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### Literacy Autobiography

My earliest memories of reading and literature are when my dad would read books to my sister and me before bedtime every night. He would read in different voices as each character changed and that was always such a loving, bonding moment for us. Some of our favorite books that he would read to us the most are *Where the Wild Things Are*, *Papa Please Get the Moon For Me*, and *Where the Sidewalk Ends*. I have always cherished those moments. Before I started school, I was able to sound out letters and simple words. My first memory that I have of attempting to read by myself was when we were about to watch a movie and the DVD logo was bouncing around the TV and I said, "Daddy, that says duh-vuh-duh!" I remember that I was so proud of myself for sounding out the letters. But of course that was a funny moment because since I was still so young, I did not realize that DVD was an abbreviation and not a word all on its own.

As I started kindergarten I think I struggled a bit with reading and language arts and I remember having to leave class with a reading teacher every so often to help improve my skills. In second grade, my teacher tried to encourage us to read a lot by having an accelerated reading unit where we would have to read a certain amount of books before the deadline, which was tough for me because I am a slow reader and that put a lot of stress on me. However, the fourth grade was when I really began to love reading. I would ask for books as presents on Christmas

and my birthday. I was really into the *Goosebumps* series. I could knock out book after book and I had a huge library of quite a lot of R.L. Stein's books. Unfortunately, the school's curriculum required us to keep reading logs and our homework was that we would have to read twenty to thirty minutes every night. Due to the fact that school was forcing me to read rather than allowing me to read leisurely, I became so drained and eventually began to dislike reading.

As school went on and I got into middle school and high school, I had not read a book in quite some time. Reflecting back on high school, I only read two and a half books throughout the entire four years I was there, *The Fault in Our Stars*, *Room* and *A Thousand Splendid Suns*. One of those books was for a book report Freshman year, one was for pleasure over the summer, and the last one was for a project for my Senior year English class. Even though I only read half of *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, I did enjoy the story and I wish I read the whole book. Instead of reading the assigned books for class, I would either watch the movie version or I would Sparknotes the whole thing. Yes, It is sad and I kind of regret not reading the actual books, but I was just so turned off by reading at that point due to the school system pressing so hard for us to read so much.

My college and adult life has not really changed my outlook on reading, however I did bring a few novels to school with me in hopes of one day soon being able to pick one up without getting bored. Sophomore year at Johnson County Community College, I was taking a U.S. History class that required us to read *The Grapes of Wrath*. I did enjoy reading that book. I believe I even got an A on the paper I had to write afterwards, which somewhat helped encourage me to read some more. Last semester I took a children's literature course and there, again, we had to read the children's novel, *How to Steal A Dog*. That was a really good story and

it was very hard to put the book down. It made me feel proud of myself for actually being able to read an entire book without getting bored or googling the plot of the book.

Two of my goals for this semester are to read at least one book for pleasure all the way through before Winter break and to complete all of my literacy homework without the use of cheating my way through it online. I chose these two as my goals for this semester because it truly does feel good to actually sit down and complete something. There have been too many times where I would start a project or say that I would do something, but then I give up and not complete it. Giving up would make me feel heavy-chested and it would bother me. By actually committing to and completing the things that I say I will do, does not make me feel so heavy and it makes me happier. In order for me to complete the two goals I have picked out for this semester, the friends that I have on the floor in my dorm have decided that Wednesday nights are the nights that everyone will go into their own spaces and do homework and we should not hang out so much on those nights. I am going to take that opportunity to work towards achieving my goals and I plan to have them met before December 13, 2019, the day before Winter break begins.