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Assignment #1

Everyone has a story and some stories are the same but each story tells what has made us into who we are. When I first came to America I was put into this group for kids who couldn't speak English very well. I had a special teacher who came to get us on certain days and we would go over the basics of the English language. I was in this special group up until the fourth grade. Being in this group also helped with my stuttering problem. I was never quite sure why I was in this group or why only the foreign students had to be pulled out of class. It was a very large room to only fit six students at a time. I could tell the teacher tried to make the room as much of a home as possible. It was completely different from my regular classroom. It felt warmer not in the sense of temperature but in the sense of comfortability. My teacher encouraged us to read as much as we possibly could. This was the beginning of my language/literacy journey.

While in the group we were given books and sometimes we would write either how we felt or we used the books to follow along with the teacher. But once I was no longer in this group I didn't want to stop writing. It made me want to write more and more every day. I nagged my mom to get me a diary and she finally did. I remember my exact emotion. My face lit up as if this was some historical moment. I find it strange that one moment can completely shift and change who you are as a person. I wrote in this diary every day when I was sad, mad, happy, or

just needed an escape. I fell in love with writing, if my nose was not buried in a book in my hands.