

"You get ideas from daydreaming, you get ideas from being bored, you get ideas all the time. The only difference between writers and other people is we notice when we are doing it."

- Neil Gaiman

Independent Component started out as a series of short stories that I would write in different places to try and draw connections between settings and how much they affected what type of story a person writes. Looking back on that original idea, I find it sort of silly. I was pretty much setting myself up for failure. If I went out to write with that idea in mind, there wouldn't be a doubt that I would only make the most obvious connections. During the actual writing process I would convince myself to write about where I was and assume I was right about my theories.

So instead of going through with my original plan I've decided to take a different path. Instead I'm going to be focusing on a question that has proven essential to one of my answers.

"Why do you write?"

This packet will consist of a collection of answers from fellow writers as well as my own answer. On top of that I will include a series of my own writing pieces so that my answer will be easier to understand and can be analyzed.

So why, "Why do you write?". You see, I have this theory that you can't understand an author through their writing. Well okay that's a lie. You can, if they want you to. But if the author doesn't want you to know them, they can slip behind a new face as smoothly as they can transition from POV's. If an author doesn't want you to know who they are, they won't show you. If they don't mind you getting to know them, then their face is revealed and they can feel like an old friend. But really it comes back to why they write. I might write to get rid of what's on my mind. Or maybe I write to impress people. Maybe I write to prove people wrong. That's what I'm going to find out. And I'll take a look at other writer's reasons as well.

Why do you write?

"I write for a lot of reasons. I have a million stories in my head, all demanding to be free. It's my favorite way to get a story across. It lets me express everything. Writing is permanent. I get to keep these stories with me for as long as I keep up with the file or folder. It requires you to think through things and expand ideas until you reach an amazing end game. But best of all, it's putting my dreams into a form that I can share with the rest of the world."

"I don't think anyone has a single reason for writing, I know that I don't. I write because it is an emotional release. I've never been good at expressing my feelings verbally and I always seem to say the wrong things, but when i write it's like a faucet for me to pour my heart and soul into, and no one would ever know because it is disguised in plot and characters and so many words. I also write because I always have all of these ideas bouncing around in my head that I can't seem to get out, it is the only outlet for me to fully express those ideas."

"I write because it makes me feel sane."

"Reading is like entering another world and for me writing is like creating a new world. Writing Fanfics as I want to show others the world that only exist in my head."

"Because images pop into my head and start forming into a story and I can't keep them there, I have to write them down"

"I write mainly because I like to put myself in the story along with the characters. But besides myself wanting to be in the story, I want other people to enjoy themselves too."

California:

California is not supposed to be cold.
California is supposed to defy nature. That's how things work.
The rest of the world buckles down and endures the harsh winds and seemingly endless chill in
their bones
that can only be kept at bay with a small fort of blankets.
And meanwhile California keeps the sun company,
pretending to envy the "white wonderland" But really,
California belongs to the sun. We know only warmth.

Platonic

The grass was slightly wet, with morning dew. She pretended it didn't bother her as the cool seeped into her shorts. A breeze pressed on her like a blanket for a moment and she took a deep breath closing her eyes. She could deal with the chill as long as breezes like that kept coming. Those were the things that reminded her why she continued to do what she did, instead of chilli in the library of congress. Although she still did that sometimes. Okay she did that a lot. The girl closed her notebook and put it into her pocket, standing up. She started slowly down the hill towards the freeway, nearly empty at the moment.

As she reached the bottom and looked around, she felt a little odd, like she was being watched. She shook it off and looked toward the oncoming traffic, waiting. Today's objective was to ask a man in yellow pants how he was feeling. This would probably seem strange and probably ridiculous to anyone else walking by, but if all went well it would mean the man in the yellow pants would have a few years less of misery.

As long as she had been doing this, Dana had never figured out exactly how she could. She would just be walking about when she felt like she needed to straighten something, like a compulsive disorder, only there was nothing to straighten. She'd tried to let the feeling go, but she didn't like the after taste when it passed, like she had just accidentally stepped on a dog's paw. It was terrible, so she started looking around when ever she felt the urge. A presence in her subconscious. Soon she was focusing on people and she couldn't shake the feeling that she needed to tell them something. Something...

Dana had never been a shy girl and the idea of an adventure had always intrigued her, so she decided to trust her gut and let her body figure it out. She marched straight up to them (whoever they were) and opened her mouth. And.

"It looks like it might rain today."

You know, you're worth it"

"Sometimes I just can't feel my toes"

"It's going to be okay"

"Do you ever just really want to dance?"

