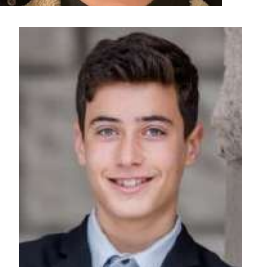
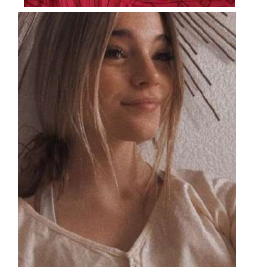
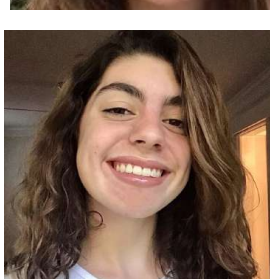
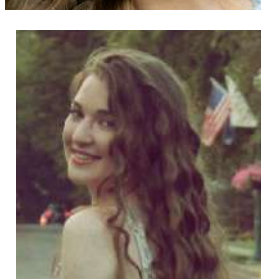


MARCH 2021 ISSUE 63

Dyslexic Advantage

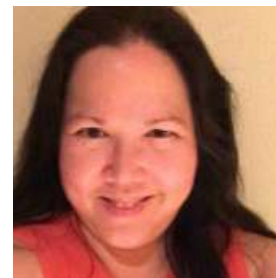
NEWSLETTER



CONGRATULATIONS!

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARD WINNERS OF 2021 !





Fernette Eide MD, Editor



Dear Friends,

Reminders to college students about the Karina Eide Memorial Scholarship **HERE**.
There's also still time for K-12 students to develop a STEM / STEAM or business project
for our Ingenuity Awards in the spring. More information **HERE**.

Thank you donors and sponsors who made this program possible!

Take a moment to visit our sponsors to see what wonderful things they have to offer!

The **NEUROLEARNING** Dyslexia Screening App is \$24.99 and available for children and adults 7-70 years old. iPad, iPhone, Android, and Kindle Fire.



The app may be used to identify and qualify for services such as Benetech.

Thank you volunteers Shelley Wear, Trish Seres, Dayna Russell Freudenthal, and Michelle Williams for their astute critique and proofing. Thanks to Lady Grace Belarmino for beautiful design and layout.

PREMIUM

Editor's Note: to make our publications easier to read, we will avoid use of italics and certain types of fonts.

Newsletters can be read online **HERE**. This issue will be available on the Joomag site for 3 months and can also be downloaded as a pdf file.

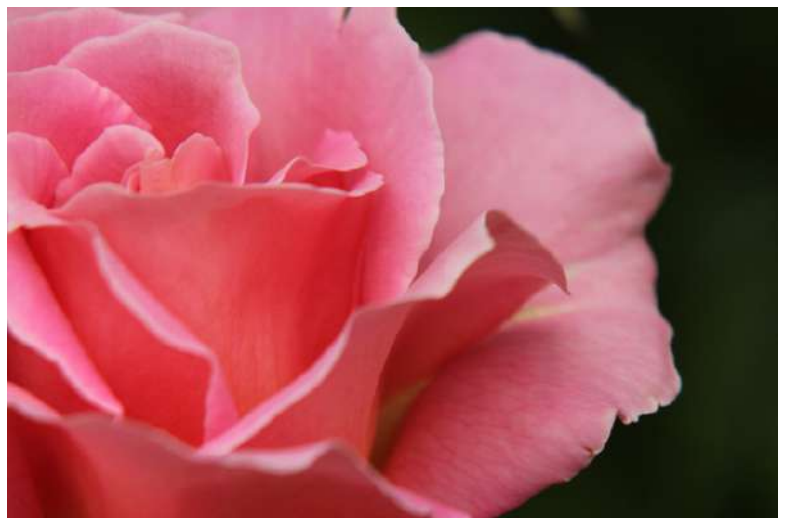


Congratulations to all the talented young writers who shared their poems, short stories and excerpts from novels this year.

Amazing writing!

Bravo to all the family members, teachers, friends, and tutors who encouraged these young voices!

These awards are dedicated to our wonderful daughter, [Karina Eide](#), who was a lover of tales and good writing and became an avid fiction [writer](#) in her teens.



TOP WINNER



Maeve, 9

California

Aurora School

I'd like to thank Maggie
Bruener, my teacher.

Sad Tetherball

Tether ball tether ball
I love you
You made me smile when I played you
Tether ball tether ball
This horrible Covid 19
You are so lonely , frowning in the dark
I said I would come back in 3 weeks
It's been a year.
Tether ball tether ball
I wish I could come back to you
At night you sway in the wind
Moaning and growing
Creeping the neighbors out
Tether ball tether ball
I miss you



Iris, 11

Alaska

Anchorage STrEaM
Academy

This story is written in
memory of my Uncle
Matt.

Blue-Bear Pancakes

Frederick woke up to a scratching noise. The first rays of sun peeked out from the line of mountains in the east and the sky was a dark purple. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and listened again. There it was... that scratching noise.

Curious, he got out of bed. The floor creaked beneath him as Frederick opened the door. The noise stopped. Frederick froze. After another moment it started again, but Frederick stayed where he was, afraid of what he would find. He stood there, gazing at the empty hall, imagining, fearing. Was it a burglar or merely the washing machine that had just happened to pause as he opened the door? Finally, his curiosity got the better of him. He checked every room, but couldn't find the source, until he poked his head around the corner of the kitchen very cautiously.

What he saw took his breath away; it was something no one would have expected. It was not the laundry machine or the dishwasher. What Frederick saw was a full-grown polar bear in a pink, fluffy apron, flipping blueberry pancakes high in the air, as maple syrup was spilling out of its bottle and onto the floor, and flour mixed with the sourdough dripped down the cupboard doors. As an Alaskan, Frederick could tell that the berries were wild.

At first he didn't know what to make of it. I must be going crazy, he thought. First I'm hearing things and now I'm hallucinating! But then he caught the wonderful smell of the pancakes; it was so delicious that he knew it had to be real. At this point Frederick

TOP WINNER

was about to explode with anxiety. First of all, because of the big polar bear in his kitchen (obviously!) but also because of the terrible mess it was causing, like the berry stains on the walls, or the eggs and butter that had somehow managed to get on the ceiling. He pulled all his courage together. It was all he could do to not run screaming out of his house. He slunk as quietly as he could down the corridor and out the front door.

Once outside, Frederick wondered how he could get the polar bear out of his house. Then out of nowhere, he had an idea. Frederick went over to his neighbors' house: Mr. and Mrs. Rully. "Fred..." Mrs. Rully began, but he cut her off.

"Listen there's this polar bear in my house! You gotta help me!"

"Now there Frederick, no polar bear would be this far south, even if we are in Alaska. You sure you're alright?"

"But... can you just help me... please?"

"Oh all right," she sighed, "how can I help?"

Together they made a gigantic batch of blueberry pancakes. It was growing late when they were done. Frederick worried that the strange polar bear might already have taken a fancy to his bed. When he got home, he was relieved to see that the bear was not in the living room or any of the bedrooms in his large house; instead, it was at the dining table... reading... a cooking magazine?! This was some strange bear! But Frederick had other things to worry about, like how to get those blueberry stains off the wall.

Carefully and quietly, Frederick lured the bear, using the blueberry pancakes he had made, out of his house and down the alley. He was a bit sad when there were none left over. He had been hoping to have a few himself.

When Frederick got home, he spotted something he hadn't before... and it wasn't good. He had been so caught up in getting the bear out of his house, he hadn't noticed the two cubs sitting at the table, waiting patiently for more blueberry pancakes.



