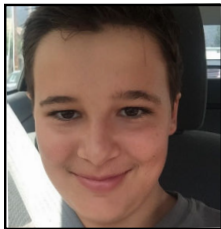
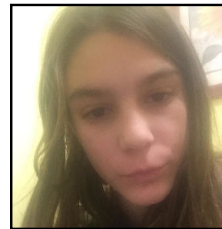
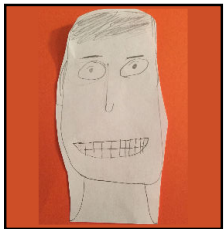
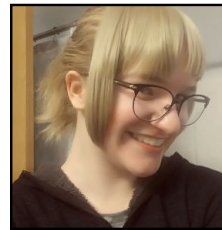
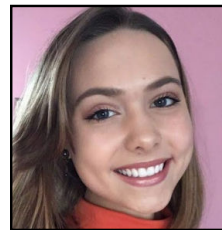
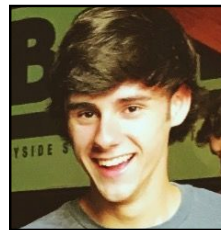
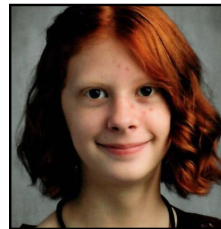


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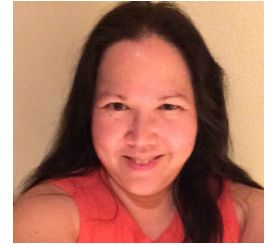
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Recite me



Fernette Eide MD,
Editor

Congratulations to the amazing writers who submitted their masterpieces! Reading through these remarkable poems and short stories, you'll be touched and inspired by the remarkable talent of these young people. Thank you to the volunteer judges, **Writers Studio**, parents, teachers, tutors, donors, and sponsors who made all this possible!

- Fernette Eide

Check out our wonderful sponsors: **Winsor Learning / Sonday System All About Learning (Reading & Spelling), Scanning Pens, FastBridge, Summit Center, Churchill Center & School, Maths Explained, Visual Brand Learning, Recite Me, and The Writers Studio.**

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Thank you to volunteers Trish Seres, Dayna Russell Freudenthal, Michelle Williams, and Shelley Wear for their tireless proofing and feedback. Thank you Lady Grace Belarmino for her beautiful design work and admin support by Sarah Macapobre.

Editors' Note: to ensure that our dyslexic members are able to read our publication without difficulty, our editorial policy is to avoid the use of fonts or typefaces, such as italics, that can impede readability.

If you're reading a print copy of this issue, you can find the digital copy with all the interactive features here: <https://joom.ag/gwya>

THE WRITERS STUDIO

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The storytelling strengths of dyslexic individuals is a talent that can appear in very young children, as some of the young winners of the Karina Eide Young Writers program attest! For others, it is a talent that is late blooming - but once bloomed, never goes away.

Enjoy the wonderful stories and insights these writers are giving to the world. Their stories can make you laugh and cry and most of all reflect. We wish we had room to share ALL the writings that the students sent in. Hats off to the Emotional Truth and Courage, Unique Voice, and Special Recognition winners.

Thank you to the parents, the teachers and tutors, grandparents and friends who nurtured the sparks that now have become roaring blazes!

- Fernette Eide

The Karina Eide Young Writers Awards were named to honor the memory of our **daughter Karina** who was a gifted writer who also enjoyed encouraging others.



KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



IRIS, 9

Anchorage, AK

Rilke Schule

Teachers, Frau Bittlingmaier
and Herr Vincent-Lang

THE LITTLE CANVAS

Every night, in a dark classroom full of dust and paints, canvases were stacked in piles on desks. In one pile sat the tiniest canvas. The littlest canvas was always ignored when children chose their canvases for an art project. This made the bigger ones more greedy, mean, and selfish. The Little Canvas was more quiet and kind. Kids always chose the big ones because they wanted their paintings to stand out. Because of this, the Little Canvas always felt lonely.

One day, lights flickered on. Children's voices grew louder and louder.

"All right class, grab a canvas and a paint brush," said a voice loudly over the noise. The Little Canvas, from the top of a pile of canvases in the corner, noticed a new boy in the class with black hair, who looked nervous. The Little Canvas was more excited and hopeful than ever. Maybe he would finally get chosen!! The Little Canvas thought of happy things the boy might want to paint. Maybe snow falling gently on a boat? Maybe a landscape of a sunset over the ocean? Or a joyful snowman?

One by one, the students chose their canvases and paintbrushes. A few girls chose the biggest canvases in the whole room. Most of the boys chose the medium-sized ones. No one chose the Little Canvas. The only student that hadn't chosen their canvas was the newest one, the little boy with black hair. He looked at everybody else, with their big canvases. He thought that everyone got about the same size canvases, and that none of them would stand out. He had something very special in mind that he wanted to paint. He looked around the room for just the right

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

canvas. When he spotted the Little Canvas, lonely in the corner, he dashed over to grab it. He knew it would be absolutely perfect!

The Little Canvas felt very ecstatic.

The teacher instructed the students to do the background first. The little boy thought of the time he had gone to the top of Mt. Alyeska and had seen the most amazing sight ever. He picked up his paintbrush and started painting swirls over the surface of the canvas in dark blues and greens, then added swirls of red. He painted a sea frozen with thick ice, covered in glittering snow. The Northern Lights lit up patches of bare ice.

When the teacher admired all the paintings, she stopped at the painting of the Northern Lights. She held it up to show the class what he had painted. The Little Canvas felt so excited that on the painting, the Northern Lights started glowing.

"You're an amazing artist!" said one of the girls. "But next time choose a bigger canvas. They stand out more."

The boy frowned. So did the teacher. When the boy was done, he wrote his name with black Sharpie. At the end of art class, everyone had finished, and by the time recess had started, all the paintings had been put up on the wall in the gym. But the one that stood out the most was the Little Canvas.

When the boy saw the girl next art class, he told her that her statement about the big canvases standing out more was a mistake. He thought that the small size made it stand out, because it was different.

That day, the teacher announced that the principal had selected one painting to be displayed in a local museum for a month. All of the students crossed their fingers for their painting to be announced as the selection. One minute later, the teacher announced that the Little Canvas with the Northern Lights over the ice had been chosen for the museum art display.

The Little Canvas glowed bright with glee.

One month later, the boy took the Little Canvas home with pride and hung it on the wall in his bedroom. Ever since the boy had painted his Northern Lights, the Little Canvas was never lonely again.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



SAVANNAH, 11

Potomac, DC

Lab School of Washington

Teacher, Ms. Amy

THE STRANGE CLOSET (an excerpt)

Amy gazed out her bedroom window. The stars twinkled in indigo. The moon was full and pale as ever. All of a sudden Amy's door slowly opened, the hallway light finding its way into Amy's bedroom.

"Hi, sweetie, may I come in?" her dad's voice rang out.

"Yes, Dad," Amy groaned.

"Okay, I hope I didn't wake you," her dad said quietly.

"No, it's fine," Amy said.

"Okay, I just wanted to say good-night," he said, as he started walking towards Amy's bed. He sat on the end of the bed. "Do you want me to read you a story?"

"No thanks," Amy murmured.

"Oh, okay. Goodnight, Amy," he said as he bent down to give her a kiss on the forehead.

"Goodnight, Daddy," Amy said.

Her dad slowly started out of the room. He looked back and smiled. He opened the door. "Sleep tight, Amy. You have your first day of school tomorrow," he whispered.

"I know and I'm nervous," Amy whispered back.

"Oh, you worry about nothing. You will be fine," he chuckled. Her dad walked out the door.

Slowly, the door closed and the light faded. Amy closed her eyes. She dreamed of her first day of school in the past--kids laughing at her and no one wanting to be her friend. Then her eyes shot open.

"Oh, no," she murmured. She looked over at her clock. It read 1:13. She rolled over to her side staring at her white closet, her "amazing thinking spot" (that's what she called it at least). She desperately was trying to think of a way to avoid school. Then Amy closed her eyes and took a deep breath. You're going to be fine,

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

she thought. Then she opened her eyes. She gasped, then quickly closed them and opened them again. She could not believe it. Her closet was glowing!

"WHAT IN THE WORLD!" she screamed. Then she got out of her bed, slowly. Her jaw dropped. Should I go in it.... she thought. I will just go and check it out.... She walked towards the closet. She just stood there and stared at the closet. She was about to turn around when an idea popped into her head. She grinned. Hmmm... if I go into that strange closet... if I get eaten by a strange, glowing closet..... I will miss school, she thought. She slowly reached for the handle, then pulled the door open.

"AHHHHHH," Amy screamed. The closet was full of pink dresses! Amy quickly slammed the closet door. She waited 10 seconds. She cautiously opened it again. This time, her school enemy was in the closet!