"I'd love to feel the rain right about now"

The words would fall off her tongue like she had known what to say all along. The man, woman, child, whoever they were, their face would scrunch in confusion for a second before smoothing out into a dazed expression. And then it would feel like Dana had just smoothed something out

{She fixes things, smooths out the wrinkles. He thinks she's done something to him. You can't really change what happens, the universe wants something to happen, then it's gonna happen. She may shift certain events but things will always play out as planned}

Vulnerable

People have surprisingly small knees.
Shorts are strange, they make people seem vulnerable.

The Ship

The rocking hadn't stopped for hours. The Man could feel it even when he slept. It was unsettling and he was sure that it would never end. Lean left, step right. Lean right, step left. Always grab what's closest, which was mostly empty air. The ship lurched to the right and he reached for nothing again. Empty hands grasping at air, he stumbled and fell to the floor. He should have stepped left he scolded himself, though he had been sure just a moment ago that there had been a container there. It must have slid away. The Man tried and mostly succeeded in picking himself up. The floor creaked and The Man stood still and waited, staring into the dark. A door swung open and light spilled across the boards. Heavy breathing filled the silence and someone stepped inside. They only stepped in far enough to peek, keeping the door open with a hand "Hello?" a man's voice called out, deep and unsure. Like he was somewhere between embarrassed and scared. "Hello" The Man responded boredly. "If anyone is in here, come out" they said nervously. "Pffft, like that's any of your business" The Man said, straightening his shirt and walking past the intruder into the sun.

As he reached the deck, The Man heard the door close and quick steps behind him. He ignored the relieved sigh as the other man reached the top of the stairs, staring out into the water instead.

The Man didn't like this one very much. His name was Jeff or something. Jeff had only been here about a month, coming by a few times a week with different woman. All of them were dreadful. When there wasn't a woman, he would attempt to tend to the ship. In The Man's opinion it was half assed and he made sure to let him know, trailing behind and making snide comments that Jeff obviously couldn't hear. It made no difference but at least it gave The Man something to do.

Oh how he missed The Old Man. The Old Man was the boat's original owner, or at least he was as far as The Man could figure. He can't remember anything before that so he must have been. The Old Man had lived on the boat, taken care of it. He had been a good companion, even talking to The Man. Never directly of course, but he would tell stories to the open air when The Man's never ending pacing became too much. His stories made The Man stop and listen, calming the nerves that didn't even exist as far as he knew. The Man would make feeble attempts to respond but got nowhere, so he settled with listening.

For a while he thought The Old Man was just crazy, but then he thought maybe *he* was just crazy before deciding that they were both relatively sane. But The Old Man was gone, probably buried somewhere where the floor didn't sway beneath you. The ship lurched to the left and The Man stepped right.

The end

The end of an attack can be as stressful as realizing it's happening. Your heart has been beating so hard that now that it's over, it's almost like stopped altogether. It's just thumping, thick and slow and crawling up your throat. And that can spark even more panic, but this time it's something you can swallow, if you distract yourself properly. I feel sort of sick again, like an intense heartache. The end is something that can last, I wish it wouldn't last.

Prompt

It was our first date.

We went out for coffee

The apocalypse started right around my second espresso.

We always ask what we would do, who we would find and where we would hide in the apocalypse.

Now tell me, how would your otp handle it?

Prompt

Person A is stuck in a tree because they tried to save a cat

Person B doesn't have time for this but unfortunately they are a good person

Enemy OTPs

Which one smugly says "words don't hurt me"

Which one tries to hurl a dictionary at their stupid head?

Prompt

Person A works at a pet shelter. When they find out that the shelter has to put down animals because of lack of space, they start sneaking the animals home with them. That was 6 months ago and now they have 12 dogs and a shedding problem. Person B discovers their secret.

Prompt

I'm sorry i tried to hit you with my car, i thought you were my ex

Prompt

I have to be honest, when we first started going out i didn't think we were gonna make it so I just told you my family was dead. They're actually in utah and really want to meet you

Prompt

AU where Person A and Person B are burglars and they end up working the same job but for different people. The cops get there and in order to not get caught they have to escape together. It goes something like this:

Person A and B: are breaking in

Person A and B: see each other

Person A and B: "Wtf who are you?"

cops: we're here

Person A and B: shit

Prompt

I was in a scary maze and grabbed your hand when I got scared and I don't know you but we haven't stopped holding hands

Prompt

I saw you walking into the ice cream parlor and accidentally said “please have my children” out loud
and now i have to pretend i was talking to my ice cream