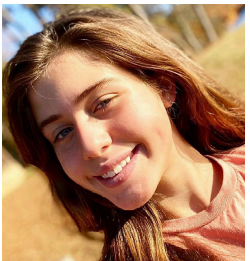
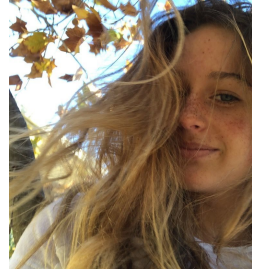
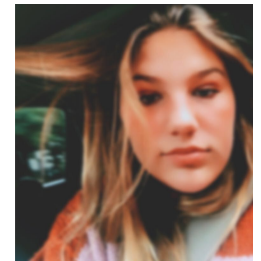


Dyslexic Advantage

NEWSLETTER



**CONGRATS KARINA
EIDE YOUNG WRITERS
AWARD WINNERS
2020**



KARINA EIDE

YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

CONGRATULATIONS to the extraordinary Karina Eide Young Writers of 2020!

These young people are fantastic storytellers and writers who have much to say.

Please share the wonderful work of these students and Enjoy!

<https://joom.ag/GqOe>

CONTENT WARNING: A few of the award winning entries this year deal with content that some may find graphic, intense, or violent and inappropriate for some readers. Parents may want to preview works before deciding to share it with children.

The Karina Eide Young Writers Awards were created in honor of **Karina Eide**, an amazing young woman who had a passion for writing and loved to encourage and mentor fellow writers.



Dyslexic Advantage and the Karina Eide Young Writers Awards Committee are grateful to the wonderful sponsors and donors who made this program possible!

Thank you also to parents, teachers, and friends who encourage these amazing young voices. You inspire us!



KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



POEMS

Poems float around
Close enough to grab
Jumping out of the way
But all you have to do is try.

EMIL, 9

Evanston, IL
Orrington Elementary

I would like to thank my
Mom, my teachers Ms.
Stamates and Mr. Laera, and
my dog Stevie

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



RYAN, 9

Seattle, WA

Seattle Country Day School

I want to thank my Mom and Dad.

THE HIDDEN DOOR

On Saturday, Emma walked through the quiet woods far from home, breaking almost every house rule. Emma wasn't scared. Emma walked for five minutes before reaching a very peculiar tree. It had two trunks that wove together with a small door in between. The tree was covered in ivy, yet it was beautiful. Emma walked up to the tree and pushed open the door. When she looked inside, she blinded herself from all the bright trees, plants, and flowers. It looked like daytime inside the door, but when she checked her watch it read 7:00 pm. Emma was puzzled but she couldn't resist the urge to go and frolic in the wonderous land. She ran to the nearest tree and realized it was neon pink! Emma plucked off a leaf, put it in her hair, and turned to leave. Seeing no door in sight she was confused. Then as fast as you could snap your fingers three angry women with bulging faces appeared and looked Emma up and down. The first one screamed, "What are you doing in the secret gardens of goblins!"

"I didn't know it was the gardens of the goblins," Emma stammered. "I just came here from a hidden door in the woods."

"Hmm," said the second goblin, "We should take her to a trial. By the way, I'm Lucy and these are my sisters Dizzia and Lizzia, they're twins." Emma didn't know what to say so she let the three sisters drag her to Goblin Village. While Emma walked by houses, she got odd looks from the other goblins. Emma thought goblins were supposed to be all mean and grumpy and they were. After what felt like an hour of walking, Emma finally got to the center of the village where there was a castle. Her bones were trembling. The

continuation at next page

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

three sisters took Emma inside and gave her five minutes to practice for the trial. Inside she was thinking "What do I practice?" Later Lucy came to take Emma "to court." When Emma got to the court room, she was going to melt. There was one chair in the center and 18 rows in a circle that surrounded the chair. The chairs in the circles were all full of goblins, and there was a judge's box with three ugly goblins. Emma sat down and all eyes were on her.

"What is your name," asked one of the judges.

"Emma," she answered. There was dead silence.

"Where are you from," asked a different judge.

"Bend, Oregon," she replied.

"How did you get here," asked a different judge.

"Through a door in an old tree," she answered.

"Give us a moment please," said a judge. Emma stared at them waiting for what they were going to do to her. She saw one of the judges look at the leaf that was still in her hair and the judge frowned. She guessed that the look meant something like she had stolen a leaf from the secret gardens and he wanted to kill her! Then the judge that sat in the middle spoke up and said, "We have decided since Emma got into our world, she must be an ancestor of goblins and we will award her one wish as a celebration for having the courage to come to our wonderous world. Emma will also have to take off the leaf in her hair, those are only for the kings and queens." She immediately took out the leaf. All Emma's wishes were stumbling over her mind, but the one wish she really wanted was to go home.

"Thank you, but can you please send me home for my wish," Emma asked.

"Ha that's how you're going to use your wish anyway now close your eyes," said a judge. Emma closed her eyes and when she was sure she heard zero goblins Emma opened them, she was in bed and the sun was peeking through her bedroom windows.

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT



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Disabilities**

National Center for Learning Disabilities, the International Dyslexia Association have evaluated the Sonday System(r) and deemed that the program contained the required elements for teaching reading identified by the Nation Reading Panel.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



HAZEL, 10

Southborough, MA
Carroll School

I'd like to thank my sisters,
whose invisible backpacks
are full.

