

Jabez Gadsden

Professor Beverly Crawford-locke

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The Literacy Narrative

Growing up as a child I remember so many days and nights when my father would make me read different books on influential African American figures who impacted the world. A Lot of the time he would just give me the book to read and I would take it and just act like I'm reading it so he could feel satisfied. Because I hated reading books like that. One day though I remember when he asked me a couple of questions on a Nelson Mandela book that he gave me to read, and all I could do was just stand there and look at him with the dumbest face I could possibly have. So because of this he told me “since you want to play games with me, every book that I give you to read, I want you to write a 2 page essay about what you read, and if it doesn't make sense, you are going to have to write it all over again.” When he told me this it was like the end of the world to me, because I hated writing. And plus if I didn't complete what he told me to complete, that would be a day without TV. But now reflecting on what my father made me do I can wholeheartedly say that it truly benefited me.

In my Junior High School years I definitely had an interesting time. It was the funnest years in my life so far, I have a plethora of memories, I could tell you stories for days. But because I was having so much fun , there were times when I would neglect doing my classwork and homework. And because of this I had got a letter talking about how im in danger of being sent to summer school or being left back. And I remember me sitting in my room wondering if I should give this notice to my father or if I should just keep it a secret and not tell him. But that was a stupid idea because my father was part of the PTA, so I couldn't hide anything from him when it came to anything school related. But I still took that risk. Of course it didn't go as I planned it to go, so I ended up getting in trouble. So because of this I got punished, but I thought I was going to get punished like a regular pre teen. I was expecting him to say that I'm not allowed to go out with my friends or I had to come straight home after school. None of the above. This man told me that everyday for the next 3 months all I could do was read a book and write essays for entertainment. I was devastated. I wanted to run away, call the police on him and all sorts of things. I just didn't understand why he would punish me like this. But he would always tell me “you will understand when you get older” and now that I'm older i can say that what he did truly benefited me.

Now going into my 20TH year of life, the things my father made me do has benefited me in so many ways, it seems easy for me to write for hours because of the extensive work my pops put me through, It's easy for me to understand and comprehend different things that I read, because of my pops making me rip up a essays that doesn't make sense. The punishment that I used to receive ended up helping me in my academic life. And I'm not going to lie, I don't really like writing that much, but when I am told to do so it feels like a piece of cake. But I understand

that there are levels to writing and I will always be open to it. I appreciate what my father did but now it's time to go into deeper levels of writing.