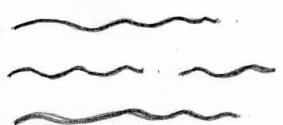


# In the First Grade

I learned how to write.

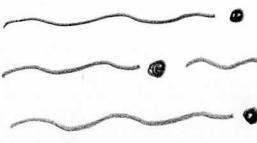
3 Wishes



Your periods  
are too  
small!



3 Wishes



Too  
big!



3 wishes



Perfect,  
now move  
onto math.

Finally

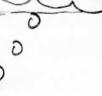
# In the Second Grade

My teacher read us The Tale of Despereaux.



she wore a  
red hat...

What kind  
of red hat?



A world of other worlds I could discover  
just by reading.

soup was  
outlawed

A word without  
soup?

I could never  
survive...

I learned there was a world  
beyond picture books.

...with a large  
white flower on  
the trim



A world in which every  
word added to the movie  
being played out in your  
head.

# In the Third Grade

We got the chance to write our own stories.

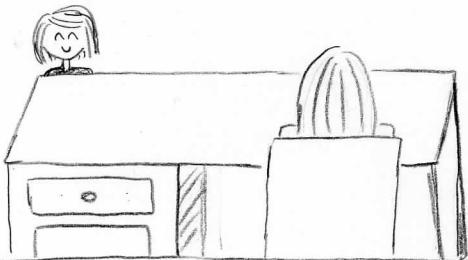
What kind of story do you want to write?

A CHAPTER BOOK!

OK, that's going to have to be at least 15 leaf pages. Do you think your story will be long enough?

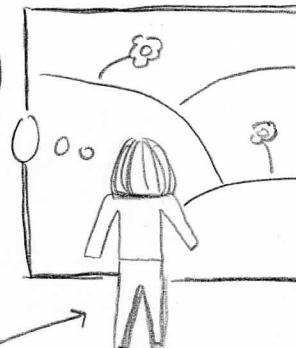
Yes

A very dedicated me



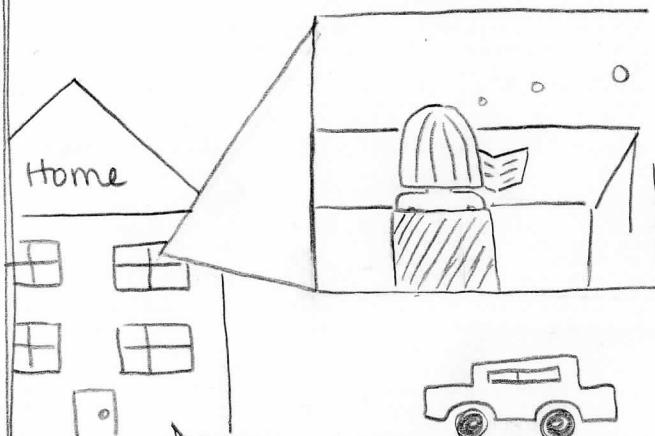
Writing a "chapter book" was really hard...

It's only four pages long... I even wrote in really big cursive.



A longingly staring out the window me.

Oddly enough, although I had just learned the wonders of reading and writing, I learned to hate them just as fast.



Let your brother know if you get hungry. I'm working late tonight.

I can't focus.  
I'm bored.



You have ten minutes to write about what you did this weekend & add it to your journal

# In the Fourth Grade

I learned how to write an analytical essay.

## HOW TO WRITE A LITERARY ANALYSIS

Step 1. Read literature

Step 2. Read Prompt

Step 3. Follow Outline

outline



This makes sense.

I was good at following steps.

I want to show you guys Karina's paper. This is what I'm looking for in a literary analysis of a non-fiction text.

