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Literacy Narrative

As a child, I was always fond of reading books. I remember my mother reading to me each night and becoming captivated, immersing myself into the story. I wanted nothing more than to learn to read on my own so I wouldn't have to wait till bedtime. Together we worked on my reading skills any chance we got. I eventually got better and started reading on my own. I loved reading so much that before I knew it, I was rereading all my books. My mother noticed and started taking me to the bookstore to browse. Going there felt like Christmas, I was beyond excited by all the books that I could choose from. The bookstore quickly became my favorite place to go to during the week and where I would spend most of my time during summer. I loved picking out a couple books to read at the café inside the bookstore. As I got older, my mother and I would stay for hours so that I could read a book or two, depending on the type of book I chose. My favorite time to go was when it was raining, it just felt comforting. I would always pick the seat next to the window, order a hot chocolate, and then curl up in my chair. As my reading skills improved, it led me to become easily bored with the reading throughout elementary school. My teachers throughout the years would state to my mother that I wouldn't sit still or that I was reading through books too quickly, which made no sense to me. Each year was the same, they claimed that since I was reading too quickly that I must not be paying attention to the story or skimming through the book. I tried to explain that I had no interest in the books since they were just too easy for me and asked for harder books, but they didn't seem to believe me and made me read them, in their words, more thoroughly. Because of this, I started to lose interest in reading, even at home. My love for reading was starting to die more and more each year, thanks to my teachers.

It wasn't until I reached fifth grade that my teacher, Mrs. Doyle, noticed that my reading was advanced. Mrs. Doyle would compliment my reading skills started to give higher grade level books to challenge and improve my skills. Mrs. Doyle occasionally let me go to the school's library if I finished my other assignments early. I soon became close with my school's librarian, Mrs. Provencio, who suggested I join my grade's book club. Every Wednesday Mrs. Provencio would host book club in the library's back room. Wednesday became my favorite day, it gave me something to look forward to each week. Our book club was small group of four girls, including myself, and we would pick books based off our group's interests. Mrs. Provencio always made sure to make it very memorable. She would decorate the room based off the books theme and have snacks for us. Thanks to Mrs.

Provencio and Mrs. Doyle, my love for reading came back. I started to read every chance I got, including recess. I would sit in class and watch the clock tick, just waiting for recess. Once Mrs. Doyle announced it was time for recess, I would jump up with my book and run to my favorite spot outside, which was a big oak tree that sat on the hill. Mrs. Doyle noticed this and started to come over to ask me about whatever book I was reading. I loved that she did that, it was very exciting for me as a kid whenever people would ask me about things that I had an interest for. Mrs. Provencio and Mrs. Doyle became my favorite people in school. They gave me a reason to enjoy reading again and listened to what I had to say. I was no longer shut down when I spoke up, they catered to my interests. As fifth grade was coming to an end, I became anxious and saddened. I shed many tears on the last day of fifth grade. I made sure to give both of them tight hugs and to thank them for all they did because without them I wouldn't have gotten my love for reading back. Mrs. Provencio smiled, giving me a tight squeeze back and said, "You are such a bright young lady, don't ever give up on your passions. Make sure you keep reading and don't let anyone put you down." Her words have stuck with me to this day.

I never stopped being a book worm and enjoy snuggling up with a good book any chance I get. For me there's just something about finding the perfect spot to read as I would decompress from the world. My all-time favorite time to read is at night during the summer. I'll crack my windows or sit on the porch watching the fireflies flicker throughout the lawn, as the sound of crickets chirping filled my ears. Having this time where everything was silent, where it's just me and my book. Having this time was very important to me, since I had many family struggles and suffered severely from depression. Reading was my only escape from life. To this day, I still will put on some comfy clothes, grab some tea, curl up into a warm fuzzy blanket, and zone out with a book anytime life becomes too loud. Which made me cherish Mrs. Provencio and Mrs. Doyle even more. I never would've experienced those comforting nights or have that escape if it wasn't for them. Having every other teacher slowly kill one of my passions at such a young age, was so disheartening. It made me feel as if I wasn't good enough or that I needed to find other interests. However, I was lucky enough to get not one, but two, amazing women that catered my interests and helped me become who I am today. Whether they realize it or not, having someone believe in me can make such a big difference in my life and it helped me become who I am today. I will eternally be grateful for them.

Thanks to having Mrs. Provencio and Mrs. Doyle, my love for reading has led to me to reading history books. Which then led me down a rabbit hole of reading other fields of study, making me love history, technology, and some science even more than ever. I don't think I would've ever found interests in those fields of study without my love for reading. That's why you shouldn't let anyone kill your passions and lift each other up. You never know how big of a difference you can make in someone's life. Just one person can make all the difference and help someone get further in life. Don't ever give up on expanding your reading and writing skills, it can open new doors that you never thought were possible.