"HI, AMYYYY," her enemy said in his squeaky voice. Amy screamed again, this time louder. She quickly slammed the door again, but his finger was sticking out of the crack of the door. Then her parrot, Fluffy, flew into her room and bit her school enemy's finger. It fell off and started inching across the floor. Amy stepped on it as hard as she could. The finger turned to a pile of ash. Amy waited 30 seconds. Then she slowly opened the closet. She stared into it. Fluffy flew onto her shoulder. Ha!, she thought, there's nothing in here this time.

She decided she would go inside and look around, so she took a step deeper into the closet. Then everything went black. Am I dead? Amy thought. She looked down. A gust of wind blew into her face. She frantically started trying to run. Her arms and legs were useless, but she still flung them around anyway which only turned her onto her stomach.

"HELP," Fluffy screeched.

"Fluffy!," Amy yelled as she grabbed Fluffy and pulled him to her chest. Fluffy closed his eyes. All of a sudden, something gold appeared below her. It got bigger and bigger and all of a sudden it filled her vision. Amy realized she was still lying flat on her face. She sat up.

"Fluffy?" Amy said.

"Yes?" Fluffy said in his squeaky parrot voice. Amy looked around. The sky was clear and there were sand dunes as far as she could see.

"Where are we...?"

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ELLA, 12

Austin, TX
Rawson-Saunders
Teacher, Kat Dewees

MY CHRISTMAS GAME

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Except for my mouse

And I was up gaming
Playing a game
Although people say it's good
I thought it was lame

My eyes were watering
My limbs were sore
But I stayed up all night
I was happy galore

Had just charged my mouse
For a long winter's night
When I saw the flash
Of my keyboard's light

My keyboard was out
But that didn't stop me
For I had a Switch
And no one could top me

When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter
I sprang up from my chair
To see what was the matter

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

I set the Switch down
Then ran out of the door
When I saw the reindeer
I almost hit the floor

They were too small
To even be deer
But I didn't mind that
So I had to cheer

Then I saw Santa
I wanted to say "Hi"
But instead I stood still
And yelled "OK BYE!"

I ran back inside
Then to the upstairs
Jumped onto my bed
And said "Does he even
care?"

I picked up the Switch
And looked at the game
I was playing Super Smash
And trying to be tame

When what to my wondering
Eyes did appear
There was that Santa
And those eight little deer

I was really confused
How could this be?
Had too much gaming
Gotten to me?!

I saw little Luigi
Grab Santa's back
And then I watched Rudolf
Launch a Smash attack

I shut down my Switch
It was all too much
With all this gaming
I had become out of touch

After witnessing that scene
I had such a fright
And all I could say was...
"Merry Christmas to all
And to all a good night"

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CECILIA, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson-Saunders

Teacher, Kat Dewees

I would like to thank my
writer's workshop teacher
Ms. Dewees

UNFULFILLED

I was lonely on the shelf
All my friends had left
I watched them vanish
I heard the bell and they were gone

But now it is my time to get out
Where is the chiming of the bell?
Just taken

Now in a fast red car
whispering voices talking quickly
With loud sirens close behind
But I am having the time of my life
I wonder why they drive so fast
I can only see through the hole in the box

As soon as we turn the corner
I am thrown from the window
I fly out of my box
And tumble and swirl to a stop
Now alone in a gutter

Two boys find me then tie my laces together
And fling me up in the sky and I get stuck
On the electrical wire
And dangle there like long earrings

I spend my first night outside
Hoping that someone will find me
The hours pass slowly

Rain, wind, and heat
Eating away at my color and life
Days grow longer
Months run away and
Years pass by

My frame becomes brittle
And my tongue is stiff
My soul empty
No time to take back no time to give
My moment slowly comes

Down, down, down I fall
Lying there waiting to come to my end
Never really knowing my true purpose
I fade, no one to love me no one to care

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



DYLAN, 15

Redwood City, CA
Agnitio Homeschool

I would like to thank my Mom for pushing me forward to be the best that I can be. I would also like to thank my tutor Amanda Yskamp who always gives me wise critiques.

THE FOREIGNER

I am the foreigner,
The one who crossed the churning sea,
In the metal bird above.

I am the one who came to America,
Where everyone tells me I am free,
But I never felt controlled before.

I am the stranger in every room,
The "new one" wherever I go,
I am the one who hides away in this new land.

I am the one from a country no one knows about,
My country and I are misunderstood,
But unlike others, I do not mind.

I am the one who plays along,
The one who embraces the cliché,
People wonder what my language is, but it's simply English.

I am the one who hides from others,
My anxiety gets the best of me,
I want to be friends, but I don't know how.

I am the one who wants to join in,
And yet I distance myself from others,
For I am the foreigner, and that is all I am.

I am the one adrift,
After five years in America, I am still the foreigner,
But in my nation, I am all but a memory.

I am the one who has been put into a box,
And I know I am not alone,
They tell me I am free, but sometimes I wonder if I am.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MADISYN, 15

Scotts Valley, CA

SLVHS

Teacher, Douglas Morris

Douglas Morris is an amazing English teacher who has encouraged me in writing and really appreciated my thoughts and ideas and was able to look past the editing errors.

My mom is a great help with teaching me to edit and also encouraging me to be creative in my writing.

BURNT ONCE, TWICE SHY

I thought maybe that you were mine and me yours
I thought I saw kindness in your eyes

Arctic blue beautiful
I underestimated their hidden depths
I thought there was warmth in your smile It never
reached your eyes
The windows to the soul

I thought maybe you were different
You are cold, your frozen heart hid your poison
Until my flame melted through the ice only to
reach your toxic core
You left me frozen and snuffed my flame

And I thought maybe.....

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



DYLAN, 17

Niverville, NY

Tech Valley High School

Teacher, Ms. Danielle Hemid

KATA AND THE SHINIGAMI

Tokugawa Kata is the son of the powerful Tokugawa shogun and next in line to lead all of Japan. But he is spoiled, vain, and only cares about his safety. His father knows this but he has no say if he becomes the shogun. His father also knows that if his son takes over, Japan's period of peace would be over. So with the best intentions for his people, he summons a Shinigami to take his son to the afterlife. After the Shinigami does this, he would have to defeat the Shinigami himself its stop its rampage, as the shogun would do anything for his people. As Kata listened through the door as his father prays for the horrible beast, the first time in his life he felt an overwhelming fear. He had heard that all who meet a Shinigami meet a horrible end by suicide or other means. He runs to the stables and rides away to save himself. He rides and rides, then comes upon a dirt covered man. He slows as he passes the man.

The man asks "sir, may you spare some yen for I cannot provide for my family, my lands have not been fertile for the past 3 seasons." Kata shakes his head and replies "I shall not, peasants like you do not deserve to kiss my boots! For I am Tokugawa Kata, future ruler of all of Japan and you are just a lowly peasant." Kata, on his horse, rides on. He comes across a small town and sees many people like the one he met on the road. They all looked sad and said nothing. For a minute he felt bad for the poor people of this village but he quickly shook off the feeling, thinking that it was their choice to be poor and that they could be rich if they tried harder.

continue reading next page

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

continuation...

As Kata leaves the village, he stops so his horse can rest and sees a young man working in a rice field. As he watches the boy work in the field he notices how hard he is working. The young man walks up to him and asks "could you spare a drink of water? I have been working in this field since the break of dawn and I've had nothing to eat but a palm-full of rice."

Kata realizes that this boy has been working for a long time so decides to give him some water. He takes out a small tea cup and hands it to him, pouring in water from his canteen. The boy walks out to the field and was about to drink, but instead of drinking it himself he gives it to an elderly woman also working. She appears to be the young boy's grandma. As Kata watches this boy take care of his grandma he realizes how terrible and vain he has been all his life, not helping anyone but himself and not thanking anyone who helped him. At that moment, he turns his horse around and rides back to his home to apologize to his father. Once Kata arrives home, he runs to his father and says "father, I have been a fool all my life to think the world revolved around me, please forgive me father." His father seems taken aback and sadly replies "son, I never thought you would see the true path." He then starts to cry telling him, "but I'm afraid it's too late to stop it now, I am sorry my son." Kata in his haste had forgotten all about the Shinigami his father had brought. But this time he was not filled with fear, he was instead filled with courage. If the young boy in the field would sacrifice his own well-being for his family's, then he would too. He grabs his father's katana off the mantel and waits for the Shinigami to appear. After what seemed like hours, the Shinigami finally arrives, Kata pulls out the sword to oppose the demon. It was over 10 feet tall with sharp teeth and an evil grin, its long arms were strong and wielding a naginata, its eyes burned with destructive fury. Any other man would have run, but not Kata. He held firm and the Shinigami was taken aback by this. Its voice sounded like a shriek of pain folded into words. "Are you not scared of me?" Kata paused, then said "yes I'm scared, but nothing in the world could get to the people of Japan, or to my father, while I'm here to defend them!"