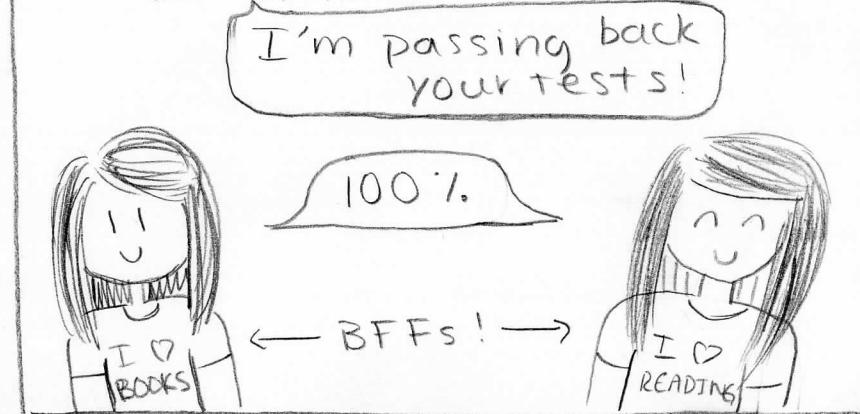
A profusely blushing me

# In the Fifth Grade

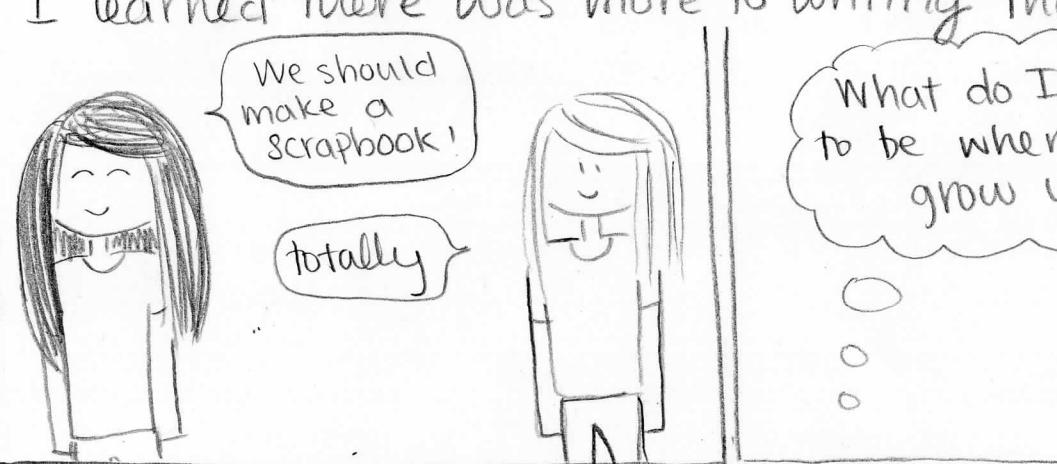
I met Jessica.



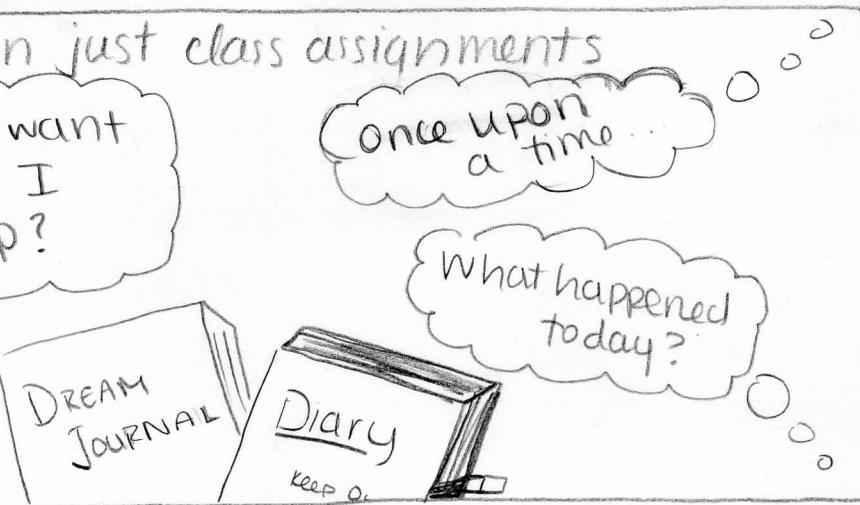
Lots of actually caring about school later.



