

The story of my reading life

[Life](#), [Hobby](#)



The story of my reading life began with my mom reading to me everynight before bed. I would memorize the stories she told me and read them by myself. I began reading in kindergarten when I started elementary school. It came easy to me, I was able to gain reading levels quickly and get ahead of many other kids in my class. Not only was reading easy for me but I loved it. It was an escape from the world, a way to hear a story through someone else's eyes. By second grade I was reading at a fourth grade level. I spent a lot of time going to the library and reading. I would check out multiple books at a time, reading them as quickly as possible, then returning to the library for a new batch. I repeated this routine for years until I reached middle school and became involved in athletics while balancing higher level homework. Slowly the joy of reading became a rare activity and the only books I read were ones required.

Back in elementary school I would not have classified myself as a nerd but looking back I spent a majority of my time reading. I am happy I read a lot as a child because I think it benefited me in my educational environment. It helped me learn a lot lessons that other kids missed out on. I noticed a difference in my comprehension of books and my ability to read really fast. For example, I spent an abundance of time on a specific series of books. One of my favorites was Junie B. Jones. I loved that girl; she was quirky and funny; I felt like we could have been best friends. I would read and reread all my Junie books until the new one came out. I did this with most series, but as I got higher up in elementary school I focused more on Lemony Snicket's: A series of Unfortunate Events. A story of three orphans traveling around by themselves fighting evil, hell yeah! A complete escape is something that I

would never experience. As I reached higher grade levels I would read my books by topics. Usually the topics would correspond with how I was feeling or what I was going through. For a couple months I spent time reading books on eating disorders, it helped me through a unpleasant time in my life where I was teased and made to feel inferior. After that I moved through genres with relationships, high school, religion and more.

I think I read so much because my life was typical, I grew up in a secure home with a loving family. Nothing dramatic ever happened, I never had a life threatening illness, or a death. I never had anything to worry about, so books gave me struggles and survivals. Books taught me about hardships and endurance. When would I ever be able to fight crime, or be a damsel in distress? I liked to read because it was taking a couple hours of your own life and tuning into someone else's.

Now reading for me is mainly for school. On occasion when I find myself with some spare time I'll pick up a book. Instead of finishing multiple books a week, it takes me months to finish one. As for my school assigned readings, I wish I had months to finish them. I don't know what I would do if I was a "slow" reader. Every night there's something new to read. Some of the topics are interesting but most of the time if I had to read I would rather be curled up in bed with a love story or something with a little suspense. Reading for school is not as much of an escape but I have to work with what I got.