The Shinigami's grin vanished as Kata slashed across the demon's body. Its black blood shot out, but almost instantly turned to dust along with the rest of its body. Kata was confused by this. He thought surely it would take more than that to stop the Shinigami. His father came out of his hiding place and tells him it was not the blade that cut the Shinigami's skin, but his determination to stop him. Kata now knows not to take his life for granted, and that he should be nicer to all people and especially take care of his elders.



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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KRISTIAN, 7

Spokane, WA

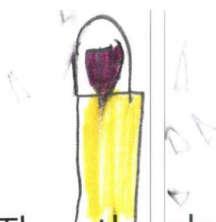
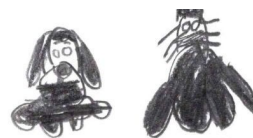
Winston Center

Teacher, janelle Huddle

THE ANIMAL NINJAS



Once upon a time a dog lived and a cat lived, but they were family. They were ninjas.



Then the alarm buzzed and a very important diamond got stolen by the worst fox ever.



As soon as the evil fox laughed, the animal ninjas came. They tried to fight the evil fox, but they didn't get along.

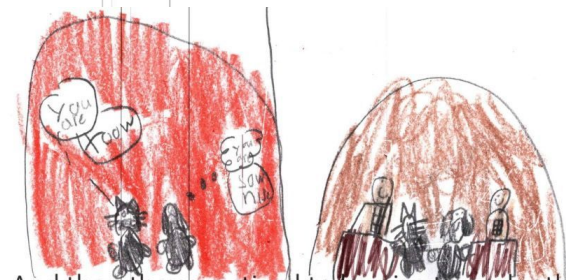
KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



"I am better than you," said the cat. "No, I am the best," said the dog. And then the fox got away because the cat and the dog were fighting about who was the best.



And the cat and dog went home and their owner came home. And then their owner went out to the car and the animal ninjas went to their base.



And then they practiced to be nice to each other. After they practiced to be friends they practiced to fight, like kicking and punching and growling.



The animal ninjas worked together, but then there was a moment when they started to fight each other so then the evil fox henchmen got away.



Their leader said, "You guys didn't get the diamond because you were fighting. You guys were saying 'No, I'm the best.' 'No, I'm the best.' You guys need to learn that you can work together."



Then, the alarm went off again. The evil fox henchmen arrived without the worst fox ever. The henchmen made the animal ninjas get tired. So then, the evil fox henchmen could beat them.



Then, they sighed and went home and got loved and loved and loved by their owner. Their owners got called by their work at the hospital and a patient needed help.

And then the alarm went off again. The worst fox ever and his henchmen came back.



The animal ninjas learned to get along and work together so then they got the precious diamond back.

The End

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



JACOB, 10

Margate, NJ
William H Ross
Elementary School
Teacher, Mrs. McGuigan

THE CAVE

Mark's car broke down in the woods near Green Rock cave just outside of town. He heard a slight tapping on the door and heard a peculiar laugh. He looked outside but saw nothing. Then he smelled the sweet scent of cake. Mark started to feel like he was in a scene from a horror movie. He tried to call his friend, but he had no service. He thought, 'Oh no, my phone won't work! I'm in the middle of the woods! It's so cold. I hope I don't get frostbite. Maybe I can go into the cave?'

Mark double-checked the date on his phone. Oh no, it was October 25. Legend has it that every October 25th until Halloween, a monster lives in the cave. The monster has five heads, fifty legs and fangs the size of baseball bats. Mark never believed this wise tale, but he didn't like being stuck out in the woods, freezing cold. His only options was to seek shelter in Green Rock Cave. He heard that peculiar laugh again and a strange crunch as he walked towards the cave, but he also smelled the mouthwatering, aroma of cake. Mark thought 'it can't be too scary, at least there's cake'.

Then, Mark went into the cave preparing himself for the worst scare of his life, but it was just an old man making cake. There was not a monster in sight. The old man smiled a warm, toothy grin and offered Mark a slice of cake. Mark gobbled down the cake, it was warm, delicious and just enough to fill him up for the walk back to his car. The old man was so friendly, he told Mark how to fix his car. Mark said, "thank you, I hope we meet again."

Mark felt silly that he was so scared of an old man who was just making cake. He thought, 'I just made a new friend.' As Mark left the cave, he suddenly saw a horrific shadow with five heads, ginormous fangs and fifty legs. He screamed and tripped, he looked back preparing to be destroyed but it was just the old man waving... or was it?

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KEELI, 10

Alexandria, VA
The Lab School of Washington
Teacher, Amy Young

I'd like to thank my mom for
always trying to help me see
my best qualities.

I AM

I am a mule.
So stubborn I will
not listen at all if
I don't want to.

I am a peacock.
So social everyone
is drawn to my conversation.

I am as graceful as a
swallow in the treetops.
I love to cheer people
up as I work.

I am looking in a broken
mirror so I never see myself.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



THE TEXAS STAR

A lone white shell in a sky of dark blue
Hugs the cloudy horizon
Over the blood Red Sea

Red white and blue
Merge together in a sheet of freedom
Flowing and whipping in the wind like wild horses
galloping across a field of bluebonnets

MAGGIE, 14

Austin, TX
Rawson-Saunders
Teacher, Kat Dewees

I would like to thank my
parents and my teacher.



[FREE WEBINAR]

How to Build a Framework for the Early Identification and Intervention of Dyslexia

Wednesday, April 3 | 4:00 – 5:00 ET

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<http://bit.ly/0319-DA>

Early identification and targeted intervention are key to preventing reading and language deficits from becoming lifelong achievement gaps. Do you have a process in place for these services?

If you don't, join Sally Grimes, Founding Director of the Grimes Reading Institute, and FastBridge Learning® in this free webinar to learn:

- The characteristics of dyslexia and related language difficulties
- The importance of screening Pre-K and Kindergarten students for dyslexia
- Strategies for identifying dyslexia among English language learners (ELLs)
- Pre-literacy interventions that can be implemented in Pre-K and Kindergarten
- Other factors critical to supporting students with dyslexia, including infrastructure, professional development, curricula, screening tools, and parental involvement

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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MAREN, 15

Pequot Lakes, MN
Pequot Lakes High School
Teacher, Mrs. Tank

I would like to thank my good
Friend, Friend A.

Thanks for introducing me to
the world of Naruto and
dealing with my Sasusaku
obsession! Love you<3

PAPER HEART (an excerpt)

Out from the behind the greyness of the clouds came the bright full moon, lighting up the dark cold night. A stray beam of soft light found its way to that unknown figure. A young woman was crouched there. Her skin was pale as snow, her face was kind but let crease with such worry. Her bright green eyes shone brightly in the light. And her light pink hair fell in light curtains to her bare shoulders. Her slightly large forehead shown with a light sweat. Her bangs were barely pulled back by a headband that shown a symbol that was near and very dear to her heart. Her outfit was light and easy to move in. Red tank top, black shorts, and a light pink skirt that matched her hair. She wore dark gloves. On her back, she wore proudly the symbol of her clan. The symbol of the Haruno clan. From a distance you will not find this young lady very intimidating, but once you look her dead in the eyes, you will see the fire burning fighting spirit of the Haruno clan, and the determination to win....

"You will thank me for this later,"

Confusion filled her mind. What did he mean by-?

Pain came from the back of her neck. She gasped, realizing what just happened. It was just like when he left all those nights ago. The pinkette looked up into his eyes as the world around went dark. She wanted to ask why, but she was already unconscious. Her eyes widen in shock as he pinched the pressure point on her neck. A gasp escaped from her lips as she fell forward. He caught her eye before they closed. They were full of confusion and hurt. But he didn't care.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

He held her unconscious body in his arms and stood there. He closed his eyes and took in her scent of cherry blossoms wafting from her. He left the warmth of her body heat spread through him.

His dark eyes opened and he picked her up, one arm supporting her back, and the other holding her legs. He held her against his body protectively. And then he took off, jumping from branch to branch as silent as shadows, leaving the little-destroyed clearing behind.

His mission was to take Sakura Hanro far away from the village, and his former teacher, Orochimaru. He was going to protect her from any harm. She was his after all.

From the first night Sasuke slept away from the leaf village, he dreamt of Sakura. Of her hurt face dripping with tears as he left. Guilt overtook him whenever he thought of that face, full of pain and sadness. But he had to leave to get stronger, and no way would he let his cherry blossom near the evil of Orochimaru. He would use her and hurt her, the very thought of this placed a sneer on the avenger's face.

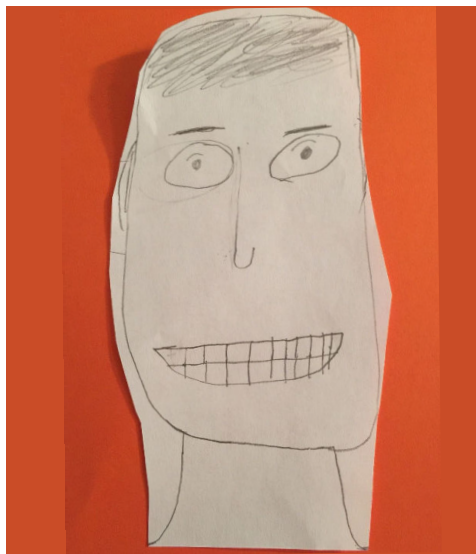
But now no one will hurt her. He will make sure of that.