THE INVISIBLE BACKPACK

Everyone has a story that does not meet the eye,
An invisible backpack they carry around.
Some people have had losses,
Others have had success.
Some people try to hide losses at the very bottom
of their backpack,
Some people hide success,
Some people try to hide both.
Sometimes people put something at the very top of
their backpack,
Hoping people will notice.
And sometimes something falls out,
Something forgotten.
But everyone carries around an invisible backpack.
When you first meet someone, you cannot quite tell
Who they are and what they know.
You have a story,
And so do I.
You must be patient with people, and open-minded,
They can have some heavy things in their invisible
backpack.
In my invisible backpack, I have dyslexia and ADHD,
But I also have a caring family and an amazing
school.
Our invisible backpacks all contain different things.
Sometimes we can relate through our invisible
backpacks:
I have had pneumonia, you have siblings, I like to
compete, you have traveled.
But once you know the person, the invisible
backpack is no longer invisible,
It's clear.
What does your invisible backpack carry?
I hope to find out one day.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



JACK, 11

Chevy Chase, MD

Lab School of Washington

POWER

In an iron citadel
Power resides
Pulsing, waiting
To be released

To the north sits Tyranny
Upon a throne of lies
Commanding his people with fear
With nightmares much too real

To the south Strength stands
Proud and tall
She draws her blade
She settles into a familiar stance
As the army charges

To the east Philanthropy lives
His kingdom thrives
He gives out boons
Without a thought for himself
The joy of his people a reward enough

To the west rises Charisma
In her full glory
Her words destroy nations
Her commands raze mountains

Down, down, down
An empty throne lies
Waiting, wanting,
To hold the citadel
To be power.

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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



DELANEY, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders School

I would like to thank Ms.
Deweese

REFLECTION

My fingers trace the dusty wall
The patterns swirl, twist and crawl

Small feet climb up the winding stairs
With small memories of past affairs

My eyes sweep my family framed
And see the smiles are all the same

Most of the faces are now long gone
Most of the people have now moved on

Though the loss of you haunts me still
To see your face my heart does fill

You were young and lovely, a bud of life
And before my mother, my father's wife

Through the grain, your face shines clear
I want to reach out to hold you near

For you dear mother, left me all too soon
Your bud of life, never quite in bloom

But not really gone, you're here with me
For when I look in the mirror it's you I see

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



JOSS, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders School

I would like to thank my
sister, Vivvy

A HOMEMADE SYMPHONY

The door rumbles closed as I walk in
Lights click and clack on
keys jingle onto the hook as it dangles waiting
to still shoes shuffle through the door
A keychain clinks onto the floor
Bags unzip, books fling out
My pen scribbles along the blue lined paper
Cell phone rings
The toaster oven dings and poofs of air
puff out of couches and the beanbag chair
Pictures snap so we can chat
crunches and munches on crusty snacks
In walks my sister
Faded beats of music through her headphones
merge with mine
Creeks and screeches on ancient chairs
The iPad blinks to life
Growls of frustrated kids
Echo through the house
A burst hair ties snaps and yelps fly
Then the daily ear-piercing
of shattering glass
Bristles scratching sweep it up fast
Water dispenses, Ice cracks, doors slam
Both dogs whimper with pleading eyes
As the washing machine hums
the dryer sings it's annoying tune
Hangers ringing, vacuum slurping, leaves
blowing shatters and rumbles of trash out
going

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

While the T.V reports a boring tone
Theme songs sing Netflix shows
oil sizzles, pots clang, Knives slice
The beep beep beep of microwave rice
Forks screech across glass plates
Sink water splashes, pipes squeak like mice
Closet doors crack open
A hiss of air releases from the iron
Smoothing tomorrow's clothes
cabinet doors thud shut
Lights click and clack off
The muffles go to bed.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MIRIAM, 13

Potomac, MD

The Siena School

Katie Danver

I would like to thank my former English teacher and creative writing teacher, Maya Furukawa

FOR THE LAST TIME

It was cold and icy when she arrived at the small lake behind the old wooden house she used to live in. The lake had frozen over like it did every winter in Maine, ever since the woman could remember. The house, once filled with warmth and laughter, now stood barren and empty. As she stood there watching it, a feeling of sadness crept through her, seeing the house that way.

She shook off the feeling and, remembering what she had come to do, headed off towards the lake. She sat down on the hard wooden bench her father had built and presented to her mother for their 50th anniversary six years ago. Shortly after that, he died from pneumonia, and a week later, she from heartbreak. I need to stop with this, she thought to herself, I didn't come here to reminisce. She turned to pull on her ice skates, and her sleeve got snagged on the splintering wood. As she turned to remove the sleeve, she noticed the initials carved into the wood- her family's initials. But before she started spacing out again, she quickly pulled on the second skate and got up steadily.

Taking the first step on that frozen over lake was like reliving all of those memories all over again. Since she was two years old, her father had taken her out on that lake and taught her how to skate. It was a tradition for the family. Every winter they would come out all together early in the morning and skate until sunset. Then they would all go in the house and her mother would get them all hot chocolate.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

The woman placed both feet on the ice. At first she was a little wobbly; after all, it had been so many years, but after a few minutes, she got the hang of it. She started skating faster and faster, in circles, figure eights, and backwards. She even managed to spin. Her cheeks and nose turned red from the cold, but her eyes glistened with excitement. She raced as fast as she could from one side of the lake to the other, just like she had done with her family so many years before.

She was thinking about the time she had brought her puppy on the ice, and how funny it was to watch him skid around, trying to figure out what was going on. She and her family had found that so funny, they had laughed so hard...

The woman slowed down, and then came to a stop. She had not realized how cold it was getting, and she pulled the thin black jacket tighter around her body. She also hadn't realized how late it was getting, the sky was already turning pink. She then stood there, gazing out over the landscape. The place she used to call her home. But tomorrow they would come with all their fancy machines, and knock the place down, along with all the memories it holds. Something rolled down her cheek, oh, it must be starting to rain, she thought quickly. She got off the ice, put her shoes on, and went back to her car. She turned to look at the house one last time, it's slated shutters closed tight against the cold. The house, built in the 1940s, tilted slightly to the right, it's ancient foundation crumbling in places. That was part of its charm. An abandoned house with peeling off-white paint, but it seemed to wink at her with its crooked front door. A life full of emotions hit her, and she couldn't stand to look at it anymore. She entered her car and drove down the driveway for the last time.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



DYLAN, 16

Redwood City, CA
Agnitio Homeschool

I would like to thank my writing teacher, Amanda Yskamp, for helping me improve my writing. I would also like to thank my mom for encouraging me to write and spending her time to teach me.