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Charlotte, 13

Texas

Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank
Ms. Tinius

What Is Anxiety

Anxiety is a wall

You need help to build this wall up
But you also need help to break it down
It is strong and steady but in all the wrong way
Either being built up more
Or slowly crumbling away

Anxiety is a shadow

Always lurking
Only leave for a little while
Dark and misty
Never really needed
Always changing shapes always right behind you

Anxiety is a crack in a sidewalk

always annoying
Giving you a bad start to your day
No one ever bothering to fix it
it's there from sunrise to sunset and there again the next
morning
Wanting to get under your skin.

Anxiety is an empty bank

Abandoned by its customers
Only the soul of the banker is still there
Trapped inside unable to escape this mess off doorways
All alone in the back until someone decides to open
Those huge door
To set his soul free

D.E.A.R FOR DYSLEXIA LEARNING FESTIVAL



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March 30th, 2021, 11:00am to 3:30pm Eastern time (EST)

D.E.A.R (Drop Everything And Read) For Dyslexia Learning Festival is a **FREE** upcoming festival that celebrates dyslexia and reading.

The aim of the festival is to promote enjoyment, learning, and growth in learners with dyslexia.



Scan the QR code and sign up for this informative event and receive free access to live discussions with guest speakers and resources to share with students, colleagues, parents, and friends. The festival will also have an opportunity to participate in a live Q&A.



Our live sessions will explore dyslexia through discussions about...

- Social emotional learning with **Carol Allen**
- Navigating support for dyslexia from outside the school system with **Winifred Winston**
- The importance of peer mentoring with **Jake Sussman**
- Conquering dyslexia in school and at home with **Dr. Jan Hasbrouck**



CAROL ALLEN



WINIFRED WINSTON



JAKE SUSSMAN



DR. JAN HASBROUCK

TOP AWARD



Lily, 13

Florida

Howard Middle School

I want to thank
Ms. Ginny McMillen

THE DRAGON

Once upon a time, in the deepest part of the forest, there lived a very sick dragon. This dragon was kind and gentle and did not want to hurt anybody. But sadly, many people did not know that. Everybody in the kingdom of Rina thought of him as mean when really, he was just sick. One day while he was sleeping, someone entered the cave. He could not spot who or what it was, but before he knew it, he was shot. He woke up to find himself in a place nothing like his cave in the forest. The place he was in was all white. The walls, the furniture, the equipment. Then a man, covered in a white lab coat, appeared. From what the dragon could understand, his name was Dr. John Pettie, and he worked in the all-white building. "Do you think he can understand us?" Said Dr. Pettie. A woman came into view. She was wearing the same outfit as Dr. Pettie. "I'm not sure. I've come in contact with many dragons in my day, but nothing like this one. His head is shaped differently and he is way bigger than most dragons who live around here and it looks like he is very sick. He actually reminds me of the dragon from the legend."

The dragon rolled its eyes. The woman's name tag read "Dr. Jilly Nicknack, Chief of dragon testing". "This is not good," thought the dragon. Dr. Nicknack then pulled out something that was purple and orange. Once it came fully into view the dragon knew what it was immediately. The Flower of Sins. The deadliest flower known to ever be found in the kingdom. Just one tiny extract from its center could kill anything who drinks it. He eyed the flower tensely, making sure it didn't get near him. They soon put the flower down and brought

out an injector. The dragon moved back as far as he could in the cage. It soon was injected straight into his hip and brought out some blood. The dragon whimpered. He then saw the two doctors get straight to work. He later dozed off to sleep. The next day arrived and the dragon woke up before the white building opened. A computer caught his eye. It read "Deadly virus #19".

Months passed while the dragon stayed in the all-white building. He was let loose from his cage but was not permitted outside the building. Each day was like the next. The doctors came and went to work to find a cure for his virus. But then, one day something special happened. A girl named Sisi came to his cage. The dragon thought she had lost her way. She didn't look scared and came up to the dragon and started bonding with him. Then she left. That was one of the most unique things that the dragon had experienced and he didn't see Sisi ever again. He learned that she was Dr. Nicknack's daughter.

A year passed. He became friends with many more doctors and workers, and took more walks around his side of the building. While walking he saw hanging above the hallway a sign "INFECTED". He saw many people in rooms very sick. Doctors had protected faces and hands and he heard the term "Deadly Virus #19". He then saw Dr. Nicknack, crying. She wasn't wearing her white coat anymore. Just jeans, a tee shirt and a mask. Everyone were wearing masks. He then saw Sisi. She was dying. All the pieces made sense. He had given his virus to Sisi, who spread it around the kingdom. He heard many shouts of "NOOOO, she was too young" and "Go inform the queen!"

The dragon became very worried. Another year passed. The virus spread to many more kingdoms. Many were dying and new decrees had come in order to stop the spread of the virus. The dragon had gotten over the virus, like some others, and he provided anti-bodies for other sick patients. He felt very guilty. He knew many solutions were on their way, but not quick enough. All he could do was provide blood, hope for the best and miss the girl Sisi.

TOP WINNER

**Vivian, 13**

Texas

Rawson-Saunders
Kat DeWees, Teacher

Thanks to my little
brother Evan

To My Little Jelly Bean

I'm thanking you
For giving me a childhood
For giving me someone to dress up in my gowns
And wrap in my pearls
Someone to bury in baskets
of dirty laundry

I'm thanking you
For the wrestling matches
Held on the creaky old trampoline
And the pool noodle fights
Leaving us with angry welts on our backs

I'm thanking you
For being someone I can brag to
And someone who can humble me
For listening to my "exciting" gossip
And telling me your rambling stories I'm thanking you
For all the random facts
For all the geeky references
And all the unplayed Among Us games
For all the times I died an embarrassing death
in Star Wars Battlefront

I'm thanking you
For not looking at me differently
Even after hearing me cry
Even after I yell and scream,
You still look at me like your big sister

I'm thanking you
For walking through that tunnel with me
For holding my hand
And not straying
Even when you were scared
I'm thanking you

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Lili, 14

Texas

Rawson-Saunders
Kat DeWees, Teacher

I was inspired to write this poem by the differences in peoples home life and their parents. To me this poem is about what I think love is and the three different types there are. I would also like to thank my writing teacher Ms. DeWees who always sticks with me and encourages my creative mind.

Love's Little Conjunctions

And
And parents that love me always
Unconditionally
Partners that truly care
"And" love is easy
No matter what
This and that
Love and love

If
If only
If you could just-
on condition of
Never knowing if I'll receive it
"If" is brutal
This if that
Love only if

But
But nothing
But negates everything
That came before
I love you but-
"But" is a hollowed out love
This but that
Love but not



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Abigail, 15

Illinois

Homeschool

I'd like to thank Ann Fryer who has been my creative writing mentor for the past few years.

"River of Words" Excerpt

Fiction

Pale light reflected off the broken window pane. Under its pale glow, a boy of nineteen watched as ink, black as the night sky on a new moon, moved to the rhythm of his thoughts. He could never sleep when his mind played tag with words and sentences, instead he put his quill to parchment.

Only when the blue light of day faded into the dark shadows of night, could Brand pursue his passion. What was this passion, you may ask? It was words. Words can be a passion, I assure you. Not the kind of words created by mixing up roots and Latin to make new meanings. No, Brand liked to link words together so that they sang, but he could only compose his masterpieces when the loud snores of his uncle echoed throughout town. While his uncle slept, Brand was awake dreaming of ways to turn a simple story into a melody. Not many had the gift to make words dance on a page. Most either had a gift of arguing for rights, or a gift for knowing where a dash of paint was required to bring a canvas to life. Gifts were not given at birth and mastered as one grows, like they should be, but they were given at the age of nineteen. It had been this way for centuries, never once in all of history had the system ever failed...until Brand Kingsley.

