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Literacy Narrative

It was the best feeling in the world when I finally finished a book. Wether it took me a month or a day, I always loved the feeling of knowing that every single thin piece of paper had been read and understood. But not all things stay loved, and this started to fade away. My life as a reader and a writer has gone through many different ups and downs. Not ups and downs in a sense of emotions, but in a sense of how active I still am. In my story, I am not the Malcolm X. I did not go through the hardship and rigorous self-teaching through the bars of a prison cell. Rather I am simply a person that had a love for something that faded away just as fast as I used to read a Harry Potter book.

Flashback eight years ago. I am sitting in a school that does not have any homework or grades, but yet I am reading and learning as much as I can. Growing up in a Montessori school setting, this way was always normal to me. I had a true sponsor named Mr. Harvey, who loved reading and teaching probably more then he loved his own wife. This man showed me many things about reading, and having him as one of my main teachers throughout my life gave us a connection I will always remember. He showed me many books, and although I can not remember the names exactly, the memories are still strong. This led to my profound interest in writing, where I began to make a school paper. Between interviewing students about there daily elementary school lives to reporting things I honestly thought were just really cool, I loved it.

Called the “Modern Montessorian” (named after the school), I gave out and printed copies to the entire school and all the teachers. This was a very unique experience in my journey to literacy, because not only did I learn how to read and listen better when doing interviews, but I learned the values in journalism-style writing; something that still benefits me to this day.

After my series of amateur journalism, I began to write a book about a squirrel. To this day, I have no recollection of why I wrote about a squirrel, but it still makes me laugh till this day. I called the book “Super Squirrel” and from what I can remember it was about a squirrel that had a very funny family life and wanted to say the day from a bad guy. Although this sounds like a mere kids book (which is basically was), it was much more then that. Page after page I would edit, re-write, add, and so on. This was the beginning of learning how to write more then a couple pages of an essay. With this experience I also had help from many sponsors, who not only encouraged me to be creative and put my emotions into my writing but to love it as well. This part of my life taught me how to be creative, funny, and truly show my emotions in writing and moe importantly understand emotions in reading.

Writing this made me look back at all of the roads I have traveled on my way to where I am today. It is really amazing how just the thought of a book you read or a story I wrote can bring back so many memories that surrounded that time period. Being creative is something that I have always been taught. Coming up in a family that loved individualism, I am a creating of my surroundings. However, my surroundings have brought me (and my own self-doing) into a state of little to no reading, but yet I still find myself the urge to read something that blows my mind. I have so many stories and memories of being so happy and creative with my writing, and feel as though I am missing that passion. I am a passionate person, but not with things that do not

interest me. Through the ups and downs of my literacy journey, I am grateful for all of the sponsors in my life that gave me that spark of curiosity. I am now a very curious person, but have lost sight of my love for reading and writing. Who knows, maybe it will come back one day, but for now I am still in this state of mind. Looking back, I still see how much the sponsors that really cared actually made an impact on my life, and am truly grateful for where they led me to today. I can only hope that throughout my the rest of my literacy journey I find the passion that I once had for something that used to mean so much to me.

As I write this I look back at my literacy experiences and the journey that led me to where I am today and feel somewhat I still have that urge to read something that truly amazes me. I have such an urge to read something that will change my mind, or maybe even just give me a different perspective on something.

If I had to say who my biggest sponsor was, I would say it was my brother. Being the little brother means that whatever the older one does you generally follow. Although me and my brother are now two completely different people, I learned so much from the interesting book that he read. By him showing me books like Harry Potter, Series of Unfortunate Events, and many other series, I gained so much from reading those, and I truly loved it. My brother learned this from my parents, who also