

Why I Write

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Preface

People ask me this question all the time:

“Oh that’s so interesting, but why a minor in writing?”

Usually I don’t have to go into much detail. I just respond saying I love to write and that I like the opportunity to be creative when my major consists mostly of number-crunching and analysis. The end.

But now for this assignment, it was a lot more than a terse response. The only thing that came to mind immediately was the thought of being in the library at 3 am, struggling to stay away and finish up an essay. That couldn’t possibly be why I love to write. Instead of thinking about it, I just sat at my computer and started to write.

The Eternal Question

I write because I think:

I'm always thinking about the future – how I can set myself up for success, what career path I should take, and how I can create a better version of myself. As a result, most people think I've really got my shit together. But man, if only they could step inside of my mind for a day. Every time I look at the calendar I can't believe how fast the year's gone by; my body's in the present, but my mind's trekking towards the future.

There's always so much going on: accounting class, meetings, paper deadlines, volleyball practice, finance interviews, the Lakers getting smacked by 20 points, *Skeeps* – you name it. To make matters worse, I have a horrible problem of saying “no” to adding things to my schedule. My New Year's Resolution was to not be such a *Yes Man*, giving myself more free time and the ability to focus on quality over quantity in life. This has helped so far, but it's barely slow down my mind.

One thought pops up in my head and suddenly vanishes when I realize my essay draft is due in 45 minutes. And then – poof – I lose my train of thought, and I'm back to square one. But not when I write about it. I guess you could say I kind of record my thoughts. When I think of an idea, be it a profession, place to travel or experience, I write it down in the “Notes” on my phone and computer. It's like an unconventional and modern form of a diary, but I love to refer back to these ideas for papers or memories. I write to remember what I thought and reflect.

I write because I dream:

I wake up in sweat and confusion. Seems like just a second ago I was flying, slam-dunking, or intimate with a girl out of my league. I'm drowsy, and all I want to do is go back to sleep, but I've got class in 30 minutes. I walk to the bathroom, look at my exhausted eyes in the mirror, and say to Larry in the showers,

"Dude, I actually just had the craziest dream last night."

But by the time he asks me what happened, I've already completely forgotten what exactly happened. It's a blur and now a part of the past. Anything I could have taken away from the dream is now gone. Dreams are just fantasy, but I feel like I actually learn a lot from them if I can retain them. I write to recount on these dreams. I write to remember what I dreamt and reflect.

I write because I feel:

Joy, pain, bewilderment, sadness, shame – you name it. I've had opportunities to write about overcoming anxiety in papers since elementary school, but I always held myself back. Never has anything ever been so emotional yet therapeutic to write than my Repurposing paper, "Sixth Sense." Every sentence was a pound of apprehension uplifted. When I write about my feelings and issues, solutions arise. And the best part is that no one can see what I write unless I choose to show it. Unlike thoughts, emotions are free on a page instead of pent up in my mind. I write to soothe and heal. I write to remember how I felt and reflect.

I've always been a listener. To some, this may be surprising because I'm a chatterbox with no filter; but primarily, I am a listener. Maybe it comes from my musical background – my dad and grandma genetically passed on perfect pitch to me, and as a result I've always heard things differently. I hear and I think. I think and I write. I write and I remember. I remember and I reflect.

It's unclear to me at what point I realized I loved to write. Of course, there were always some indicators in my transcripts from elementary schools to present that show relative strength in writing classes over quantitative classes, but besides that there wasn't one specific event or paper that made me think, "I'm a writer." It's flattering that all of my friends come to me for advice and edits on their papers. In that sense, writing has given me an identity. When I started the curriculum at the Ross School of Business last fall, I knew I would forgo writing for heavy quantitative analysis. With such renowned reputation, job placement and rigor, I figured I was willing to give up writing for the Ross experience. But I didn't have to.

I hate clichés, but I honestly didn't recognize how much I missed writing until it was gone. The few opportunities for writing were concise, strictly structured and bartered creativity for analysis. I missed writing, and my grades suffered more than ever before. But the following semester, having joined the Sweetland Center for Writing's minor program, I've had the most academically successful semester despite taking on another course of study on top of Ross. So here I am, figuring out why I write. It becomes clearer with every word, so I will never stop thinking, dreaming, feeling and writing.