

Reading autobiography



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Trying to be the perfect mother, my mom subscribed my older brother and me to a book club during my toddler hood. Arriving in the mail box every week, hard back books wrapped in thick cardboard were anticipated by my family. Eagerly, my mother and I hand in hand walked to the mail box to receive our weekly reading material. My brother seemed to read easily as my mother gently held me tight as he perused the pages. He was only seven. I can remember thinking that reading will be difficult for me and I actually felt intimidated by his advance reading skills. Looking at the illustrations was my favorite. One book, King Bidgood, we read over and over.

Before long, I was able to recognize simple words but struggled with more than one syllable words. Sooner or later, I realized that my brother Stephen read at an accelerated level while I continued to work harder than ever to achieve the simplest forms of reading. While reading continues to be a challenge, I am excited to find that I now enjoy reading and also notice a significant improvement in my ability to read and comprehend.

Oddly enough, I realized that I had a learning disability before anyone else. Buying my favorite magazine, Seventeen, I found a check list to determine if one has a disability. Sadly, I answered nine out of the ten questions suggesting that I indeed did. Telling my mother, she was not surprised but chose not to pursue the problem earlier because she did not want me to be labeled. Then, we decided that being tested by the my junior high school would benefit me as I was working very hard and receiving average grades. My teachers were astounded because I had compensated for my disability by hard work with support and assistance from my mother.

Life suddenly became easier. Guidance counselors, teachers, and other support staff met frequently with my mom and me. Happily, I made the honor roll for the first time during ninth grade. Success was a new feeling to me and I liked it. I regret that my shyness inhabited my ability to seek help earlier.

Repetition clearly is the most effective method for me to comprehend material. My mom admits that she is also the same way and is now a very successful nurse with a great deal of confidence and problem solving ability. She tells me that I'm a younger version of her with the ability to do great things with perseverance and hard work I agree because I too have come a long way in a short period of time.

During my freshmen year of high school, my english teacher, Mrs. Beere, assigned us the novel " The Great Gatsby" written by F. Scott Fitzgerald. As the teacher instructed us to go around the room to read, suddenly a feeling of nervousness and disbelief took over my body. Hearing my friend beside me reading I knew that I was next to read. As I whipped my wet clammy palms on my thighs, I began to skim the paragraph that I had to read for unfamiliar words that I could try to pronounce in my head before everyone else listened to me struggling to read a word that most the class may find easy. My confidence summited as a began to trick myself into thinking that I was simply reading in front of my mom and ended up pulling it off! After experience and gaining more confidence, I have become a better public speaker and reader.