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Essay #1: Personal Literacy Narrative
9.21.21

A childhood memory I have of my literacy is me going to the library multiple times a week. The library I would go to has always been just a couple of blocks away from me. Another memory would be one of my English teachers from high school who I had for both, regular ELA and AP at some point. He would always make sure I understood the assignment and always gave me helpful feedback. He helped me whenever I'd ask for it and even when I wouldn't ask, he always wanted to make sure I understood the assignment. Another experience I have with literacy is having my parents not being born and raised in the United States like me so they are not the best at speaking English. They would sometimes need me to help them with paperwork, technology, anything that involves English.

Before I even started to enjoy the library, I hated reading, and that especially counts when I would be required to complete reading logs every day in elementary school. My love for reading was a roller coaster ride, first, it was low then it increased and ended at the low point once again. The library was my sacred space when I did not desire to be home. Since I have gotten older, I do not go there unless I need something printed because I have lost interest in reading for a long time now. Going there with my library card in my hand, ready to sit in the corner with a book, either a comic, picture book, regular book, they all taught me things. Either they taught me something that was good or bad, they were all equally a lesson, more so a life lesson. Some have taught me about friendships which led me to know what a real friendship is. Throughout my life, I have gone through so many issues with relationships with friends and family. Reading would teach and show me how real friendships work, along with family

members. I would read about how families get along and always have family dinners which lead to them forming a bond and how they go on family trips. My family would always have dinner together but I don't see much of a difference from doing that and we don't go on family trips. The library helped me to appreciate the silence and peacefulness of the world because once you step out of that building all you hear are cars, people, and they will most likely be screaming since it is the city. The library lady would remember my face, not just because I was that adorable, but because I was there a lot.

A recent memory I have about improving my literacy would be my high school English teacher David. He taught us with tough love so he was strict but also cared about his students and their accomplishments. David would always make sure and ask if I understood the assignment and everything he would go over in class. I took Advanced Placement Literature during my senior year which was fully online which I was scared to do because I never took any advanced placement classes until that year. I always doubted myself and believed that I wouldn't be able to handle it but I ended up getting through it better than my junior year English class. I believe this happened because of the difference between the two teachers since one was extremely strict and did not necessarily care to help her students compared to David. Looking back to their feedbacks, David would point out the bigger mistakes instead of just small ones. Students knew they did well if they get complimented by him because he doesn't compliment work unless he actually means it. Without a doubt high school was difficult between the work, exams, friends it was never easy for me. I have always felt as though I was never enough with the reason of me not feeling as though I am on everyone else's level. I even felt this way when I was in elementary school, always worried to be behind and slower than the other kids. I was never the best reader

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since I would mess up a little and would read at a slow pace but I have improved which is what matters now.

I do not mind helping my mom out when it comes to understanding something in English but sometimes it gets difficult to explain when I do not understand her language, which is Arabic. On top of that, sometimes I do not even know what to do because I do not necessarily understand everything myself. I try my best to help out in any way I can because she does so much for me between having a job and taking care of her family. She always thinks of herself before others which is where I got that part of my personality from.

To summarize, reading was not always my favorite but there was a point in my life where it was. I used to appreciate the library being my sacred space when I had nowhere else. I also appreciate one of my high school English teachers who were strict but also taught his students with tough love. In contrast to how I used to read for enjoyment when I was younger, now I would rather do anything but read to feel better. There are times when having to help my mom makes me feel pressured to do everything correctly so I do not confuse her or mess anything up.