From the moment he met her all those years ago, he always had feelings for the little pinkette. But he could never show this, otherwise, enemies could use her against him. He also had a goal so he had to leave her behind, leaving her safe from the monster inside of him. But as the days went on, all he could think about was the girl that never gave up on him. And his only question was why? Why did she keep loving him?

That day when he almost killed her, he was gone, letting his inner demons take control, and he had regretted it ever since. But still, she has loved him....

No one but him will be able to love her... and that a promise.... and somehow... he will help mend her little paper heart...

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



WILLIAM, 10

Hoover, AL
Homeschool

I would like to thank my
parents and teacher.

CITY

Kingdoms rise and crumble
Cities also do
People come and go.

Many live in the buildings
Lots gray and dull
Some abandoned long ago
Spent to all they were valued.
The dark alleys don't welcome many
But some.

Torrents of people move through the
streets
Covering the city with the color of their
chatter.
In parks people gather
Picnic, run, and play.

It's not the buildings, not the alleys, not
the places,
It's the faces,
that make the city.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MAKAILA, 11

Huntsville, AL
Homeschool

My mom inspired me to write this story because she encourages me to write my own stories.

THE HOWLER

It was midnight and the wind was howling. The rain was beating at the window. Lidya sat up in bed. She had left her paintings outside. Quickly she got dressed and ran outside. She looked around but her paintings were gone. Lidya had worked so hard on them and now they were gone.

Boom. Thunder shook the ground and the rain started to fall harder.

Lidya ran to the door. It was locked. She started banging on the door but her parents were sound asleep. There was a scream that pierced through the night. It was high pitch like a girl. Lidya ran into the woods without thinking. Suddenly, the screaming stopped.

Lidya looked around she hadn't ever been in the woods by herself before. The trees cast shadows around her that looked like they were spinning.

Lidya started to leave when there was a THUD. At her feet was two things that were still as a stone. Lidya bent down to see what they were. The closest one was small and skinny. The thing had a face that was slimy. It seemed to be bubbling and secreting a gooey substance. Lidya looked at the next thing at her feet. It was all shriveled up like all the water in the things body was gone. Its mouth was open wide like it was trying to breathe. Its eyes were shut tight and its lips were cracked. Lidya decided to go tell someone but as she started to walk away the shadows moved toward her.

One of the shadows was zooming toward her at an alarming speed. It stopped an inch from her face and hissed. "Three riddles chances for three chances at life one of us can make you boil and stew one of us can take all the water from you one of us can make you a stone surprise."

continue reading next page

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

continuation...

The shadow lurched backward and went to its friends. The shadows spun around so fast they looked like one big black cloud. Suddenly one of the shadows moved forward and said

What speaks in riddles word for word?

What is ancient and old with knowledge that is bold?

What lets you past if you're right but kills you if you're wrong?

What has claws teeth and a bite?

What has a head of a woman and tail that swings through the night?

Lidya thought for a moment. Her first thought was one of the creepy shadows. That couldn't be right shadows didn't have claws or teeth and they certainly didn't have tails. Her next thought was a human but that couldn't be right either. Humans almost never spoke in riddles they didn't have claws or tails. What could it be? If it was ancient then it was probably a mythical creature. What mythical creature spoke in riddles. Suddenly it came to her a Sphinx. Sphinx she yelled. The shadows didn't say anything but the first thing was gone. The second Shadow was coming toward her when it stopped a safe distance away.

What is in the sky bright and bold?

What is on waves swirling around?

It is not the color you use to write?

Well this one had to be a color for it said that it was in the third line. Was it blue? Blue was the color of the sky and sea. But being an artist she thought of all the colors in sky and sea. There was blue, green, red, white, orange, pink, purple and black. Lidya narrowed down the colors to the ones that were in the sea and the sky. The colors were black, blue, green and white. This one was hard. The last line was it is not the color you wright with. You usually wright with black. You can wright on paper with all the colors except white. White Lidya yelled. The second shadow floated backward and the third shadow came out. It opened its mouth and spoke.

There's no time to spare say the word to go home is STONE.

Lidya said stone and with a bang she was falling and screaming. She landed with a thud in her bed. She looked at her clock. It was midnight.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



NATHAN, 11

Cincinatti, OH

I would like to thank Connor
for being my best friend.

DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE

I may not read amazing
I may not be the best
But I should go ahead
And give me a rest
I may have trouble hearing
And I may have trouble seeing
But with my dyslexic advantage
I can be my very own best human being
I can show the world
That Dyslexia isn't bad
And now I'm done here
To go make someone else glad

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



AIDAN, 12

Bethesda, MD
Lab School of Washington
Amy Young, Teacher

NADIA, HOW IT CAME TO BE

For centuries there were gods watching over us. One of the gods' names was Sawara who was the God of Sky. One of the gods' names was Conjebay who was the God of the Underworld. Sawara was fed up by all hate and negativity that Conjebay sent. One day Sawara had enough so he struck the earth with a small meteor in the Arctic Ocean so he could live there to balance humanity. He called the island Naida.

Conjebay was stunning. He was more powerful than ever. He made war upon humanity. Then one day Conjebay modified his skin into a snake. Sawara was walking around and he knew he was being watched. Conjebay said, "Oh Diggy Dog! I got him this time." "My high ground now, boy. You can't run or fight so what's the plan?" After that Sawara said "Without inner peace it is impossible for any other peace" (Gelshe Kelsang Gyatso). Conjebay stabbed Sawara in the chest with the Withows Blade that can end any god. Sawara started to bleed onto the people of the world, but not blood-- gold.

As a result, no one was poor and no one was rich. The wars started to stop. Sawara fell to his knees and died. The other gods brought Sawara up to them and buried Sawara in the clouds. After that the gods heard what Conjebay did. They stripped the powers away from Conjebay. After Sawara passed, he made many more gods like him to help prevent hate. The only thing he planted were elements on the island of Nadia. Sand, water, soil, and grass to symbolize earth around them.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ELLIE, 12

Belvidere, NJ

Ridge and Valley Charter School

Teacher, Tyler Thurgood

I would like to thank my teacher, Tyler Thurgood.

SOME MIGHT SAY WE'RE TOO OLD

to play
at the Land of Make Believe
But there we stood,
the aroma of chlorine mixed with
the hot, greasy, deep-fried Oreos bolling;
the laughs of little, innocent kids
Essence —
as they get bounced
up and down,
enjoying the pleasure of the ride.
The ride —
the Essence of childhood.
The Little Voice Inside My Head,
banging on the screen door
to let me out,
to go play.
Yet, something
Is holding me back
to run,
to play,
to keep the appearance
of being cool —
of being
an adult.

The Sticky Sweat on my Forehead
drips down my back.
I hear the sounds
as they grow faint,
as they flow
further down the slide.
The slide —
the Essence of childhood.
We Dare Each Other
to go on the biggest water slide
and we can feel the adrenaline
flowing through our veins
like a river
wild.
I Stop
to hope
never to forget this second,
this moment,
this day,
this —
Essence.



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Visual images and building understanding

Linking images to symbols/numbers



$$5 + 5 = 10$$

$$2 \times 5 = 10$$

$$10 \div 2 = 5$$

Inter-relating numbers and operations + - x ÷

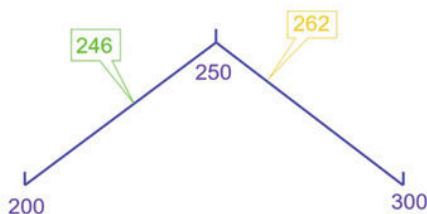
Reversing



$$10 - 1 = 9$$

$$9 + 1 = 10$$

Estimating: to the nearest hundred



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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



HAYDEN, 12

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

Kat Dewees, Teacher

I'd like to thank Ms Dewees.

FREE ASSOCIATION

The smell of dry grass reminds me of Leakey. Leakey reminds me of fire. Fire reminds me of being by the crystal clear blue water of the springs. This reminds me of crawfish, swimming, tubing, jumping off a rope swing, fishing, and being with my cousins by the fire. Fire reminds me of s'mores and getting burned by a stick that had been in the fiery inferno as well as the smell of wood burning by our yellow Leakey cabin.

This reminds me of unafraid deer, boars up to 600 lbs and free roaming black cats. It also reminds me of La La's, the best breakfast taco place in the world and one of my favorite stores, Josh's which carries guns, knives, tubes, sunglasses, and fishing related items. Fishing rods remind me of my summer camp, LLYC when I was still with the younger kids. I will call them James, Parker, and Clifford. We found a giant foam wheel behind the camp. The wheel was stuck in between two trees. We rolled it up the hill and thought we should send ourselves down in it. We had a test trial and the wheel stayed upright on the way down. It went

Bump
 Thud
 Bump
 Thud
 Bump.

