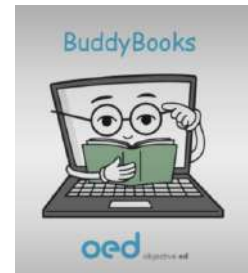
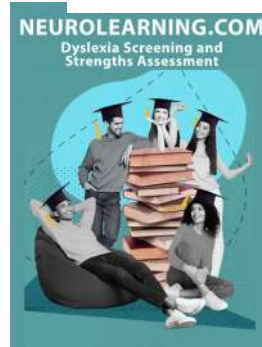


Dyslexic Advantage

NEWSLETTER





Dr. Fernette Eid
Editor-in-Chief

This is often our most popular issue of the year!

Enjoy and celebrate these young writers. They're

AMAZING!!

Direct link to this issue: <https://joom.ag/jfMd>

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Thanks to Shelley Wear, Trish Seres, Michelle Williams, Cheryl Kahn, and Jack Martin. Thanks to Lady Grace Belarmino for Design and layout, and Andi 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.



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DYSLEXIC ADVANTAGE ISSUE 111 MARCH 2025 NEWSLETTER

Congratulations to the Karina Eide Young Writers Award winners of 2025 and the the generous donors and volunteers who made this awards program possible!

Tremendous thanks to Philip Schultz and Monica Banks of **Writers Studio**, the Original School of Creative Writing and Thinking, and Preston Ausbrook and **The Daily Thinker**.

We had another record-breaking year and this year's entries made us laugh and cry with every emotion in-between. Thank you students, but also parents, teachers, and tutors who encouraged these talented young people.

There are so many talents and gifts evident in these writers - vivid imagination, humor, empathy and sensitivity, storytelling, word play, subtle use of metaphor, and so much more. The verbal strengths of dyslexic students may be overlooked because the physical process of writing can be so hard - but gifts are a treasure!

- Congratulations to all ! Fernette Eide

** If you plan on reading these award-winning entries with young students, read them fully first to determine if they appropriate for your child. Every effort was made to make all entries family-friendly, but some works may not be well-suited for all listeners or readers.

These awards were dedicated to our beautiful daughter **Karina** who loved weaving imaginative stories and encouraging others.



THE
WRITERS
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Creative Writing and Thinking,
est. 1987





STELLA, 8

Florida
The Christ School

The Real Story of the Wizard of Oz

His real name was Bob. He liked the color green because his favorite socks were green. He used to live on a farm. He left Kansas because there were too many trees. The hot air balloon was stolen from the circus. He landed in Munchkinland and wanted to change the bricks because he thought they were ugly. When he went up the hill, he did not see anything. He got really mad, but he was looking the wrong way. When he turned around, he was so surprised by how tall the castle was. He was drooling.

He went to Oz. There was no one there, so he went back to Munchkinland. He had a little sign and said, "Go to the Wizard of Oz. We have everything you need!" One of the munchkins punched him in the face and said, "Stop it, dude!"

The munchkin said, "It isn't like you are in charge of us!" Bob got an idea. "Ah ha!" Instead of making signs, I could make myself be the king of Oz, and they will call me the Wizard of Oz." There were travellers, including the munchkin that punched him in the face. The Wizard said, "Welcome to my hotel!"

The munchkins put it on social media, and that's how Bob became the Wizard of Oz.



MAISIE, 9

California
Park Day School

I would like to thank my parents Karla and Bryan, all my friends and my little sweet dog Sir Anthony. :)

Looking Back in Time

Later that day I set off to town, I was going to find out about that memory. I remember *who* was in my class when I was a kid, but I just didn't remember them talking to me. First I went to my old school, that was where I had gone to elementary school. I headed out to the subway, I stepped onto the train and it began to move. My old school was called: East Side Prep; I was a really good student when I was there, Mother says so. But I don't know if I can trust her anymore, I have no idea what is happening to me. I walked into the big building, I looked around and I saw my old principal, he looked well. "Why, is that you Jack? Wow you have grown so much sense the last time I saw you!" "Oh, Hello Mr. Phillips, how nice to see you...I would appreciate it, if you had a cup of tea with me? Maybe in your office?" "Ah, yes, right this way please, 'cause you don't know where it is, since you never got in trouble young man!" We walked along the corridor; there were posters everywhere, posters of children, posters of happiness!

