How Creative Writing Helps Me In My Everyday Life

By Robyn Jordaan, Grade 9B

Springs Girls’ High School

072 498 4203

*An icy breeze woke me from my deep sleep. Hastily, I rearranged my blankets, cocooning myself tightly. With all my limbs shielded from the cold, my eyes started to droop again. Warmth spread over my body, enticing me to fall asleep. My eyes slowly closed and my mind began to switch off. The last thing I felt was a bony, clammy hand wrap around my ankle, which was safely tucked under the blanket…*

… I am weird. Even my mother says so. Sometimes, I will talk about something that I think is completely normal but my mother will listen with a horrified expression.

My friends know all about my strange interests. They know that most horror movies do not scare me and that I do not mind spiders, snakes and all types of creepy-crawlies. I love all kinds of spooky, macabre and rather ghastly things. I adore ghost stories, creepy dolls and the tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

“Where there is no imagination, there is no horror.” – Arthur Conan Doyle

Creative writing is an outlet for my peculiar imagination. It allows me to be creative in my own way. I can conjure up all the blood, guts and gore that I want. I can create my very own ghouls and monsters. I can write about haunted houses, wandering phantoms and vengeful creatures.

I thrive on the goosebumps that frightening stories give people. I revel in the fact that my story is eerie enough to make someone’s skin crawl. Writing stories helps me express my ominous ideas that my friends and family often do not appreciate hearing.

Creative writing helps me immensely because nobody can tell me what to do. My story can never be too unusual, gory or nonsensical. Nobody can ever tell me how to write my own story.