

Where It All Started

Writing and reading has always been a love-hate relationship for me. Ever since I can remember I have always struggled with one or another. Growing up I was really good with writing, when it came down to storytelling and writing journal prompts I thought I was the best. However, when it came to reading I struggled I never really knew why until I went to the eye doctor. I found out I had horrible vision and that could be the reason reading was harder for me than other kids. After getting glasses my reading and writing skills grew tremendously.

The Frustrations of Getting Involved

I recall getting involved in a book club when I was in elementary school. We read all types of different genres such as mystery, fantasy, science fiction, etc. My favorite type as a child and even now is mystery readings, I love how suspenseful they are. Growing up with such a passion for reading and writing caused me to keep getting evaluated by teachers and other school adult figures. I remember being frustrated because I always was getting taken out of class in the hall to read and see how fast I could. Eventually after all the tests and evaluations they moved up my reading level, and would do so pretty often. It was aggravating to me because while my friends talked about all the cool books they were reading I was not allowed to choose them types of books do to my high reading level, so I felt left out. As an adult now I appreciate the push towards reading higher level books.

Why I Am Where I Am.

Trying to fit in as a kid is hard, especially in our generation now. Growing up we were always told to do what we love and follow your heart. However, how are we supposed to do so when kids are so judgemental. During my middle school years I distanced myself from reading books and writing stories due to getting made fun of. In my small town I lived in before Cincinnati everyone knew everyone. My middle school counselor, who used to be my second grade teacher noticed my lack of interest in reading. After pulling me into her office and having me realizing it does not matter what people think as long as I am happy, I started reading again. I would consider my second grade teacher/counselor to be my literacy sponsor.

Moving Forward