Brand Kingsley was different, he always was. His difference started, as usual, with his gift. He didn't get his gift at nineteen, instead he received it the moment he first put his quill to parchment. Since then, the trickle of words flowed into a raging river of paragraphs

TOP WINNER

and chapters. The only dam in the river of his stories came in the form of a man full of rage and disappointment, in other words, his Uncle Asher.

Asher Kingsley, was much like his younger brother, Brand's father, in looks. Both were more than just handsome, they were regal, possessing aristocratic features; kaleidoscope blue eyes that could weigh your life with one glance and perpetually slicked back sandy blonde hair. No matter how similar the two brothers were in appearance, they were miles apart in every other way. Women often fantasized about Asher's deep pockets, his good looks were just an added bonus. It only took a couple of rendezvous before they saw through his mask of wealth and charm and came face to face with the worst sort of human. The rejection often left Asher bitter and looking for an outlet in any form.

One night as his Uncle was sleeping off his latest rejection, Brand slipped out of the quiet manor under the watchful eye of the moon. Armed with only his centuries old leather satchel and the crimson red leather bound journal that carried his river of words inked between its pages. He ventured to a spot where his Uncle's rage couldn't reach him. His refuge was hidden between the thick bark of the forest on the west side of the property. Few would be caught dead in that forest. Ancient lore scared most people away, and for the other daring souls, a howl here, a wolf sighting there, and they ran away with their tails between their legs. Brand's secret palace was a small clearing in the midst of the deep forest. Brand liked to sit on a fallen log at the edge of the clearing, where he would weave stories about the shadows that clung to the blurry shapes of trees.

On that night, he was waiting not for the shadows to lift, or for ideas to flow to his page - he had plenty of those - no, he was waiting for the only other person that knew of his sanctuary. She was already five minutes late. Brand was patient, so he sat and waited for her to arrive. The night sky was always something that took his breath away, and Mars was especially bright that night. The pinpricks of light and the swirls of black and blue were mirrored in his twin orbs of blue that starred with love from below.

TOP WINNER

**Jackie, 15**

Washington

Woodrow Wilson High
School

I'd like to thank my
Mom and Dad, Ms.
Raymond, Mr. Nguyen,
Ms. Coffin, Ms. Becca,
Mrs. Olson, Ms. Paulk,
and all of my
supporters who have
been there for me.

Just Be a Kid

Im told just to be a kid
Impassioned, Indignant , Irritated
This world is making me..
Caring the world on my shoulders
Like atlas on one knee
So heavy like a bolder
Wait...
Do I have to get older
These times make me want to go back to go back to
when I was four
When I didn't know about the war
Back when I wasn't afraid to go to the convenience
store
Back when all I wanted to do was explore
Now , I am looking for a mentor
To help me with the stress that's deep inside of my
chest
I mean be my guest
I know that I am blessed but that doesn't change the
fact that I still need a life vest
To help me from drowning
When there is a sea of frowning
Just be a kid
No, I have to prepare for college
But my high school years are still unfinished
Im supposed to contain all this knowledge
I haven't had fun in a minute
I finished an assignment
Feeling accomplished
Another ones missing thats setting a conflict
Feeling like I need a speed limit
I haven't slowed down in a minute
Just be a kid

I think I had an epiphany
 Wait no it's just pressure and stress built into me
 Or maybe I might just have to look into it
 I haven't taken a breathe in a minute
 Just be a kid
 Procrastination is my biggest flaw
 Maybe that's not the worst one of em all
 Just be a kid
 Go on instagram
 Check her story
 Check his story
 But what's my story
 Seeing allies post about
 Rest in peace , rest in peace , rest in peace
 But even in our world now
 Not the after life but , now , today , tomorrow and now
 We can't even fathom the thought
 Of making peace with each other
 Just be a kid
 Social anxiety
 Only I can see the irony
 There's always a rivalry
 Because I got two sides of me
 Big presentations are due
 Teacher...may I use the restroom?
 You think I'm just using it as an excuse

For what? Just to test you?
 It's just meant to spell out doom.
 How am i supposed to respect you
 when you don't even respect us?
 I'm not trying to make a big fuss
 But don't you think these are topics we should discuss?
 Just be a kid
 I can't wear this or that

TOP WINNER

I have to be responsible for someone's wondering eyes?
 Why I don't seem surprised
 See when a girl gets to a certain age , she becomes sexualized
 Being put down by other girls n boys
 I can't even see beauty in myself with my own eyes
 Filter after , after filter , after filter
 Just to end up looking unfamiliar
 I am now 15 and I am still on the journey
 Of finding true self love
 To be able to see I am perfect
 The way God made me
 I seem to be set free
 Just be a kid
 Where are you from?
 No where are you really from?
 Im american
 Born in america
 See , because right when I enter the doorway
 I dont always try to display
 My thick brown hair and dark brown eyes
 Because I will always be categorized
 I'm always advised
 To act surprised
 When I'm asked this question
 I'm not ashamed of my ethnicity
 But there is no simplicity
 To this
 It's always a hit n miss
 This whole cycle of stereotypes goes as deep
 As an oceanic abyss
 Just be a kid
 They keep on telling me...
 I want to be a kid
 But the world is making it so hard just to do that
 I really don't want to be a grown up
 If this is what it's going to be like
 Just be a kid



Aden, 17

Kentucky

The Sphinx Academy

I would like to
acknowledge my father
and mother

Should, Am, Have, Will, Would, Could, Do, Every, I

Should I cry at nothing
Am I even a man
Should I be empty at the site of loving
Am I even going according to plan

Have I really tried my hardest
Will I ever see you smile
Have I gone the farthest
Will I ever stop adding to the pile

Would I climb a mountain to see
Could I stop and compromise
Would I stop to disagree
Could I finally learn to speak to my allies

Do I have the right to be sad
Every want realized
Do I have the right to be mad
Every haunt euthanized

I ask these questions every day
But the way I asked them has changed
I ask for help and these questions begin to go away
So I say never let yourself feel estranged

TOP WINNER

**Karina, 18**

Indiana

Zionsville Community
High School

Elana Cutter, Teacher

Roses are Dead

Like any other rose I am accepted to grow; strong, bold, beautiful, and red. But deep down in my roots, I know my petals will begin to wilt and I'll be dead. The future is inevitable even when the sun shines bright. The dancing daffodils decline, and the abundant dandelions diminish as the cool breeze snatches up their withered hearts. Spring may be so bright but winter is ever so dry.

I let my petals bloom for the rest of the world to see, constantly wondering if all of them are staring back at me. The judgment and disgrace are forever looming, and my petals cannot carry the weight. Every time I lose a petal, I lose a piece of myself; my smile, joy, laugh and giggle fall as the gossip is unkind to my flesh. Beauty can be captured in a second, but no one dares to lie and say it'll last forever.

Whoever said rose petals had to possess the right shade of red on their cheeks to be kept in the garden or have a stem that can stand a certain height tall, never took a look at the real world at all. For centuries flowers have been classified by the shape of their petals because that was only how far people were willing to look until they moved on to another one. Classifications decide a flower's life destination; whether she is pretty enough to be placed in an exquisite boutique or discarded in the trash, not to be wasted on brightening someone else's day.



