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Reading and writing is an essential necessity for a person, if they wish to succeed in today's society. Reading has always been an important part of my life. My mother, who was a preschool teacher, installed this trait in me at a young age. On the other hand writing has been the bane of my existence ever since I was introduced to the word "essays". Writers block has always been at the forefront of my composing skills. This has changed over the years however, and writing has become less of a chore and more of an enjoyment for me. My literary journey started at a early age, and is still happening even to this day.

Every night before I would fall asleep, my mother, would read me a book of my choice, usually between Dr. Seuss, the Bernstein Bears, or Shel Silverstein poems. Her charismatic voice and attention to detail was what made me fall in love with reading. She would always make hand gestures and sometimes even let me flip the pages of the book. This caught my attention and whenever there was a free moment I would beg my mother to read a book to me. My love of reading got to the point where I, a three year old, would sit and stare at the pictures and make up my own story. Reading let my imagination grow and grow so much that every passing moment I could see myself slaying dragons or finding hidden treasure, even if it was in the middle of Walmart.

Come kindergarten I had already started to read on my own, granted I wasn't

reading Hamlet or Macbeth, but I was reading picture books, which my personal favorite was Go Dog Go. You would never find me without a book in my hand. My kindergarten teacher saw this and would always start up conversations with me about what was happening in the books. I loved talking about it with her and would always try my best to describe the books the way my mom did when I was younger.

First Grade rolled around and it was time to split up into reading groups. There was always the group with the best readers, the middle group, and then the last reading group, which needed the most help. To my surprise I was placed in the middle reading group. I do not think I have ever been more disappointed in my life. I was jealous of ever single one of those kids that was in the top reading group and I vowed that one day I would be up there with them. It was also at this time that I started to branch out to other things besides reading. I had become obsessed with sports. When I didn't have a book in my hand I was outside playing something with my friends. Reading became less and less important and sports took over my life little by little. However, my mother never let me go to bed at night without reading a chapter of a book. Thankfully, this is what kept me in contact with reading.

Come second grade I was promoted to the first reading group. This was one of the most empowering moments of my life. I will always remember the feeling I got when I came home at the end of the school day and told my mom that I got bumped up. It was like nothing could ever get me down. My life over the next several years kept going exactly as it had been. Sports and reading were at the center of my life and I really had no time for anything else. Then I reached high school.

High school was a whole different animal. Schoolwork, friends, sports, and other activities took up all my time, leaving me with very little time for myself. I had very little time for reading, and when I did I was reading books for school that did not interest me. Needless to say I feel out of love with reading. However, on the opposite side, this was the time that my writing skills broke out of their shell. My English teachers in high school would shove papers down our throats to the point where writing almost became second nature to me. I meet one on one with them to discuss my papers and how to rid myself of my worst enemy, writers block. It took practice but through collaboration and practice, my teachers and I found that I need to sit myself down, gather my information in my head, and just write away. By the time high school was over; I could write a twelve-page research paper with ease.

Time passed by and high school finally passed. I was faced with bigger and better things, college. Before I got here I was extremely nervous that I was not going to be able to handle my course load. However, when I arrived found that I had all the time in the world to complete my assignments. If I budgeted my time wisely, I could even go back to doing things I loved. Sports and reading once again have become to two biggest hobbies. You can always find me at the gym or in my room reading a new book.

What I have found is my literary journey has gone in full circle. My affection for reading has returned and writing is no longer the bane of my existence. Thankfully, the love of reading that my mother installed in me has tested the test of time. Now it is up to me to pass on that love to the next generation, my children.