We walked into a cramped office, it was a little dingey. Mr. Phillips sat down in an arm- chair, then he looked up at me. I settled down in a straight- back wooden chair. I had to push a pile of papers off of it. "I would like you to tell me who was in my class in sixth grade, and where they are now!" I said hurriedly. "Oh," Said Mr. Phillips, "well, if you please.... Who should I start with?" He said rummaging through his files, I thought, maybe Sophie, I had never remembered liking her in my life, maybe I could talk to her better now. But then, I didn't know anyone's last name. There had to be more than one Sophie in the school. "

(continuation at the back)

Looking Back in Time (continued):

How about you just pick". He pulled out some people. "Would you like some juice? I have got all the flavors!" "Yes, I will take, hmhhh, maybe apple....?" "Yes," he said as he handed me a juice. "Now I will pick out some of your best friends, you know, just for memories!" I spat out my juice, "w-what?" I said, shaking. "I had *friends*?" "Oh, well of course! Why wouldn't you have friends?" "Any- way, just, just read the names and where they are now!" I sat there in shock, I could not believe everyone, I did not have friends! *What was everybody playing at?* He started, "Ahem, the first friend that you ever had at this school was named: Trony Runts, Trony now works at Apple, he makes a good amount of money, the Apple location he works at is the one in Bay Street Mall; and what a fine man he is....

Any way the next- whatever are you doing, boy?" "Oh, I'm writing everything down, I feel that I remember things better if I write it down." "Ah, okay, let us continue! "Wait, how do you know everything about these people, like how did you know that Trony makes a good amount of money and works at Apple?" "Well, I still do get a lot of mail from a lot of people in this file and Trony writes practically every week. Next we have Burke Wong, he was one of your dearest friends too! He works at the Peats Coffee, I think the Park Street location. Ok, those were your two friends, I mean you had other friends, but though we're your best. *So, that must have been those boys that were on the playground bullying me into doing that trick...* "Now here we have a very nice girl of the name: Sophie Joncalla, she was always nice to you I remember! She works at a nail salon! The next person....." I sat there for many hours, listening to him tell me about some of my classmates when I was young. He droned on and on... I felt like he would never stop, but I needed to listen, I needed the truth.



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ANNA, 11

Georgia
Georgia Connections
Academy

I would like to thank my dog as always. If you couldn't tell, this is from her point of view doing one of our favorite things together. She is always my greatest inspiration.

Bubble Gun Fun

I watch my little human DASH out of her room,
maybe she can put me out of my gloom.
Maybe we will walk really far!
But instead she walks to the car.
Are we going for a ride?
But wait, what is she pulling from inside?
She pulls a GUN?!
but maybe, could it be...
a bubble gun?
Maybe, just maybe,
we're going to have my favorite kind of fun!
My favorite kind of fun with the bubble gun!
We slip and slide across the floor,
then dash out the back door!
My little human suddenly makes
hundreds of bubbles appear.
I run and jump, here and there,
trying to catch them anywhere,
but before long, they all disappear!
POOF!
Without a trace.
Maybe they're flying off to space,
escaping with grace.
I bark at my human
so she knows there are no bubbles left,
there's none to chase,
I need to tell her
just in case.
But then there are hundreds of bubbles
right in my face!
As more bubbles fly
I chase nearby.
My little human asks if
I'm losing my mind?



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DAVIS, 11

Virginia
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Amy
Young.

Under the Covers

One day I woke up very tired in the middle of the night. I tried going back to bed but I just couldn't, so I went downstairs to get a shovel so I could shovel the driveway. I live in Minnesota. It snows here almost every day. There are some upsides and some downsides and that is one of the downsides. When I went downstairs, I heard a rustle and a shake right next to where I keep all my family pictures. I went over there and when I put my hand on the wall it moved. I looked in there and it was like a little apartment that someone could live in. It looked very cool on the inside. Then I heard a rustle and shake again. I looked under the covers, and I saw a human lying there. I didn't know what to do in that instance, but he did something for me! He screamed as loud as he could. It scared me. He said, "Get out of my house!" I said back to him, "This is my house!" He looked confused and then I said, "How did you get here?" He didn't know. He just thought that this was his house. I explained to him this was my house for 22 years. He said, "I have lived here for 23 years." Then I said, "How did you get here?" "Well, I moved here with my family 23 years ago. One night I got into a fight with my mom and dad. I took all the water and food to last me years before coming out of my room. Then you came and scared me." I told him that some family sold me their house 22 years ago. It was his family! He felt betrayed. But I did let him stay at my house until he found a place to sleep. We became friends after some time.



Elise, 11

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Miss
Amy Young at the Lab
School who made this
possible.

