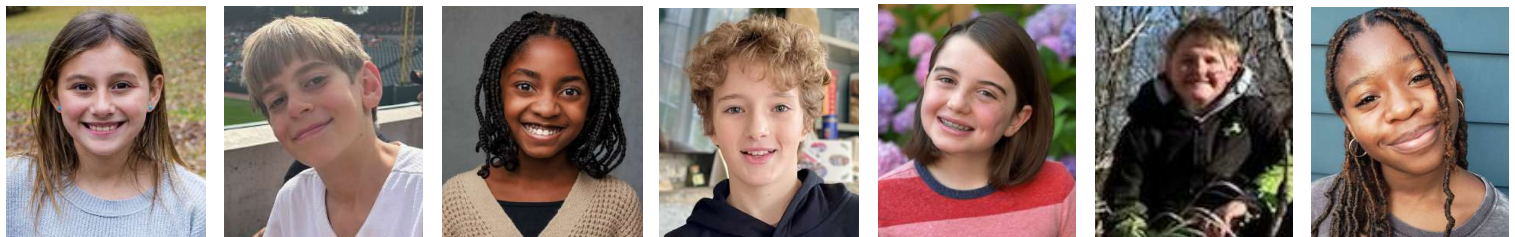


# Dyslexic Advantage

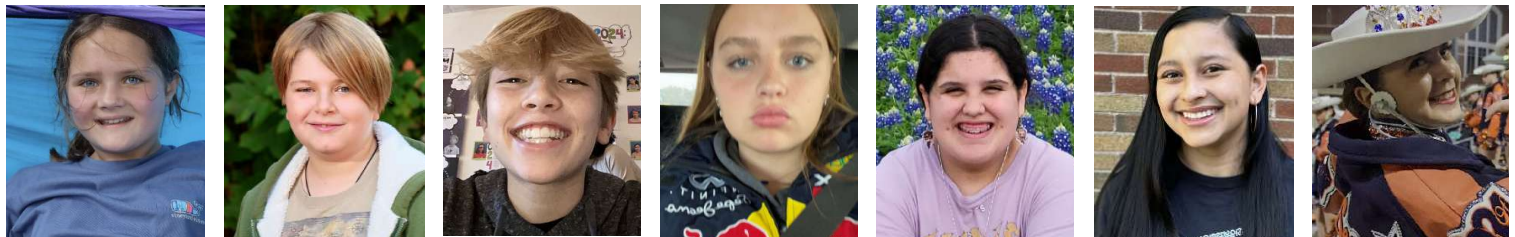
## NEWSLETTER



**2024**  
**WINNERS**  
Congratulations!



**KARINA EIDE**  
**YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS**





Dr. Fernette Eide  
Editor-in-Chief

## Congratulations to all of the Karina Eide Young Writers of 2024!

You've done an amazing work

Special thanks to The Writers Studio, Pem Ausbrook, sponsors, donors, and Premium subscribers for helping make this program possible. Bravo to teachers, parents, siblings, and friends who encouraged these talented writers! We also welcome **Buddy Books** as a new sponsor -this is a great program for students outgrowing read along audiobooks. Check them out!

The link for this issue is: <https://joom.ag/XwAd>

The **NEUROLEARNING** Dyslexia Screening App is \$79.99 and available for children and adults 7-70 years old. iPad, iPhone, Android, and Kindle Fire.



The app may qualify for services such as Benetech's huge free library of e-books. Bulk discounts available for higher ed.

Thanks to Shelley Wear, Trish Seres, Michelle Williams, Cheryl Kahn, and Jack Martin. Thanks to Lady Grace Belarmino for design and layout and Andi and Freshea for their social media and admin help!

**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.



# CONTENTS

**DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE ISSUE 99 MARCH 2024 NEWSLETTER**

Dear Friends,

It's our pleasure to celebrate the remarkable Karina Eide Young Writers Award Winners of 2024!

As you read, you'll be delighted, inspired, and moved by all thies brilliant, insightful, and talented young people. This issue is always a highlight of the year.

The judges had a very challenging task narrowing the list to the award winners in this issue. You have all done something very important - which is to share your voices to the world - and you are making the world better by doing that.

Thank you, Fernette Eide, the Karina Eide Young Writers Award Committee, and Dyslexic Advantage Board

\*\* If you are reading these entries with a younger child, please read the selection first before deciding whether it is appropriate for you particular child. Every effort is made to make the issue family-friendly, but some works are written by adolescents may not be well-suited for some listeners or readers.

These awards are dedicated to our amazing daughter **Karina Eide** who brightened the world for us, loved spinning stories herself and inspired all who came to know her.





**ANNA, 10**

GA  
Georgia  
Connections  
Academy

I would like to thank  
my dog Kona for all  
her love and  
inspiring me to  
write.

## WIND CHIMES

The crackle of a fire makes me feel like,  
The crashes of the waves make me feel like,  
The sweet sound of the rain going drop, drop, drop.  
All of them make me feel so happy.

When I wake up in the morning  
Hearing the wind chimes going ding, ding, ding,  
And when my puppy comes to greet me,  
It makes my heart sing.

When we go out at midday to play with my puppy,  
Saying chase me, chase me, chase me  
And I think I see her grinning a big grin,  
It makes my heart sing even more.  
When I go to bed,  
I don't want this day to end.

So I hope that when I wake again,  
That I will hear the wind chimes going  
Ding, ding, ding again.  
And when it goes midday tomorrow,  
I hope I'll have as much fun as I did before.



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## HENRY, 10

Siena School

I would like to thank Ms. Silverman and the staff at the Siena School.

Creak the library door opens. Harold smells old books. He feels the door of the library, smooth and woody. He walks into the library quickly. He looks around for a little bit and he sees a lot of books. And then he sees the book. Not just a book. THE book. It is bigger than big. The cover of the book has a picture of a ghost. In big, bold writing it had the title, "The Ghost." It looks like it had never been touched, or touched in a long time. It is dusty. He makes a confused face. I want to touch it, but it looks scary, he thinks.

A man as old as a grandpa walks over to Harold and says, "Hi. I'm Mr. Linden. Do you want to read this book?" Mr. Linden looks ancient. He is holding a cane

Harold hesitates and says, "Yes."

Mr. Linden says, "People have never kept this book for very long because people say that the ghost actually comes out of the book."

Harold thinks that Mr. Linden is just messing around. He thinks Mr. Linden is just trying to make a joke. Harold giggles.

Mr. Linden makes a confused face. "Why are you giggling? I'm serious!"

He walks away.

Harold wonders if he should take the book or not. He's old, he's probably just joking. Harold starts walking home with his brand new, old, stinky book. Then when he gets home he starts reading it in his bed. Then he reads a lot and he goes to sleep. He wakes up the next morning and the book is gone. He gets scared and he tries checking everywhere in his town.

He looks in his house, on every block and he can't find it. Then he goes home, goes to his room, and he finds the book. It is just where he left it, right next to his bed. But he had looked there this morning, and it wasn't there. He is confused.

Then, he starts reading more. Then he goes to sleep again. The next morning, the ghost comes out of the book and Harold hears, "Boo!" He gets scared, except he doesn't see anything. Then he looks over and there is the ghost. The ghost is floating right by the door making a scary face. It says, "Boo!" again. Harold gets scared and he runs and slams the door. When he is out, he remembers the book that he is reading. That is the same exact ghost as in the book!

An hour later, Harold walks back into the room. Harold looks around the room. He doesn't see the ghost. He knows the ghost is back inside the book. He sighs and quickly gets the book and runs all the way back to the library. Right before he gets to the library, he wants to finish the book so he finishes the book inside the library so he wouldn't be in his house. After a few hours, he finally finishes the book and he sees the author's name. It says, Mr. Linden.

The end.



## OLIVIA, 10

IA  
Windsor Elementary

I would like to thank  
my great  
grandmother Elsie.

## SWEET KOLACHES

Sticky dough.  
Flour everywhere.  
A VERY BIG MESS!

Make sure to wear an apron to cover your dress.

Sweet fruit filling.  
A gigantic bowl.  
Lots of time.