I learned there was more to writing than just class assignments

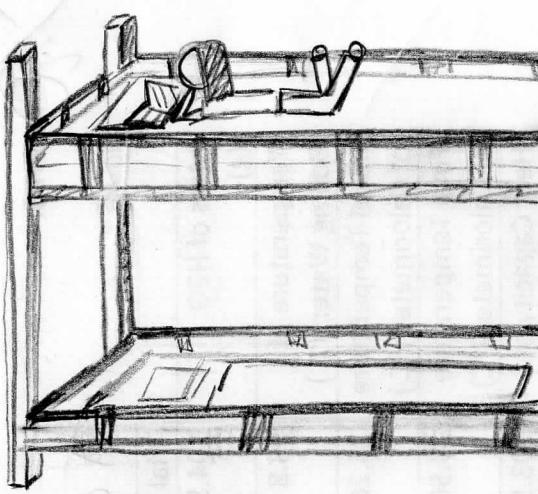


What do I want to be when I grow up?



# In the Sixth Grade

I met Angel and Shirley



on Most importantly,

I feel like you'd  
be a Gryffindor

probably just  
saying this so  
we're all a  
different house

oh  
really?

me, acting  
monchalance  
even though  
this is  
exactly  
what I  
want to  
hear

I was a Gryffindor,

scared?

A little, but I'm  
a Gryffindor.  
I can get through  
anything!

7 books later,  
EVERYTHING was  
about HARRY POTTER,

OMG. Finish  
the book so we  
can talk about it!

I'm working  
on it

Why don't we  
continue our round  
of the game?

The game was to list HP  
words from A-Z.

I made cheat sheets in  
my spare time...



"We're moving  
out"



Home?

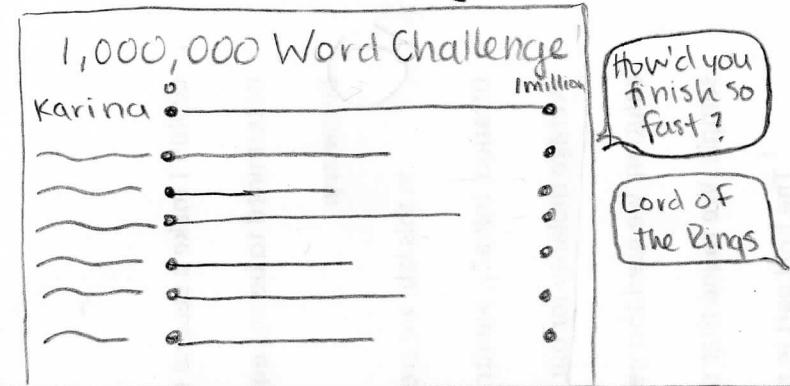
Why don't you ever  
bring your lunch

I just forgot  
it on the table again.

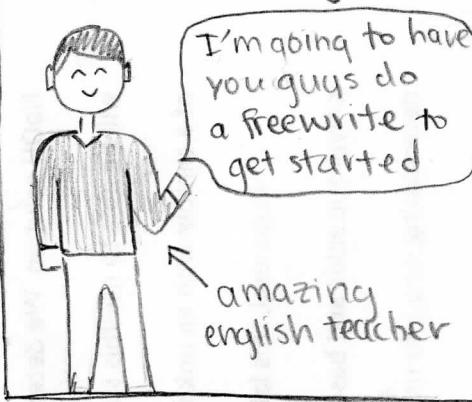
I could get through anything.

# In the Eighth Grade

I loved reading.

