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Coming across my first reading book feels like just yesterday because the excitement I held at that time became so memorable. My first interaction with reading was through my mom. As an early adolescence I obviously was still learning about the world around me and becoming aware of my surroundings. My mom with the help of my teachers of course took me through every step onto my journey of learning to read.

My first encounter with literature came from the book “Corduroy” read aloud to me by my mother. I can’t tell you exactly how old I was but I know it was somewhere between age 3-4. I was so fascinated by the thought of Corduroy's outfit because it helped a lot in teaching me the concept of material. That simple piece of literature taught me for the rest of my life what type of material corduroy is, just because I always remembered this story.

Of course my interest helped my curiosity tremendously in trying to read the words on the page.

First I listened to the story read to me with enchantment around three times after each other. The goal in this method was for me to hear the words being repeated so I was able to grasp the sounds and pronunciation. This method was definitely a success because after the fourth time I was reading up to three different words a day. Repetition was key in this achievement since I now was able to read these specific words from other books. I no longer depended on “Corduroy” to be taught, I took steps forward and tried to read those words anywhere I saw them.

After months of daily reading at home and in school I remember sitting down next to my mom on the train, and reading the sentence “Do not lean on door”. I read this small sentence without any issue so clearly and the look on my moms face put me in awe. She was so shocked and proud of my improvement that I remember always wanting to make her that proud after that day.

Not long after I was reading full stories all on my own and these simple memories are what sparked my love for literature today. I also would like to mention that mother's gratifying attitude to that accomplishment is what inspired my effort to want to read more. I honestly know if she didn't applaud me as much as she did I wouldn't have felt the aspiration to keep seeing that expression on her face.

In conclusion, learning to read was a major milestone for any parent to watch, and any child to complete. Luckily I was provided with the utmost support and encouragement in everything I did that just makes me want to keep setting more goals for myself. Thank you to mother for holding my hand with every milestone I crossed in life because I would've never had the happiness in my childhood I did, without her. I hope to continue to grow and make her proud.