A billion kolaches about to be mine!

Strawberry, raspberry or apricot fruit.  
They are the best options to scoop.

Fold them.  
Pinch them.

Let's see them rise again.  
Then put them in the oven and brush soft butter on them.

Lots of flour, time and patience.  
My great grandma taught me that.  
But they're worth it in the end, especially when you can  
share with a friend.





**LIV, 11**

DC

Lab School of  
Washington

## I NEED A FUNERAL FOR MY EARS

The piercing petrifying vigorous wake of cheers  
Beats through my ear drums  
in the most vulgar violent way

*"Whoa, yeah lets go!"*

echoes in my ears.

Legs shaking and trembling at the cheers,

*"Woah, yeah lets go!"*

Wait.

An echo of quiet.

whisks past.

At last.

The sweet solo of silence is what I envy.



**ELSA, 11**

DC

Lab School of  
Washington

I would like thank  
Ms. Amy for  
inspiring me to  
write.

## ALL YOU NEED IS JUST A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE

I found you in the meadow in a field of dandelions. You were run down and the paint was chipping off. I noticed you were holding yellow flowers in your hands. I picked you up. You were light like a butterfly, but as heavy as rock. I put you in my red wagon. I ran home, eager to get home as fast as I could. I saw a little house on the hillside. When I reached the house I pulled you through the front door and got to work. I spent all night working and working until you were back to normal and then you were done. Done and ready to go. There was just one more thing that had to be done. I painted you orange and red. Now I was done for real.

Then you were ready to fly like a bird in the sky. But there was a problem. As soon as I turned you on you gave a shake and a rumble and fell and broke. I could not figure out what went wrong. Your gears were fine, and your battery was at a hundred percent. What could have happened? I brought out my dad and he couldn't see what was wrong, so I took a break and came back later.

It was nighttime when I came back. The night was so extraordinarily bright. And then I started again and I thought how could I be wrong? So I took you apart and tried over and over —every time you would do the same thing. You would shake and rumble and fall. I worked all night and all day, yet you still would not work. So when I returned the next night I didn't bring my tools or notes. Instead, I brought a pillow, blanket, paper, colored pencils, and a BLT sandwich. I laid down the blanket and pillow and sat down.

I split the colored pencils and the paper. I started to color on the paper. I drew you and it looked like this

I drew you and it looked like this:

Then I showed it to you. You didn't move, nor did you blink. Then I started to eat my BLT sandwich. When I was done eating, I set up my sleeping bag and said good night. The next morning I woke up you were in the same places as the night before. I started to pack up, leaving the art supplies last. When I finally started packing the art supplies, I saw that you drew me! It looked like this,

I...I was so surprised with you that I ran home to show my family. I continued to do the same thing every night. And as this continued, I started to love you from your glowing eyes to your shiny paint.

A few years went by, and nothing happened until one summer day I was painting the flowers you were holding, when all of a sudden, you started to rumble and woke up. I looked up and was shocked. You looked at me and I heard you say, "I love you."



**KAM, 12**

IA

Woodbine  
Community School

I would like to thank  
My mom and my  
teachers for  
believing in me and  
supporting me.

## A DAY AT THE LAKE

In the morning...

The grass is wet with dew. The lake looks like glass under the white clouds and blue sky. My grandma sneaks out of the cabin to the neighbors for cookies and coffee. A few early fishermen are out on the lake before it gets busy with pontoons, skiers, and kayakers. The cabin is cool and smells like coffee. We sit on the couch and whisper until everyone wakes up. The dock is wet waiting for the sun to hit it. This is my favorite time of day.

In the afternoon...

My fishing gear is spread out over the porch, checking for broken lines, hooks and bobbers. Towels and water shoes are all over the deck drying in the sun. The grown-ups are always reading books while my dad and I fish. We always head out on the boat, but we catch the best fish right off our dock. The sun feels hot reflecting off the water, but the breeze from the lake feels amazing. We take turns lying in the hammock and cooling off in the shade. I lay on the top bunk and play my Switch. This is my favorite time of day.

In the evening...

I hear the frogs and see the dragonflies buzzing around hoping to eat all the mosquitoes. I hear fish jumping somewhere on the lake but I can't see them. I hear the loons making their sounds. I smell campfires and roasted marshmallows. It takes forever for the sun to set and my grandma always has to take a photo. There are a million stars in the sky and I can see all the constellations. My family is working on a puzzle or playing board games. This is my favorite time of day.



## SAHARA, 12

DC  
Lab School of  
Washington

I would like to thank Mr. Austin Cashwell, for getting me to writing this ode for a homework assignment and Ms. Amy Young for encouraging me to submit it.

## A SHIMMER SHINES

Orchid  
Peony  
Dahlia  
Hydrangea  
No  
IRIS  
IRIS  
IRIS  
IRIS

Above all, prepossessing  
delightful  
pleasing to look at  
violet, purple, blue ripples  
as waves in the water  
lines course through as a vein would shoot through your  
body  
colors shift  
yellow  
white  
violet  
the petals branch out like tree branches  
the deep purple reaching out for the light can't reach it  
a purple shimmer shines  
through the petals on the ground  
enchantress  
belle  
charmer  
goddess could be one  
Venus  
Aphrodite  
Demeter  
maybe it is Artemis  
goddess of hunt, wilderness, wild animals, vegetation,  
childbirth, care of children, chastity, and NATURE



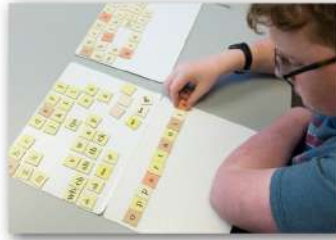
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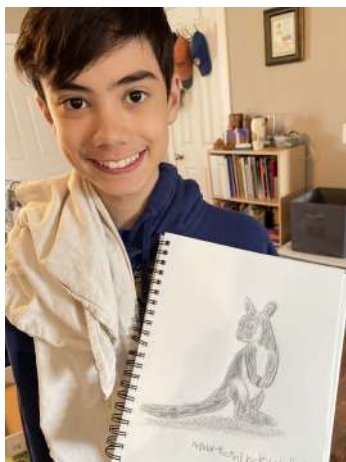
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## JOSIAH, 13

KS  
Homeschool

I would like to thank  
my brother Peter.

## BADGER'S COOKING

Badger was a good sort of fellow, but he had one mistake—he couldn't cook anything. No, not even popcorn.

Last week, he tried to cook popcorn and blew a hole right through his ceiling. He climbed Mt. Everest. He went to the moon. But he couldn't even cook a steak. So he tried one more time. He couldn't even follow the rules in a cookbook. He made horseradish sauce one time and blew up his stove.

So as you can see, the fellow needed help. So he put up a sign outside his door, and, well, a few minutes later a nice beaver came in and said HE would cook.

And he said, "But you are a beaver, and you only eat bark from trees, and I eat worms. You cannot cook me bark from trees. I don't like it. I need someone ELSE to cook."

So a few minutes later a moose came in, and he crashed the sign right off his front door. The moose was way too big.

A few minutes later a field mouse decided to, but the field mouse could only cook popcorn.

He tried ONE more time, and he blew his chimney right out with how much smoke. So one more person came. It was a raccoon. A raccoon decided to come cook, and the raccoon cooked. Once, it was good. Twice, it was amazing. So that badger never had problems with cooking again, because he just didn't have to.





**ALICE, 14**

TX

Rawson-Saunders  
School

I would like to thank  
my Parents.

## HOPE

She

Would

Not

Listen

To the teacher in class

The small girl

Whose light skin bruised so dark

Only looked at the sunshine

Filtering through the window

Like she wanted to disn t egr a t e

Into Light

Have her body be untouchable

Her bones unbreakable

And flo a t a w a y

With the dust and dirt

To be wrapped in warmth

And have the heat sooth her lame leg

Melting the bone deep cold

And sharp freezing ache



**EMERSON, 14**

TX

Rawson-Saunders  
School

I would like to thank  
teacher, Ms.  
Ravenell, my friends  
and family.

