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Ma2 draft

As a kid I struggled understanding reading. Half the time I would think it, but say it wrong. I always second guessed myself when I read because I thought the words I said in my brain was wrong and so I would say something completely different & when they would repeat it correctly, I would think I should know that word, or pronounce it's how I see it . Me learning In school, and me learning at home was totally different.

When I was a first grader I had a.d.d, you can have a.d.d for different reasons. Well mine was lack of focus. This stopped me from focusing on the important things I needed to gain and learn in the classroom. I remember always having the red card at the end of class, not for being bad but for never being focus on the teacher. Talking, playing with something, looking out the windows, and etc. at the end of my first grade year my teacher then explained to my mother that I wasn't having a hard time than others I felt I wasn't ready to move on to the next grade. So my mother held me back. Throughout the second year of first grade I got better at focusing and learning on the same path as others and moved on to second grade.

When I moved on to the second grade I remember having to start reading thicker books called chapter books and as when read them books I began to

struggle with my reading. Being a second grader your post to be on a second grade reading level, but me I wasn't. I had a very hard time learning to read words, basically words too. That's when I start getting removed from class because they started to notice my mistakes when I would read out loud in class or when we had to write things. My second instructor would bring these small little books and only make me read the first paragraph. As I read she would underline all the words I read incorrect. She would never tell me the correct words so I didn't never get better at reading. I always missed class a lot just to hear myself read wrongly every time.

I feel school wasn't the place that helped me get better in reading because they didn't never correct my mistakes so I would be better, but more make me feel differently for doing my mistakes. It's like they would take us out of the class to help out the teacher focus more on the kids who was on path.

I'm really happy my first grade teacher let my mother know about my learning issues because due to that I got more help after that I needed to get better it was basically like studying. My mom at to find a way that she knew helped me learn and remember words and she did. I remember me and my mom going to the library a lot to pick out book I wanted to read for this week and every time I would complete each book she would make me go up a level to challenge my skills. I came from reading with her, to reading alone in my room.

As of today I am still trying to better my reading. I might not get books from library no more. But I do different reading everyday. Might be class work, my be my paper, or a post on my phone. Even though all these things happen to me I didn't let it push me down more or made me stronger.