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How long has it been? Is hope it’s almost over…

Bright lights, numb mind, and an almost sickly desperation to escape. This sadistic event started 6 months ago, the woman, she’s the one to blame. Every night, like clockwork, she’s there. No matter how hard I try to hide, or how loud I scream she doesn’t relent one bit. What’s a child to do in a situation like this? I have no one to tell, they’d laugh, they wouldn’t believe me.

Hell, if I’m honest with myself I wouldn’t believe me either. I don’t know her real name, to me she’s M. I forget why I started calling her that, I like to think because it’s the first letter in the word, MONSTER. She seems tired today, maybe I can escape. Where would I go? Everyone would just put me right back in her claws.

My eyes are bleeding and I’m so tired, I HAVE to do something. I got it! It’s a long shot, but maybe it’ll work this time.

“Hey Mom? Can I be done reading for today, I’m really tired.” I squeaked, hoping this day I’d receive a different answer.

“No, you only have a few more pages of the *‘Harold and the Purple Crayon’* left.” She hissed through her teeth.

“But mooomm, IreadtodayatschoolandIhavetogopeeandthisbookisboringandimreallyreallytired.”

“Okay, okay. But don’t get used to it mister you’ll be in second grade before you know it” She murmured sleepily.

Thank goodness, this is only the second time, I’ve been released from hell early…

This is my earliest memory for reading, to this day, I acutely remember begging my mother to make me stop reading so I could go play video games with my brother. I hated reading so much, that I wouldn’t even reluctantly read, instead I’d just repeat “blah blah blah blah blah” in my head over and over again, turning the page every so often so she’d think I had read it. This disdain I had didn’t end at books, it filtered over to writing as well, I blame this period in my life for any errors in this paper; English was, and still is my worst subject even though I don’t hate it like I once did. I eventually learned to hate school, all I knew at that age was that I hated reading, and I read in school, so I must hate everything to do with school.

My hatred for books subsided, however, when I found a goosebumps book in tmy friends basement, while in the fourth grade, and let me say, things took a huge 180 degree turn with everything school related. Goosebumps just totally encapsulated my fourth grade self, I mean what fourth grader wouldn’t love scary stories that’d make you think if that doll just moved slightly, or if it was just in your imagination. My reading didn’t just stop with goosebumps book; there were two other main book series that I attribute to my love of reading, the first being ‘Ranger’s Apprentice’. This was my first “real” book, relatively thick novel with a deep plot and multiple books to go along with it. Maybe it was just the memory of it being my first book, but I still call it my favorite book series even to this day. I don’t reread books, but I still vividly remember how Will Treaty, an archer in the book, took down a nasty beast that was terrorizing the town people with a single flaming arrow. My parents started realizing my love of reading by this point; I know this because they switched my punishments for not doing something from “No video games for the rest of the day, go to your room and read a book mister.” to “No video games and give me all of your books.” . After that I always prepared for the worst, with a book under my bed.

These punishment didn’t last long. With reading, my grades went through the roof. Maybe it was that middle school was just easier but there was definitely a correlation with reading and higher grades. My friends group dramatically changed as well, I found myself in the middle of the “Nerds”, although I didn’t really realize this until I looked back in High School. I like to say I was the least nerdy of the nerds but at the end of the day I still enjoyed playing yu-gi-oh at lunch everyday just the same. College reminds me of this time, all of my honor classes were a majority of girls, and just my nerd friends and I. I also feel I have somewhat of the same mentality of, this is easy and I already know most of this so I’ll just wait till the last minute and everything will be fine. Things changed slightly, instead of procrastinating to get my homework done by playing video games, I procrastinated by reading books instead. In class I’d get yelled at for reading while they were teaching, and yelled at again for my smart ass reply of ‘I already know how to do this, I don’t need to pay attention.’ Even though everything was still the same, I just understood things faster and better than before.

The second book series was “The Song of Ice and Fire”. I read this in ninth grade, before it was cool mind you, at the private school I got into on a scholarship. While I was reading this an important transition in my life had occurred. I had just gotten into a very good school, but I also lost all of my nerd friends since I had to move to go there. With this I became depressed and didn’t even want to read! With the lack of reading, among an array of other things, my grades started to slip and I lost my scholarship. To put it simply, my parents weren’t very please. People say, if you want to know who you are look at your three closest friends; at that time I had no friends and as a result had no idea who I was, I had lost myself because I wanted to please my parents by proving I was smart. A long term side effect that persist to this day is I don’t believe I know who I am, how do I know I’m not just in college to please society, do I workout for myself or to validate myself to others, to prove I deserve to live. Not knowing myself is fight that only ceases fire when I go back to my roots and read. It took me almost a year and a half to finish the series; it was a wonderful way to get lost into other peoples world, going into theirs meant I could escape from mine.

Reading and writing often go hand in hand, this wasn’t the case with me. I had never wrote anything, except for a very bad World of Warcarft fanfiction, outside of school. I’ve just never had any interest in writing what so ever, nor did any of my friends.

Reading has had a HUGE impact on where I am today versus where I could be. I don’t read much these day anymore, maybe that’s why this paper is late. There’s something inside of me that just refuses to sit down and read nowadays. Maybe it’s because my parents don’t buy me books anymore and I’m a money whore. Or maybe it’s because whenever I’m about to read I get a sort of euphoric feeling that reminds me of the good days. where I talked to my friends about how awesome the ‘Alex Rider’ Series was.