## THOUGHTS

The glint of the leaves flashes in the window.  
A world outside, loud, exhilarating and wild.  
But locked away behind the glass.

The world inside is controlled.  
The temperature, sounds and motions all rest in someone  
else's hands.  
The people sit in designated seats.  
The teacher teaches off of their plans.  
It's quiet here, and nothing is ever unexpected.

Outside is rambunctious.  
People yell and scream but will change to whispering  
within a second.  
The change is unexpected and outrageous.  
Rumors skyrocket outside of the inside.

People change and stay the same.  
Their emotions and opinions affect others in ways that  
they will never understand.  
They talk bad and gossip about the kids who are a little  
different.  
They exclude them from their games.  
Expecting that everyone is on the same page.

I dislike people who change so extremely.  
People who cry over little small meaningless things.  
People who can't control their emotions.  
People who don't share their true opinions.  
People who take advantage of others.  
People who are mean to others and a form of self-validation.  
People who treat you differently because of one thing that is different from them.

In one place, I am treated as an equal and a regular person.  
In another, I am a being that they can understand, and one who they pity for being separate.

I often think and space out to drown the world around me.  
Inside or Outside are the same yet different.  
I love and hate both  
and will forever down them out  
And live in my own fantasies  
Forever.

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**KILLIAN, 14**

TX  
Rawson-Saunders  
School

I would like to thank  
My teacher Ms.  
Ravenell,  
my father Jed,  
my mother Alison,  
and my  
my sister, my cats  
and all my friends

## RAT'S NEST

My house is the only white and gray house, a home without color. Inside it's pure white art scattered around like dots of color on an empty canvas. It reflects the constant working mind of my parents, but there is an essence of creativity. The place reminds one of a desert, quiet and alone. For one realizes there is no chatter, no banter, no conversations to be had nor stories to be told.

You ought to have thought that this place might be abandoned. No sound nor music heard, no food to smell a sad cold house, but you have thought wrong. For when the clock hits 19:00 on this seemingly ghost house something starts to go down. Shadows appear and sound erupts and this place becomes a roadhouse. Now dear listeners, this story about this place so cold and unfeeling, can become one's home and more than just a dwelling so don't judge on what you see, for there could be more than just what can be seen.



**RYLEIGH, 15**

VA  
Learning Bost and  
BYU OHS

Thanks to Mr Strong  
my English teacher  
and Mrs. Noe my  
tutor all their help.

## THE DEADLY AMAZON RAINFOREST OF DEBT

### Part 1

Ah, the lovely Amazon rainforest, where the magic Amazon truck gets all its goodies and delivers them to your house. It's like a year-round more expensive version of Santa Claus.

My team of intrepid explorers and I are looking for the mythical Belt 3D Printer that can make our wildest dreams come true. Besides we're too broke to buy it, so this was the only way to get one. Anyway we set out deep into the jungle, and it wasn't long until we ran into a huge monster... well it was kind of a monster but very short and see-through and fluffy. It had big eyes and tiny slits for a nose. It asked us in the voice of Alexa how it could help us.

We asked if it could lead us to the 3D printer, and it compiled. As we walked deeper and deeper into the jungle, we soon thought we were lost. We came to a cave and there was a beautiful shiny 3D printer. Suddenly, something moved. It was the Guardian of the Printers, luckily he was asleep. I crept forward as quietly as possible. I removed the printer from its shelf and the Guardian stirred, opening one bloodshot eye. It seemed to stare right through me. I bolted for the cave opening as the Guardian followed me. It was faster than me and it cut me off. It rose up and... asked me if I wanted to add anything to my order. This puzzled me, I thought the Guardian was about to end me right then and there. But no... it held out

some rolls of filament and asked if I wanted to get them since they were commonly bought together. I consented and to my surprise walked out unscathed. My team and I left as soon as we could and haven't looked back since... at least until I needed to get toothpicks for my mom but that's another story.

## Part 2

Once again my team of intrepid explorers and I ventured deep into the Amazon rainforest but this time in search of the mythical auto-ship package and its magical toothpicks made from the wood of healing. We set out deep into the jungle and ran into another Alexa which of course was see-through, and fluffy with big eyes and a tiny nose. "Alexa, can you lead us to the auto-ship river?" I asked. Alexa responded simply, "Sorry I'm having trouble completing your request please try again later." It appeared we'd have to do this on our own. I pulled a nearby drone off a tree and I flew it up above the trees looking through its camera, searching for the river. I didn't notice the snake behind me until it was almost too late. It lunged at me and I barely managed to step out of the way before it sank its venomous fangs into my flesh and caused me to buy tons of junky stuff from the Amazon Overlord. I turned to a nearby bookshelf and threw books at the snake. To avoid the shower of books it slithered away deep into the jungle. We decided to continue through the brush until we came to the river. After we'd decided this, we wandered for several hours until we heard the river. We finally made it and found the magic healing toothpicks. And all was perfect at least until we had to go back... again.



## PERSONAL

For use by individuals and families ages 7-70 (including homeschoolers).



## SCHOOL & PRO

For primary/secondary school personnel, assessment professionals, tutors, therapists, and nonprofits. Suitable for ages 7-70.



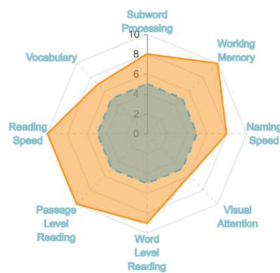
## HIGHER ED

For use by higher ed organizations such as colleges, universities, and voc/tech schools with their students.

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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.

### Foundation Scores

These are low-level processing skills underlying reading and spelling

- Subword Processing: 8**  
Measures your brain's ability to break apart, identify, and manipulate sound components that make up words.
- Working Memory: 10**  
Measures the amount of auditory-verbal info your brain can actively process at one time.
- Naming Speed: 8**  
Measures the speed at which your brain can recall words from memory in response to visual symbols.
- Visual Attention: 6**  
Measures how well your eyes and brain cooperate to gather accurate information about printed symbols.

### Achievement Scores

These are learned reading skills.

- Word-Level Reading: 9**  
Measures your ability to recognize (or "sight read") and decode words.
- Passage-Level Reading: 10**  
Measures your ability to read and understand longer passages of text.
- Reading Speed: 10**  
Measures the speed which you read sentences and paragraphs.
- Vocabulary: 7**  
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# Interview/Focus Group Study on Resilience in Neurodivergence

## What is the project?

An international research project is currently underway at Karolinska Institutet on what helps neurodivergent people (e.g., with autism, ADHD, learning disabilities or other neurodevelopmental conditions) have a good life (e.g., in terms of mental health, wellbeing, doing the things you want to and need to do).

We want to hear your thoughts on resilience and the individual (factors specific to a person and their ways of being), activity and participation (the things an individual engages in like education or hobbies), and environmental (e.g., physical, social, attitudinal, and societal) factors that are important to support neurodivergent individuals to thrive.

This information will help us develop better ways to support developmentally diverse people to live more successful and happy lives.

## Can I participate?

You can participate if:

- You are neurodivergent (e.g., have been diagnosed with autism, ADHD, dyslexia, were born prematurely, or have another condition that usually affects daily life)  
OR are a family member/loved one of a neurodivergent person
- Aged older than 7 years.
- Can participate in a group or individual conversation and share your experiences

## What will I be asked to do?

You will be asked to participate in a group or one-on-one interview (depending on your preference) online. We will ask you some questions about resilience and what you think is important to have a good life. We will also ask you to complete a short survey about yourself. We expect the interviews/focus groups to take about an hour.

## Are there any benefits?

There are no direct benefits to you for participating. You will receive a small monetary compensation for your time.

## Are there any risks?

There are no known or obvious risks associated with participating in this study. However, participating in the focus groups will require time for you to complete.

## Participation is voluntary!

Your participation in this study is voluntary. Even if you have accepted, you can cancel your participation at any time and without explanation, without any consequences for your contacts with health care, school or the like. If you choose to discontinue your participation in the study, no more information about you will be collected, but we have the right to keep what is collected until then.

