

# Dad

Jordon Macey August 2012 (Canberra)

---

Dad, D-A-D

Dad was defiantly not my first word I leant to spell.

With Dad not being around from an early age it was left to my mother to educate not only herself on how to be a single parent but how to educate a young child into becoming an Adult.

Jacob J-A-C-O-B

My Mother would write my name in big black pen on a piece of paper, enough room for me to try and replicate underneath, this was my first word that I remember I learnt to spell. Not only could I write my name but I could spell it out loud quicker than anyone.

School was a challenge all I wanted to do was play Sport. I didn't know my times tables, I couldn't read out loud if a teacher asked me to in class, my confidence really dropped with anything to do with education.

The only time I felt comfortable and confident was in the open space of a football field.

Meninga, M-E-N-I-N-G-A

They are the letters on the back of my favourite football jersey that I wore almost every day. I couldn't spell the basic words I was asked to in class but I could spell the whole Canberra Raiders football team and nearly every other player in the competition with ease.

My studies dropped my poor Mother was called into the principal's office every second week and I was moved through three school systems before I had finished primary school.

It was too embarrassing to face the other kids and tell them that I would be repeating year 6.

I could draw some really cool pictures, kick a football over 50metres but couldn't write or read.



Money                    M-O-N-E-Y

I started hanging with some bad people. I didn't know how to add up or do maths on paper but I soon learnt very easily how much I could sell a stolen TV for and also work out how much change I would have to give out and the percentages divided between my friends who were involved in the crimes with me. As I got older the crimes got worse. Crimes I regret but have to live with every day.

Sentenced            S-E-N-T-E-N-C-E-D

Now was the hard part. Trying to read all the documents handed to me from the courts. Behind my cell walls every day I would try and understand and coach myself the complex words that come out of our Juvenile court system.

A, E, I, O, U

17 Years old I started school again in the juvenile system this time. I found one on one learning a lot easier to concentrate and eventually learnt the basics of spelling and Maths.

Love,                    L-O-V-E

I met Sarah just after my release from Juvenile prison, I thought at the time I was in love. Who was I know what love was, Being around Sarah made me feel a like better person and good about myself.

I felt like I was worth something. I wanted to show Sarah I could provide for her. Without a job or any income I went back to the only way I knew how to make money. I regret this every day.

BMW,                    B-M-W

Police chase through the back streets of Sydney. All I wanted was to buy my beautiful girlfriend a necklace for her birthday, stealing a car was the worst thing I could have done. I lost the love of my life and went back on a promise I had made to my Mother.

Prison,                    P-R-I-S-O-N

Two years to serve. I had to stay positive. I was really disappointed at myself, but I was determined to make the most of this bad situation I had put myself in.

I had two options. Drugs or Education



Education,

E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N

I chose education. Once again studying in a prison environment seemed to be easier for me. The teachers appeared to have more time for me and I learnt to read all over again. Not only was I reading fluently after my two years served but my speech was more fluent and I felt I more confident knowing if asked to I could read.

Never before had I finished an assignment or read out a speech but two years of hard work and some wonderful patience from my teachers here I am released, clean, and writing a story to you about how I was educated through my life and more importantly my adult life to be a better reader and a better person.

I know I'm not perfect, you reading this will probably find plenty of spelling mistakes and terrible grammar, but for me it feels good to see that I have just written two pages that make sense to me at least.

I am half way through doing my Certificate 4 in youth work now, who would of thought? Not only am I studying but writing assignments and passing them. I hope to graduate next month and send my Mum a picture as a surprise as she doesn't know I've been studying and I'm sure this will make her proud.

Richard Branson,

R-I-C-H-A-R-D B-R-A-N-S-O-N

I have just finished reading my first book. ***Screw it lets do it*** by Richard Branson. It has taken me 24 years of my life to complete a book yet I read the entire book in 3 days.

Reading this book has inspired me. I'm glad I put in that extra effort to learn to read and extra fortunate that the kind hearted detention education workers put in their time to make it happen.

Future,

F-U-T-U-R-E

I have goals now, when I finish my Certificate I will help others in their early adulthood to read and educate them the importance of study.

The future is as bright as you make it.

Live, Learn, love.

---

*Winning entry in the short story writing competition "It's Never Too Late ... To Learn To Read", funded by the Australian Government Department of Industry, Innovation Science, Research and Tertiary Education, through Adult Learners' Week 2012 National Grant Funding. The competition was a partnership between the National Year of Reading 2012, and Tasmanian Writers' Centre.*