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TOP WINNER

No one pauses to admire my uniqueness but cocks their head and disqualifies me for my oddness. Whispers of gossip brisk through the leaves of the proper violets, stuck-up carnations, and even the respectable weeds. When I don't emanate the socially acceptable fragrant of a rose, does that suddenly make me unworthy? And who is to declare what is or is not admissible when the exclusive rules keep on changing?

For all of these questions, I still do not know the answers but if I cannot be appreciated for what I am then why do I try so hard to disguise my true self in a flawless illusion that I have mastered? Before each sunrise, I paint on the right shade of red to my petals, cut my stem to be the approved height, drowned myself in perfumes to create the distinct fragrance, and silenced myself into submission to portray the correct elegance. You may not have even noticed me among the whole bunch because I am concealed so well but is that not the point on all of this after all? This repeated facade of pretending to belong has only made me more alone. The acting is suffocating and my color begins to fade. My suffering is finally over but yours may have just begun, as I no longer want to wait around for the sun to rise or to feel like I am enough, I succumb to the dark without a goodbye.



DYSLEXIA SCREENER

- **Dyslexia Subscale Scores range from 1 to 10.**
- **A score of 5 is average on each subscale.**
- *Higher scores indicate which processing systems or skills are contributing most to elevating your Total Dyslexia Score, and to any dyslexia-associated challenges you are experiencing.*

Your Dyslexia Subscale Scores Are:



Sub Word Processing: 7



Working Memory: 7



Naming / Retrieval: 10



Visual Attention: 7

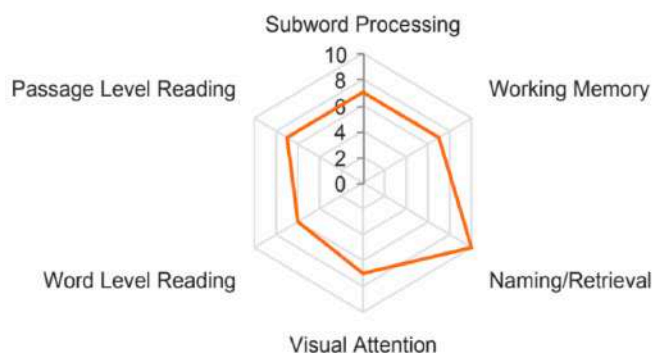


Word Level Reading: 6



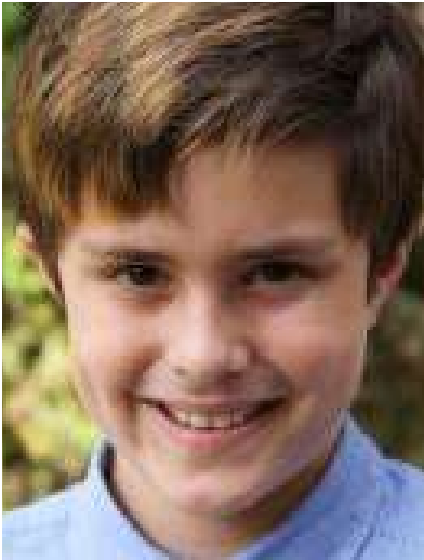
Passage Level Reading: 7

Dyslexia Subscale Scores



The radar graph of your scores provides a quick overview of your Dyslexia Subscale Scores. The further a particular score is from the center of the graph, the greater the likelihood it represents a dyslexia-associated processing trait.

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Bryce, 11

Texas

Rawson-Saunders

Tamara Tinius, Teacher

My teacher Ms. Tinius inspired me to write this piece. She is an amazing teacher.

Imagination is Free

Imagination is a blender
 Stirring up ideas without boundaries,
 Free to roam wild creating extraordinary things
 Making fantasy the reality
 Growing a seed into a fully sprouted tree,
 Imagination is everything

Imagination is a fire.
 It can grow with a sparking idea,
 Can be doused by one mean comment,
 But always still has embers
 Ready to be started up,
 And grow big again

Imagination is a sponge.
 Ready to suck up what is there,
 And get bigger.
 A sponge with feelings
 Trying to figure out this complicated life
 Finding a balance between knowledge and what's right

Imagination is clay.
 Molding to a situation
 Making a solution for the problem
 The hate smushing what was there, but
 Always able to rebuild and keep getting stronger.
 Imagination makes us who we are



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Deadline is MARCH 15th.



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HIGH HONORS

**Amanda, 13**

Texas

Rawson-Saunders
Kat Dewees, Teacher

I'd like to thank my
family, my friends and
any who has helped me
along my journey

The Dark Angel

The endless dark room presents me light
The dead in the graveyards teach me how to live
The shattered plate instructs me on how to pick up
my own broken pieces
The cold wind whispers to believe there are warm
hearts
The drowning ocean forces me to breath
The one who is toxic prescribes me the antidote
The boulder tied to my leg liberates my hopes
The insecurities assure me that nobody's perfect
But the thing I am most grateful for is
The darkness that sheds light on an angel



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HIGH HONORS

**Arden, 13**

Texas

Rawson-Saunders
Bobby Fleiss, Teacher**Nervous**

I fear my name
as I sit and listen to the kid presenting
knowing I'm next.

As I sit still like a snail
teacher calls my name
ignoring my name being called
I start to get butterflies.

I stand up like someone who has never stood before
the voice in my head telling me to sit back down.

Eight eyes staring right at me
the pressure of speaking fills up
speaking out like I have a stutter.

I hurry up and try to finish
the teacher notices that I missed something
I start to panic
I'm wrong
imagining the people laughing
I start to tear up.

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INTERCONNECTED LEARNING

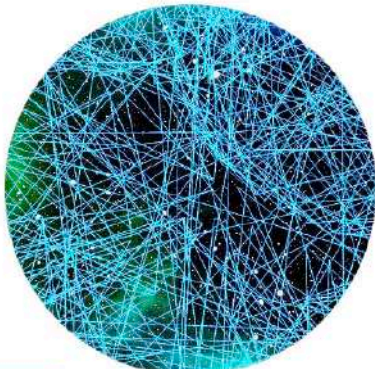


Photo by Egor Kamelev

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- ANSWER APPS - LEARNING IN REVERSE
- DAYDREAMING WHILE READING
- HELPING WITH HOMEWORK IF YOU'RE NOT A WIZ YOURSELF

PREMIUM RECENT ISSUE



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Landon, 8
Washington

North Star School
Homeschool

What Happens in France

Once there was a piece of pizza and a cake. They got stuck on the top of the Eiffel Tower. Then, the pizza asked the cake "if you could have any food what would it be?" The piece of cake responded, "My favorite thing to eat would be pizza, what about you?" The piece of cake asked the pizza and he said, "It would be cake!" At the same time, they screamed "I'M A PIECE OF PIZZA!" "I'M A CAKE!" "You better watch out!" said the pizza.

In one bite, the pizza chomped down on the cake. Then, while the cake was in the pizza's stomach, he said, "Why did you eat me!?" "Because you're my favorite food to eat!" said the pizza. "Oh, that's right, oh no, I didn't watch out!" Said the cake. Then, he fell to his doom right off the Eiffel Tower. He fell face first into a pigeon infested park! "Cuckoo Cuckoo" said the pigeons. "AAAAH" said the pizza. The pigeons came swooping down and started to peck at the pizza. The pizza tried to escape but he could not. He ran, but the pigeons can fly so they caught him. One crumb was left of the pizza and cake. The elderly pigeon was starving, and she decided they would be her dessert for the day. She flies towards the crumbs. "AAAAAH" said the pizza and cake crumb. With one slow bite, the elderly pigeon ate the final remains of the pizza and cake. Well, that's France for ya!