All the way down the hill and flew off the cliff and

Splashed into the river. We ended up sideways and climbed out into the dry grass...which reminds me..

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ANDREW, 13

Pasadena, CA

Assumption of the Blessed

Virgin Mary

Ms. Louk, Teacher

I'd like to thank my tutor, Ann
Murphy.

THE WRITING MACHINE

I have invented a writing machine. This machine will convert what you have already written into more sentences and paragraphs. If you put in a simple sentence, "The red house." the machine will turn it into, " The big red house with pink shutters and blue azalea flowers in the front." The machine will also take what you have already written, and a new short sentence you just wrote to make a new sentence. As an example " Asher loves to smell the flowers." Instead of inserting a new kind of flower the machine will insert the same type of flower only with more information. "The seventh-grader Asher loves the sweet scent of the blue azalea flowers."

I think dyslexic students around the world will use this invention. The abilities of this machine would be nearly endless. The computer in the device will be able to detect spelling and grammar errors, build new complex sentences, and make whole paragraphs that are relatable to your subject . The machine will have a multiple choice option so you can pick any sentence you want. The computer will come up with hundreds of sentences you could use. You will be able to use this machine in Google Docs, and Microsoft Word 2013.

When would Dyslexics use this machine? This device should be limited at schools. If a student becomes too reliant on this device, he or she will not develop essential writing skills. It would be best if the teacher personally permits someone to use the machine instead of giving it to a class. The device could be used to write a paragraph for a student. He or she would put all of the information into the computer that they knew on the subject and the computer would generate the paragraph.

Another function on this machine is decoding words and sentences that you may not be able to read. If a dysgraphic person writes a sentence or paragraph you can't understand, the device will scan it and decode the paper until it deciphers the sentence. If y0 u co ul d n ot read t his, the machine would scan the sentence, decode it, and then a legible sentence would show up on screen.

I believe that this machine will revolutionize the gap between dyslexic, dysgraphic, and non-dyslexic / non-dysgraphic people. This gap will be revolutionized by generating new longer sentences for dyslexic students. It will help teachers understand what their dysgraphic students write. I just wrote this entire essay, or did I?

HIGH HONORS

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



WESTON, 12

Austin, TX
Rawson-Saunders
Kat Dewees, Teacher

I would like to acknowledge
my teacher Kat DeWees for
encouraging me and my swim
team for inspiring me.

THE INNER MEANING

It can sail you to places
you didn't even know you could reach,

It can slake your thirst for exercise,
On a lazy Saturday

It can wash the stresses of the world away,
And send them floating off like leaves in a river

It is the bright mosaic floor
In which I am a colorful tile

It brings the riches and the rags together
And merges hues of flesh into a rainbow of
acceptance

My swim team

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



NOBLE, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson-Saunders

Kat Dewees, Teacher

My teacher Kat DeWees, and
my writing friends for helping
me with the idea of writing a
poem about writing.

WRITING

My aching emotion dump

Like a bad break up

a sentimental sump

Writing.

Turns my life into something more

Trying out a new idea,

what I haven't thought of before

Writing.

My words are drowning on the page

Like when I am speechless

They are sinking. Floating. Shouting in a rage

Writing.

My flow of a river,

each word forms, a spray of Creativity

the imagination giver

Writing.

The hardest thing is the approach

Stirring up my feelings

On topics hard to broach

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



CARLY, 13

Chelmsford, MA.
Acera School

I'd like to thank my teacher,
Vered Brooks

THE MERMAID GODDESS

I dove off the dock into the water. As my body hit the water, a feeling of peace seeped into me. I shot through the water like a knife. I looked down and saw the seaweed swing beneath me inviting me to play with it. I came up for air and then went back down into the seaweed, slithering in between the strands like an eel searching for its prey. I found a rock in the middle of the seaweed, the perfect place for me to sit and think.

On the bottom of the ocean, the occasional fish swam up next to me until I had to back up for air. I have always loved the ocean.

My grandmother calls me "a mermaid, the goddesses of the sea." The sea brought me peace, a place to relax and imagine beautiful things. In order to access that place, I have to dive down deep into the ocean, to the seafloor. Beneath the surface, surrounded by all the sea life it feels like a blanket surrounding you with warmth, hugging you close and comforting you. That's the way it's always been for me. The best things happen to me when I'm in the ocean. I decided that I would swim out to the island right off the beach. The island was never as sacred to me as the ocean, but for some reason, it still beckons me to it, and I respond willingly. To get there, I swam through the reef. Looking down at the beauty of the coral beneath me, fish came up to say hello. I knew them well but they knew me better. They had played with me every day since I was a young girl, always intoxicating me with their charm. A swarm of fish appeared and whispered in my ear "play with us, play with us." But today I had to decline their offer.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

I got to the island, the most magical place I'd ever known. Like something straight out of a fairy tale, it was a small circular island with tide pools all around and sandy beaches that sea glass would wash up on. Right in the middle of the island there was a tree, a big willow tree who was king of the island. I had a fantasy about the tree. Little fairies lived inside it and at night they woke up and cared for the willow tree. They sprinkled magic on its leaves and gave the big wise willow a little bit of a sense of humor.

As I reached the island, I raced up the beach to the willow tree. I brushed back its vines of leaves. As the leaves fell back into place, the inside of the tree started to glow blue and I heard a voice whisper inside me, as if it was a part of me "I am the tree of the goddesses, here to help guide you. Go to your grandmother." I sprinted down the beach, intent on swimming as fast as possible. But as I reached the reef, I stopped and hovered over, looked down at the fish dodging through the coral and watched the sea - a world that I had seen, but had never really been connected to, until now. All the fantastical underwater tales that my grandmother told me when I was younger could actually be my reality.

I ran to my grandmother's house which was so close to the ocean it was practically underwater. I burst into her house and frantically said, "grandma, the tree on the island, it spoke to me." My words were muddled and fast but somehow my grandmother knew what I was trying to say and she explained, "I knew you were going to find out any day now. Sit down while I tell you the story of your people." Then I said "What do you mean my people?" My grandmother responded "Shhhh, just listen. Do you remember those stories I used to tell you about mermaids when you were little? They're all very much true. You are the rightful Queen of The Sea."

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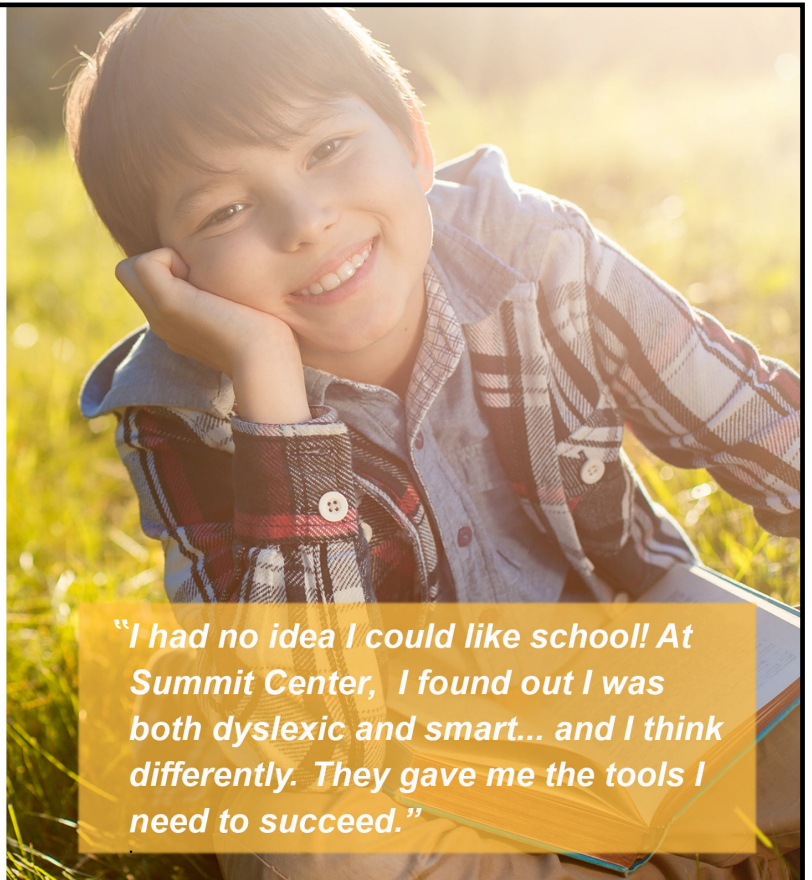
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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



TESSA, 13

Brentwood, TN
Brentwood Middle School
Ms. Boaz, Teacher

UNBOUND

Feather,
Feather,
In the sky,

In the place,
Beyond the eye.

If you see me,
Be sure to say hello.

From the clouds,
At me below.

And if I hear your greeting,
I'll be sure to let you know.

From this place,
Where so little go.

How I wish I could join you,
O' feather in the sky,

To be free like you,
I cannot lie.

