

The pencil leaps across the thin sheet of paper, filling the pages with words that are so small, but mean so much. As the man's curiosity fills his mind, the pages filled with words, seemed to be overflowing with creativity. Nothing mattered more to the man than the book he had been working on for so long. The story was filled with bountiful forests, magical worlds, and so, so much more. Magical creatures, wandered across the mysterious landscapes, elves, dwarves, goblins, and trolls, that all had a detrimental role in this story. Pages, and pages were being filled with new ideas, some even more intriguing than the last. Caverns, that had wondrous mysteries, were filled with shiny crystals that glistened in the darkness, making the whole cavern shine in the darkness. The man was getting more, and more invested in completing this story. It was his dream to become an author, and inspire other people to become authors too. He knew that if he published this book, he might have inspired someone else to become a wonderful author.