Ella, 9

Texas

Canyon Ridge School
Mrs. Hammond, Teacher

Mrs. Hammond is nice
and helpful. I am always
excited for her class.

The Blackwells

Hi we are the dragon riders. There is a big mansion on the top of the hill. People say that the mansion is haunted. Me and the dragon riders think it is fake. One day some people said to go check it out. My dad the chief said that there is nothing in there for us but I think he was lying to me. In the morning on the edge we went to the mansion. When we got back we said to the people of Berk that there are no spiders but we did find something. We saw a girl in a dress and armor. My dad looked frighten. The whole town did. My dad said a long time ago like a hundred years ago there lived the Blackwell family. Maric the dad and Karen the mom and Elizabeth the child. One day in the night there was a fire. People say that Elizabeth and Maric died that night. On Elizabeth's sixteenth birthday Elizabeth became a ghost. On Elizabeth's nineteenth birthday she became evil. People say that she is half dead and half alive. The dragon riders looked at her and said who are you. Oh you mean me? Yes you. Now who are you? I am Elizabeth Blackwell and I have parents so let me go and then she disappeared.



Silas, 10
California

Homeschool

Shu-Hsien Ho (writing teacher)

Space Animals

I was in my pen when the alarms started to go off loudly, flashing red lights. The humans were gone! What was happening? I went to the gate and yanked, nothing. I yelled to the humans, thinking, "where were they?" Someone yelled something I didn't understand. Someone was here. They told me that they had to leave and could not bring me and the others. Why? I wondered. No we need you! Humans keep us safe and feed us. I have to get out, right? The others! With their help I could get out! Tiny, Tiny can help.

"TINY!" I yell to get her. "TINY!!" She swims up to me. I need your help to get out. Can you break the bars?

"Of course I can Rinal," says Tiny, "I'm a space whale!"

"Get through these bars, I'll get the others" I say. I turn and run toward Terry the lion. Terry spots me running and starts toward me. "We are getting out now!" I yell to him.

"Why Rinal?" Terry asks, surprised.

"They are leaving us behind." I say "now go to Tiny at the gate and help her with whatever she needs." I start running to Dan and Bob in their patch of trees, I get there huffing in exoshin "Dan, Bob!" I yell up into the trees. "Come down here now!!"

They come running down the trees. Dan is a squirrel and Bob is a bush baby. Dan has a big bushy tail that is flapping around.

Bob's big eyes look at me nervously. Bob says "What is it?"

I quickly tell them what is going on and we rush back to the gate. I see a hole in the gate, Tiny did it! I rush up to Tiny and say "You got out!" I stick my long giraffe neck out the hole to see if anybody is left. I don't see anybody.

Second scene: at the escape pod

Bob gets to the escape pod and presses the button that has a symbol of two doors opening. The button is square and is hard. The door opens and a bunch of lights turn on inside the pod. Everybody goes in and there are a bunch of buttons and levers in front of a seat. Terry asks what this room is.

Bob says, "I think it's a tiny ship." Bob goes over to the panel of buttons and levers and looks around for the same symbol that he pressed last time, to close the doors. There's no button exactly like it, but there's a similar one with the arrows pointing in. He pushes it and the doors start closing. They start pushing all the buttons and levers to see what will happen.

A mechanical voice says, "Please take your seat." We all go to our seats, and harnesses automatically buckle us in.

"Ahhhh!" says Terry. "What's happening?"

The mini-ship starts shaking, there is a rumbling noise that starts quiet then gets really loud, and then they're all pushed really really hard into the back of their seats. They can't even say anything because they're going so fast. The force stops and the voice comes back on and says, "It's okay to get out of your seats now."

They get out of their seats and are all spooked by what just happened.

Bob looks out the window and sees nothing, "It's just space."

"What's just space bob?" rinal asks. Terry nervously went to a window too, and saw nothing. "Bobs right!" says terry.

"Nothing is out there. AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" Terry and Bob saw darkness. It was very dark black with a few small stars. There was no sound except for the sound of the engines. Bob is looking out the window and says "space is nothing."

I am scared and wonder where the ship is taking us. I hope that the ship has candy corn stored somewhere.



Logan, 11

Texas

Rawson-Saunders

Loyalty

Loyalty is an unbroken and unspoken agreement
The no need for words and still have the trust of others
The unbreakable trust between true friends
The conversations that have no words in them but have the most thought put into it
The unknown trust that was always there
The unknown conversation that started it all but that never happened

Loyalty is a chair
With an unknown origin
With very study foundations
With much trust in it
With no thought on when or how it made
With the ability to always fall back on it

Loyalty is a war worth fighting
The battles to gain the trust of others
The trust of others to win
The trading of secrets to win
The true feeling of loss during the war
The truth is the strongest weapon

Loyalty is a slow drive to the finish
With a long distance to cover
With some having to go off the road
With a long time to get through
With bumps along the road to true loyalty
With victory in sight



Pablo, 12

Washington

Harbour Pointe Middle
School

I'd like to thank Nicole
and Chloe Swedberg
(tutors).

Inside Minecraft

The ten ton iron humanoid golem's eyes glowed red in the dark night. Darwin could hear the loud footsteps of it Thump! At the last earth shattering footsteps he felt a cold hand hit him in the face. Then, like time had lost in a foot race, Darwin got catapulted into the night. His face planted into a cold hard surface. When he looked up, he could barely make out a figure running to him.

As Darwin ran into the forest he made eye contact with an enderman. "Oh great," he thought to himself, "An iron golem and an enderman are chasing me."

Out of nowhere, a block popped up and tripped him. His adrenaline was pumping through him like a fast river. Getting up, Darwin heard a ripping sound. As he glimpsed behind himself, he looked up in horror and saw a tree hurdling at him. It missed, but only by a few blocks. He got up, only to be punched in the gut. Darwin guessed that it was the iron golem. He thought that he was going to get smacked to the moon.

Darwin would have survived if fall damage had not been a problem, but it was, and he died. Then he realized he had forgotten to sleep in his bed "Noooooooooooo," Darwin yelled at the top of his lungs.

Darwin respawned, stranded on an island that he did not recognize, thinking all hope was lost. He found a clearing, furiously racked his brain, and thought of a plan to build the next great civilization and to be the king.

Darwin would call his city: "The Island That Does Not Have Enough Time To Be Named," and he built a pier, but tridents were already being flung from the water by the drowned. He defended the dock with all his strength.

Soon enough he was in the middle of a burning dock, fighting the drowned. He tried towering up to get away, but a trident knocked him off, and he fell into a burning inferno. As he burned, he jumped into the water. As if falling into a burning dock was not enough, a horde of drowned were facing him, some had armor, some had tridents but they all had the same look on their eyes, like the look when you corner someone in tag. He swam as fast as he could. As soon as Darwin reached land, a trident hit him on the head, and he died. "Really, world, what's next?"

When Darwin respawned again, he was face-to-face with somebody with white eyes, "Oh no...it's... it's Hero Brian!" Darwin looked behind him, it was just a cliff as far the eye can see. He sprinted across the cliffside, then felt a heat so hot he thought he knew what the sun felt like. An explosion threw Darwin to the ground. He looked up to see a barrage of fireballs raining down at him. He turned and hid behind a tree, "Please don't see me please don't see me please don't see me," Darwin whispered.

He dared a glimpse and was so surprised to see not one, not two, not three, but four gassed (looking like dead squids), floating, making shrieking noises. Darwin had no doubt that one blast from those gassed would destroy the tree. Prone to bad luck, he accidentally broke some leaves. Alerted, the gassed came to finish him off. Darwin saw no point of running--there weren't even any caves nearby to take shelter in. He heard the gassed closing in on him, and in a moment of panic, he jumped off the cliff.