But you O' feather,
Are different than me,

For you are not bound,
By land or sea.

And if you see me,
Please send a greeting or,

At least let my spirit be,
Beside you once more,

But I can already guess,
The answer will be no,

So fly off in the sky,
Hurry, off you go,
Go.
Go.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



THIEN, 13

Eugene, OR
Eugene Waldorf School
Teacher, Ian Stearns

I'd like to thank Mr. Stearns,
my teacher

HOMEWORK DUE TODAY

Poems . . . poems are hard for me

I don't understand a thing

I always try to rhyme

But I never have the time

So I sigh and say, "Tomorrow I will lie."

Then I think to myself

No poem . . . no dinner

No poem . . . no bed

No poem . . . angry dad

No poem . . . angry mom

So then I write . . .

Poems. . . . poems are hard for me

I don't understand a thing

I always try to rhyme

But I never have the time

HOMEWORK DUE TODAY

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ZACH, 13

Tierra Verde, FL
Shorecrest Preparatory School
Teacher, Mrs. Brill

I'd like to thank Mrs. Brill

WHY I LOVE TO WRITE

First I have to find a title
Finding the right title is vital
Finding the right title is hard no doubt
The title has to be something I want to write about
When I find the perfect title I smile because the
time I spent was worthwhile
Then I start to write
my hand will feel light
Words will appear
At first the words meaning is unclear
Until the right words volunteer
Next the words grow
and then they flow
Then the words suddenly belong
like a song
After that I make my poem longer
The words meanings become stronger
I read my work out loud and suddenly I feel proud
I keep expanding till my work is outstanding
My imagination as vast as a sea
My creativity running free
My poem comes to life
Breathing rhymes
When the writer in me comes out of his cage
The page is my stage
I write, write, write, all night
I suddenly feel delight, excite, and a hint of might
This is why I love to write.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



DAVIS, 14

Falls Church, VA

Mary Ellen Henderson Middle
School

Tutor, Laurie Seymour

Thanks Mom!

UNTIL PARADISE

I gaze at the bright blue body of water right in
front of me
When I walk up to it
I feel little fairies dancing on my feet
I take a few more steps
Closer and closer to the endless now greenish-
blue water
A seashell stabs me like two men going to war
Then BOOM!
The soft warm sand becomes hard and cold
Little clams run and hide for cover
Going deep into the wet ground as if a hurricane
was coming
One step at a time

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



OLIVIA, 14

Alden, IA
Homeschool

SOAKED SYMPHONY

When the heavens grow darker

And the clouds gather round

When the lighting starts dancing

And the rain drums are drowned

But when the thunder joins in

It's hard to complain

When it all comes together

You won't mind the rain

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



PARKER, 14

Lubbock, TX
JT Hutchison Middle School
Teacher, Mrs. Armendariz

WHAT ARE YOU HIDING

You see me in the hallway
I look like everyone else
And at that point
You
Think
You
Know
Me
But
You don't
You see me in the classroom
I listen
I write
I leave like everyone else
And at that point
You
Think
You
Know
Me


But
You don't
You see me in the
cafeteria
I eat
I talk
I play DND
And at that point
You
Think
You
Know
Me
But
You don't
You might think
You know how I am
but in reality
I'm nothing you expect
I'm broken
I'm dyslexic
And most of the time
I Am Wrong

PREMIUM ISSUE FORTY APRIL 2019

Dyslexic Advantage

PREMIUM MAGAZINE

GIFTED WRITERS



IN THIS ISSUE: FINDING 'IT' : DYSLEXIC EPIPHANY

- CHANNELING THE GIFTS OF DYSLEXIC WRITERS
- FOCUS ON SIGHT WORDS AND ORTHOGRAPHIC MAPPING
- DIRECTIONAL ISSUES & MATH
- WHAT WILD GUESSES TELL YOU WITH READ ALOUDS
- HIGH SCHOOL: BEYOND ORTON-GILLINGHAM, TEMPERAMENT & MORE

PREMIUM

UPCOMING ISSUE



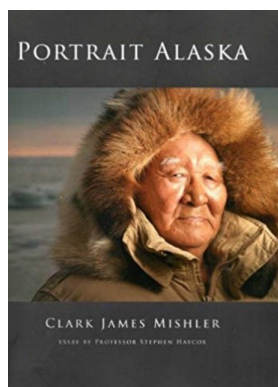
DEVELOPING WRITERS
 WHAT WILD GUESSES MEAN READ ALOUD
 FINDING 'IT' DYSLEXIC EPIPHANIES
 FOCUS ON SIGHT WORDS AND
 ORTHOGRAPHIC MAPPING
 DIRECTIONAL ISSUE AND MATH
 HIGH SCHOOL: BEYOND ORTON-
 GILLINGHAM, TEMPERAMENT, & MORE

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\$5 per month!**

K-12 ARTSHARE!

K-12 ARTSHARE:
 Share your beautiful
 artwork and photography
HERE. We'll be gifting
 some with art or
 photography books from
 dyslexic creators!



BEGINNING MARCH 15 - MAY 15th, We'll be giving away **EIGHT** of Clark Mishler's beautiful Alaska photography books to the first eight K-12 students who send in artwork or photos to be published in our newsletter.

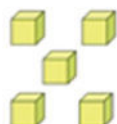


maths explained

Video tutorials to help with dyscalculia
and mathematical learning difficulties

Visual images and building understanding

Linking images to
symbols/numbers



$$5 + 5 = 10$$

$$2 \times 5 = 10$$

$$10 \div 2 = 5$$

Inter-relating numbers
and operations + - x ÷

Reversing



$$10 - 1 = 9$$

$$9 + 1 = 10$$

Why Maths Explained?



Devised and delivered by an internationally regarded expert in the field of maths learning difficulties.



The structure of the programme and the principles that drive it are based on research from around the world on how people learn, and fail to learn, maths.



The videos develop an understanding of maths by addressing and circumventing the barriers that handicap learning. They are about using that understanding to support memory.



Each video uses carefully designed visual images, matched to the relevant maths vocabulary and concepts in order to enhance understanding.

CLICK THIS AD TO WATCH OUR SAMPLE VIDEO TO SEE OUR APPROACH

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



AMBROSE, 16

Juneau, AK

Homeschool

Teacher, Beth Meltzer

I would also like to thank
Sandra Charlap from The
Kildonan School

ICE

Trudging through the snow I go, looking for something I don't know how to find. The wind bites at my exposed face; the thick fur coat keeps me slightly hidden from the burning cold. I smell the simple scent of the frozen air, twisting and dancing about me. The men back at camp told me to wait till after the storm, that I wouldn't be able to find anything anyway, but I knew it would be gone by then. I can't rightly say why I knew this, perhaps it was just a feeling. I can barely see the feet that push forward below me wrapped in layer, after layer, of thick fur and leather. The snow covered mountains loom ominously above me, like jagged gods watching as I struggle past them, debating my fate. I hear the distant cliffs whispering my name urging me forward.

Unexpectedly, my boot catches on something poking from the ground; tumbling down the steep slope I go; faster and faster I roll, unwanted snow finding its way into my clothes. Before I can do anything to stop myself the feeling of solid ground vanishes, I am falling. The dread is short, and I hit the ground painfully hard.

Lying there, I look up at the gray sky swirling above me. I see the edges of the crevasse reaching high into the mist, cold and sharp. I notice the wind can't find me where I lie in the snow. I reach for the flare gun I keep at my side, but then think agains it, no one would be able to see it in this storm anyway. I push myself up.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

Surprisingly, I am not badly injured from the fall, but I know that I cannot continue. My clothes are soaked through, and I realize that I will freeze long before I reach my goal. If I do not turn back, I will surely die. I unwillingly make my way through the crevasse, looking for a way back to the surface. I finally find a huge pile of rock, ice, and snow leading up to the top. I slowly and painfully crawl up into the open. Immediately the wind picks up, almost throwing me back down. I regain my balance and look about.

Recognizing nothing, frantically I turn, searching for something familiar.

Rocks, ice, snow.

I see a speck of red against the white; could this be it? I move forward in its direction, slowly at first but then gaining speed. So many years I searched, wishing I could end my strenuous journey. I come to a halt, tears of utter joy blurring my vision, momentarily warm against my cold face. The one thing that I had searched so long for now lies before me. The red armchair sits in the snow, old but not worn. It's high back is covered in soft velvet, indented by small tufted buttons. I know it hasn't been here long, the snow only covered it with a thin layer. Shivering from cold and excitement I drop my pack, and let myself fall gently into the chair.