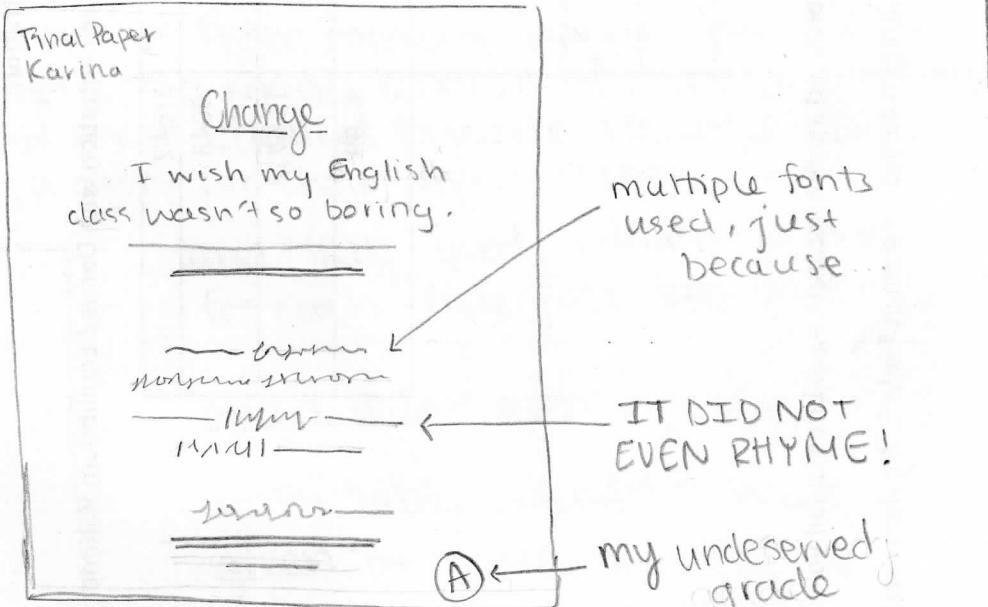


I loved writing.



Looking back on it, my eighth grade teacher was ~~helpful~~ was truly something else.

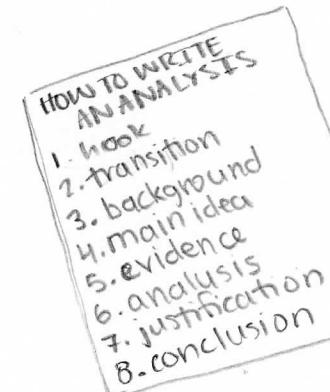
My three minute poem about how we wrote too many analytical papers in class.



Needless to say, I realized my writing could be my voice and share more opinions than what I thought the main theme of A Midsummer's Night Dream was.

Even though we had to learn (and memorize) how to write proper analysis essays, ...

memorize this



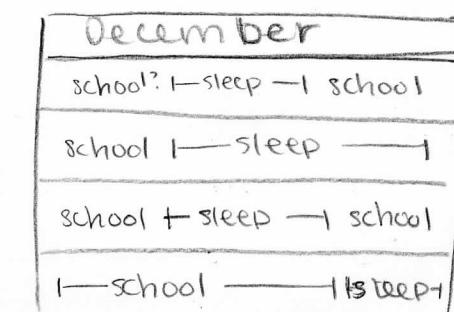
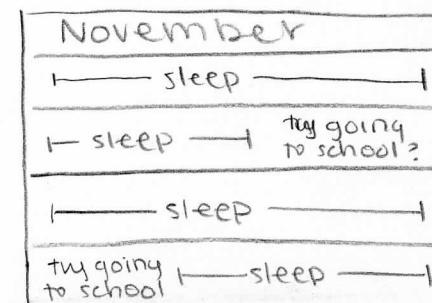
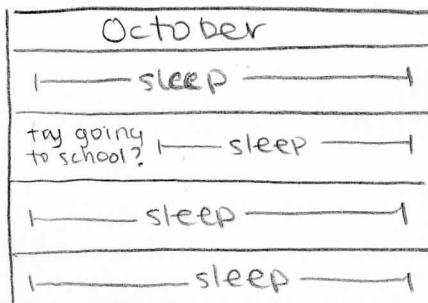
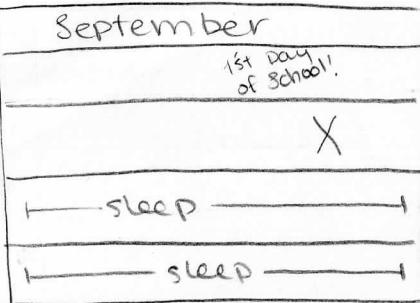
... we still got the chance to write for fun sometimes.

Your final is whatever you want to write, but you have to present at least 3 minutes

Hmmmm  
Dragons?  
Magic?  
No.



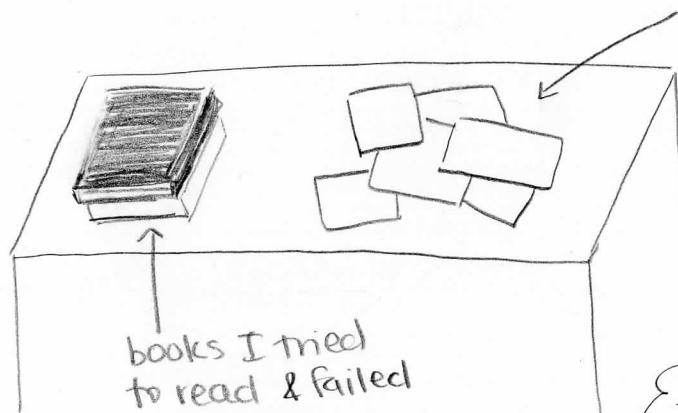
In the Ninth Grade  
I hit my head... really hard.



