

English 101

Literacy Narrative 2

9-3-08

A B C ...

The ABCs are the foundation. They're the building blocks to forming all the words I know. I can say them forwards, I can say them backwards, yet what continues to amaze me is that twenty six letters make up the millions of words I read today. While reading did not start off as something I particularly enjoyed, guidance and encouragement from my parents and family, especially in my younger years, showed me the wonderful and exciting worlds that books could open up for me.

Just need to prepare for interview your story
Still a shift you could have maybe ended #1 or began #2 with
I remember it very vividly.
Five years old, I stood in the doorway, begrudgingly holding my new book. The sun was just beginning to go down. It cast beautiful hues of golden coppers mixed with radiant pinks, oranges, soft purples and blues. I listened to the gleeful shrieks and squeals of the lucky neighbors who remained outside, able to soak in those last precious minutes of sunlight. Dad sat waiting.

Slowly, I made my way into the den. Approaching the green couch I clambered onto it, taking my seat next to him. I allowed myself to sink back into the soft cushions half hoping they'd camouflage me. Dad wrapped his arm around me as if to give me a sideways hug. A little bit of encouragement for his unenthused daughter who was not in the least bit excited about reading. This is unfair, I ^{thought} ~~though~~. Had I done something wrong? Was this punishment for yelling at Ali today? No, it couldn't be, but it didn't really matter. What did matter was that I was here and everyone else was outside.

“Ready?” Dad asks, smiling down at me. Sulkily I acknowledged this question by opening the book and turning to the first page. “Not so fast Megan. You forgot to tell me what we are reading tonight.”

“Hhhuuuuhhh,” an exasperated sigh escapes my lips. Turning back to the front cover I stare at the picture. Anything to eat a little bit of time; we don’t usually read for more than thirty minutes. A girl in a pretty pink dress holding a pink ring stares back at me. Is it just me, or does her smile looks more like a smirk? Is this foreshadowing? Does she anticipate how hard this book will be for me? A gentle nudge from my father lets me know it’s time to begin.

“The flower ... girl,” I begin slowly and cautiously, my attention slightly distracted by an excited scream. They must be playing tag, I tell myself.

“What was that?” Dad asks, pulling my mind back to the story. Lately, fluent reading is something he’s been stressing. No unnecessary pauses or hesitations; reread until it’s said right has been the motto for the last few evenings. “As you approach harder levels of reading you are expected to read with a certain degree of fluidity,” Dad had tried to explain.

“The flower girl,” I repeat the title again. My irritation at being corrected before I even started was evident in my tone. Unfortunately, that irritation did not dissolve. Instead it stuck around as a stumbling block, it lead to my poor concentration, which in turn slaughtered my reading.

After the first few chapters, my reading had not improved. Not only was it slow and staggered but I was sounding out words I already knew. Frequent glances out the window did not help either. The parading circus of bicycles, Barbie jeeps, wagons and little tikes cars was enough to distract any young mind. I longed to be out there, but my dad patiently waited for me to continue. I read, and I reread, and I read again the same page until it was done correctly.

“Read until you can master the words, Megan.” A slight hint of frustration had ebbed its way into his generally very calm tone of voice.

We were both becoming impatient with each other. We were hardly fifteen minutes in but it was time to take a break. Dad left me in the den and went to talk to my mom. This wasn’t good. Disappointment washed over me. It smacked me hard in the face like an unexpected wave from an angry ocean. I wanted to make my parents proud; it was never fun to cause them to stress over me.

I looked at the words on the page; they weren’t really hard. A few were long and a little intimidating, but they were all familiar. Ok, I told myself, all that really needs to happen is a little effort on my part and some serious concentration.

“You ready?” Dad asks, reentering the room. I nod my head in reply too ashamed to speak. Turning the lamp on next to us he eases his way back onto the couch. “Start here,” he points to a sentence at the top of the next page. I read it slowly and quietly, but most importantly, accurately. “Speak up,” he whispers, as if to tease me. I continue on to the next sentence, a little louder and slightly more confident. This time I pause, staring at the word “because,” then continuing when recognition hits. I reread the sentence before Dad can even ask me to repeat it. Smiling, I continue. This isn’t so bad. With each sentence, my confidence grows.

It isn’t until we are nine or ten pages later that I realize our half an hour is up. I don’t say anything though, I just continue to read. This book is good! I turn each page eagerly. I almost feel like I am the flower girl, like I am saving the day!

“How ‘bout we stop here for the night?” Dad’s voice cuts through my day dreams like a puncture to a balloon.

“Noooooooo!!!!!!!” I plead. “Please, let’s finish the last two chapters!” He gives in without much more persuasion.

When I finish the book I race out of the room to find my mom in the kitchen. “Mom, Mom,” I say, excitedly hopping from one foot to another. “Can we go to the library tomorrow? Please, plllleeeeeaaaaassseeee!” I beg.

“Of course, we can go tomorrow Megan,” my mom says smiling down at me.

Looking back, it’s funny to realize how our opinions can change so quickly, how something I dreaded and oftentimes despised became something I love and cherish today.

Reading The Flower Girl with my dad at age five was the moment of epiphany for me. It opened my eyes to how much fun reading is. Being a strong reader, and even a critical reader, has played an important part in my life. It’s influenced who I am and what I want to do. Thirteen years later, seven Harry Potter books mastered along the way with countless other classics, I can’t imagine what my life would be like without novels. It’s thanks to the support of my family that I am able to enjoy reading as I do today.

Nice additions
to conclusion

This
helps

Personal Literacy Narrative Scoring Rubric

Name _____

47 **Content – 50%**

- All necessary materials included (rubric, final essay, peer reviewed essay) ✓
- Writer clearly presents literacy sponsor(s) to the reader **(Option 1)**
- Writer analyzes what effect these sponsors had on him/her as a reader/writer **(Option 1)**
- All elements of a story are present: character development, plot, setting, etc. **(Option 2)** ✓
- Writer analyzes scene and determines why it had an impact on him/her as a reader/writer **(Option 2)**
- Writer positions him/herself as a credible writer *more analysis in conclusion*
- Writing is of appropriate, assigned length

28 25 **Organization – 30%**

- Introduction and conclusion present and effective *conclusion better ✓*
- Paragraph unity and coherence – everything fits together
- Effective paragraph and idea transitions → still from intro → story

8 **Grammar – 10%**

- Proper punctuation: commas, semi-colons, end punctuation
- Subject/verb agreement; noun/pronoun agreement
- Proper point of view and tense *tense still awkward*
- No sentence fragments/run-on sentences
- Evidence of proofreading

9 **Sentence structure and style – 10%**

- Lack of awkward/confusing sentences
- Lack of unparallel sentences
- Effective word choice (clear; not vague; appropriate)

Overall grade 89

Additional Comments:

You helped your conclusion by adding extra details of a transition. I really enjoyed your story – is interesting and flows well. I like that you have an intro + conclusion, but I do not feel the transitions are smooth between intro and story and story and conclusion. You could have more of a smooth transition between them.