## How do I learn more?

Contact the research team: [melissa.black@ki.se](mailto:melissa.black@ki.se)  
Or complete an expression of interest here:  
<https://survey.ki.se/Survey/38430>

This study is being conducted by the Karolinska Institutet Center for Neurodevelopmental Disorders (KIND) in Sweden. This study has received Swedish Ethical Review approval and complies with The research project complies with the EU's General Data Protection Regulation. General Data Protection Regulation





## SOPHIA, 15

FL

Independent

I would like to thank  
My Parents, My  
Brother, My  
Teachers, My God

### WRITE & SPEAK

They tell me  
"Write it down"  
But the words on the page  
Don't look like the ones in my head

They tell me  
"Say it out loud"  
But the words in the world  
Don't sound like the ones in my head

In my head I write  
Tales of loves and tragedy  
Memories of despair and hope  
Epics of daring and doomed heroes

In my head I speak  
Words of hope and comfort  
Advice of courage and strength  
Warnings of anger and dishonesty

On paper I write  
Only illegible scribbles  
Only never read allegories  
Only forever lost hopes for tomorrow

Out loud I speak  
Only when when asked  
Only what people tell me to  
Only with a voice that isn't mine

I wish to write  
For the world to read  
For the future to remember  
For the present to take hope in

I wish to speak  
For the world to hear  
For the future to rally around  
For the present to find purpose in

One day I will write  
Someday they will read  
One day I will speak  
Someday they will listen

Today I have written  
But are you reading  
Today I have spoken  
But are you listening



**ANNIKA, 17**

WI

Laurel High School

I would like to thank my first tutor, Dawn Philbin, who saw my true potential.

## DOGFISH DISSECTION

Dear Dogfish,  
Laid out coldly on my table.  
Your tail arrived detached;  
your eye reproaches me.

You are a wonder—  
So many fins—dorsal, caudal, pelvic, pectoral—  
For, for . . . there is no word in my language to express  
how deftly your fins enable you to move through the water  
in hypnotic patterns  
with your companions.

Were you and I born the same year?  
Small, perfect, slippery,  
your gestation longer than a baby elephant's,  
but your lifespan broken.  
Fifteen years given for, for . . .

For murky knowledge better gained another way.

I admire your J-shaped stomach  
And its contents, your final meal of—I cannot know.

I wonder how the sky looked  
the day you were  
captured  
killed  
embalmed  
injected  
stored  
shipped—how many times?  
cut open with an impossibly dull knife  
laid bare.

Now your body lies here,  
its wisdom and beauty departed  
and my classmates berate you loudly for  
*that stench.*

Dear Child,  
I do not like that smell either.

Do you have a word in your language to describe  
the sharp soft way a breeze from the west enlivens the sea to its depths so that it  
is brisk and still at once?  
I swam cleanly through *that word,*

My organs pulsing with life and warmth,  
My senses alive.  
No memory or emotions (is that what they told you?)

My life is all I have  
Beautiful  
Wild  
Ended.

On the table under fluorescent lights  
Say a prayer for me  
And write in your notes  
"The specimen possesses a gorgeous caudal fin."



**DAELAN, 17**

CO

Broomfield High  
School

I'd like to thank Ms. Peter, my creative writing teacher, for all the encouragement.

## THE GATEWAYS OF CHOICE

The air was cold and crisp; the sound of crashing waves filled my ears. As the small boat rocked back and forth I could see it in the distance... the silhouette of some kind of structure in the middle of the ocean. The closer we got, the more it started to look like a gateway.

A feeling of anxiety washed over me as the looming gates drew nearer. "What will happen now?" I asked the cloaked man who had brought me to this place.

"That is not for me to know." He replied, his voice raspy and deep. I looked back up at the gates, wondering what lay behind them. The looming figure of the gateway was intimidating, and it only seemed to get bigger the closer we got.

Before I knew it we were there, going through the gates. As we passed through, a strange feeling washed over my body. It was as if we were moving through molasses, like something was pressing in all around me, trying to prevent my entrance. I couldn't breathe; I couldn't see or hear, I felt as if my very soul was being torn apart. It was a frightening sensation; I feared I would get stuck in this invisible substance. However it only lasted a moment, and a wave of relief washed over me as the pressure faded. .. I looked up gasping for breath, my eyes wide with panic as I attempted to calm myself.

The other side of the gates was not what I was expecting, before me was an endless void of darkness, yet I could still see clear as day, as if the sun was still shining down on us. We continued further into the darkness, the only sound being the soft splashes of the ores meeting the water

below us. I looked down at the water, it was just as dark as everything else around me, yet I could see the small ripples made by our boat.

"We're almost there," The man said suddenly. I looked up again to see two pairs of doors, one black and one white, the man began to slow the boat down as we approached coming to a complete stop just in front of the doors. He then turned to me.

"This is where your new story begins," He said ominously.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"You have two choices, you may return to the living world and live a new life, or you may move on and rest. My eyes widened at the decisions.

"I get to choose?" I asked, surprised.

The man nodded, "If you choose to move on, you will be able to see those who've come before you, and those who will come after. But if you choose to live once more, you will lose all memory of your previous life, including your loved ones, you will never see them again."

My heart sank at his words. I had lost so many and spent countless nights praying for just one more minute with them. I so desperately wish to see their faces again. But the chance of a new life was tempting. The thought of being able to redo everything again was also something I'd wished for many times. A chance at a happier life, a calmer life, but was the price of the memories of those I loved worth such a chance, was it worth never seeing them again?

I pondered over this question for a long time. I'm unsure of how long it took me but I finally made my decision. "Take me through the black door," I commanded the cloaked man. He let out a soft chuckle, "Very well," He said, as he picked up his oar and began to move towards the black door.



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Differently*

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*Teaching  
Differently*

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*Succeeding*

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## FINN, 13

TX

Rawson-Saunders

I would like to thank my mom.

## HOME SWEET HOME

We didn't always live in the tall orange stone house. Before, we lived in the grey house with the white, long front porch with a green, grassy lawn. Now, the stone house is where we call home. It is wrapped in gray paint, and has open, charming, cheerful shutters, revealing open tall windows.

It has big tall trees that sit comfortably in the grassy lawn. It has a paved long driveway, exposing two big garage doors with sophisticated woodwork.

It has an abundance of stairs, leading to a big, green kitchen with a large, brass chandelier confidently hanging over the marble countertops and many drawers and cupboards. A big flower painting that hangs perfectly centered with an accomplished brass frame. Each drawer is finished with a brass knob that stretches out on the drawer.

From the kitchen, the window through the sink reveals a long, blue, open pool, with the house gently watching over it, sitting quietly and patiently.

Through the open dining room and living room, a room lays on marble floors, with dark gray interior paint, with playful brass pendants hanging over the bar.

The house is fresh and new with an easy to breathe, open area. The house is eclectic, with not enough time to sort out. It has a big, wide staircase turning to the upstairs. The house is fresh, and new. It has room for memories and bare walls. The house is calm and quiet until the evenings which are loud and eventful with conversation and laughs.

The house sits tall on its lot surrounded by an empty and bare lot next to it. The house radiates warm lights from the night hours.

The large curved door smiles and greets guests.



**NICOLAS, 13**

CA  
Living Wisdom  
School

I would like to thank  
my teacher Tandava  
Graham.

## WHISPERS IN THE FOREST

Beneath the boughs where whispers dwell,  
The forest breathes its ancient tale.  
Its shadows cast a hidden spell,  
Beneath the boughs were whispers dwell,  
Each leaf and branch a mystic shell,  
Echoing secrets hushed and frail.  
Beneath the boughs were whispers dwell,  
The forest breathes its ancient tale.