When Darwin respawned, he darted into the forest, hoping that Hero Brian didn't see him. He ran for two whole days.

On the third day he saw smoke. Darwin thought it might be a village. When he got to the village, it was but the bare bones of a great city charred and ashed, the remains of families, the remains of a great iron golem army laid down by arrows. Craters the size of buildings. Darwin looked around him as a trident was flung at him, then-- darkness.



Anna, 13

Tennessee

Currey Ingram Academy

I would like to thank
Mommy.

Other World

Coming back from a long and painful day as my stench of loneliness fills the room. I looked over at my beautifully sculpted bed, the rims of it coated with silver and the perfectly cut out wood designs all around the sides. The silk blood red and black sheets beautifully sown together as there all messed up and scattered across the king bed. The maids know how I like my bed to be made, I don't like it made at all. I sighed in relief spreading out my black spiky wings that were bigger than me, "ahhh, it's been a whole twenty-eight hours since I was able to do that". I don't let myself loose track of time, my mind simply can't let a delicate thing like time "go to waist" or be "waisted" by eating, I drive myself to destruction with it.

Quickly flying up into the air taking a glance up to my cieling of my big room. Much like my bed it was beutifully cut and painted with silver and a little hint of gold as blue and white stars filled the sky in the magical painting. It made my eyes memorized and shine everytime I looked up at it. I finally let myself fall down gracefully on the big bed as silk touched my pale skin. I hesitantly closed my eyes, I wasn't expecting to fall asleep since my mind was wandering too deep to fall into the world of dreams. The funny thing is that it can be so peacefull, or so painful.

Nightmares and dreams, dark and light, angels and demons, sinners and saints. Thats what everyone else sees, but me, I see it diffrently. Two can collide and angels could be bad demons could be good and really there story's can get mixed up just like emotions, just

like me. I slowly got up as my thoughts chained me back down to the bed. I sighed and it seemed like someone heard, I saw a big shadow step toward me. "Devil?" I said confused, "Heh, hey Kami" he said my name with the same grin he always had, the weird thing is he was the only one who let my name roll off there tongue happily. He noticed the serious expression on my face along with my body language and knew that I was trapped in my mind. "It's happening again, I'm too deep for my age, I'm too "advance"...that sounds like a good thing ... but it's like a burden weighing me down" I sadly muttered to him. "Maybe that's why you're so short" he said ruffling my hair as I giggled, somehow he always knew how to get me out of my own prison I made for myself. I smiled at him as I looked into his deep blue eyes that reminded me of the ocean, I honestly feel like I could drown in them. "Hey, Kami i-" he got cut off by something "Kami! Time for dinner!" My mom's voice suddenly hit me like my eyes hit reality. The big beautiful room turning into my small messy one, my big king bed turning back into my twin bed... and him, my only friend Devil, gone. Everything faded away like light fades away when you blow out the candle, and you're left with a dark and empty room. I shook my head as it catches back up with my eyes, back into reality. I get up and walk towards my door, I'll go back to there soon. To that .



Riley, 13

Wisconsin

Cadott Junior High
Lane Genrich, Teacher

The Lives We Touch

Our lives aren't counted in years, they're counted by the number of people we touch around us. Every day after school I ride the bus home, only so I can remember when I would sit by my best friend. We've been friends since we were little kids. She doesn't know how important she is to me, I got through everything knowing she was there to help me. Before my parents got divorced, they would fight all the time and it scared me. I would spend countless nights crying myself to sleep. But the only way I got through it, was when she and I got to see each other at school. Most kids hate school but I loved it, her and I got to spend so much time together, we had the same teacher, we were neighbors, and we rode the same bus.

Anna got on before me, so she and I would always sit together. The most distinct memory I have is, every day since we were so small and could barely see over the seat, we would sit on top of our backpacks. I could tell you every detail, because she mentioned so much to me. Two years go by and we are going into 7th grade, Jr. High. So that means, her and I will only see each other a fraction of the time we used to. I always would say dream in class about what my future would look like, they all had one thing in common, they all had Anna in it. One day after school she and I were walking to Softball practice.

She was very quiet and didn't say a word the whole time, which is very unusual for her, because she is the

kind of person who would drive a hour away at 5:00 in the morning to bring you something on your birthday. Or volunteer at a community center, or call you just to say hi and see your face. I knew that something was wrong, and with that I stopped in that step and waited for her to stop and turn around. She turned around and asks me, "What happened, what's wrong?" I say nothing at first but give her a sympathetic smile, and say, "I should be asking you, what's wrong?!" She sighs, and says " Last weekend my mom took me to the doctor... and the doctor asked me if there was anything going on that she should be worried about, I told that I'm afraid that I might have depression." I don't know what to say to comfort her, she is always the one who is comforting someone, not me. I can't find the right words to say, so I say nothing, just lean towards her and give her a hug.

She starts to cry, I know because the tears run off her face and rub onto mine. My mom always said that somehow tears are contagious. And she's right, because I'm crying now too. That night after volleyball I got a call from Anna's mom at 9:46 pm, I was in bed but not asleep yet. I answer and don't even get a chance to say hello before Kristy interrupts me and says "Haillie, Y-you should know that Anna won't be at school for the rest of the week!" I ask her why and she explains "Anna was having panic attacks after Softball, I didn't know what to do so I took her to the hospital, about an hour ago she had a Seizure." she stops talking and I can hear her crying, even though I can tell that they turned the phone away from her mouth. Kristy finishes with "The seizures were so bad that they had to put her on life support,... they are going to take her off of it tomorrow morning at 9:00am" I hear her say something but I don't understand what it was, I zoned out and in that moment I know that I want to be with her; I want to go to heaven with her. I ask the lord, "Please, let me go with her!" but then, I hear him say, "No, you aren't going to go with her on this adventure, not this time. You are to stay here and live a happy life, you will live a happy life for Anna"



Delta, 14

Texas

Rawson Saunders
School
Teacher, Kat Dewees

I would like to thank
Noah Linder, a friend.

Life's Little Treasures

The gentle wind blows my hair. All the lights are off at The Inn at Mama's Fish House in Paia, Hawaii. Yet, there is no fear in my mind. I feel safe here, chewing silently on some delicious, warm, buttery banana bread. A salty and fresh scent rolls in from the nearby ocean, and I can hear the waves crashing against the rocks over my quiet and tear worthy music.

"Lily," my brother calls from the porch of our small hotel cabin.

"Yeah, coming." I respond just loud enough for him to hear. I scarf down the rest of the bread slice as I slide out of the hammock and run over to the porch. This is something I never want to forget, like a treasure you don't want to lose. My feet squish into the soft, alive grass.

"Mom says she needs your help finding the grill for tomorrow's dinner. Here's your drink." He says, handing me a cold and sweet smelling drink.

"Thanks Lisa!" I pat him on the head just to annoy him with both the pat and the nickname he hates. I walk around to the stone porch in the back to see if I was right about remembering the grill being there. The temptation to howl at the full moon pulls my mind off course. But, there being no wolves on this island might confuse the neighbors. So, I swallow the song of comfort, only to sing another day.

This is my treasure. The song, the hammock, the drink, my brother's words, and this place.

