

How I learned to Read.....

By Joanna Cole

It was such a long time ago when I learned to read. I remember only two things. The first was when I learned how to read. The second was learning to be a reader.

I learned how in Mrs. Bissell's first-grade class. She'd hold up a card with "B" on it, and we would all say, "Buh, buh, buh." If it was an "M", we'd say, "Muh, muh, muh," and so on.

Learning to be a reader was much more fun. In fourth grade, at the end of the day, Mrs. Hammershock would sometimes read us a chapter from Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle. I remember the sheer joy of listening to that funny book: the almost-awe that such a delicious confection existed and the quiet happiness of the sweet taste that lingered as I walked home from school.

It was awhile before I realized that it was possible to obtain and read such books by myself. But it was her generous reading aloud that made me want to read, and I've been reading it ever since.