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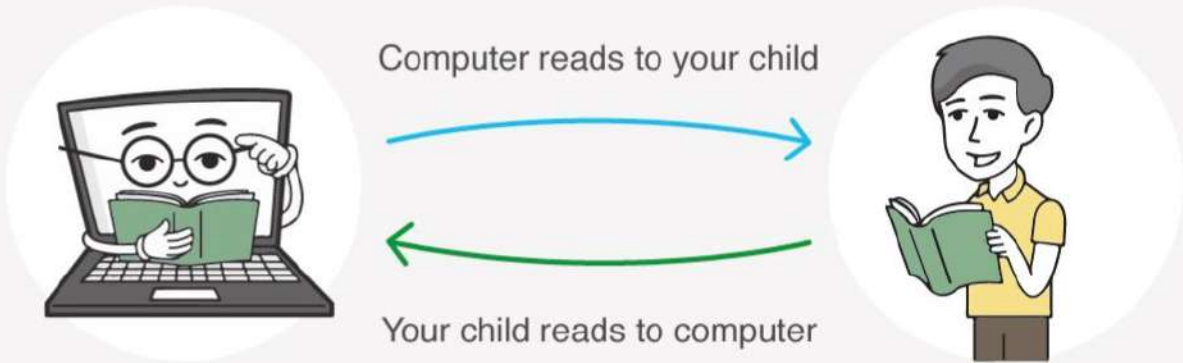
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## How Massachusetts Public Schools Can Help Students with Dyslexia

WGBH.org



## Dame Penelope Wilton, Downton Abbey Actress Talks About Her Dyslexia

NZ City



## News Anchor, Finance Expert Stephanie Ruhle on her Dyslexia

MSN.com



## Orlando Bloom on his Dyslexia

Child Mind



## Confessions of a Dyslexic Writer

Medium



## ABBYGALE, 7

FL

The Bridge at the  
Christ School

I would like to thank  
Mrs. Oglesby.

If I were Superhero my name would be  
Superero Ladydog. My special superpowers would  
be water powers, fire powers and laser  
eyes. I would wear a red cape they make  
my black spots. I would like in a  
be turning into a mermaid. Being a  
superhero is an important job. Each day I go  
into the city to buy pizza. I like to buy  
cheese and the pizza gives my superhero  
power. My favorite adventure was when I saved  
a cat that was stuck on a cliff. The cat's owners  
were so thankful. Being a superhero is so  
much fun.

# HONORS KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



## MADELEINE, 7

FL

The Bridge at The  
Christ School

I would to thank  
Mrs. Oglesby

If I were a superhero my name would be Super Wonder Mal. I would live in space in a huge blue house. My house would have flowers and a butterfly garden. My sidekicks are a dog, a cat, and a butterfly and they all have the same superpower. They each have water powers that turn the bad guys into ice and they can teleport to different places. My superpower also teleportation, time travel, fire, and rainbow power. Rainbow power is my favorite because I can turn the bad guys into rainbows up in the sky. I would wear a costume that has a rainbow on it and lots of polka dots. I would have three horns on my head, and my hair would be bright yellow. Being a superhero is an important job because if anyone is in danger, I help them. I like to capture the bad guys and when my work is done, play with other kids. My favorite adventure was traveling into the fiery volcano to rescue a flamingo. I was so thankful he was okay. Being a superhero is the coolest job.



## ELLEORA, 8

IA

West Branch  
Elementary School

I would like to thank  
Sarah Hetrick. She  
believed in me

## HEDGIE AND ME

A brown and fuzzy friend,  
With a smooth black nose,  
Always happy to see me,  
My new friend, Hedgie.

When school feels foggy,  
My body feels lost.  
I can look to Hedgie,  
And I feel calm again.

When I feel brave,  
When something is going well.  
My body feels happy.  
I did my work well.

My new friend,  
Hedgie,  
Always happy to see me.  
We can do anything,  
Hedgie and Me



**BENTLY, 9**

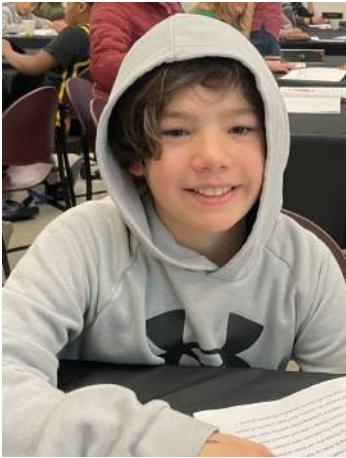
## THE BIG GAME

It was a bright sunny day in Chicago, Illinois. The sun was glistening off the ice rink. Bobby's favorite thing to do in the winter was to go ice skating with his family and friends. His best friend Mark joined him on the ice today. The two had a sleepover and they couldn't wait to go on the ice in the morning to race. They laced up their skates and got on the ice. Bobby was winning the race until Mark caught up and took the lead.

The boys dreamed of playing in the NHL one day. The two boys went back and forth on the ice racing and laughing. Bobby's dad went to get the boys hot chocolate. When he came back he said "boys I have a surprise for you. How would you like to go to see the Blackhawks play against the Lightning?". "Are you kidding me!" Bobby said. "How did you even get tickets?" Mark said. "My friend just called and said he got sick so he gave me the tickets" Dad said. "So do you want to go?" Dad asked. "YES!" the boys screamed.

"Are you guys ready for an intense game?" the ticket scanner asks. "So ready!" they say. Once they finally find their seats, the game starts and in the first five minutes, there were already two fights. At the end of the first period, the boys were hungry, so they went to the concessions and both got popcorn and a soda. Once they got back to their seats, there was a t-shirt toss and Bobby jumped up and got one, but Mark was sad that he didn't get one. Bobby said "I already have enough t-shirts, so you can have this one".

Mark was so happy when he gave it to him. "Bobby you're the best friend I could have" Mark said. "You would do the same for me" Bobby said. The game was tied 3-3 with two minutes left in the third period. It was so intense and the boys were really into it. They jumped to their feet and started to cheer "let's go Hawks!". Their cheers must have worked because the Blackhawks scored with 2.5 seconds left. The crowd went wild. The boys were so happy they won and would never forget that game.



**ETHAN, 10**

MD

The Siena School

I would like to thank my parents, teachers, and awesome school.

## THE LIFT OFF

Riiiiiiiiiiiiing! Went the school bell for dismissal. I grabbed my stuff and packed up. I got blocked by all the students trying to rush out the doors like a stampede of buffalo. I almost slipped on all of the papers on the floor that fell out of students' backpacks. I heard a bunch of people talking at once like a whole city on a busy day. One kid was screaming for some reason. I said my last goodbyes to my friends Sarah, Johnny, and Vivvy. "Bye, Sophi!" they said and I waved back. I rushed outside to start walking home from school. When I was walking home from school I saw a family of five deer. I felt a big breeze on the walk home.

Finally I arrived at my house. I almost tripped trying to walk up the stairs in front of my house. I walked inside my house and sat down at the table to start doing my homework. I knew my parents were asleep because it's usually noisy when I come home. I was just about to finish my homework when I heard a rumbling noise and the room started to shake. I looked outside my window and I saw a bunch of steam and smoke. And then the house started to lift off the ground. I looked outside and saw the trees getting farther and farther away. I picked up my dog and ran upstairs to wake up my parents.



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## MILES, 10

NY

Homeschool

I would like to thank  
my mom

### ANIMALS ARE WEIRD

You might be wondering what's the **porpoise**\* of the ocean.

It's more mysterious than space, allow me to elaborate on this place

The biggest **great white** measures 19.7, that thing could easily send you to heaven

Actually vending machines are more deadly in a year, but if you ask me, animals are weird.

The **king squid** can get up to fifty feet, but that doesn't have anything on the **Great Barrier Reef**

1,430 miles, and a home to 15 **sea snake** reptiles, but there you won't find a **saltwater crocodile**

This is exceptional if you ask me, imagine all of the animals that could be

Scientists say at least 1.5 million are yet to be discovered, think about **coelacanth**, once presumed dead, then recovered

And what about the male **seahorse's** pouch, it even doubles as his young's' couch

The octopus can squeeze through a silver dollar or bead, wild,\*\* the angler fish changes color with ease

Ocean animals adapt to challenges and adversity, teaching us being different is beautiful, like biodiversity

\*intended as a pun

\*\*intended as a pun



## SERI, 10

VA

Lab School of  
Washington

I'd really like to thank my teachers and parents for supporting me and loving me and helping me learn that having learning differences doesn't mean that I can't do incredible things

## A POKEY BOGGERFLY

When I was born, I was different from the rest of my friends. I am a boggerfly, or I'm supposed to be. You see I am a hedgehog with wings, but I want to be a dog with wings. Now you might think the wings are the weird part about me, but you would be wrong. All my friends are dogs and I am a hedgehog. I get bullied and pushed around a lot. My name is Heg.