Nature is Home

As I took off my shoes and step in the water
I took a moment to breathe
I was alone
In a forest
With trees that go on for miles
But in the middle
Was a pond
Not just any pond
The most beautiful pond
Water crashing from a waterfall
Birds chirping of happiness
It felt like I was home



Julia, 14

Texas
Rawson Saunders
Teacher, Bobby Fleiss

Thank You Mr.Fleiss for
pushing and supporting me
to be the best writer I can be

My Flag is Not My Home

after Mohammed Issiakhem's *Woman and Wall* (1978)



Juna, 15

Michigan
Washtennaw International
High School
Joseph Song, Teacher

I'd like to thank Christine Hume
(dyslexic poet)

My flag sinks in murky water,
edges leaden, inky,
out of focus. Its bloodless
stripes stacked like bricks,
like layers of skin,
like tattoos on a wall.
My flag wraps itself around my body,
dragging me under
until I reach a door, peeling and decrepit.
I jiggle the knob,
the door shakes with laughter.

My flag is a wall
contorting my shape, making me smaller
and smaller until I can't
reach the knob.
I live outside myself.
I give up getting
through the door
where I can almost see them:
my brothers
bake flatbread in the kitchen; sunlight
glances off the pale-yellow walls
onto their expectant faces.
They stop waiting for me when
the bread goes cold.



Lindsay, 17

New Jersey
Princeton High School
Dr. Levandowski, teacher

I would like to thank my teacher, Dr. Lev, who inspired me to write.

Let It Be (an excerpt)

When I was eight years old, I spent almost all my time assembling fairy houses in the woods at summer camp with my friend, Anna. We gathered sticks and chipped tree bark for walls and a roof, pebbles and leaves for furniture, and miscellaneous, lost knick-knacks for decorations—all adorning a home to lure a fairy for the night who would leave mesmerizing, glossy marbles for her builders to find in the morning as a “thank you for the stay.” Our fairy houses leaned against a tree for support, and next to that tree was a dirt path overgrown with moss, scattered with rocks, and covered in winding tree roots. The end of the path dipped into the clear, shallow part of a mostly murky stream.

Just like any other day at camp, Anna and I would go our separate ways to scout for materials, and then meet each other back at our fairy house construction site, the tree, where we would put everything into place. Frankly, I never knew where Anna went off to; I was very much interested in my own scavenger hunt: finding pretty things fit for pretty fairies. I went off on my merry little way down the path into the depths of the woods where I came across a blossomed bush of red berries, picked a few, and dropped them into my drawstring bag. Further down the forest path, I collected stubby sticks from the forest floor and stuck those in my bag as well.

Satisfied with my successful scavenger hunt, I followed the path back towards the tree when a compelling force stopped me in my tracks, and I spotted something that no fairy could ever resist: growing beside the path, and peeking

out from a shroud of green leaves with glints of light, was a patch of silver leaves. I promptly reached into the patch and plucked a single silver leaf. Giddy to show Anna my one-of-a-kind finding, I raced down the path to where the counselors and campers were located and found Anna kneeling beside the tree, placing rows of sticks in the mud to frame the fairy house.

"Anna, I found a silver leaf!" I let her have a look, but I kept a firm grasp on it because I couldn't let go of such a precious sight.

"I think that's poison ivy," she put it bluntly.
"Oh."

I dropped the leaf—the three-pronged leaf—and felt it brush against my hand on its way down. It was spray-painted silver as a warning. Why didn't I get that? How could I be so stupid?

In a panic, I sped past the tree, down to the very end of the path, and brought myself into the calm, shallow stream. I began washing my hands. I let them run through the water, knowing that the ivy's poisonous oil could absorb into my skin. So I washed and I washed my hands. I looked around; the other campers were playing and splashing and shouting in the water. But I wasn't. I kept washing my hands. I wasn't playing anymore. I kept washing my hands. I wasn't having fun anymore. I kept washing my hands. I stared at them until my vision blurred from my welling eyes. I kept washing my hands. My head throbbed and pounded—I kept washing my hands—my ears rang—I kept washing my hands—my face warmed—I kept washing my hands—my throat tightened—and I cried. I cried and I cried and I cried. I cried as hard as I washed my hands, vigorously scrubbing to get the poison out of my body. I heaved and gasped for air. I thought they were quite possibly my last few breaths.



Sophie, 17

Arkansas
Quest School
Jessica Sosnoski, Teacher

I'd like to thank my teacher,
Jessica Sosnoski.

Disability

This feeling

A feeling of endurance

A peaceful release

From the worlds push back

A mind no one can even fathom to know

A world only you know

Somewhere you only know how it works

A place you feel at comfort

Home

Someone pushes

Others try and help

But you are the only one to figure out

How to get out

So many doctors

So many people in your face

Finally, you take a step

And

You become a change

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Ellis, 13. We are Strong
Catherine, 14 Paragliding
Flora, 14, The Graveyard
Julian, 14. Whatever Makes Men Good Makes Them Good Citizens
Katherine, 14. The Aftermath
Nate, 14. Kids Don't Know What They're Talking About
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EMOTIONAL TRUTH AND COURAGE

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Aidan, 17. Sleeping sickness

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Autumn, 12. Zombie Apocalypse
River, 9. Georgie and the Big Day
Liza, 13 A Patriotic Poem
Matteo, 13. Emotions
Alissa, 14. The Last Shift
Victoria, 17. Stuck in the Middle (Excerpt)



A Pediatrician's Role in Dyslexia

Contemporary Pediatrics



Dyslexia: My Experience Experiences, Insecurities, Tips - Murphy Napier

YouTube



State Senator with Dyslexia Introduces Bill for Universal K-2 Testing

CA State Senate



The Voice Star Kezia Talks Dyslexia and Music

Birmingham Mail



Why Being a Dyslexic Teachers is a Gift

TES



Richard Branson Visit School - Dyslexia & Entrepreneurship Tips

Photo: Richard Burdette Wikipedia

DYSLEXIA NEWS



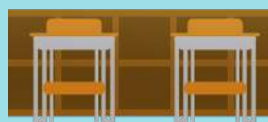
Embracing Their Dyslexia Helped These Young Achievers Discover Their Strengths

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Five Ways to Support Dyslexic Students with Remote Learning

Education Week



Will There Be Standardized Tests?

Education Week



Take Our Kids MIND Strengths Survey (for dyslexic & non-dyslexic kids!)

Dyslexic Advantage



My Son's ADHD Masked His Dyslexia for Three Decades

Additude



Kelly Ripa Says Son Joaquin Has Many College Options Despite Dyslexia and Dysgraphia

Entertainment Online Photos Gage Skidmore Wikimedia



Court Rules Wilson's "Just Words" is Insufficient to educate Dyslexic Students

Special Education Action



Student with severe dyslexia receives six distinctions

IOL.CO.ZA



Dyslexia is My Super Power (kids)

Youtube (Decoding Dyslexia GA)



U Michigan Dyslexia Pages Hacked (among others)

Forbes



10 Tools and Techniques for Dyslexic Readers and Writers

Medium



How Exam Results Threatened One Student's Future

The Guardian

ART SHARE

Congratulations to this month's ArtShare winner Madeline from Fort Huachuca, Arizona. Although just 7 years old, Madeline drew these beautiful flamingoes!

From Madeline's Mom: "I asked her to draw a favorite something, She drew the flamingo, then added a background and shading. She then disappeared and later re-appeared with the abstract drawing. She asked me what I thought. She had wanted to draw another flamingo, but have it be abstract and a puzzle."

WOW! Creative, beautiful, and innovative! Madeline won a print from dyslexic artist **DJ Welch**, titled Inner Strength. How perfect!





DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE PREMIUM

Cutting-edge resource for parents, teachers and tutors, schools and universities, and professionals

NEW! Earn continuing education or clock hour credits as you read!



