**Literacy Narrative Essay**

Outline

Introduction

Body

1. Fantasy and Adventurous Stories: My Hobby
2. My Lack of Interest in School
3. Father’s Act of a Deaf
4. My Request to My Teacher
5. My Father reveals the Truth on my Birthday

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**Narrative**

We all know that writing is considered proof of our literate capability. No student can graduate without having this capability and no society offers much opportunities to those who lack this skill in this modern, *smart* world. I had a reading habit as I was fond of fantasy and adventurous stories since early childhood, but my reluctance to write ended because of my father. I was inclined towards gadgets and sports like every child and had little interest in picking up a pen and drawing miscellaneous lines on paper, especially when dictated. This was called *writing* in my school. It was a boring part of my class although I used to enjoy listening to different stories from my teacher when I was a little child. This interest was either instinctive or developed by my father who was fond of telling me stories every day. I used to play with gadgets, but I never picked up a pen to write something, and if I did, it was for a while and then, seemed uninteresting. My father was approached by my teacher about this issue many times because lack of writing was affecting my grades in school. He was perhaps planning something else to fix this issue.

One morning during our summer vacations, I told my father that I did not want to attend school again because my classmates used to taunt me for not being able to write. Dad told me that he would not force me to attend school if I do not like it. A few days later, my mom received a call that my dad had an accident and was in a hospital. We both rushed to the hospital to see my dad. I started crying when I saw my dad’s head and mouth wrapped in bandage. The next day, he was discharged from hospital, but he remained in bed for a few days. My mom told me that he has lost his ability to speak and hear because his tongue and ears are damaged. She told me that the only way to communicate with him is through *writing*. Then, I used to observe their written communication. I started missing my charming and happy dad who was always keen to make me happy through interesting stories. I started crying one day when I saw my father struggling with his wrapped arm to tell me something. “Speak to me dad, how can I live without talking to you, how can I, how can I,”, I was crying. There were *tears* in my father’s eyes. My mother told me that he wanted to have a direct communication with me.

That incident changed my life, and I started to learn *writing* by heart. My mother taught me some basic techniques to write that could help me to communicate my father. I used to take my father to a walk where we used to have funny written communication. My father started requesting me to tell me stories that I knew. I requested my teacher to help me in writing stories when I was seven years old. The teacher generously accepted my request and started teaching me the method of story writing. I started presenting my stories to dad. Giving written feedback on my stories became his habit. His arm recovered and we started living a new interesting happy life. One day, I asked my father about how he could handle his matters in the office. He told me that he did all his work through writing. I was so impressed by this response.

I became used to writing although I did not consider it much. I started writing “commendable fiction” (it was the comment of my teacher), and my grades were four times high than the previous year in the monthly exams. Our visits to our family doctor were usual and the doctor told me that my dad was improving. Dad asked me to write a song so he might sing that song on my birthday if he gets well. The doctor also expressed his hope that there were chances of his getting well till my birthday. Then, my only focus was to write a beautiful song for my beloved father.

My teacher was also invited on my 8th birthday and she unexpectedly attended the celebration. I had a written song in my hand, and I was looking for my father to ask me for that. I was craving to hear his voice. The doctor was also there who was busy treating my father with some therapies. He called me after a while and told me to deliver my handwritten page to my father. I was just waiting for a miracle. My father hugged me and picked up the mic. Then he spoke: “Ladies and gentlemen (I couldn’t believe my ears), I am a dad of a child, and I am an actor, o people! Look my beautiful child has written me a song, how lucky I am, how proud I am being the father of such a loving child”. I was just shocked, my feeling of happiness and wonder mixed. I spoke to him to test his hearing capability. He was hearing me; believe me he was hearing. I again started crying. I did not know how to react, but my father was completely alright. Everyone was smiling while my dad was singing the song. There were *tears* in my father’s eyes. It took me some more time to understand that all the story about that so-called accident was a mere drama, my father had been deceiving. But it took me some more years to understand that had my father not made that story, I might have a different personality today, different in some bad way. Stubborn children are always a difficult task for parents but my father, now I remember and smile, was a smart man that he knew all the tricks to handle his child. I did not know the importance of this skill, but he knew, and he also knew how to teach me that.