One day my friend told me about a witch that could turn me into a dog, so I went on a long adventure looking for the witch. I passed through oceans, savannas, and forests. I met a friend on the way to the witch. Her name was Foxist, a fox with butterfly wings. Foxist was going to the witch as well. When we were passing through the savanna a lion decided we would make a tasty snack. I got so scared that I curled up with Foxist into a ball. And then the lion recoiled! Foxist told me that I was pointy and not a desirable snack. We had been saved. I beamed.

When we got to the witch's hut the witch said that she could turn us back to normal again, but I thought really hard. I had saved mine and Foxist's lives. I thought for 10 whole minutes. I thought and thought. I changed my mind. I no longer wanted to be a dog with everyone else. "I no longer want to be a dog," I proclaimed. So Foxist and I went home! The witch gave us a broom and she rode her broom off into the horizon.

Foxist and I flew back to her village which was full of foxes and dogs, coyotes and even wolves! When we got there Foxist asked her mom if I could stay with them. Foxist's mom said, "You can, but your parents won't know where you are. They would get worried." I told her, "No they wouldn't. They don't love me anyway." Foxist's mom said, "Yes, they do. All parents love their kids very much." "But I told them that I was going to see a witch that was going to turn me into a dog and if I come home still a hedgehog, I think they will be mad at me." Foxist's mom said, "No they won't. They will love you no matter what."

I decided to go back home and see my mom and dad. When my mom and dad saw that I was still a hedgehog, at first I thought they would be mad, but they beamed so much and hugged me as best they could. And told me, "We are glad you didn't change yourself, because staying yourself is very important. And you are great no matter what."

The End!!!!

**THE WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN**

## The Purple Mountains

**AMIRA, 11**

MD

Lab School of  
WashingtonI would like to thank  
my family and  
teachers!

“Oliver, Oliver, Oliver!” I woke up with someone yelling into my ear. When I opened my eyes I saw my sister Ivy kneeling beside me. I looked around. In the distance I saw mountains but they didn't look like normal mountains. I swear that they had a tint of purple to them. I was so deep in thought about them, that I didn't notice my sister talking, so when she grabbed my shoulder and shook me I let out a little scream.

“Oliver!” she yelled, “our spaceship crashed and I can't find Dad anywhere. Don't you remember!!!”

“Slow down, slow down. I can't understand you,” I said. “Wait, did you say you couldn't find Dad?”

Then suddenly my heart stopped, I felt rushing in my ears. The only thing I could think about was my dad lying dead on the beach of an unknown land.





**GRAYSON, 11**

DC

Lab School of  
Washington

I would like to thank  
my teacher, Ms. Amy  
Young, for believing  
in me!

## A DIFFERENT LEAF

Clear skies, friends waiting for me to come back  
 Others who followed lie next to me so peacefully  
 Oh, how I wish that was me  
 Beneath me rocks smushed together like a big hug  
 I wonder what that's like  
 But me.....  
     Scars everywhere  
     Smooth ridges  
     Wrinkly but young  
     Avocado green  
     That's me

*I'm different*

**LILY, 11**

MD  
Siena School

I would like to thank my language arts teacher, Ms. Balmadier, and my mom and dad.

## THE NIGHT WHEN IT HAPPENED

She stepped out of the car as her red heel pierced into the mud of the pumpkin patch. It was like the middle of nowhere. No one was there except for her and the farmer. She had been there many years before, but this time it was different. She grabbed the scissors quietly from the farm table and quickly stuffed them into her pocket. She needed them to cut the pumpkin vine. She looked around at the beautiful and bright perfect pumpkins. They had so much potential for her famous pumpkin pie. They were just laying there, but it was like the one pumpkin was just calling her, pulling her way from the other pumpkins, taking her attention off them.

She walked slowly towards the pumpkin, curious of what would happen next. She grabbed it hesitant at first, but then all of the sudden- The corn started swaying as the Pumpkin started shaking faster and faster as whispers surrounded her. CRACK the tree branch fell down the wind was getting stronger and stronger she started running to the checkout. But the farmer was leaving. She started yelling for him to stop. Suddenly, the wind stopped too as the farmer walked back to the checkout. She started asking questions like what happened to the wind? What happened to this pumpkin? But the man was not answering, he just gave her the pumpkin and left. She just was standing there thinking about what just happened, playing it over and over again in her head. She couldn't figure out what was happening or why it was happening, so she just walked back to her car still clutching the pumpkin in her arms, dreading the drive home.

When she got back to the car she put the pumpkin in the front seat, even putting a seat belt on it to make sure it doesn't fall; caring for it, but she knew it would not last long. After the unexpectedly short ride home she stepped outside the car walking slowly towards the door. She put her fingers slowly one by one each finger before the next on the door handle and she felt the energy of the pumpkin still in her arms. She was holding it tight. Then she opened the door. She stepped inside and it was fine, but then all of a sudden the lights started flickering FLASH and the lights turned back on.

She walked through the hallway feeling like she was being watched like someone was monitoring her every move. When she walked into her kitchen The lights flickered more and then FLASH they went out. She thought she could still make the pumpkin pie she needed for the competition, so she put the pumpkin on the table and grabbed the biggest knife she could find. Of course she needed a longer knife to get through the thick skin of the pumpkin. She was about to start cutting when the pumpkin started glowing brightly. She was mesmerized. She couldn't look away, and she was just standing there looking at the pumpkin, but all of the sudden it started levitating, leaving the table .

She stepped back not noticing the oven mitts on the floor. She tripped, and as is she hit the ground she felt a ringing in her head with a huge headache. The next thing she knew something or someone was grabbing her by the collar of her shirt pulling her against the wall. She started laughing HA HA! "It was all a dream," she laughed. "It was all a dream," she said as tears fell from her cheek.



**MARY PAT, 11**

MD  
Lab School of  
Washington

I would like to thank  
Amy Young, Authors  
and Illustrators  
teacher

🍁 Ode to a Leaf 🍁

A white car was in front of you.

When I turn to the right I see a “Back in parking only” sign,

Green grass, sidewalk, and even a sewer cover.

On the left of you I see a lamp post and a gum wrapper.

You have a folded leaf arm and you are as brown as a baby bear.

Yes, this is the beginning of winter.

*"Summit Center helped  
me find out I am both  
dyslexic -- and smart.  
I just think differently.  
Now I like school, and  
I have the tools I need  
to succeed."*

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## PATRICK, 11

MD

Lab School of  
Washington

I would like to thank  
my Authors and  
Illustrators teacher  
Amy Young

## POTATO

Potato, potato, potato,

You are one with the land,

Potato, potato, potato,

I am your biggest fan,

Potato, potato, potato, potato, potato, potato,

I love you you more than anything,

Potato, potato, potato,

I'll eat you when you grow,

Potato, potato, potato,

I'll eat your skin,

Potato, potato, potato,

I'll eat your mushy insides,

Potato, potato, potato,

I'll throw you in a stew,

Potato, potato, potato,

I'll, EAT YOU !!!



**GRADY, 12**

TX

Rawson-  
Saunders

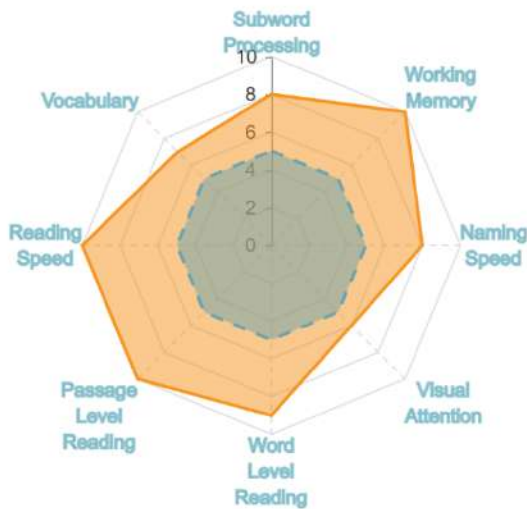
I would like to thank  
my mom.