Bliss. The cold vanishes, and everything else with it, the snow, the sky, me. I feel true comfort, like a deep conscious sleep. I am oblivious to everything around me. I float effortlessly through the vastness of space, all thoughts and feelings banished from the physical world.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KARINA, 16

Zionsville, IN

Zionsville Community High
School

Teacher, Mrs. Bender

THE GIRL IN THE HALLWAY

I sat there and watched. I saw a student pass in one direction and a teacher passing in the other into a workroom. All the lockers were the same, green with silver combo locks. Some had school activity photos on them, others were bare, just a cold metal green. The more popular kids had more status photos on their lockers to show their ranking in school. But overall no one used their lockers, they were just a part of the walls that we were trapped in each day. We walk past them each day but never notice them, they are invisible to a teenager's eyes. They don't have flashing lights or show how many likes you have on a post that is extremely edited. If it is not on a phone, then a kid who walks these halls where I sit in will never see it.

The hallway is like a big block with endless alleyways, but no windows or sunlight. There are those white fluorescent light bulb glued to the ceiling, but at least one of them is always flickering, about to go out. Everyone sees and notices that flickering light but no one ever fixes it until it needs to be replaced. No one looks at each as they pass in the hallway, they are always consumed by their dream life in a box in their hands. No emotion is shown upon the faces of the students that walk the same path, to the same classrooms, at the same time each day.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

A fog hovers above each student's head as finals week creeps closer. Little whispers of "you will fail", "you're not smart enough", echo in the haze and leak into the unprotected, stress-packed, paranoid high schooler's minds. The big bricks we carry on our backs feel heavier as the hallways stretches longer and the clocks move slower. Each person just keeps stepping forwards, each one does it with a different approach but each step moves them forwards. Every individual has a different walk, strut, or shuffle that makes them special. It is apart of who they are and how they choose their path to walk. I observed that we are all similar yet couldn't be more different, we all wear shoes here but some pass by me in the hallway wearing sports tennis shoes, others in four-inch sparkly high heels. Some kids like to rock the converse style, and others do the socks and sandals trend. The flats owners are the girls that choose a comfortable but still stylish choice. The slides models are the ones who are most likely wearing sweatpants and wish they were chilling on the couch with a blanket and Netflix instead. Some people you notice as they walk past, others are just the traveling sounds of footsteps hitting the floor in front of shadows.

High schoolers are surrounded by negativity and we drowned out some of it out by listening to music, we put on our Apple earbuds or beats headphones and crank up the volume. We attempt to flood out the anxiety we feel from people judging our outfit, hairstyle, or backpack brand. From blasting pop music to the newest country single, rap beats to classical symphonies, each person has a different way of expressing their creativity. Each song has a different message from a unique voice for each person to hear at just the right time. But hey, what do I really notice anyways if I'm just the girl sitting in the hallway.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KATERINA, 17

Kingsport, TN

Dobyns Bennett High School
Teacher, Rebecca Haren

I thank Mrs. Megan Krupa for
encouraging me to show
creative voice in my writing.

WELCOME TO YOUR TOWN, MAYOR!

I could hear the gentle whirl of cars behind me. My pace was upbeat as I walked to the edge of downtown, where the buildings were less and the flowers were more. I was enjoying an afternoon walk, taking in the wispy air and swish of my skirt and subtle chirps from birds above. Rather abruptly my absent minded train of thought came to a halt: just in front of me was a vividly green sidewalk painting that spanned the length of a basketball court. I bent my knees and sucked a dramatic gasp as I thought, *No. Stinking. Way.* The painting was one of those street art illusions that depicted a cavernous scene below despite being drawn on the horizontal earth.

Yet more importantly, the painting was of a map layout for one of my most beloved games, Animal Crossing. I was beside myself as I fangirled over the lifelike landscape. I knew had to meet the awesome person who dedicated this much time to such a thing. Yet as I turned my head this way and that, there was not a single living being in sight. Rather disappointed that I could not share my excitement over the painting with anyone else, I looked back at the ground. At odds with what to do next, I made a lighthearted decision that I had no idea would result in a transformative consequence.

I jumped.

My eyelids parted in a flash and I was shown half of a bold, cerulean sky and half of a stretch of thick turf. Hundreds of strands of grass brushed my skin as I lay on my side trying to decipher where I was. Coming to my senses, I lifted myself off of the ground and looked

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

about. Wait. What?? Over to my right was the train station, and next to it was the message board and cobblestone road to main street. This was real, yet I couldn't believe it. I stood in the world of Animal Crossing.

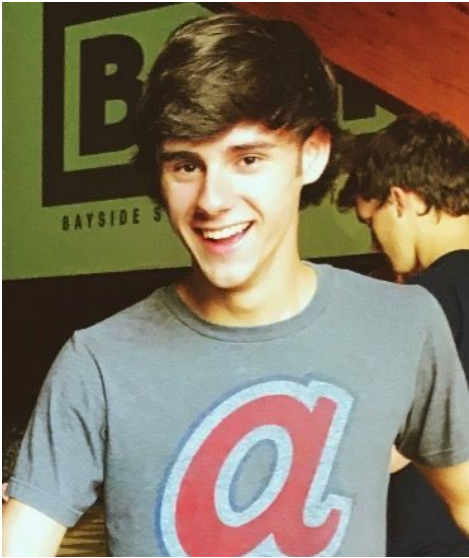
I began walking through a grove of cherry trees surrounded by a population of white tulips. My ears began to pick up strings of excited conversations coming from a paved area ahead, so I quicked my step and neared an opening in the forest. I turned a corner and was met with an expansive stone pavilion where there stood a gathering of cartoonish animals. My knees felt weak because of this utter defiance of reality, yet I was overcome with happiness as I saw in front of me what I had grown to love during years of digital play.

A shih tzu, Isabelle, dashed towards me on her two hind legs, her ears flapping and verdant jumpsuit bouncing along the way. "HI THERE! I'm Isabelle. You must be the new Mayor. On behalf of everyone living here, I want to give you a BIG welcome to our humble town! I'm sure you will help us grow to do great things!"

A bit overwhelmed by her giddy enthusiasm but nevertheless amazed at how she fulfilled my every dream of a real Isabelle, I walked along with her to meet the others. The animals stood around a swimming pool sized flower bed filled with black, rich earth. I was given a chance to introduce myself and was overcome with emotion due to the reverence I saw in the animals' faces. I saw that they embraced me as someone whom they could befriend and who would transform the town into something beautiful. Isabelle cleared her throat and announced that it was time for the town inception ceremony. I was given a shovel and an acorn as large as a golf ball. As I planted the oak with care, the whole town engaged in celebration for my official commemoration of my town.

As the sky blushed into a peach color and the cicadas began their cries, Dobie the wolf found a chance to speak to me away from the celebration. Just before it was time for the day to end, he nudged me and grinned though his array of spikey teeth, "Welcome to your town, Mayor." Ready to turn over a new leaf in my life, I simply grinned back.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



PARKER, 17

Chatanooga, TN
Homeschool

No matter how difficult dyslexia has been, my dad pushed me, and my mom encouraged me to never give up.

UNKNOWN NEMESIS

You are my arch nemesis. One thing I wish I could do is get rid of this. I'm stuck in the middle of this, but riddle me this. How come my enemy is always one step ahead of me? He's trying to get rid of me and show me my demise. With ease he can surpass me, and if you ask me, once he has me down I'll never rise. He's in all of my past. He haunts me in my brain. I'm scared I'll never regain my composure. He's in my present. I can't defeat him. With every tick on the clock, he gets closer. I lift up my eyes and look into my future, he's there too. I don't know what to do. It's hard to admit, but there's no way I can defeat you. And lastly, with my passing, he'll outlast me. He'll go on and on, even when I'm in my grave. He loves to torture and make everything old, but he has no age. He'll take and give. He's not conscious. He does not live. He's everyone's worst nightmare. At everyone's deathbed, he's got everyone so scared, but we always wish we had more of him. He takes us all throughout life, then takes us to Grim. He acts like he's your friend, then once you think he's on your side, he shows you the end. It's hard to comprehend in my mind. I don't have control. This life is not mine. He's deadly, bone chilling, backstabbing, and sheer terror creeps on everyone's face at the mention of his name. He's better known as...TIME.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



FAITH, 17

Elgin, IL
Homeschool

I would like to thank my
teacher and friend,
Mrs. Jenny Waxman

MY NAME IS POLLY

I know what you are thinking that is a weird name. However, it is short for polyester because that is what I am made of. I am a pillow. The next thing you may be wondering is, "Why is a pillow talking to me?" Although it may seem bizarre, I have a very unique perspective on human life. While the most excitement that I encounter is getting a new pillowcase, my owner Lavender has experienced much more.

Even though I do not spend most of the time with her, I still have a front row seat to watch her grow up. When she was little, she was sad that she had to take naps so I became a magic carpet for her to fly on instead of sleeping. I was also her gateway to dreams. However, now she is a teen. Now she lies in bed on her phone. Recently she had been texting with a huge smile on her face. Although I am sad I don't get to be her adventure buddy anymore I am glad she is happy.

It has been a few months now. She still spends her nights on her phone. Now I know why she is so happy. It is a boy. He makes her happy.