LABELS

From deep within our humanity,
Comes a bypass to understanding,
Labeling becomes a quicker way of learning,
We label constantly,
yes so rarely do we realize what we are doing.

The labels we have stuck to ourselves,
Made from emotions, memories, and patches of
other labels,
Stuck to ourselves like a child to a new toy,
Like others these peel,
Like old bandages, we soon take them off,
For they turn from what we think,
To a burden,
And soon the child discards the toy,
To move onto the next new thing.

We label to bypass the person,
Without having to understand who that person is,
We label because we are scared,
We label to quell the deep angst
Bought about by uncertainty,
We label to control this unruly world we were
given,
While making it even more unruly,
Labeling the Earth, naming the people,
Changing things with our mind, creating lines
where there are none,
Slapping labels on everything.

We name others as if they were objects,
People as if they were a commodity,
He is mean, they are bad, she is kind,
The sport of labelling is the art of the schoolyard
bully,

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

The object never changes,
But the label, oh my,
Can strangle with invisible chains,
Creating a universe tailored for each person.

She is "black," they are "illegals," "he is gay,"
All ways of making people anonymous,
Subliminal labels that carry opinions,
If it starts of good, it goes bad,
If it starts of bad, it gets worse.
Not a response to the name,
But a response to the reaction.

Wars begin over labels,
This is "my" land, this is "yours,"
This is "my" resource, this is "yours,"
"Don't take that", "I want that,"
We fight for a land that will never change,
A world built on invisible lines that committees have drawn.
Killing others for a line on a map.

The victim, attempting to escape, to remove the label
peels, and scrapes,
Till they are an unruly mess,
Even the lucky ones who remove them,
Still have residue,
Always someone in the back trying to stick it back on,
Kinder people ignore labels, other rely on them.

What would life be like without labels?
Too much information to process,
Simplified into labels,
Labels are the summaries of life,
In the end subjective and unneeded,
But without them, we would waste time,
A quick explanation, filled with bias,
Is easier to digest than complexity.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



Elanor, 16
Mountain View, CA
Phillips Exeter Academy

CONTENT WARNING:
The following story has
images of violence that may be
potentially upsetting.

WISH

Marcus and I used to sit on our front lawn after dinner and he would play N.W.A, turning up the volume as high as he could without Nadia Montgomery coming out, yelling that she “couldn’t hear herself think.” He’d dropped out of high school after 11th grade, so he’d spent the last year working at a local corner store and reading college textbooks he stole from Barnes and Noble.

And he could tell you all sorts of things, things about dogs and trees and airplanes and cars. He was the one who told me how blue police lights meant they were watching you, how white lights meant it was dark out and rainy, and how red lights meant someone bad was doing something bad.

I had looked out down the road, trying to see if there was a cop car coming. Whenever one drove past us, Shemeka Hennessey’s greyhound, King, always started howling. He used to chase them too, until one of them mashed his back left leg into the road, speeding off as Shemeka ran after them screaming. Then she scraped King off the concrete and carried him back inside her apartment like a baby, swaddling him in her thick dark arms and a yellow-stained bath towel.

“Don’t bother looking,” Marcus had laughed as I peered down the road, leaning back against his arms, “You’ll hear ‘em before you see ‘em.”

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

His hands pushed handprints into the grass and dirt behind him. A few days later, Officer Johnson shot him two times in the back of the head when he jumped the fence into our backyard.

So Mama hosed him off her geraniums and Daddy sat on backyard stairs and smoked with big glassy eyes and puffy open lips and I wondered if Marcus heard Officer Johnson before he saw him.

And a few days after that I return to where Marcus and I had sat, knelt down in the wet grass, and ran my hands over the thin grass blades, trying to find where his hands had been, trying to find just a little bit of him left behind for me.

Officer Spencer has a name tag that says Spencer in thin capital white letters, the kind that's thick and then blobby, the kind of letters that library textbooks are written in, all contradicting and unbalanced. His upper lip is outlined with chocolate and he rubs his eyes with fingers bordered by dirty fingernails, small crescents of black and brown dirt crammed down on top of the soft pink nail.

Grandma used to tell me someone with dirty nails does dirty things. After Marcus, Mama and Daddy sent me to live with her for what they said was just "a few days" but was so much longer.

"You better keep those nails clean," she said when she first saw me, holding her nail brush, the tall hairs standing up at attention stiffly like toy soldiers, "because in my house," she emphasizes the my, "you don't do nothin' dirty." She would grab my hand in hers, pressing her thumb hard into the center of my palm like it was a hallongrotta, scrubbing until my fingertips were raw and the small white soap bubbles that pooled underneath the pale milky white of my nail turned pink.

"I won't have nothin' dirty in this house," she said, her head bent, her eyes hard and black and beady like a ragdoll's, "Nothin' dirty in this house, nothin' dirty in this house." Detective Rodriguez has black overdrawn eyebrows and red overdrawn lips and a nose like Salma Hayek's. She brings me a chocolate-frosted donut with rainbow sprinkles and a bottle of apple juice. It's a glass bottle, and I run my fingers over it, fingertips raw and flushed pink, feeling the cool raised bumps and detailing. I hold it up and see Detective Rodriguez's face through the amber liquid, dark and distorted.

Mama never let us buy drinks in glass bottles.

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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



PEYTON, 17

Darien, CT
Darien High School
Ms. Maurer

AN ODE TO DYSLEXIA

The movie theater builder,
My own Globe Theater.
The words that jump off the page
And make my brain smile.

The part of myself
That burns the cardboard
Boxes society puts me in
And makes me think differently.

The part of me that
Mixes up Bs and Ds,
Stops me from reading aloud,
And tormented my ancestors.

Thank you
For giving me the chance
To meet the people I did.

For making my life difficult,
And making me work hard
To be successful.

For allowing me to fail
So I could learn to
Overcome it.