## THE LONELY BANANA

Here lies Jim  
 A chunky banana  
 He sits in the fruit bowl waiting to be eaten  
 He sees his friends getting eaten, but not him  
 Until he's the last one  
 Here lies Jim  
 His friends gone  
 Family gone  
 Everything gone  
 Here lies Jim  
 Yellow and a bit brown  
 A lot more chunky than the other fruits  
 Until the bowl gets refilled  
 He's still the last in the bowl  
 Here lies Jim  
 Getting super brown  
 The last banana in the bowl  
 Until he gets put in the compost  
 Here lies Jim  
 The fully brown banana  
 The non-existent banana  
 Here lies a peel

## Understanding Your Dyslexia Subscale Score:

**ALL SCORE RANGES ARE 1-10. SCORES 7+ INDICATE GREATER DYSLEXIA RISK OR READING CHALLENGES.**



YOUR SCORE

AVERAGE SUBSCALE

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.

### Foundation Scores

These are low-level processing skills underlying reading and spelling



#### Subword Processing: 8

Measures your brain's ability to break apart, identify, and manipulate sound components that make up words.



#### Working Memory: 10

Measures the amount of auditory-verbal info your brain can actively process at one time.



#### Naming Speed: 8

Measures the speed at which your brain can recall words from memory in response to visual symbols.



#### Visual Attention: 6

Measures how well your eyes and brain cooperate to gather accurate information about printed symbols.

### Achievement Scores

These are learned reading skills.



#### Word-Level Reading: 9

Measures your ability to recognize (or "sight read") and decode words.



#### Passage-Level Reading: 10

Measures your ability to read and understand longer passages of text.



#### Reading Speed: 10

Measures the speed which you read sentences and paragraphs.



#### Vocabulary: 7

Scores 7 and higher can increase reading problems.

**SUMMARY PAGE  
FROM THE NEUROLEARNING DYSLEXIA SCREENER**



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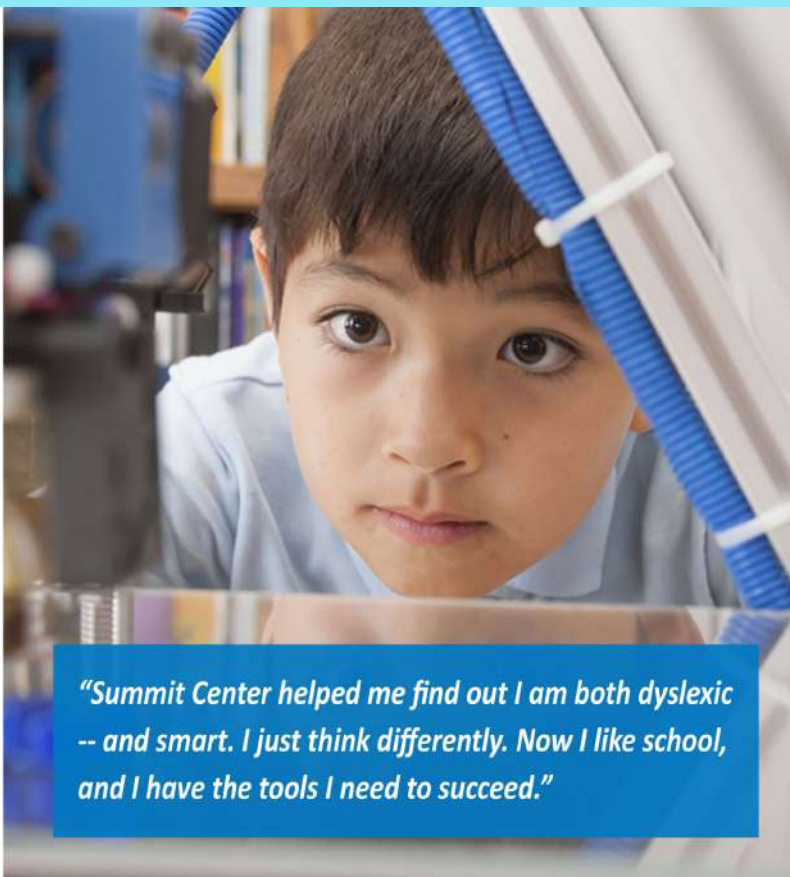
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[info@summitcenter.us](mailto:info@summitcenter.us)



*"Summit Center helped me find out I am both dyslexic -- and smart. I just think differently. Now I like school, and I have the tools I need to succeed."*



VISIT our  
ONLINE LIBRARY



**MATTIE, 13**

TX

Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank  
my parents

## JACK PAWS

On December 9, 2023, my heart broke.  
I woke up thinking it was going to be a normal Saturday.  
I was lying in my bed on my phone when my mom walked  
in.  
I thought nothing about it.

That's when she told me my dog's back legs gave out.  
I knew something would happen soon to him but not this  
bad.

He was 14 years old, older than me.  
I didn't know what to do.  
She left and all I could do was cry.

I ran down the stairs and saw him.  
He was on his bed looking up at my dad.  
When my mom saw me crying, all she could do was cry.  
I hugged him and cried.  
He couldn't get up.

We brought him outside in the backyard and brushed him.  
I went outside to see my mom crying.  
It broke my heart.  
My mom loved my dog more than anything.  
I just cried.

On Sunday my dad called my whole family downstairs in  
the living room.  
I knew it had to do with something about my dog.  
He told us that we had an appointment to put him down on  
Monday.  
I didn't realize how soon it was.

The next day I woke up and went to school like nothing  
would happen.

My friend asked me if I was okay.  
I didn't realize I looked sad but I guess I did. When I got home, the only thing I did  
was sit with him.  
My neighbors came over to say bye.

The lady was supposed to come at 6 o'clock.  
I couldn't believe it when she arrived.  
She did the first shot.

He was knocked out but still breathing.  
About 5 minutes later, she did the second one and he was gone.  
My whole family was bawling.  
We got his paw prints and my dad.  
She carried him out to her van and he was gone.

My friend told me that she thought I didn't play with my dog enough.  
I didn't think much of it.  
I now regret not listening to her and not playing with him more.  
Rest in Peace Jack Paws.



## SAMURAI, 14

TX

Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank  
my former teacher  
Karen Blais along  
with my mother  
Lisa.

## THE CURSE

Dyslexia

2 months spent far away  
Found the thing I hid  
That made me so  
Very different

Now I spend my days  
With people alike  
Trying to fix the  
Unfixable the  
Incurable

Now going into high school  
Hope to blend in  
Just like everyone else  
Don't need them to know

On my own planet  
Just wanting to be  
Normal

Stuck with this curse  
This curse that will  
Follow me till the  
End of time  
Chasing,  
Hunting  
Me down



## PAULINA, 16

IL  
Urbana High School

I would like to thank my mother for supporting my voice as a writer and her endless encouragement in my creative writing. I would also like to thank my language arts teachers for their faith in my poetry and short stories

## THE HEART OF A LITTLE GIRL

My memory lane slides through the strings of my pale pink ballet slippers.

My heart giggles in the scent of a summer pool while the cool water glades through the skin in between my fingers and toes.

My ears live in the early morning birds on a ray of sunlight with an ocean of a blue sky against them.

My eyes lie inside the mirror where I tried on my tiara and princess costume for Halloween.

My lungs bounce with the breeze that hits the coconut-colored leaves in autumn before the elementary school bell rings to start the day.

My soul sings the lullabies I would sing to my stuffed animals as I listen to the wood creaking back and forth in the rocking chair I set them on.

My skin stays in the creamy slippery feeling of sunscreen before jumping in the creek on a warm summer day.

My hands rest in the clumpy as mud and soft as lamb wool snow on the snowman I had just made outside my childhood home.

