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English 111 college composition

Assignment for Wednesday, 1/13(Eng. 111):

My Experience with Reading and It’s Influence

When I was a young boy, I can’t recall if my parents read to me. I find that most memories I have of early childhood are blurred; almost as if I was trying to view them through a fogged eye piece. One day I hope that I will have three children, two girls, and a boy. Hopefully I will be able to read to them often. As of now, only time will tell what the future holds.

 It was in sixth grade that I discovered my love for reading. The first set of novels that captured my attention was The Graveyard School series, a frivolous telling of spooky stories. These books often related to a silly grade school horror story. One book was about what is in the mystery meat of the cafeteria. It had a cover displaying spaghetti with eyeballs instead of the normal kind of meat. Afterwards I moved to other books entailing fantasy, science fiction, and more horror.

 When I was going through most of middle or high school, I often found that I would lazily skip along the text in our assignments, in a manner similar to lying one’s head back while staring off into the sky to daydream, as though I didn’t have a care for the world and it’s hectic on goings. Reading was a personal pleasure that I rarely extended to my actual school work even when it would have been a great help. In school they never taught me any specific reading or comprehension strategies. I’ve never had any difficulty reading unless it didn’t interest me. When I was bored would often find myself reading the most random things instructions, ingredient lists, and just about anything with words on it.

After developing a love for reading, it would become rare from then on to see anything else but a book in my hands. Often I was scolded by teachers berating me for my lack of concentration because I was reading my own book. Many teachers grew so dim in the belief that I might pay attention, they ceased to bother attempting to teach me at all. I have read what must be near a thousand novels. Some of the titles are so worn by time in my memories they are like the moment you wake from a dream with just a hint of a memory that’s already begun fading from your waking mind. I tried audiobooks but I found them to be boring with a droning, listless, and monotone voice in my ear that I cared for little.

The days of my tomfoolery have long passed. The future is bleak spotted with small lights few and far between. My life has changed gravely. Hopefully my time in college will be easier with the knowledge I have gained from reading because now I long for more. I hope for a future that seems stelliferous at heart. I want to write books of fantasy, medicine, and even engineering. To bring the future to a daring new horizon. One where anything may be more possible then it is now. Many will come to oppose and taunt me believing I’m a dastardly fool, If Zeno has taught me anything it’s that being stoic can help me given proper timing.

Since the start of the semester, I have learned important things about critical and academic reading. The class projects have been challenging and well worth the reward. Several professional reading strategies were taught over the course of the semester. Reading strategies help with processing and understanding critical information while reading. The more information and understanding formed while reading improves the ability to recall it. When reading, critical thinking helps form a better understanding of the material.