You made me who I am,
My internal hologram!

Thank you.



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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MACKENZIE, 12

Elgin, Texas

Rawson Saunders

Bobby Fleiss

THAT MAN

Driving down a long highway in the desert, nothing to look at but plain open desert and a few cool rocks here and there. I was still trying to get back to my family after a long road trip away from them, and there were no cars in sight for miles so it should've been easy.

The bright red light on my dashboard grabbed my attention. How could I be so thoughtless. Minutes later I was rolling to the side of the road. My car was completely out of gas. I got out of the car slamming the door behind me in frustration.

As long as I could get to the nearest telephone maybe, just maybe, I could get to my beloved family. What felt like hours passed.

Then finally, to my amazement, there was a truck, and it pulled up to me. It was a grayish blue truck with some scratches where the paint had torn and revealed white. But nevertheless, It was a nice truck.

As it rolled to a stop I said, "Hey, mind if I catch a ride with you? Just to the nearest town that's all."

"Sure hope in!"

I was surprised to see him accept. What fool would pick up somebody they knew nothing about? Maybe it was pity. Whatever it was, I didn't want to know. All I knew was that the quicker I got a ride to the town, the quicker I got out of this miserable heat, and the quicker I get to my beloved family.

Getting into the passenger seat I looked in the back, and there was a bag. It caught my attention. I wondered what was in it. The smell of something rotten caught me off guard. It smelled like dirty socks and meat left out for months, but I didn't think much of it. A lot of folk had strange things in their vehicles.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

Just a few miles up the road I started a conversation with him. "So what are you doing on a road like this?" I asked.

"Just trying to look for a job. There's not a lot of jobs for people like us."

People like us, I thought about it for a second, but decided not to ask or even think about what that meant. I quickly changed the topic, "What kind of job are you interested in?"

"Anything really."

"You need a job that badly, but you have such a nice truck!"

"I barely get by." He responded.

I decided not to ask anything else and the conversation died down. I looked out the window for the time being, but just a few miles down the road I could feel the car speed up.

"What's wrong?"

"They're here!"

"Who's here?"

A few moments passed when he muttered, "Nobody."

The car was driving peacefully again, well as peacefully as it could be. I looked back to see a restaurant sign flashing red and blue far behind us.

We got to the telephone, so I got out and went over to the driver's side to thank him and to ask him a question that had been on my mind. "Thanks for driving me here, but can I ask you something?"

"Sure, shoot."

"Weren't you afraid that I could've been a murderer or something? Not a lot of folks would pick up a hitchhiker."

"I wasn't worried at all."

"Why?"

"Because what's the chance that there's two of us in the same car?"

I looked at him for a second then it clicked, and I ran to the telephone. I heard the tires screech down the road. All the pieces fit together, why it was hard for him to get a job, why the red and blue lights on the restaurant startled him, the rotting smell. It all makes sense now, and to think that I was in a car with him. It sends shivers down my spine. Whatever was in that bag...I'm glad I didn't check.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MAKAILA, 12

Huntsville, AL
Homeschool

I am inspired by my mom because she also likes to write.

YIN AND YANG

Sun and Moon were two sisters who were the best of friends and also the worst of enemies. Only the best of friends can be the worst of enemies. Sun liked day time, and she always loved spending time in the places that were full of life. Moon loved the night time and loved to find the darkest places to explore. They only played with each other at dawn and dusk. Sun was known to most people as the light sister, and Moon was known as the dark sister. The thing that kept them from taring each other apart was their father. Their father was a kind old man who loved each of his daughters the same. When they screamed, and yelled at each other and tor the house to shreds, he still loved them. He remained calm and patient and was always there to sort things out when they got out of hand.

One day Sun was lying down in the grass and watched the wind blow the leaves on the trees. Moon sat in the darkest corner of the house, looking for the bat family. They both heard the footsteps at the same time. A man was running to the front steps of the house. He knocked on the door and waited. Sun and Moon jumped up and ran to get their father, who was cutting herbs for his medicine. Their father was the town doctor. They reached their father at the same time.

"Thank you," their father said, walking to the door.
"How can I help you."

"Oh, please come half the town is sick," the man said, speaking fast.

"Don't worry, I am sure I can make a cure."
their father said, placing the herbs he had just picked into his bag.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

"Oh, thank you," said the man taking steps back.
"Daughters be good. I don't want the house to be gone when I come back," their father said before he rushed out the door. Sun and Moon looked at each other.

"You know he was talking to you when he said don't let the house be gone," Moon said, smirking.

"He was not. I'm the good daughter, and you're the bad one. If anyone is going to destroy the house, it's you," Sun said, glaring.

"Everyone always calls you the good daughter because you like light, and I'm the bad one because I like the dark that's not fair," Moon said, stomping her foot.

"Maybe light is better," Sun said, laughing at her sister.

"Maybe not," Moon said, pulling back her fist. Moon threw a punch, and Sun lifted up her arms to block it.

"You're weak sister," Sun said, kicking Moon in the shin.

"You're the weak one isn't the so-called bad one stronger," Moon said, pushing her sister into the wall. A large crack made its way up the wall as Sun hit it.

"The light always prevails," Sun said, jumping forwards, pushing her sister to the ground. As they landed, the wooden floor started to crumble.

"I don't like you. Everyone always likes you. Nobody likes me," Moon yelled, pushing Sun so high she hit the roof.

"The only one to not like is yourself," Sun said, picking up her sister and tossing her through the door.

"I wish I could forget when we were friends," Moon said, dusting the dirt off her pants.

"You wish you could forget yesterday how pathetic," Sun said, tackling her sister. Moon lifted her sister and through her through the wall back into the house. The house started to collapse. Moon dove through the hole in the wall her sister had made and pushed her sister outside. The building fell.

When their father got home, he saw the house and ruins, and he saw Sun sitting and crying. He ran over to her and saw her holding her sister.

"I'm the dark sister, aren't I father," Sun said great globs of tears running down her face.