It was only a concussion, but I pretty much just slept for 3 months.

Though I slept a lot, I had forgotten how to dream and how to enjoy life.

3 months worth of homework



I can't focus.  
I'm bored.  
There's nothing to do.

Luckily, I had help.

Do you like Sci fi?  
What if you try reading  
Ender's Game?

Sure

Later, we can work on your biology worksheet if you're up for it.

Sure

My brother could care less about subjects like biology or English, but he never gave up on me or my goals.



With a lot of help & dedication...

I'm going to read this paragraph out loud, stop me if one of the questions gets answered.



Do you want to do this reading together?

No, I already did it, but do you mind looking over my essay?

Sure

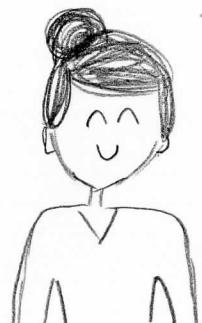


I relearned how to focus and how to have interest, again, in the subjects I used to love.

## In the Tenth Grade

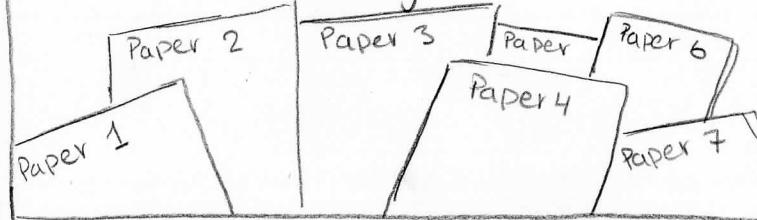
I learned what people meant by hating high school assignments.

You're not Freshman anymore! We're going to read twelve books this year and write an essay on each. The first book should be done by next week.



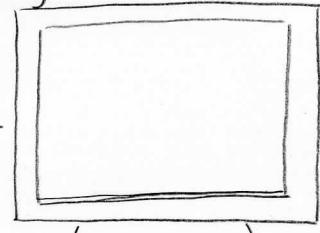
I already have to read a whole chapter of the chem book this week...

But, I managed to get through it..



... and I started to dream of the things I could do instead of taking 5 APs and clubs.

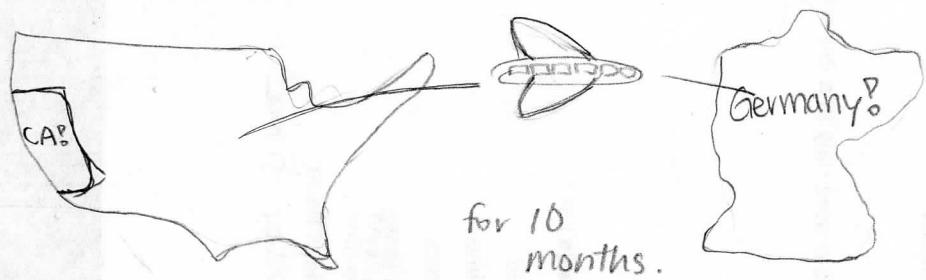
study  
Abroad?  
O  
O



.....

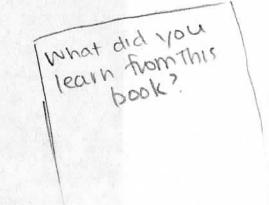
# In the Eleventh Grade

I got to experience a completely different education system



# In the Twelfth Grade

I learned to reflect.



