

Firstname Lastname

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English 101

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How I Feel About Reading

Reading has certainly not always been a pleasure for me. When I was growing up I loved to read. However, as I got older it became more and more of a chore for me. I do not like the word “hate,” but that would have been a good way to describe my feelings about reading. One day, however, all of that changed for me. Reading quickly became a very important part of my life.

As a child, I looked forward to “library days.” These were days when my dad would take my brother and me to the library in town, and we would stay for hours! We searched the whole library for what we thought were the perfect books to check out. We would take home about three or four books each. I read my books while he read his, and then we exchanged them. Reading was something that was so much fun! It was like putting on the glasses of the book and seeing into a world that you had never known before. I enjoyed reading so much during that stage in my life.

As I entered the days of middle school and required reading, however, it all became more of a bore to me. I am not sure if it was because the books were being chosen for me or just because I simply was not interested in reading anymore. Nonetheless, my love for books diminished rapidly. Through the rest of my middle and high school career I dreaded anything that had to do with reading. I sped through the texts just to get through them, if I even read them.

I made it through but I wasn't at all happy with my grades because I couldn't seem to make myself dive into the required reading of the classes.

This is not the end of my reading story however. In 2012, I gave birth to the most beautiful little girl in the world. Ava's smile stole my heart from the moment I saw it. I discovered the beauty and importance of reading once again. I began building up Ava's library and reading to her before she could even raise her head. Reading became enjoyable for me again, and I found myself excited every night when it was time to read her bedtime story. From *Rainbow Fish* to *The Kissing Hand*, books were becoming more and more alive to me, all over again. It was like as I was reading to her and introducing her to this world of imagination, I was also bringing myself back to that wonderful place. Reading has never been more fun for me. I am not just reading books to Ava, either. I have begun to read for myself again as well. I want my daughter to grow up loving to read and understanding just how important it is. I want to make sure that I instill that magnificent, mysterious world of books in her heart just like my dad tried to do for me. I recognize all too well that reading isn't for everyone, but I am thankful that reading is, once again, for me!