"Oh, Sun, there is no dark or light only gray,"

"We are both the bad sister," Moon said, sitting up.

The End

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



WESTON, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

Kat DeWees

My parents have been vary supportive of me in school and sports out side of school. If my parents never had me start swimming again some of my best work would never have been made.

FOR THE LOVE OF...

At 6 months I was floating
Floating in warm baby water
Wearing tiny orange sailboat trunks
I was peacefully pushed and pulled
I didn't know then, that nothing
Could pull me from that feeling

But everyone knows
That love doesn't last long
And feelings come and go
Like the ocean's tide

It first came with a heart full of love
I was fully immersed in its warmth
It swept me away
and then left me
with nothing else to give away

I tried other distractions
like karate, gymnastics
But it never filled that
empty space inside of me

Until the passion returned one day
And peeked in
Wanting to go back to the old ways
Even though those days were gone

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

It tried to apologize
for abandoning me
Leaving me questioning
What I should do next
But it was never really gone
Just Hidden

Then I finally gave in
Expecting somethin different and new
This time
It was rough from the start
Causing me to rethink all the promise
But we stayed together and
hit the right stride
Stroke to stroke
Breath to breath
We had both fell in
Again

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Dyslexic Advantage PREMIUM MAGAZINE

PREMIUM ISSUE FIFTY-TWO APRIL 2020

32	1	30	29
meet	steam	green	tea
17		19	20
treat	tea	seat	meet
Orton-Gillingham GAMES			
feel	seat	sheep	treat
1	2	3	4
Start	seat	sheep	meet

IN THIS ISSUE:

- Multi-Level Reading Online
- Dyslexia and Humor
- Dyslexia and Note-Taking
- DYSLEXIA & CORONAVIRUS CLOSINGS
- 'Doing Math'
- Dyslexia, Music, and Empathy

PREMIUM UPCOMING ISSUE



Tips for DYSLEXIA & SCHOOL CLOSINGS

- Make Your Own Orton Gillingham Games
- Multi-Leveled Readers Online
- Dyslexia and Humor
- Dyslexia and Note-Taking
- 'Doing Math'
- Dyslexia, Music, and Empathy

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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KARINA, 17
Zionsville, IN
Zionsville Community

THE TREE AND THE LITTLE WAGON

The wooden bark was strong and sturdy,
He kept standing through the rain, thunder,
and sleet.
For countless years he provided shade and
life to many
There was one in particular that was his
favorite.

The little red wagon was vibrant and
shimmered with curiosity.
She rode everywhere she could go on her
four wheels.
She always ran back to the tree when the sun
was beginning to vanish
He made her feel safe and happy,
Her red light lit up the night.

Years had passed and the wagon was
beginning to rust and wear down.
Experiencing the real world did damage to
her radiant color,
Her axle was bent and she could no longer
roll straight,
She was neglected and felt abandoned.
Her red paint was cracking and flaking off,
But she used to be the shiniest set of wheels
out there.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

The old tree and misguided wagon were
inseparable
He always had a branch to catch her,
as she rolled a bit too far down the hill.
When her paint color started to fade,
He was there to take away the poison she
was consuming
He wanted to shield her from the bumps in
the grass,
And sharp rocks that could pop her tampered
tires.
She was perishable and the tree was her
lifeline.

Handcrafted from his own bark,
He would do anything to keep her safe.
But sometimes his branches could not reach
far enough to grab her,
He could no longer keep her on the right
path.
The little red wagon had made up her mind,
She ran away from the tree for good,
Her wagon full of rocks, thorns, and
shattered glass she had collected.
One of the wagon's tires popped and could
not be replaced
She consumed the poison that made her
beautiful red color drain from her,
At sundown, her red light was no more.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



LOGAN, 17
Durham, North Carolina
Homeschool

YOU OOZE, YOU LOSE

Whatever bound the engine, was not of nature's order. It was something else, a pulsating well of blue-black sludge, clinging to the gears like a covetous beggar.

For whatever reason, it left me unhinged. Although it did dissolve in the solution given, I don't trust what the scientist, Ozwald, told us. He claimed it was an acid, but the test showed a base, something any high school sap wouldn't miss.

Unless, this isn't what he gave us. Or maybe, he isn't who he claims.

Regardless, we still haven't found the missing engineers. Let's hope they didn't stray too far into the lower levels. This ancient place has decayed. Not to mention the 'scientific breakthroughs' that never came to light. What could they have been doing down here, miles below civilization? Whatever the case, these people have families, and I'm going to bring them home.

Another moment of concentration, my mind seeking answers, before a light tap breaks my trance. I pull my pipe from my mouth and let the pent-up smoke and stress exhale like mist in a morgue. I spin around to face our forensics major.

"Yes, Mollie?" I ask the jumpsuit-loving redhead.

"Smoking in restricted chemical labs is against the law. I can charge you ten months for reckless endangerment," she grins and swipes the pipe from my hand. She looks it over, then squints at the mouthpiece, "Deep thoughts, Jonathan? These bite marks are pretty deep...."

"Nervous habit; teeth-clenching is a family trait," I reply as I take a swipe for my pipe.

"Ub bup bup, no you don't, this is illegal down here. I'll have to hold it until the search ends," she teases and seals it in an evidence bag.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

"Gee thanks. What are you going to do, put me on probation?" I scoff.

"So, what's on your mind big guy?"

I sigh, not at the comment on my weight, but at the question of my thoughts. "Well, I just don't trust that scientist. He calls himself a specialist, but as far as our records show, these substances haven't been seen before. On top of that, does it not bother you that an entire team of highly-trained engineers completely vanished? What are we getting ourselves into? We could be dealing with a chemical or gas leak. Maybe the tunnels are caving in. Perhaps they started up some old equipment and it melted down? Nothing short of a disaster could have hindered anyone kitted by our company. Those who built this place, however, were known for their unstable experiments."

She stands a moment, contemplating the words of a forty-something husky man with a flare for paranoia. After a few clicks of her tongue and some internal calculation, to my bafflement, she nods.

