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MA2

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Shaping My Reading and Writing

It was my 4th grade school year, and back then the only thing I cared about was going outside and playing with my friends. At that time school wasn't even on my radar, I have never been fond of school. The only reason I enjoyed school was because I got to see my friends and play with them at recess.

This year was a big year though, we all got to move to the middle school. We were thrilled to have new teachers, a new playground, and everything else new to us. It was all fun and games until our new teacher told us about AR books (assigned reading) that we had to do once every three weeks and we had to take tests on them.

Most of us were not thrilled, but there are always those book worms in the class who were out of their mind excited.

At that age I hated reading, I was never one to sit around and read or do homework, so this was a big thing for me. I remember thinking that I could just skim the book and guess on the test, but they ended up sending a letter about it home to our parents letting them know about it and to make sure that we are doing it.

So one night I was refusing to do my AR reading per usual, I remember thinking that I would rather do anything else than read that book. My dad was getting super upset with me and kept

giving me long talks about why reading is important and a bunch of stuff but nothing was working.

All of a sudden I hear my dad from downstairs screaming to get in the basement because there was a tornado near us (by the way, at this time tornados were my biggest fear). So I grabbed my dog and I sprinted to the basement, all while balling my eyes out. Meanwhile it's sunny and 75 outside.

When I got downstairs I heard the door shut behind me, and I hear my dad laughing on the other side. After I found out that there wasn't a tornado coming, I was yelling at him to open the door and I realized it was locked. Then I see my other worst fear slide under the door.

It was my AR book.

My dad said that I wasn't allowed to come back upstairs until I read at least a chapter. So that's what I did, I read that chapter as fast as I could, that is of course after it took me 20 min to stop crying about the fake tornado.

That is one of my earliest memories of reading, and how much I disliked it. I'm not going to say that the tactic my dad used to get me to read was the best, but it definitely worked. From that point on I did my AR reading like I was supposed to, because I really didn't want to find out what scare tactic he was going to use next.

Writing on the other hand is a whole different story, surprising I actually enjoyed it. I loved being creative and being able to write about whatever I wanted. I felt the same was about drawing and painting. I think I mostly enjoyed the creative aspect of it.

Once I got to the age where we started writing essays and papers, my love for writing started to get very iffy. We had to write about things that I thought were so boring, but still I'd rather write an essay than read a book.

My earliest memory of writing is being at my grandma's house and her giving me a notebook and telling me to write her a story. So, I'd sit there and write her the funniest story that I possibly could, I'd even draw pictures to go along with it.

When I was done she would have me read it to her and me being the weird kid I was, I would even dress up and act it out for her too.

Those are my earliest memories of reading and writing. They are most likely not the same as everyone else. Everyone has different experiences that teach them and shape them into the person they are. Sometimes you just need to be locked in the basement thinking there is a tornado, to get you to read, and that's okay.

Looking back I realize that everyone just wanted to help me, because reading is a lot more important than I ever thought it was, and so is writing. It's how we give and receive knowledge and information that we need to know. I have my dad and my grandma to thank for my average ability to read and write.