



Name Surname

Professor's Name

Course

Date

### Stories Read and Words Remembered

I would fight the deep boredom I experienced every time I opened a book because my deceased father was a distinguished writer. To me, it was simply ludicrous and even unbelievable that I belonged to a family that was prolific writers in one sense, but I felt no joy in reading and never wrote in my life. This led me to explore what was outside my comfort zone, and this is how I learned that many of us are capable of feats we initially think are impossible for us. We simply must try it.

The first book that my father ever read to me was Peter Pan, and I deeply enjoyed listening to him tell me Pan's story. At night while I was sleeping, I vividly remember dreaming that I was Peter Pan himself and that I could fly. I woke up and thanked my dad the next day for helping me fly in my dreams. He said something along the lines of, "Sure, buddy. I'm happy to help." My father read me many stories while growing up, so I never had to open a book on my own. He even read me some of his writing, which ended up as my favorites. From medieval folklore to Greek mythology, my father never ran out of tales to tell. They always helped me sleep at night, and they always stimulated my dream life. I had an active and colorful dream life almost every night.

Then, one day when I was 11, my father was suddenly taken away from me. I can share this story without too much pain now since it's been two decades, but at the time, I was in pure



grief. To honor his memory as a child, I felt obligated to continue our tradition of reading stories at night together. However, I had to do it on my own. At that time, I never once picked up, let alone opened a book and read it on my own. I got used to my father's brilliant way of storytelling, so it was all him. It surprised me that when I started reading for myself, I was completely and utterly bored of it in a matter of minutes. I had no desire to continue reading, nor did I understand the words so easily on my own. I found it strange that I could easily grasp it when my father read to me, but then I realized that he was actively making the language simpler for me to understand and enjoy the story.

I quickly realized why I didn't enjoy reading. Firstly, it was because I couldn't fully grasp the words and concepts being used in the books that we had at home, and secondly, it was because I deeply enjoyed my father's way of telling a story. It felt as if he tailored it just for my ears. I remembered all the nights I spent half-asleep imagining and picturing scenarios with the words he would use. When I came to this realization, it motivated me deeply to learn to read on my own. For my father's sake and to return the favor of the consistent effort he put in just for me. I wasn't the fastest reader, nor was I particularly quick-witted, but I endured. After some practice, I finally reached a level I could be proud of and where I could understand abstract concepts without any issues.

The moral of my story is simple and clear: never give up on a particular feat you want to achieve without trying it first. There is no way we can predict what could happen and how our lives could unfold without trying first. Having the courage to take that first step and to try is already a huge step.