"I can see that. I mean, only a quarter of that is unlikely," she places a hand on my shoulder. "But we haven't seen any of that yet. So, until such disasters arise, we're going to run this like a normal procedure." She seems to sense my rising protest. "BUT, if such things arise, we will be prepared to act on it. Just don't get too freaked out. You're our detective, we need your brain functioning correctly. I mean half of the coffee is designated to you, big lug!"

I laugh, one of those jolly old portly uncle laughs, holding the belly of my tweed jacket, "It's the fuel of the trade! I'd be a heretic otherwise!"

She shakes her head, auburn hair shifting against her blue jumpsuit like strands of flowing copper. "Ok Captain Wisecrack, I'm sure you're going to make this little expedition interesting!" she replies.

My eyes stab with the flash of industrial headlamps as we walk back into Post 47, the last outpost before the depths. People run around like ants, loading the O.X.'s for the journey.

"Don't you think two teams is a bad idea?" I ask, eyeing the colossal transports with discontent. "It's twice as expensive and impossible to contact one another. After we hit the severance point, we can't radio. Better to stick together."

To Be Continued ...

PREMIUM ISSUE FIFTY-ONE MARCH 2020

Dyslexic Advantage

PREMIUM MAGAZINE

DYSLEXIA: GIRLS vs. BOYS



IN THIS ISSUE:

- DONA SAKAR, TECH LEADER
- THE LOGIC OF SPELLING
- MIND THE GAP: SCHOOL TO WORK
- FROM TALKING TO TYPING OR WRITING BY HAND
- HOW TO TEACH MULTI-DIGIT ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION TO AVOID DIRECTIONAL CONFUSION

PREMIUM

PREVIOUS ISSUE



- DYSLEXIA IN GIRLS VS BOYS
- DONA SAKAR: TECH LEADER
- THE LOGIC OF SPELLING
- MIND THE GAP: SCHOOL TO WORK
- FROM TALKING O TYPING OR WRITING BY HAND
- TEACHING MULTI-DIGIT MATH TO AVOID DIRECTIONAL CONFUSION

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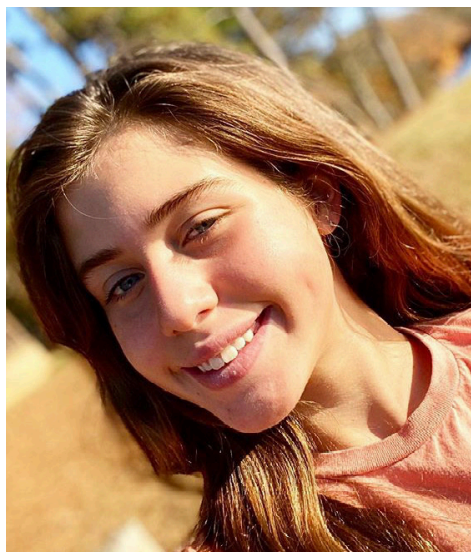
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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ELLIS, 12

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

Kat Dewees

THE TRUTH

Being sad is an emotion
Although,
It is a bad emotion
A troubled emotion
A suicidal emotion
But
It makes us human
It makes us normal
But sometimes
The biggest smiles
Hold the biggest secrets
And the prettiest eyes
Have cried the most tears
And the biggest hearts
Have been hurt the most
Being sad
Being alone
Being afraid
Being hurt
And being silenced
Comes in a package
That is called
Being human

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



Savannah, 12

Potomac, MD

Lab School of Washington

Ms. Amy

WINGED IT!

Audrey tapped her foot on the smooth tile of the school floor. Every kid in Mr. Kale's class was staring intently at the clock. Just a few seconds until a long warm summer of exploring and adventuring. The clock seemed to be moving in slow motion. The second hand just passed the 8 mark. "Four!" one of her classmates said starting a chant. The chant picked up. "3," half of the kids said. "2," everyone said. Even Mr. Kale was chanting now. "ONE!" everyone yelled. Then the bell rang and everyone flooded out of Mr. Kale's class like a swarm of bees.

"Bye, Audrey! Have a nice summer!" one of the teachers said. Outside, Audrey waved goodbye and got into the SUV. She sat down, buckled her seat belt, and dropped her bag. "How was school?" her mom asked.

"Good. How about you?" Audrey asked.

"Good. I got the car washed," Audrey's mom said pulling out of the school driveway.

"I noticed it's a lot shinier!" Audrey said as they got onto Almond Road.

"What do you want for dinner? I just went grocery shopping," Audrey's mom asked.

"I have no clue!" Audrey said with humor in her voice. Audrey turned and looked out the window.

"So, honey, how did you do on the end of the year test?" Audrey's mom asked.

"I got a..." Audrey paused. Something caught her eye -- a pair of glowing green eyes. They weren't human. They were too big.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

"Audrey?" her mom said puzzled.

"Oh, umm... I got a B+," Audrey said as they pulled into their driveway. Audrey put her bag over her shoulder and headed out of the car and into the house. "Mom, I'll be outside if you need me," Audrey said dropping her bag. "Just make sure you're back before dinner and don't go too deep into the forest," Audrey's mom said.

Audrey's backyard was huge. Audrey was standing on the patio. If she looked left there was a lovely table. It was black, but the top looked like a bunch of vines woven together. The table had thick legs and they curved inward. At the bottom they curled. If you looked straight you could see a small field. Surrounding that field was forest, acres and acres of it. To Audrey it felt like a magical forest. When you stood in the forest it wasn't dark; the sun glowed through the leaves. Audrey gazed at her backyard for a minute. Wow, she thought, I'm sure lucky to have a such a beautiful place to play!

Then she sprinted down the steps that led off the patio and towards the forest. The grass tickled her ankles. "Wow...they... really...need to cut this grass," Audrey panted while running.