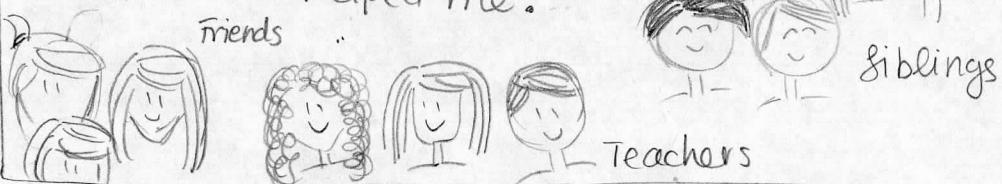
First on the small things,

then on the opportunities & privileges I'd been given,

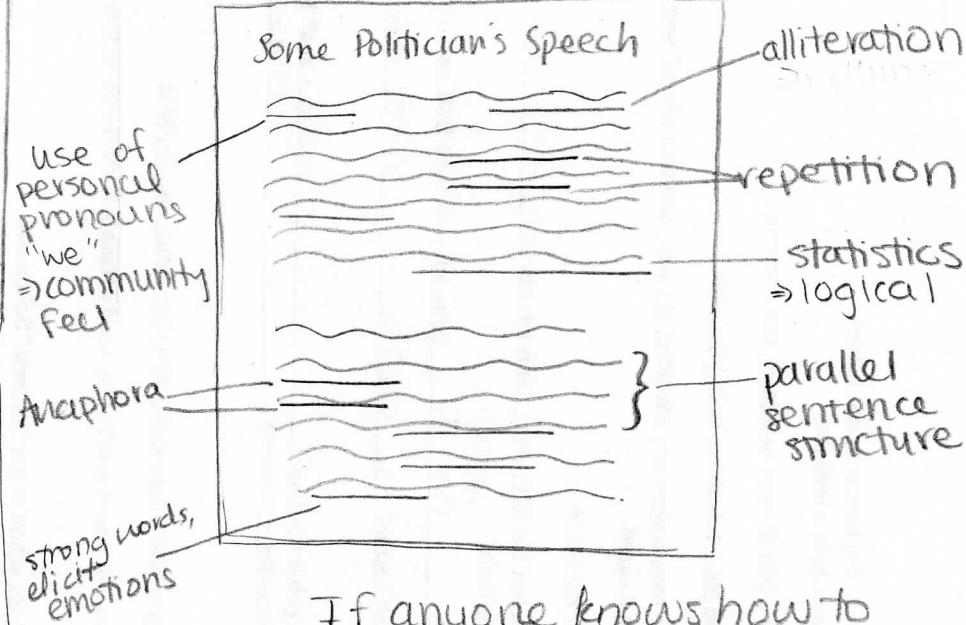


and on the obstacles I'd overcome,

and on the people who had helped me.

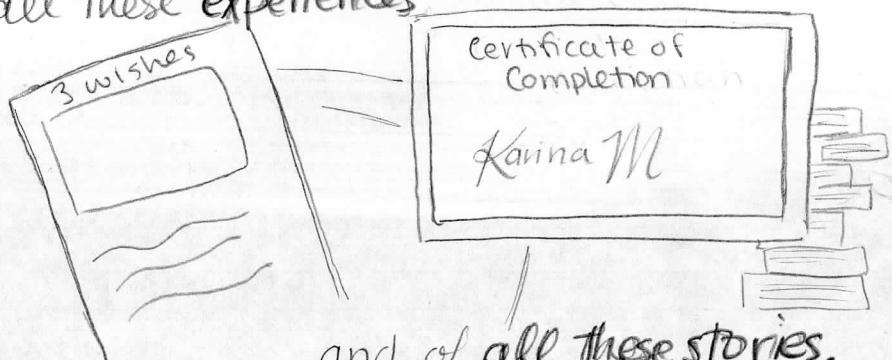


I learned a whole new style of analyzing English.



