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ENG 101

LATE REWRITE Final Draft

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I started to love books when I was in the fourth grade. It began with a book series,(Rainbow Magic,Daisy Meadows).All the colors on the books stood out differently because of the different fairies it had. I was the kind of kid who liked magical books,anything not real. The more books I've read, the more I've fallen in love with words. The more I read a book, I got to see that the words had gotten more difficult. Books were supposed to be my "best friend" and they betrayed me by switching up and becoming more complex. I used books as an escape from reality, I did not want to grow up so fast.

Reading helped me understand how to make a meaning out of things that could seem like nothing to an outsider looking in.Reading was not just an escape for me it taught me that there was more to life than playing games and fooling around. Do not get me wrong there's nothing wrong with playing games but the imagination that takes place in your head is beyond any game or lesson we can be taught. Reading, now that is a story filled with words that allowed me to step into a different world but in my mind.

Reading books was a challenge because of the vocabulary and pronunciation. The vocabulary confused me on whether or not I am smart enough to read those words. Me being the kid I was, I felt like the books were questioning my sense of knowledge.I knew i was smart but the books were just books to feed into my imagination only to show me what i am reading. Understanding what the words meant when I got stuck and knowing the difference between words that may

sound alike. Then came the pronunciation which for me was killer. Not being sure how to say the words or if I am saying the words right at all. Reading has taught me to take my time when I am running across a sentence to just sound it out.

For what it is worth reading at times saved my life, not literally but metaphorically speaking. I was not in any actual danger, but I stayed out of trouble. I loved books, I always looked for books to take me away into wondrous lands and speak to me as if I was there. Books had a funny way of telling stories, it showed more than I could read. The words practically jumped off the page and straight into my head. I was a VIP for a book ride for a small time and it was worth the journey. Books pulled me in like I was a fish in the sea and let me be the first to tell you I was hooked on the reel.

The further school pushed reading to be assigned, I felt as if I was not going to be able to do it. Remembering where I started off from and the journey that I was put through, I overcame the bumps in the road. The more I look back the more they just appear as bumps in the road, nothing more nothing less. Books were a challenge and I overcame that battle. From complicated words to being confident in myself that I can do it.