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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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A narrative of the one and only

Have you ever struggled with something? Something that feels not just like a wall but a monumental fortress which its height pierces through the clouds and width reach far past the horizon. Yes, everyone must have faced this once and many times to come whether it be a newborn child learning how to speak its very first words, or a senile retiree who has walked a long road slowly able to see its end in sight. I personally have and am still find a way to get past this demon kings castle but instead of climbing over this, I instead opt to punch right through just to be face with an even greater monument. This is a narrative as to how I broke pass this fortress to carve a path for something which was always available to me but just out of sight.

Spanning back to well over a decade ago when I was just the ago of 6 I had just entered elementary school being in class 101, a special class for the only gifted and talented students who passes a placement exam every student coming into the school was required to take. The lesson would be quicker with much more work to accompany it especially when it came to both the reading and writing spectrum in which I would face my very first challenge at such a very young age. It would be a colossal understatement to say I struggle with the read and writing area,

being unable to read easy to medium tier words in books and a terrible looking handwriting to accompany me like baggage at my current level I could only be described in one word incomplete. Nearing the ending of first grade every student was required to write their very own book on any topic they picked. Mine specifically was drafted time and time and time again due to the broken grammar, misspelled words, and unreadable moon runes of text. Although I did end up completing my “book” the pages had been erased and rewritten over multiple times that the top part of the pages in the book were considerably greyer than the snowy white pearlescent books my classmates had. Even when going into the second grade to help students become better readers overall everyone was assigned a reading grade in which the difficulty of books scaled with how far down it was in the alphabet, aa being the easiest and Z being the hardest. Due to how long it had been I can’t remember what grade I had gotten due to how long it had been but it couldn’t have been more than G below average at most a rookie/noob. Something which I would learn to start settling with in the future.

Fast forwarding to still being in my early youth of being in my elementary school prime of 4th grade somehow getting this far without even realizing the massive bomb which has been ticking right in my own arms. Everyday would one which I fell behind from those around me and the explosion would just keep brewing to become bigger and bigger. Until in the middle of the school year too see how very we were to go to the 5th grade and then onto middle school everyone's skills in academics was evaluated from our work we had done for the past years. Everything looked normal from being at the level of a 4th grader or above for every subject except for english, in which I was given the level of a end of the year 2nd grader in reading and writing while being a 4th grade who was in a very fast time going to be a middle schooler. That was it the bomb which had been ticking down for years, which I knew was an issue my entire

life, something which I could've prevented blew up right in my face letting off a massive explosion. I revelation never hit me like I think it should've, not even speaking about my own incompetence just there. Until I finally awoke somehow now being at my 5th grade graduation with nothing changing but now I would be going onto a vastly different environment which is almost like a battleground from how vastly different it would be from what I was used to, middle school.

My first year in middle school didn't have any notable changes apart from failing every english vocabulary test still due to my poor spelling and lack of the ability to sound out these difficult words, something which I learned but was too mindless to remember. Now onto 7th grade which required as a whole the class to read a total of 4 novels, I can't remember any of the other 3 but I know the first which we read was Sharon Creech's "Walk Two Moons", which despite having the book myself never even bothered to read leaving even me today having no idea what the plot or the main protagonist names even were. When being called on to read I would stand flip the pages looking from side to side at my classmates books to know what page we were on and read taking multiple possible not due to me being out of breath but instead because I couldn't sound out the words until eventually the teacher would have to sound it out for me. Needless to say when the class collectively finished that book I was never called on to read again for the rest of the school year. Now in 8th grade, due to my school, students would take New york state regent exams for english prompting me to be placed in a high school level regents class. Randomly one day as I was staring into a random space portal my brain had created to cure my everlasting boredom which I felt from sitting in english class typical stuff, I stared down at my notebook and various paragraphs I had written and then it clicked this one quote which I can still remember even to this day, "Reading is just looking at what someone

spoke but in writing”. It’s so anticlimactic and comical for the final crescendo which would open up me to a whole new world were those simple words, all that despair I had felt for the past 13 years at the time where all solved immediately by just that quote. With this I ended up not only passing that english class but various ones after but the english regents with an 85 despite not even doing any preparation before. Although my writing and reading had improved impressively my handwriting was still terrible which would make my friends don me the name of chicken scratch.

In conclusion this is an overview of my entire life current as not only a reader but a writer. Starting first from being in elementary school struggling to keep up with my classmates and being unable to read simple words. To then the revelation of just how behind I was in 4th grade due to having the skills and abilities of someone two years behind me. Then finally to the acknowledgment of the simple idea that “Reading is just looking at what someone spoke but in writing”, which sticks to me even today as I become an even better writer as the days pass.

“Reading is just looking at what someone spoke but in writing”

~ Abigail Adams