Fast-forward five months; something happened. Last night their phone call sounded more like a fight. Lavender's smile faded into a frown. He said they should break up. I do not know what he meant by that, but it must be bad because Lavender is sad. She no longer lies in bed with a smile instead she holds me as she cries. Her tears drip onto me and it is as if I can feel her pain in each drop. When she comes home, she lies on me and just cries. I wish I could tell her it would be ok.

continue reading next page

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

continuation...

Even though I cannot comfort her, I will always be there for her. She used to only spend time with me at night now right when she gets home she just lies in bed and cries. I guess when the boy said they had to break up he broke up more than their relationship; he also broke Lavender's heart. As the days go by she cries less and less. She started texting and talking on the phone again.

Her conversations are much different now. They seem shallow. She is not herself anymore. I have known Lavender her whole life, and she pretends to be someone she is not when she talks to people. I think it is because that boy hurt her. There is a hint of fear in her eyes when she talks to people. I think she is scared someone is going to break her again. I realized the real reason she has stopped crying is that she has started hiding everything. It is like when we used to play pretend when she was little. Except now it is not for fun. Maybe pillows are more similar to people than I first thought. I have a pillowcase that can change to make myself look the way people want me to, but on the inside I will always be the same. People change the way they look and act depending on how the people around them make them think they should look too. But, inside, they might be something very different.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

MORE CONGRATULATIONS!

EMOTIONAL TRUTH & COURAGE IN WRITING AWARDS

Lane, 8 A Ghost Story
Solahni, 10 I am Kind
Annie, 11 At the Dinner Table
MacKenzie, 11 The Untitled War
Nick, 11 Journey of a Dyslexic
Megan, 13 My Mask
Vivien, 13 The Days of Remembrance
Henry, 16 Annihilation
Peyton, 16 Sudden Panic



UNIQUE VOICE AWARDS

Recognized for the unique voice they brought to their writing. To receive this award, the written work must have received at least one highest mark from a judge.

Thomas, 7 The Haunted Bridge
KJ, 8 The Life of a Penguin
James, 9 By the Fireplace
Sean, 9 The Blizzard of 2018
Caleb, 10 Snowboarding
Chase, 10 Haunted Halloween
Madeleine, 10 Ink Spillage
Matthew, 10 I Like Myself
Mattia, 10 D-Day: A Diary
Mia, 10 Free Poem
Sabrina, 10 I Love Money
Willow, 10 Molly
Ashlyn, 11 The Mysterious Mountain
Isabella, 11 The Big Dream
Owen, 11 Owen's 2019 Story
Sophie, 11 The Windy Sky
Enza, 11 Lightning
Ryan, 11 The Humongous Turkey
Vivian, 11 Shadows
Fin, 12 The Final Game

Giulia, 12 I Swear It Wasn't My Fault
Jack, 12 Clouds
Kate, 12 Book of Poems
Zachary, 12 The Tale of Dwarves
Christopher, 13, Mirror World
Elias, 13 Raging Bull
Emma, 13 A Collection of Poems
Guy, 13 My Rose Garden
Lily, 13 The Euphoria of Butter
Linnea, 13 Benched to Goal
Maxwell, 13 The Mystery of the Cheese
Molly, 13 So Goes the Wind
Chase, 14 Deep Thoughts
Kate, 15 Kate's Obituary
Bailey, 17 Flying is My Freedom: A
Tribute to Aemial Earhart
Jessica, 17 Detroit
Leah, 17 The Might Ms. August

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Galil, 7 Hockey
Chloe, 9 The Animals
Daisy, 9 The Adventure
Morea, 9 Spring
Xavier, 9 Xavier's Story
Annie, 10 Grace
Ayden, 10 The Failed Invasion
Gia, 10 Christmas Tree
Ryan, 10 The Dog
Sabrina, 10 I Love Money
Warren, 10 The Island
Jasper, 11 My Face
Sofi, 11 Season Walk
Tate, 11 Pneumonia
William, 11 The Sick Lion
Daelan, 12 Golden Moons
Delaney, 12 My Ocean
Olivia, 12 The Sky is Floating
Xavier, 12 Keepers of Lightswing
Helen, 13 The Time I Learned to Never Give Up
Benjamin, 14 Man's Filter
Iley, 14 Guardian Angel
Owen, 16 Courtesy



Congratulations



Georgia Senate Unanimously Passes Bill to Identify and Help Dyslexic Students

WABE Public Radio Georgia



A Hidden Disability

"Could a highly intelligent child not know the real reason why school is hard?..."

WDAM New TV



Inclusive Classroom

Made by Dyslexia



Dyslexic Ambulance Working Taught Himslef to Read Now He's Saving Lives

Derbyshire Live



Pulitzer Prize Winning Poet Philip Schultz Tells Us What It Was Like Discovering His Dyslexia

Gibby Booth



Not Specific Learning Disability and Not Struggling Reader...Dyslexia, Dyslexia..

DyslexiaLand



My parents were told I'd never amount to anything

Reddit



MP Speaks with Pride About Being Dyspraxic

Disability News



Why the College Admissions Scandal Hurts Students with Disabilities

NPR



Dyslexia Poem By 10 Year Old That Can Be Read 2-Ways Goes VIRAL

Daily Mail



I Took a Year Off Work To Learn About Dyslexia Because My Son's Teachers Couldn't Teach Him How to Read

Education Post



Montana Senate Bill Would Mandate Dyslexia Screening in Schools

KPAX News

Dyslexic Advantage

PREMIUM MAGAZINE

PREMIUM ISSUE THIRTY NINE 2019

PREMIUM

RECENT ISSUE



Alternative Schools

IN THIS ISSUE:

DYSLEXIA AND COACHING

- SCHOOL OPTIONS FOR THE EARLY YEARS & SECONDARY
- DYSLEXIA AND AUDITORY PROCESSING
- DYSLEXIA JOURNEY: BECOMING AN SLP, & CONQUERING FRENCH
- 'OTHER' ACCOMMODATIONS FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMS
- THE DYSLEXIC PROFESSOR

ALTERNATIVE SCHOOLS - OPTIONS FOR
EARLY ELEMENTARY & SECONDARY
DYSLEXIA & AUDITORY PROCESSING
DYSLEXIA & COACHING
THE DYSLEXIC PROFESSOR
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CONQUERING FRENCH - AN SLP'S STORY
'OTHER' ACCOMMODATIONS

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DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE INGENUITY AWARDS K-12 Dyslexic Students



OVER \$1000

Dyslexic Advantage Ingenuity Awards
<http://bit.ly/DA-ingenuity2019>
NEW DEADLINE: MAY 1st!



**REMEMBER THE ADVANTAGE.
SHOP NOW.**

What is Dyslexia?

Dyslexia is a Common Learning Difference

1 in 6 Students are Dyslexic

Challenges	Strengths
Reading	Good Problem Solvers
Time Awareness	Creative
Writing and Spelling	Social / Empathy
Note-taking	Observant
Visual Memory (e.g. Math Facts)	

Dyslexia-Friendly Classrooms

- Encouragement
- Teach the Big Picture
- Talk Things Over
- Learn By Direct Experiences
- Learn with Pictures and Stories
- Don't Over-Correct
- Allow Extra Time
- Assistive Technology
- Break information into steps
- Note-taker
- Work Open Book
- Formula Card

Dyslexia at Different Ages

What You May See	What You May See
Age 5-8 Early Elementary Struggle Learning to Read Difficulties Reading Aloud Memory and Spelling Issues Missed Speech Challenges Memory Difficulties, Higher Math	Age 10-14 Late Elementary-Middle Needs Extra Time Difficulty Reading About Quantity of Work Late Than Earlier Writing and Spelling Issues Memory Challenges Missed Memory Problems Knows More Than They Show

For more free resources, visit DyslexicAdvantage.com

What is Dysgraphia?

Dysgraphia is a Disability of Written Expression

1 in 5 Students are Dysgraphic

May Affect: Handwriting (messy, slow and/or inconsistent), spelling, punctuation, grammar, organization, etc.

Factors Contributing to Dysgraphia

Fine Motor / Sensory Issues	Language Problems
Dyslexia	Attention Issues
	Time Awareness

Dysgraphia-Friendly Classrooms

- Encouragement
- Talk Before Writing / Dictate
- Reduce Quantity of Work
- Keyboard
- Note-Taker
- Alphabet strip, Number lines
- Allow Extra Time
- Break Writing into Smaller Steps
- Don't Over-Correct
- Don't Downgrade Math or Science Labs
- Allow Presentations instead of Writing
- Graphic Organizers

Other Tips for Dysgraphia

Some May Benefit by...
Speech to Text
Other Writing Software
Occupational Therapy
Writing Prompts
Help with Grammar, Punctuation, Syntax, Spelling

Students with Dysgraphia Tend to be Late Bloomers

For more Free Resources, visit DyslexicAdvantage.com

Dyslexic Advantage is a 501(c)(3) non-profit charity

DYSLEXIA

DYSGRAPHIA

TEACHER CARDS

What most students need for dyslexia,
dysgraphia, and dyscalculia in classrooms.



"Being creative is like taking a ship, never knowing where you'll end up." - Philip Schultz