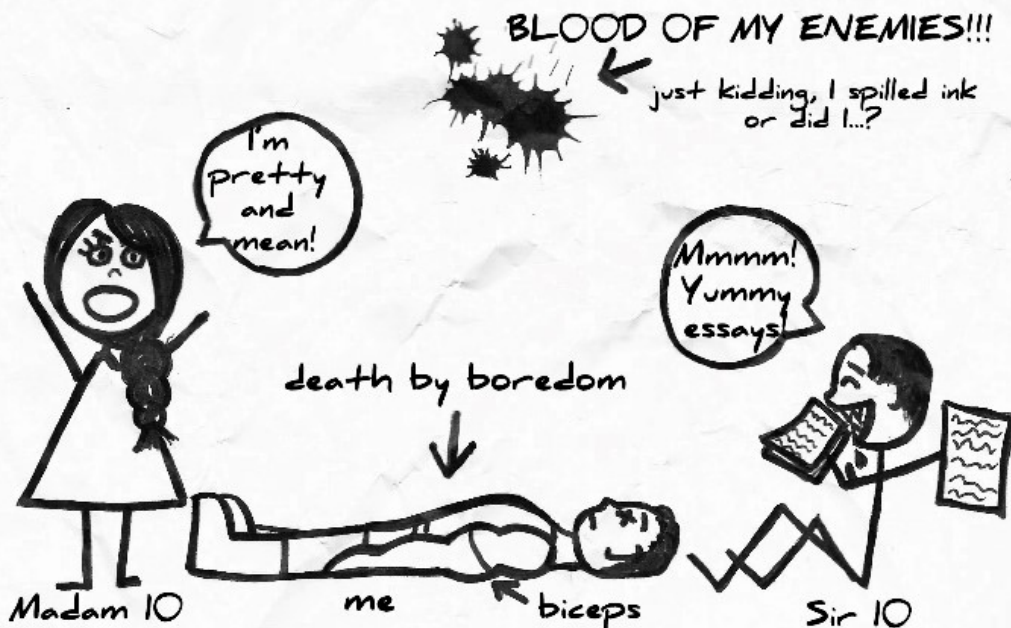
off topic while trying to write this stupid essay. Which proves that writing takes too long.

My third reason is that nobody likes to read anyway, so what's the point of writing? Okay, that's not totally true, because I like reading. But only certain things! Interesting things! Not boring, stupid essays! I've never met someone who told me they read essays for fun. Unless teachers do that on

weekends. I don't know, teachers are weird. For all I know they could be some weird species of zombie that craves essays instead of brains. That would actually explain a lot... Because seriously. This crap is **BORING!**

Oh, you know what I just realized? I'm gonna have to turn this in... Sir and Madam Seven, I apologize if any of these ramblings were offensive to your zombie kind. Please do not eat me! I promise that I will not taste good! I'm full of sarcasm, and weird thoughts. My friend tells me I'm a bonehead. I'm not sure what that means, or why it's even an insult - is she saying that I don't have a brain in there? - but regardless, if I were you I'd eat someone that was more of a meat head, not a bone head. Because meat is yummy!

Anyway, in conclusion, writing sucks. The end.



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