Suddenly, a loud thundering noise shook the ground. It was not ear-splitting, but it was deep. It was probably the lowest sound possible. Audrey stopped running. She was now about a meter away from the forest. "What was that?" she asked no one in particular. Audrey looked at the ground. It had just stopped shaking. Then a shadow surrounded her. It was like a halo around Audrey's feet. "What th-" A sharp pain bit at her shoulders. "OUCH!" Audrey yelled. Then, she shot up into the air. The pain released... Something had flung her. Audrey looked down. She saw the field and forest below her. She was still shooting up into the air. She paused for a second mid-air. Audrey let go of her breath. Then she started plummeting down to the field.

"AGHHH!" Audrey screamed as she fell, the wind sending her hair back. Audrey stopped struggling. She relaxed and closed her eyes. Something must have grabbed me and flung me, Audrey thought. She squinted. She was only about 2 meters from the ground. Then it grabbed her again. She was gliding past the forest. "I'm dead!" she yelled. "Great, now I'm a ghost flying through the trees," she murmured. Audrey stared below her. The pain started back in her shoulders. Wait, you can't feel pain if your dead... Audrey thought. Audrey looked up. All she saw was beautiful golden fur with dark spots. Then she fainted.

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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



SOPHIE, 12

Arlington, VA
Lab School of Washington

Ms. Wise

THE WALL

I get sick of people doing things to me,
They lean against me,
They bump up on me and shove their friends
into me.

I hear things that frustrated me
I get tired of hearing rumors
They are scattered around me and my friends
everywhere.

people whisper in the corners of my wall
I pity the person who they are talking about
I'm glad that it is not me

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



FIN, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

Kat DeWees

EULOGY FOR MY FREEDOM

We have gathered here today to respect and mourn the loss of my freedom. Sadly, it departed late last night when I was riding home from the neighborhood high school. For the most part, my freedom has been with me throughout my youth. Whether it was going to the gym, the store, the park, or a friend's house, I have enjoyed every moment of my freedom. However, last night it all came to an end.

I had met up with some friends at the local high school for lacrosse shooting practice. The sun was already getting too low for my mother's comfort, so I decided I'd ride home. But riding my bike at night and without a helmet were the two commandments that had been staunchly disclosed when I had first gained my freedom. I had broken them both before while riding home from a friend's house and now I was on my last straw. As I rushed home, I couldn't help but race the sun. I kept on peddling through the back streets. The streets I knew my parents would not take on their daily commute home. I rode down the hill with the wind in my hair and the sun drooping behind me. But my moment of enjoyment came to a screeching halt. I was nearing the Far West intersection, the one place where my whole operation could get shot out of the sky. I had no choice but to cross the intersection to get home, as did my parents. There was no time to think though; down the hill,

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

I sped to the streetlight. It was displaying a green light, luckily. As I raced down the crosswalk I looked to my right. The lights of a single small, blue, Mercedes Benz vehicle was moving towards me. My eyes widened as I sped down the street. Faster I encouraged my pedals. I looked behind me. The headlights had turned and were now following me.

I heard a loud and singular honk. I knew it was over. That one honk would take away all my bike privileges... my freedom. No more lacrosse practicing, no more video games at friend's houses, no more rides to the gym. How could I have been so stupid, how could I have taken my freedom for granted? As my bike came to a screeching stop and I looked into the cold, stern eyes of my disappointed father, my freedom died.



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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



TESS, 13

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders
Kat DeWees

I would like to thank Ms. DeWees, my amazing teacher! After her amazing class I have learned so much and am so happy to have her as my teacher.

RIP MY CONFIDENCE

We gather here to mourn the death of my Confidence. Confidence died suddenly, during P.E., at 8:15 AM. No more standing up for myself, solo performing, talking to boys, talking in a big group, no more being creative, and thinking outside of the box. When it died I was doing a backpedal race against a boy named Cal. I was doing it great, and winning, then I fell backward and hit my head on the cold hard concrete. The whole class saw me fall backward and wipe out, they all laughed. I will never be the same. I will always be referred to as "that girl who hit her head while backpedaling." No more going out and wearing bold colors and bright bows. RIP my Confidence. Maybe some compliment will do surgery and fix you back up, but for now, sleep well.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



JACQUELINE, 14

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

Kat DeWees

My teacher helped me by teaching me on how to be a better writer. She is the best teacher ever and I want to thank her.

THE DEADLIEST STORM EVER

Boom "What was that?" "Mom" "Mom?" Boom went another clap of thunder. I sprang out of bed as fast as... well, lightning. I ran down the stairs as quickly as I could. Flash the lightning lit up the house as if it were the day. Oh no, I cried, making a beeline to my parents' room. Boom! I jumped so high my head almost hit the ceiling. But my parents were nowhere to be found. I started to sweat, my knees started to get that squishy, gooey feeling. Out of the corner of my eye, was a flash, but it wasn't lightning it was something smaller... and colorful. It looked as if it were coming out of the living room. So I peeked around the corner, my parents were sitting on the couch in their pj's watching the weather. On the TV it showed Austin with a dark blob over it. "Oh honey, I was just about to come up and check on you." "You ok?" my Mom said. "Yeah I'm fine but what's going on outside?" I asked nervously. "It looks like a huge storm." my Dad replied. I am not sure what this flashing part means, but I think it should be fine.

Pink Pink Pink everyone froze, you could have heard a pin drop. There was a noise that sounded like blueberries dropping into a metal pail. "OHH NOO!" my Dad exclaimed. Both my parents leaped up and ran for the garage. I didn't know what was going on, and I was mortified. I grabbed a blanket from the basket and dove onto the couch and sobbed hysterically. Boom, the whole house shook like an earthquake. Soon, my Mom came running back, grabbed Dad's car keys, and

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

ran back to the garage. The pink pink noise was getting louder every minute. When my parents returned, they found me on the couch with a splotched face from crying and came and sat next to me. I had never shaking that hard in my life. "It's hail, it is pieces of ice falling from the sky" my Dad explained. "Some pieces can be as big as a golf ball." he said. "But golf balls aren't very big I replied." "Yes, but ice is hard and can do a lot of damage to windows or cars." he continued, that's why Mom and I went to the garage and pulled my car in the driveway." "How is Rowan sleeping through this?" I asked "I don't know sweetie, your brother is a very hard sleeper." my Mom replied "Would you like to see the hail?" my Dad asked me. "Umm...sure." I replied hesitantly. I followed my Dad to the garage. My mom went upstairs to wake up my brother.