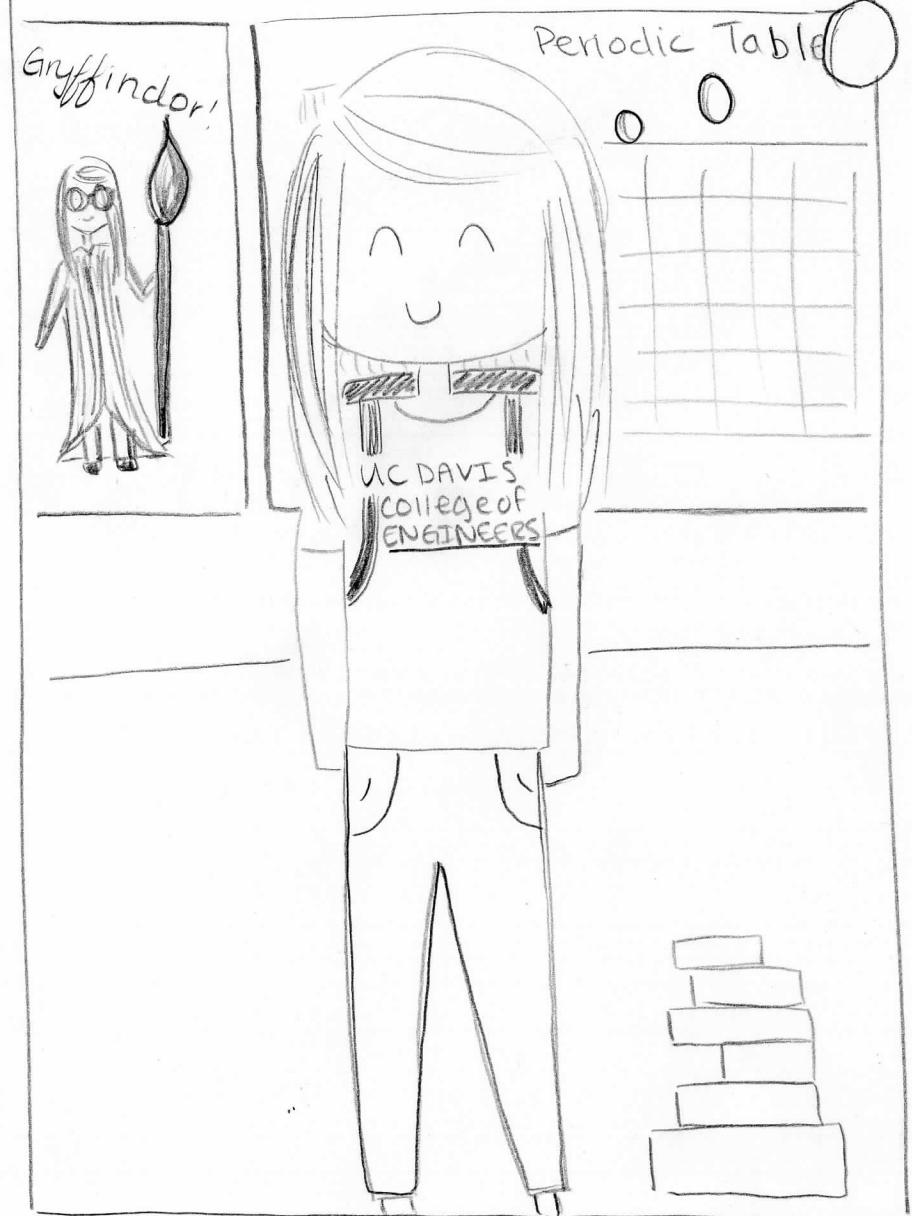
If anyone knows how to overanalyze a couple of English sentences, it's the Germans.

I reflected on how everything I do, think, and write is just a culmination of all these experiences.



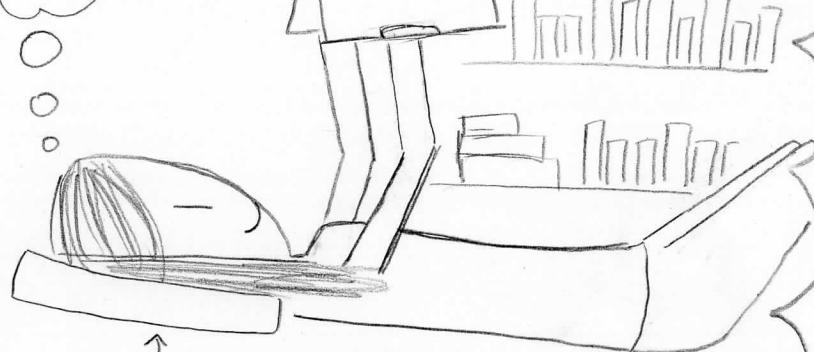
and of all these stories,

All of these stories have led  
to who I am today,



and the dreams  
I have for my future.

I should bake  
some cookies for  
book club.



And that's pretty chill.  
The End.