*Tech Lit Narrative Draft*

My mother told me Anansi stories. I was amazed by her memory. I thought she made them up, but someone told them to her, and she was passing them on to me. I struggle to remember them now. My father played Jimmy Cliff on Sundays. I still have the album, *The Harder They Come*. It opens like a book, with all the lyrics printed inside.

I wanted to write the way my father did. I wanted my pen to slide across the paper and create fancy signatures. Cursive, that’s the way adults write everything. I wanted to write like an adult. My father would bring home old paper from the printer at work. It was perforated with holes on the side for a feeder. I would sit on the floor and scribble, pretending to be in an office. I was five. What did I know about an office.

We had a television in every room, and a radio too. In his spare time, my father fixed TVs and radios, that’s why we had so many. Too many maybe. I held the flashlight while he worked. Not a fun job for a child. My father watched the news 3 times a day and listened to 1010 WINS in the mornings before work. I thought it was boring, but he said it was important to be informed about what's going on in the world.

In the 5th grade I asked my mother for a journal, with a lock. I wanted a place to write about anything but also keep it safe from other people’s eyes. I don’t remember what I wrote in it, but having the lock was fun. That was the same year I asked my father for a computer, the Commodore 64.