When my Dad opened the garage door, I saw the most astonishing thing ever. Ice balls were falling from the sky. My brother was awake by now and was outside with us. On the outside of our garage there was an enormous pile of hail. My Dad reached his long arm out and got a handful of hail. My brother and I got to hold it in our hands, until it melted away like water draining from a hose. Once we were back inside the house, all snuggled on the couch under a blanket, drinking hot steamy cocoa, we talked about why storms actually happen and what causes them. Eventually the storm stopped and my family all went back to bed, except for me. I stayed awake for at least two more hours, which was 4:00 in the morning.

To this day, I still can vividly remember the shaking sensation in my body. It was unstoppable. It was like I was on one of those roller coaster simulators that shake when your going down a hill, and there's no stopping it. But, I am happy to report, I survived that horrifying hail storm!

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



ALIYA, 14

Greenbelt, MD
The Siena School

Ms. Danver

I would like to thank my
parent.

QUESTIONS SADNESS ASKS THE WORLD

Why are people happy?
Because they know the sun will come up.

When will the sun come up?
When you open your eyes.

When will my eyes open?
When you choose to stop looking at the darkness.

How do I stop looking at darkness?
When you find the light switch.

Where's the light switch?
Deep in your heart.

How do I turn it on?
By looking on the bright side.

How do I see the bright side?
When you think positively.

How do I get happiness?
When you let it in.

What if I'm scared to let it in?
Then you'll never change.

Why is it so hard to change?
Because you keep looking back.

Why am I here?
So you can find out the answer.

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



NOBLE, 14

Austin, TX

Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank Mrs. Kat DeWees, the best writing teacher anyone could ask for, and all of my supportive friends.

WINTER WONDERS

Admire the crystal gaze-
snow so pure; stretches for fields
The wind so intense,
whips a cold winter breeze,
And whispers nature's secrets.
Behold a mountain-
Behemoth and mighty.
It's glaciers glisten and twinkle
like ocean blue eyes
taking in the wonder of it all

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

CONGRATULATIONS!



We also have a special thank-you to sponsors and donors who allowed us to award a small honorarium to Unique Voice and Emotional Truth and Courage Award winners this year too! Congratulations to you all!

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.

Bianca, 10 Two Poems About the Sky

Brenna, 10 Abby's Journey

Cooper, 11 honey and Honey

Michal, 11 Story of the Gold Harp

Rilei, 12 Me, Myself, and I

Lily, 13 Joy

Nick B, 13 Family Christmas

Bridget, 14 Wanted Man

Christopher, 14 The Mouse Murders

Elias, 14 Stranger

Leo, 16 To the Child with Dyslexia

Joshua, 16 The Epic of Mull

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

EMOTIONAL TRUTH & COURAGE IN WRITING AWARDS

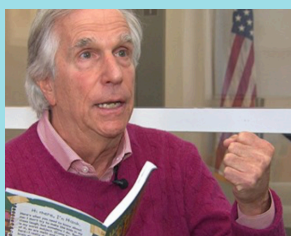
Kristian, 8. Kristian The Magician
Anabelle, 11 Lize
Keelin, 11. On the Run
Amanda, 12 The Putrid Text
Liza, 12. My Unusual Bullies
Paulina, 12. Snot
Alexis, 13. Hallway Talks
Gracen, 13. A Fake Smile
Reese, 13. Walking My Fish
Lili, 13. Can't Hide Forever
Guy, 14. Thoughts of Gratitude
Isabella, 14 My Gratitude
Jayden, 14. The Choice
Jenna, 14 The Honorable Win
Megan, 14. All Men
Scott, 14 Wednesday Drizzle
Maren, 16. 7 Lights



SPECIAL RECOGNITION

William 11 In This Land
Ana, 12 Sister Location: The Escape
Braden 13. Find Your Way Home
Jake, 10 My Favorite Things
Caleb, 11 Playing for LiCi
Abigail, 11 Dark Pause: Liogs Descend
Morea, 10 My Best Friend
Jack, 13 A Social Battle
Ashlyn, 12 Excerpt from Hidden Secrets
Lily, 11 Joy
Maya, 10. The Dirt on the Ground I'm From
Tonito, 12 The Garden Mystery
Madalena, 11 Love
Bentsen, 11. Dancing' in DC

Noa, 10 Dream
Aidan, 14. A Red Rose Against
the Green Earth
Nick, 13 Color Poem
Leslie, 11 The Portal
Logan, 14. After School
Matteo, 12 The Halloween Heist
Connor, 16 A Man Named Pringles
Davis, 15. White Field
Tim, 14 Where I'm From
Zachary, 14 Motivation
Braddock, 12 Untitled
Kian, 15 A Lost Memory



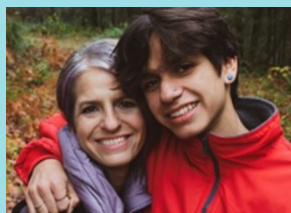
"All I want to do is be somebody..." - Henry Winkler

CBS Boston



Wisconsin Has Its First Dyslexia Law

NBC WMTV



I'm Teaching My Teens to Self-Advocate By Asking Them 5 Questions

Grown and Flown



Having Dyslexia, ADHD, was a Blessing - Dav Pilkey

Straits Times



Why Doesn't My Student Like Audiobooks?

Dyslexic Advantage



Benjamin Shows Some of His Advantages By Creating Artworks (here Darth Vader) with Rubik's Cubes.

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...and he has shared his story, and an interesting perspective on his animated short, Dear Basketball (below).



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- Richard Ford

