



My family has always stressed the importance of reading. My mother and I used to lay in her bedroom on her bed wrapped in the covers, and take turns reading to each other. I liked when she would read, because I could close my eyes and picture the story. When it as my turn to read, she would encourage me to sound out words, and take my time,

*Reading is very important to me!*

telling me that I would be able to read like her in no time. My favorite book to read with my mother was Hippo Lemonade.

**W**HEN I WAS YOUNG, AND my mother would read to me, she would use different voices for the different characters. There was one story in that Hippo Lemonade called Scary Story, and for the mouse character, who didn't like scary stories, my moth-

er would use a high-pitched, whiney voice, and I remember laughing so hard, and begging her to read it again and again.

**A**S I PROGRESSED IN YEARS, I held on to my love of books and reading. Though, in grade school, I hated when we were given assigned books to read. I didn't like being told what books to read, I wanted to pick my own stories. This rebelliousness had a humorous outcome once. I was assigned to read a book in my tenth grade English class, and I really didn't want to read that book, so I didn't read it. About a year after that, I came across that book again and decided to give it a chance, only to find that I really enjoyed it.

**R**EADING IS VERY IMPORTANT TO me, and I really love the print versions over the digital versions that are making their way to the market. Just this past summer I read twelve books between the months of May and August.