My nose finds comfort in the scent of a field of fresh daisies in the springtime where I would go rolling down a hill nearby.

I will be a Senior in high school soon and then off to college, but I will carry these memories of the little girl from inside of me for the rest of my life.



## SOFIA, 18

TX  
Bridgeland High  
School

I would like to thank the one above, God has helped me through all of my life and I wouldn't be here without him. I also would like to thank my parents for always helping me throughout my life. They have always pushed me further than I ever thought I could, and leading me in good example, making me the person I am today.

## ALL HOPE IS FOUND

A little girl in hopes of finding love.

Though not little anymore, and all hope was lost.

How did she get to this dark space?

Was it from the people she thought she thought she could trace?

Or maybe from her own thoughts that kept her in place.  
Either way it kept her away.

Away from the people she loved, away from the truth to be solved, and away from the Lord mighty above.

Now, where is that hope that was needed to be found?  
Was it still there?

Just a small bit was left, but just enough to take her out of the depth.










A road that felt like her death, turned out to be the road to her first real breath.

A path that lead her to the test,

To make her realize real love was from the Lord the best.

All hope is found, nonetheless.



<p>Enrolled</p>  <p><b>Dyslexia and the Gifted: A Course for Psychologists</b></p> <p>Dyslexia and the Gifted for Psychologists Course</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 7 Reading 2</b></p>  <p>Minicourse 7 Reading 2</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course #7: Reading 2</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 6 Reading</b></p>  <p>Minicourse 6 Reading</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course #6 Reading 1</p> <p>Continue Study</p>
<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 5 Social Emotional</b></p>  <p>Minicourse 5 Social and Emotional</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course Social and Emotional Aspects of Dyslexia</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Completed</p> <p><b>STEM</b></p>  <p>Encouraging STEM for Every Learner</p> <p>General course on STEM education for diverse learners. Topics include STEM careers, fostering a love of STEM subjects, and accommodations for diverse students.</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 4 Processing Speed</b></p>  <p>Mini Teacher Clock Hour Course 4 Processing Speed</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course Processing Speed.</p> <p>Continue Study</p>
<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 3 Math Dyscalculia</b></p>  <p>Mini Teacher Clock Hour Course 3 Math</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course Math.</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Completed</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 2 DYSGRAPHIA</b></p>  <p>Mini Teacher Clock Hour Course 2</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course Dysgraphia</p> <p>Continue Study</p>	<p>Enrolled</p> <p><b>MINI-COURSE 1</b></p>  <p>Mini Teacher Clock Hour Course 1</p> <p>5 Credit Mini-Course Dyslexia</p> <p>Continue Study</p>

## PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT FOR DYSLEXIA AND OTHER LEARNING DIFFERENCES?

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For Teachers, Tutors, and other Professionals

Homeschooling parents too!

# Discover your dyslexic strengths

Dyslexic minds have a **special ability to create complex mental models** of objects and ideas. These models become powerful tools for creative thinking and big picture problem solving.

Drs. Brock and Fernette Eide, renowned dyslexia experts and authors of **"The Dyslexic Advantage,"** discovered specific high level strengths can predict dyslexia as accurately as difficulties in decoding and spelling.

Discover your dyslexia-associated strengths with our free MIND Strengths self-assessment survey.

[Sign Up For Your MIND Strengths Assessment](#)

### Dyslexic Brain Strengths:

- 3D Spatial Reasoning
- Memory From Personal Experiences
- Pattern Recognition
- Spotting Trends/ Making Predictions
- Systems Reasoning
- Storytelling

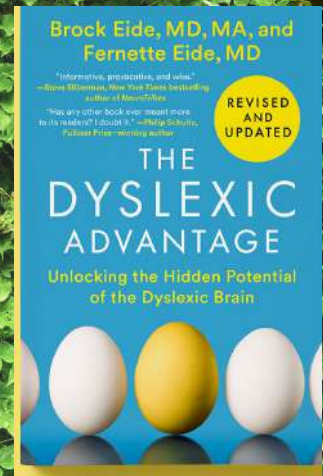


# BRING DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE TO YOUR SCHOOL OR LIBRARY



## STRENGTHS OF THE DYSLEXIC MIND

Drs. Brock and Fernetta Eide can also include a Q & A with parents and teachers.



**DYSLEXIC MINDSTRENGTHS**

**INTERCONNECTED REASONING**  
BIG PICTURE • PATTERN DETECTION  
INTERCONNECTED THINKING

**CAREERS**  
actors/actresses  
chefs  
doctors  
historians  
inventors  
museum directors  
scientists  
software designers

**CAREERS**  
architects  
artists  
builders  
computer IT designers  
engineers  
film makers  
sailors  
surgeons  
pizza

**MATERIAL REASONING**  
SPATIAL & VISUAL THINKING  
NAVIGATION

**CAREERS**  
accountants  
CEOs  
doctors  
economists  
entrepreneurs  
farmers  
game designers  
investors  
strategists  
traders

**NARRATIVE REASONING**  
STORY TELLER • PERSONAL MEMORY • SCENE CREATION

**CAREERS**  
authors  
coaches  
counselors  
CEOs  
lawyers  
marketers  
ministers  
musicians  
politicians  
psychologists  
sales  
teachers

**DYNAMIC REASONING**  
GOAL DIRECTED • COMPLEX SYSTEMS  
FUTURE PREDICTION

**IF YOU HAVE MATERIAL REASONING SKILLS YOU EXCEL AT 3-DIMENSIONAL SPATIAL REASONING AND CAN VISUALIZE OBJECTS AND PLACES, MANIPULATING THEM AS WELL.**

**IF YOU HAVE INTERCONNECTED REASONING SKILLS YOU ARE GOOD AT SPOTTING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN DIFFERENT IDEAS, OBJECTS AND POINTS OF VIEW.**

**IF YOU HAVE NARRATIVE REASONING SKILLS, YOU THINK, REMEMBER, AND EXPRESS YOUR IDEAS IN STORIES.**

**IF YOU HAVE DYNAMIC REASONING SKILLS YOU ARE GOOD AT MENTAL SIMULATION AND PREDICTING FUTURE EVENTS. YOU THRIVE IN COMPLEX AND CHANGING ENVIRONMENTS.**

DESIGN: SUEG • MARCIA OJEDA

**DYSLEXIC MIND STRENGTHS**

**MATERIAL REASONING**  
SPATIAL THINKING • VISUAL THINKING • NAVIGATION

**INTERCONNECTED REASONING**  
INTERCONNECTED THINKING • PATTERN DETECTION • BIG PICTURE

**NARRATIVE REASONING**  
STORY TELLER • PERSONAL MEMORY • SCENE CREATION

**DYNAMIC REASONING**  
GOAL DIRECTED • FUTURE PREDICTION • COMPLEX SYSTEMS

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# CONGRATULATIONS!!

## UNIQUE VOICE

Emry, 10 The Battle Between Fairies and Witches  
Hudson, 10 The Spooky Pumpkin  
Naeemah, 10 The Third Floor Bedroom  
Gia, 11 The Hidden Pets  
Ryann, 12 The Secret Canine  
Mark, 13 Young Curious Plant  
Stefan, 13 Modern Day Seven in One Blog  
Adam, 14 Lotus Flower  
Cameron, 16 Is the dream gone?

## SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Ayla, 10 The Book on the Back Shelf  
Brian, 10 The Crazy Adventure of Edward  
Charlie, 10 Football  
Julia, 10 Runaway of Friendship  
Annie, 11 Self Portrait  
B Rose, 11 Seasonal Haikus  
Landon, 11 The Emperor and the Soup  
Sofia, 11 The Book That Went Wrong  
Ari, 12 Adventure with Chaos  
Elliott, 12 What are we doing?  
Jasper, 12 Opinion essay  
Nolan, 12 The Cat Whale  
Samaya, 12 The Librarian's Key  
Vera, 12 Smooth  
Claire, 13 My First year of Camp Longhorn



Photo Callum Hilton

**"Every artist has his or her struggle to work out in their work. The more powerful the struggle, the more persuasive the art."**

**- Philip Schultz, The Writers Studio**