

Part One:

My worn notebook stares longingly at me from across the room. It's very presence alone seems to call for me. Weeks have gone by since it was last opened. A daily passion turned into a fleeting moment of freedom. Its appearance often contradicts its true composition.

A Baby Yoda sticker embellishes the cover. A small Star Wars character with a ridiculous name plastered on with a feeble adhesive. The pages are littered with random stickers in an almost childlike fashion. They illustrate movies that I've watched multiple times or characters from tv shows that I feel a strong connection to or even players from games I've spent countless hours playing on my Nintendo Switch. They bring personality to the bleak pages. Within these pages flooded with decals, one can also find words.

This worn notebook is filled with stories I want to tell. Poetry, short stories, song analysis, critiques of modern issues, and mere day to day descriptions flood the blank pages with life. Each page has its own unique subject, yet they all begin with variations of the same opening line: dear future me. Likewise, each entry ends with: sincerely past Madi.

Part Two:

My worn notebook stares longingly at me from across the room. It's very presence alone seems to call for me. Weeks have gone by since **the journal** was last opened. A daily passion turned into a fleeting moment of freedom. **The notebook's** appearance often contradicts its true composition.

A Baby Yoda sticker embellishes the cover. A small Star Wars character with a ridiculous name plastered on with a feeble adhesive. The pages are littered with random stickers in an almost childlike fashion. They serve no purpose to the text. No alternative motive. They simply exist to please. **The stickers** illustrate movies that I've watched multiple times or characters from tv shows that I feel a strong connection to or even players from games I've spent countless hours playing on my Nintendo Switch.

The embellishments bring personality to the bleak pages. Within these pages flooded with decals, one can also find words. 26 letters to be precise, and yet a million combinations. Isn't it ironic that I'm majoring in a field with only 26 plausible units? Math has an infinite amount of numbers—**even imaginary**—yet English has a mere 26 letters. Granted they are in different formations, contexts, and usages; yet it all feels vaguely repetitive.

We write and we read the same letters over and over again, yet they never get old. Same letters, but a plethora of opportunities for untold stories to be told.

This extension of my inner thoughts is filled with different combinations of the same 26 letters, but they are so much more than that. This worn notebook is filled with stories I want to tell. Poetry, short stories, song analysis, critiques of modern issues, and mere day to day descriptions flood the blank pages with life. Each page has its own unique subject, yet they all begin with variations of the same opening line: dear future me. Likewise, each entry ends with: sincerely past Madi. I don't write just to write. I write for an audience. In this case, it's my future self. This could be my future self that reads over the past entry in order to start a new one, or my future self years down the line, reminiscing on the stories of my youth. It doesn't matter when future Madi reads these lines, as long as my story gets to be told.