My Name

My name is not that long but not too short.
My name is like the pasture of a horse with mountains
in the background.
My name is strong like a mustang, but as gentle as a
kitten.
The easy curiosity the *E* gives.
The L gives you possibilities.
The *I* is a small shelf of books.
The *S* gives you freedom.
My name wants to roll like a small train across the
country.
My name is a horse with a winter coat on a chilly day.
My name is the number 8.
My name is **Elise**.



ELIZABETH, 11

Colorado
Stanley British
Primary School

I would like to thank my
cat, Rontu.

What's Up with You, Rontu?

So many toys
But you choose a straw
So many beds
But you choose a box
So many scratching posts
But you choose the chair

When you escape the front door
Out to explore,
I run after you
And don't bother to tie my shoe
Even though it makes me stressed
I love you nonetheless

What's going on between those ears?
Is it toys?
Is it food?
Is it squirrels?
I guess we'll never know.
A clever little kitten
With a clever little temper

So many water bowls
But you choose my cup
So many places to sit
But my keyboard seems to fit

What's up with you
Rontu?

**HENRY, 11**

Texas
Rawson Sanders

I would like to thank my mom
and Mrs. Warrick

Ode to My Mom

Scribbles on paper
As the colors spread
She whips up a picture of me

She tells me to be calm
And let my emotions flow
To be free from rigidity

She is a paintbrush
Graceful and free
Spreading color wherever she goes

When I need her most
She is the sun
To lift me up when I'm low

You know me like you're reading my mind
Sweet like cake
You are kind to all

When I'm around you It's like a warm hug
Keeping my toasty under the snowfall

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



MAXEN, 11

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Amy
Young.

Cookie Dough

Thank you, thank you cookie dough
You are cookies, only half made
but when you're up face-to-face
you have the best taste.
You're unhealthy, but your taste is so heavenly.
You mush and munch inside my mouth.
No toothbrush can get your flavor out.
No food in the world can compare.
All the other cookies taste like underwear.
Inside ice cream you taste the best
You're on another level and you turn into the best.
So cookies I think you should go take a rest,
'Cuz someone just took your crown as the best.
Cookies you're going down.
Cookie dough, teach old foods
what they need to know.
You make my mouth melt in magic.
I dream of you inside my mind.
Mountains of cookie dough that I can climb.
When I eat you, I feel so fine.



IONE, 12

Washington DC
Labe School of
Washington

I would like to thank Amy,
my parents, my dog
Audible, and Bobka!

Broken

Be strong
Be brave
Be kind
Be you
They say
But how to be strong
When you feel so weak
How to be brave
When fear takes over
How to be kind
when there is sadness inside
How to be you
When you don't know who you are

Be strong
Be brave
Be kind
Be you
They say
But no one can always be
Strong or
Brave or
Kind or,
Themselves
Because every ones
A little
Broken
inside.



ISABELLA, 12

Texas
Rawson Sanders

I would like to thank my second grade teacher for telling my parents that I had dyslexia and sent me to rawson saunders.

Ode to Reptiles

Your slippery scales or soft wrinkled skin
Your eyes can be large or sometimes just a dot
Bodies that are long or short
stubby or legless
You might be misunderstood
or mistaken for something else
Your personalities can differ
from calm to aggressive
Little feet to climb
Strong jaw to eat
Long body to move
You have things other animals don't
patterns can be bright or dark and hidden
mostly never seen
You can look like moss or dirt
Some look like they have two heads
Some have a ball on their tail
Some you just leave alone
and admire
Some can eat paste, bugs, worms
Some can eat deer
Some can constrict
And it might be gross
but it's ok with me
I love them all

*"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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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



Kolbe,12

Minnesota
Homeschool

I would like to thank my
mom for helping me type
this story.

The Story Tree

What if I told you that all the stories and all the lessons you've ever heard are true but not in the way you think. Stories are not just for reading or listening to, they are something bigger! In our world, our universe, heck! our plane of existence, stories are like seeds for a tree and all those branches are their own little universes and each universe is based off of one of the stories you have heard, listened to, or read in this competition, are branches. Every story someone makes, another branch grows and all the characters are new leaves. So here's a little lesson for you, if you are ever making a story, remember you are making a new universe. Use your creativity wisely.

**LILY, 12**

New York
Hewitt School

I would like to thank Kristofer who helped me with spelling and grammar and crafting stories throughout my writing life. I would also would like to thank my mother, who sacrificed so much to get me an education.

Reality

When my mom picked me up from Heather's house, Heather wouldn't even look at her, almost as if she felt my mother's cancer diagnosis was contagious, and if she caught it, she'd immediately grow sicker and sicker before simply deflating like a balloon, releasing all air and life. I could sense the uncomfortable energy, and my mother could too. It was almost palpable. Heather anxiously stared at the ground, barely speaking before slowly inching back towards the elevator.

