

The earliest memory of literacy I can recall is from preschool, when I was 4 years old. I do not remember every single detail since it was a very long time ago but I do remember faintly, having events called "show and tell" that occurred every Friday in which all the students would bring something to show to the class. On one of these Fridays I decided to bring a small board book. At that time I did not know how to read but what made me love this book were the beautiful illustrations. On each page of the book were drawings of different types of baby animals with their parents. The cover had an image of two giraffes. The book also contained drawings of hippopotamus, monkeys, and on the last page was a very cute picture of a baby tiger. The book was incredibly beautiful to me, despite the fact that I could not read it at all. When I brought the book to show and tell, the teacher read the book to the rest of the class and after she was done, she put a small holographic sticker on the back of the book that said the words "Good Job" in bright red letters. After she handed it back to me, I remember looking at the sticker and thinking, "I want to read it too." I had the urge to learn how to read so that I could look at the book on my own and make connections between the words in the book and those beautiful illustrations.



NAME: Jane Smith

DATE: _____

READING LOG

Title: 1st Grade Reading Log _____ Date: _____ Parent Signature: _____

Summary: My 1st grade teacher was a very nice lady named Ms. Blanco, who on the first day of school, gave us an assignment where we had to write down the titles of all the books we read but also required the signature of a parent to prove that we had actually read them. As a reward, everytime we filled out a page, we could pick a prize from the box in the back of the classroom. In that box were a lot of small things such as pencils, a notebook, a candle, many things that I would now consider junk. But back then I was only 6 years old so in my mind, that box was like a treasure chest. At that age, I neither hated or liked reading but the contents of that box were an incentive that sparked me into reading as much as I could. However, there was something in particular in that box that really motivated- it was a small white ceramic dove that I wanted to give to my mother. But in order to obtain it, I had to compete with my other classmates, so at that time whenever I had free time, I would read a book- any book. Anything that could fill a line in that reading log. Very soon, I was able to fill out an entire log and quickly claimed that white dove. After I moved on to 2nd grade, despite not being rewarded for reading anymore, I still continued doing it because as I was filling out those reading logs in 1st grade, I realized how fun reading could be.

□

In this paragraph I will explain how drastically my view towards writing changed, specifically, how I came to have a negative perspective towards it. One reason why I came to dislike writing was because students were forced to write paragraphs in a very specific structure. We had to have a main idea, followed by three supporting sentences with each having an explanation, and at the end have a concluding sentence. After we wrote each paragraph, we had to highlight those different components in order to prove that we followed the format. Another reason for my changed views was being assigned to read books that I found incredibly uninteresting. I am in no way stating that it is bad writing but I find no interest in reading plays from the 1500s or reading poems that could have a million different interpretations, that could be wrong or could be right, having no definitive answer. Having to limit myself to writing in a certain distinct manner and given compulsory reading assignments on trifling matters impacted the values that I held about writing and not in a pleasant way.

□



□

In middle school, 7th grade, there was an important end of the year writing project where students had to creatively interpret a main idea they got from a book. After reading the book *Speak* by Laurie Anderson, I decided to draw a comic instead of the conventional five paragraph essay that was always taught in school. Ever since elementary, I became increasingly more interested in reading comics and manga because it was fascinating to see beautiful detailed images coupled with elaborate plots. However, the end result did not end up as expected. I had

little to none drawing skills and from the creativity that I had in elementary school, it seemed that there was none left, resulting in an insubstantial plot failing to capture the readers. After the project ended, I got an average grade unsurprisingly and I began to lose a little confidence in my writing and creativity, becoming self-conscious about it which I had not been before.

□

I often remember the time in 5th grade when we were asked to write about our favorite place, a place that we enjoyed to be in. For me, at that time, my favorite place was the library. I could immerse myself in different worlds and forget about everything occurring all around me in the real world. Can't help but laugh about that memory now.

□

8th grade tutorials class. I remember reading those words in my schedule at the beginning of the school year and thinking "why the hell do I have this class and what is it even about?" Later when it was time to attend that class, I found out that it was simply a filler class where students were supposed to work on material from other classes. Despite that being the purpose of that class, the teacher used that time to assign us as many essays as we could write. Most people must be very familiar with the words "practice makes perfect!". Although my writing did not come close to being called perfect, I still found some truth to those words. I came to enjoy writing persuasive essays - maybe because I find it enjoyable to prove people wrong.

□

University of California, Davis
Analytical Writing Placement Examination /
Upper-Division Composition Examination

ANALYTICAL WRITING

2005979 0311

2005979



DO NOT WRITE
IN MARGIN

TITLE:

Unable to translate the words from my brain to the exam in front of me as effectively as I wanted. I sat in the exam room rereading my essay over and over again, finding it to be... lacking. Not satisfied at all with my work, I erase a few sentences, trying to improve it as much as I can before time runs out. But as the time came to stop writing, I realized that there was no longer anything I could do. I dejectedly put down my pencil and turn in my essay, trying to get it as far away from me as possible.