

ENG 101- Spring 23'  
Essay Rough Draft #1

Terri Williams  
January 30<sup>th</sup>,2023

I was in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade when I figured out that books were an escape from the real world. I was not the best writer, but books were my best friend. There was this book lady who came into my class every day picking children in group of 4. You would start to think if she's taking these children for her lunch like a witch would, but it couldn't be a witch in broad day light, right? You know being the kid that I was I got picked with the rest of the 3 other children. During that time, I was just reaching the minimum requirement of reading a book. It was hard to understand the differences between words and the meanings of them, simply because I was having a hard time focusing. The book lady told me to pick any book out of the ones she laid out in front of me and begin when I'm ready. I know this might sound a little over the top coming from a creative mind like mine, but I wasn't as smart as I make myself look. I mean, I was not as confident in myself as she was in me.

Let me tell you now that I stumbled upon every word that looked weird or that I was not too sure about. I didn't think I was smart like the other kids in my grade because it took me a longer time to process things than they did. She assured me that taking your time is the only way to succeed in anything. Months went by and I was on fire! I knew how to read from level 1 to level 5. All credit goes to me although it was her teaching that helped me. I was so quick to give up on reading in the beginning, but what she told me really stuck with me. The moment I could understand books from cover to cover I knew I had to keep going to see how far I would get. Books got harder and I thought I was at my breaking point. I knew if I complained so much

about reading, it was not going to get any easier. The more I read, the more books kept reeling me in and before I knew it, I was so into books that I forgot about the real world. I would be really invested into my books that I would miss my stop on the trains or even buses. I would read while trying to hold a conversation with someone.

From a little girl to a grown woman, escaping reality into a land of fantasy. Life is too much to handle at times for little kids and reading makes life a little less harsh. It gave me a sense of freedom, freedom from situations we don't know how to handle, freedom from responsibilities. I know it might sound off the rails but, I like reading now, maybe not as much as I did when I was a kid. Thanks to the education I got when I was small made reading a little easier to do now when its my choice. Hey, it's like 'author' says "it's a simple message and it comes from the heart believe in yourself that's the place to start". Reading is a choice, and some do not have the luxury to read at all so when we allow ourselves to be great, we can achieve many things.