Student Sample 1

Go Away Felicia!

 Once learning to read or write I loved it. I loved it so much to where I would write sentences on the walls at home, or maybe I am trying to justify why I got in trouble for doing it. Anyways, I know my mother regretted teaching me something that was a necessity for the rest of my life, simply because I would read aloud every street sign, poster, and random words I saw while walking the streets or on public transportation. In school, I dominated my class, I was reading on a first-grade level in kindergarten, a second- grade level in first grade, and then third grade came. The most important year in elementary school because this is where standardized testing begins for you to be promoted to the next grade. But Felicity wouldn’t let me be great.

Felicity was my friend in pre-k, well so I thought. We literally did everything together, school shows, birthday parties, play dates in the park, and etc. Felicity had a great life at home, the only child with both parents; her mother a teacher and her dad a cop, while, I was at home with a sister and a single mother who completed some college. Felicity essentially had the perfect life but to her it was competition. She felt she needed to prove something as her mother was a teacher and her reading level wasn't as high as mine. But I was just defying the norm, I wanted to complete college and be as great as my mother pushed me, and reading was my way of doing it. Instead of her being a friend and succeeding high reading levels together she wanted to be better than me.

 The beginning of my third-grade year, I came in with the same expectations as always; a reading test to determine your reading level and then you grab books from that shelf until proven you are ready to advance to another level. In my case, I was already advanced and just waiting to advance some more. It came time to take the reading test and I was confident. I was called on by my third-grade teacher Mr. Thomas to read to him, ready as ever, Felicity decided to jump ahead of me. Mr. Thomas with his kind heart and soft-spoken voice asked if I could go after her since she was obviously so “eager” to read. Forced to wait. I already knew Felicity had it out for me, all those years of jealousy she held towards my reading levels since pre-k, I knew she wanted the worst for me! Although, I sat quietly and wrote “I hate Felicity” over twenty times in my notebook.

 Finally, being allowed to take my reading test, she trips me on my way to Mr. Thomas. I didn’t react physically as I wanted to, instead, I went to take my test and was going to beat her reading level. Victory was mine! She was two levels under me. I could tell by the look on her face when Mr. Thomas announced my reading level. I failed to realize that bitter feeling she held would only make things worst but, in that moment, I won, and she was defeated, and I loved every moment of it.

 Later, in the school year, it became time to prepare for the standardized English exam. I had no worries due to how proficient my reading and writing was, but I should have been worried. We were placed in rows, on seat after the other, and my worst nightmare begin when Felicity was seated behind me. Mr. Thomas explained the rules and timing or the test before we started but Felicity muted every word he said. The test begins and she instantly begins tugging on my clothing. She in my ear nagging me, telling me how smart I’m not, telling me how much I am going to fail, and this time she won. I turned around and yelled at her which got my test taken from me. Ever since then my test grades begin to decline in the class because that initial preparation for the actual test became a daily thing for the rest of June. She finally got what she wanted. My reading level decreased, my writing became incoherent, and I fell into depression. I know longer pushed myself anymore, I was no longer that “advanced” girl.

 My mother soon saw the difference in my homework scores and instantly took action. She began to prep me like the old times, but this time it was annoying when I read everything I saw or wrote on the walls (with sticky notes) because I was asked to. My mother revived that drive that I let felicity take. The day the actual test came I entered the class with the same motivation I had in the beginning of the school year and this time I placed myself in front of Felicity. I pushed through the test resulting in a score of a four on the English exam which was the highest score you could get. From that day on I promised myself that I would never let anyone get in the way of my literacy again.

Unfortunately, Felicity is no longer in school. Now Felicity is a mother of two working in Mcdonalds and residing with her baby's father and his family. Her mother is still a teacher and currently works in my high school and I have limited information on her father. Felicity could have been like me and defied our societal norms but who am I to judge.