DYSLEXIA FOR TEACHERS ONLINE COURSE

For General Classroom Teachers

- » How Dyslexia Presents
- » What Good Remediation Looks Like
- » Evidence-Based Strategies that Work
- » Ways to Support with Accommodations
- » Gifted, ELL, Social Emotional & more!

CLOCK HOURS & GRADUATE CREDITS



**Dyslexic Advantage &
Seattle Pacific University**



Multisensory solutions for reading.

Online, In-Person, or Both



1. Ease of use

Our six-step lesson plan is comprehensive and easy to follow, with all lessons prepared so teachers need very little prep time.



2. Efficiency

We've designed our program to be implemented quickly. After just one day of training, educators are ready to provide effective multisensory lessons for reading.



3. Anyone can do it

From experienced reading educators to volunteer tutors, anyone can be highly effective using the program.

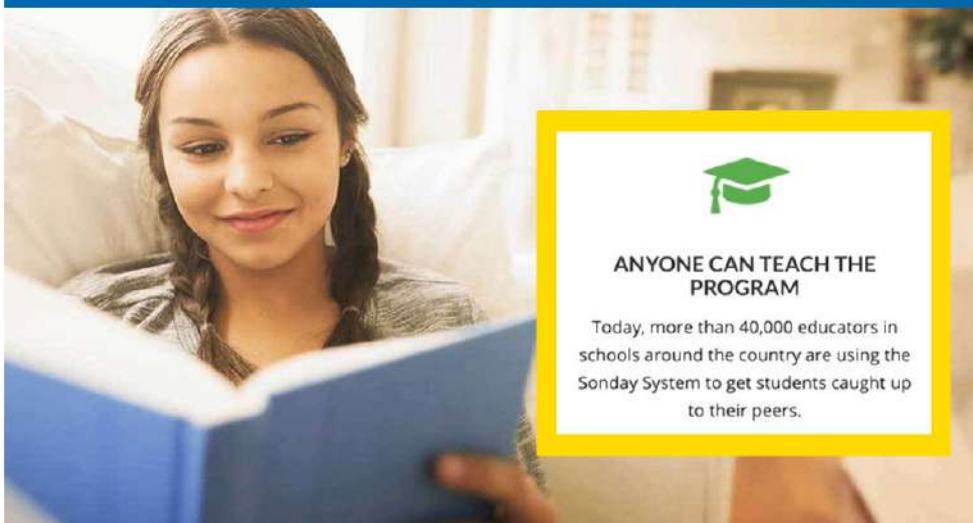


4. Experts on call

Our expert staff is available to provide ongoing support as needed through on-site or online services.



DISTANCE LEARNING RESOURCES



ANYONE CAN TEACH THE PROGRAM

Today, more than 40,000 educators in schools around the country are using the Sonday System to get students caught up to their peers.

Winsor Learning is your headquarters for online reading instruction resources that can be delivered in person or via distant learning.

[CLICK FOR MORE INFORMATION](#)



ENROLL NOW Homeschooling Dyslexia Online Course

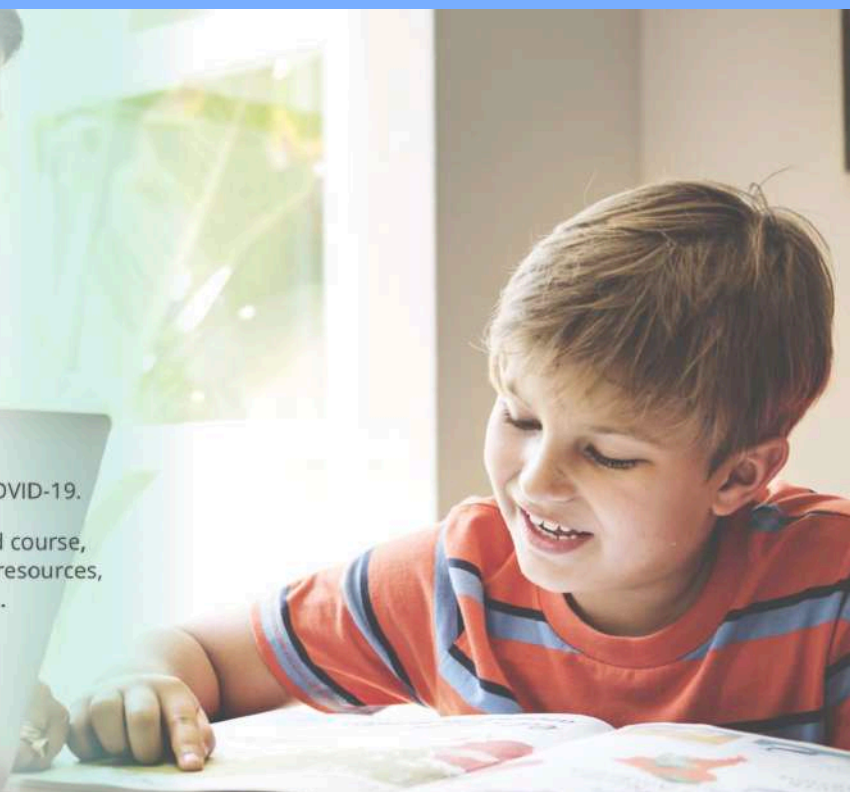
For Homeschooling Parents and Tutors

Keep your students learning from home during COVID-19.

The course includes a 5-module Video on-Demand course, 1-year access to all Dyslexic Advantage Premium resources, and exclusive private Discussion and Q & A Forum.

ENROLL

**Taught by
Dr. Fenette Eide**





PREMIUM COMING ISSUE



- NONVERBAL SUPERPOWERS
- READING FLUENCY
- FREE STRUCTURED LITERACY RESOURCES
- TECHNOLOGY
- DYSLEXIA AT COLLEGE: COMPUTER SCIENCE
- MATH THINKING WITH DIAGRAMS
- NOT GIVING UP ON LEARNING A SECOND LANGUAGE

SUBSCRIBE

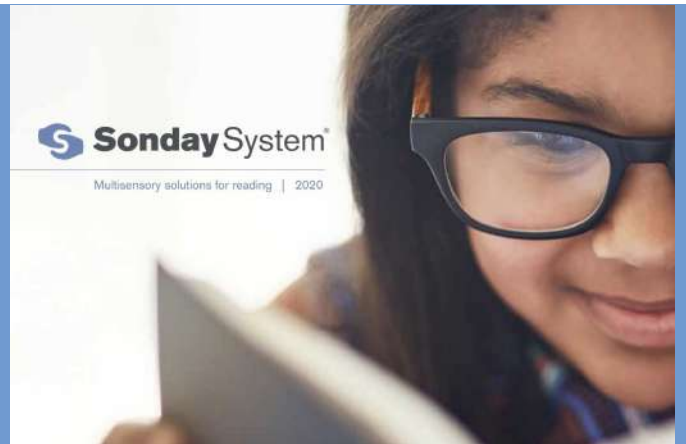
NOW WITH
TEACHER CLOCK
HOUR CREDITS



SONDAY SYSTEM REMOTE TEACHING PROGRAM

**Online, In-Person, or
Both**

- **Structured, Systematic, and Multisensory**
- **Multiple levels for Tutors or Homeschooling Families**
- **Extensive video and phone support**



ANYONE CAN TEACH THE PROGRAM

Today, more than 40,000 educators in schools around the country are using the Sondag System to get students caught up to their peers.

"All through my life what I've loved doing is watching movies. I love the escapism of film, I love stories..."

- Keira Knightley