

## Cover Memo

This draft for my literacy narrative was somewhat of a new writing experience for me. Instead of being confined to the TIQA TIQA standard in high school essays, this draft has me trying to write like a writer. The one strength I feel I have right now is that I was able to stretch out an essay this far with anecdotes or descriptions as to why it relates to the thesis statement. My weaknesses would most likely be the connection between points and thesis, and I feel that some people may be confused by the second paragraph as to how it changed me. I also feel that I struggled to really collect my evidence and stretch it out to show my change in literacy. Another weakness to note would be the constant redundancy along with the drawn out explanations of events that might take away from the content. Oftentimes I felt like I would dive deep into family or basketball experiences that would be unrelated to my literacy.

I had no comments for my revision besides that I didn't need to add another paragraph on literacies describing my friends. The whole revision I had consisted of compliments with word use and that my body paragraphs matched the thesis. The revisions I really made from the workshop were just expanding on my anecdotes to reach the word count, but other than that I received no comments. If I could do this assignment over again I would work on more ideas to synthesize thoughts between evidence and anecdotes. I would also think to add more anecdotes.

My intended audience was going to be second generation students like myself to show that even if your parents treat you strictly like mine do, it's all in good heart because when you truly get to know their literacy you will understand why they risked it all for you. Now I would say it covers over that group plus students in general because I show how something as common as basketball is a way to find a new literacy.

## Personal Literacy Narrative

Literacy is a topic in which I know too little about. From a young age I was taught that literacy was simply reading and writing. This literacy was taught in forms of lexile levels, read-alouds, or even when writing papers. However, literacy goes far beyond the pillars of reading and writing, and instead communicates how we have shaped the world and vice versa. Writing, reading, speaking are just some of the catalysts that help us encapsulate our respective literacies. I grew up from a Taiwanese household that prided ourselves in academics, specifically math. My parents weren't the best at English, so I often found myself independently learning how to read and write, not knowing if what I said was truly right or embarrassing. There were countless times where my struggle and lack of passion to read or write increased my disinterest in literacies. Finding strengths and passions over time made me more inclined to learn new literacies spanning from my friends' all the way to basketball. My growth from disinterest to optimism for literacy was spurred by my parents' background and my devotion to finding passion in basketball.

Living in my household becomes stressful at times. I would compare it to riding a rollercoaster where the highs are exhilarating and the lows can be very scary. We didn't resemble traditional tiger families where it seemed grades in elementary school determined the future and success of a child. The problem my brother and I had was finding bridging the language barrier gap between us and our parents. This barrier, along with our household values, combined to create a plethora of memories consisting of scolding or bettering. One vivid memory I recall was when my Dad and I walked across the mall and I spotted some shoes that I wanted for basketball. The shoes were the Curry 1s at a price of \$140. My original thought was that my Dad would buy me the shoes because of the time I had put into basketball. However, my prediction was wrong.

My dad instantly looked me dead in the eyes and lectured, “These shoes are too expensive; you should only get them if you are really, really good at basketball.” His spiel had me disappointed and heartbroken, not because I couldn’t get the shoes, but because of how little he understood me. I became appalled at how proud they were to buy prep books or supplies to help me in school, but lacked any sort of interest in my other passions.

My family’s motto of “academics above everything” enraged me and I never understood my parents’ motives, always preaching for savings, health, and things of that nature. They pride themselves on having me excel in all math, science, and programming courses. English was something they relatively did not care for as they expected me just to be innately obsessed with it like most kids in school were. To their dismay, English was the subject I struggled the most with. Reading, writing, annotating, highlighting, or anything text-based I was inclined to be apathetic to. Until senior year of high school it really hit me. All the complaining and disappointment I continued with was futile because it was truly my parents that understood me rather than the other way around. It took me discovering a joy in the sport of basketball to understand the importance of different people’s literacies.

People often see sports as just an activity, or a leisure activity friends do when they have nothing else better to do. To me, sports holds a deeper meaning and allows me to connect across a plain of similar peoples with similar interests. Tracing back to my childhood, I considered myself to be introverted and struggled to find methods that would release me into the world full of literacies. I soon stumbled across the sport of basketball. Basketball was my oasis where I could retreat to anytime. My dad introduced me to basketball, and ever since my first shot on the Little Tikes play hoop, I've been hooked with every aspect about basketball. As I grew older and played on teams at higher levels, I realized how different the terminology of basketball was

compared to school and family. Basketball contained its own language whether it was communicating plays with teammates and coaches, or staying after practice to work on your game. I remember during practices, my teammates and I would set a tone of energy, yelling “Switch!” or “I got your help left!” to set a standard for collaboration. Basketball forced you to be vocal among a small group of people on the court. If you weren’t talking to each other, the opponent would easily exploit a weakness in your defense and score everytime.

Instead of putting pen to paper or reading articles, we enjoyed “hooping” as we called it. Hooping allowed not just me but other teammates to connect over a similar passion. In another way, it was as if I had created a new family using a language I was more comfortable with. There were days after practice where I would go back home with teammates to watch videos of basketball players such as Kobe Bryant, Chris Paul, and Carmelo Anthony. Trash talking and daily pickup games allowed us to extend our learning of basketball literacies. Learning the literacies of basketball is a main catalyst of change for the disinterest of literacies. This new found interest in basketball allowed me to understand my parents’ literacy even more. The more I thought I was drifting away from them, the closer I got. My parents made the effort to continue understanding me by taking me to games, practices, or paying for tournaments for me to continue playing basketball. Realizing that they cared for my basketball endeavors changed my perspective of understanding other people’s literacies. They despised basketball but made an effort to watch me play. My parents became a bigger part of my change to optimism for learning literacies. I learned that it became more than reading and writing, but instead it was more communicating and understanding everyone’s own world.

Even though this change to optimism for all literacies is something that I look forward to accepting, there’s always going to be that one literacy that disinterests me. Still, everybody has

the capability to make the effort to understand one another's literacy. A world where the phrase "disinterested in literacies" becomes devoid of meaning would do justice for everyone. The communities and families I've been around have defined how literate I am today. Everyone caters to their own literacy and in my case, it took understanding my parents and discovering basketball to develop my optimism for literacy to shape who I am today. As Vershawn Ashanti Young argued, "We all should know everybody's dialect, at least as much as we can, and be open to the mix of them in oral and written communication."(Young) To feel comfort, you must first feel discomfort. Reading and writing may not be someone's favorite hobby, but between those lines there's a hidden gem that sparks creativity, imagery, and passion for any topic.

Word Count: 1185