I would like to add 'cancer' to my list of things that feel too daunting to say out loud, because at that moment, I still couldn't bring myself to blurt out 'cancer' is not contagious.

I was stunned. My friends don't typically share the same affection and appreciation for their parents as I do. Maybe this was a cultural thing. Maybe it wasn't—maybe it was that the thought of losing my mother that compelled me not to take her for granted.

After her diagnosis, I saw this whole other side of my mother. My mother, the person who birthed me, raised me, taught me all I know, helped me find myself in moments that I was simply lost—she was now the one crying; the one who was scared and sick. My mother saved me from failing in school when I was diagnosed with dyslexia, sacrificing everything to get me into a special education school. I knew she needed me now. As much as she tries to shield her pain from me and my sister, I can see right through her. I know how she walked around all day with her head up to the ceiling, hoping the tears wouldn't roll down her cheeks. Sometimes, I find myself doing that too. My life these past few weeks has been hanging on strings. Sometimes, I think that if I let go, my whole family will come crashing down. I may be one of the unfortunates to discover this early, but everything and everyone dies, whether you try to avoid it or not.



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Liv, 12

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

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

Waves

Watch as the tide comes in, moving, flowing, growing,
and that's when you realize you and the water are not the
same.

You are stuck in a standoff, watching waves crashing and
moving, knowing they are about to leave you.

When I grow old and vanish into the sand, place me atop
a quilt, vibrant and lively, awake and constantly changing,

so that I can hug those who are fastened to their sorrows,
mind and feet glued to the shifting sand too heavy to
move,
and carry them to the current.

**TOWNES, 12**

Texas
Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank Mrs. Warrick for helping me get better at writing things. I would also like to thank my family.

Ode to Birds

Birds
so colorful and
bright There are so
many types So many colors
You have mastered the
sky You can run swim
and fly And that is why
You have not just
mastered the sky You have
mastered the whole
earth Living in the
coldest areas To the
highest mountains
And the hottest
deserts You came
from the dinosaurs You can dive at 240 MPH You can flap your
wings 70 times in a second And you can even talk Your wings can
stretch 11 feet or just 4 inches And that is why Your species will never die

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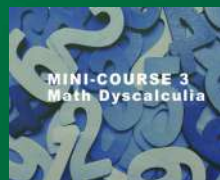
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MONROE, 13

Alabama
Cypress Grove
Academy

I would like to thank my
literature Teacher, Anna
Wunderlich

Billy and the Greeks (Excerpt)

They entered the gates and Billy felt something soft rush past him. Suddenly lines started rushing through his head, "And Aphrodite put a cloak of invisibility around Paris and whisked him up into the high places of Troy." Billy recovered quickly enough to reach out and grab onto the invisibility cloak. Hector grabbed hold and pulled. Into Billy's arms came a cloak.

Hector was shocked but recovered quickly and said, "Paris, what are you doing here, you should be fighting Menelaus. Also how did you get here?"

Peris defended himself with, "We were both fighting pretty well and the Heralds called it off." As he massaged a red streak on his chin.

"I doubt that," said Hector. "I can hear the Greeks shouting they won, what happened."

Then Billy stepped in saying, "Stop, I know what happened because everything that is happening is written down in my head. This is an invisibility cloak. It was an easy way for him to escape." He held out the old shepherd's cloak.

Hector said, "This is a breakthrough that might just have won us the war. Come. I have a plan." And with that, he walked out of Troy and into his war tent.

Billy and Paris followed. During a lengthy war counsel, the following plan emerged. First, in the middle of the night, Hector would go, under the protection of the invisibility cloak, to the Greek camp. Silently, he would capture all the Greek leaders. After Hector returned, the entire Trojan army would chase the Greeks onto their ships and make them retreat. These Greeks could return and tell their countrymen about the defeat of their army.

Hector readied himself with his sword, a knock out poison, and the invisibility cloak. "Goodbye my new friend," he said, clapping Billy on the back. "If I don't return by sunrise, go ahead with the plan without me." Billy turned around to say something to Hector, but he was already gone.

To Hector, it was unnerving to walk past a group of laughing Greeks about a fire and have none of them notice his presence.

He walked from ship to ship capturing all the Greek leaders, including: Thisbe, Pytho, Ajax, Diomedes, Odysseus, Idomeneus, Achilles, and more. When Hector got back to camp, he removed the cloak and went to Billy's tent. He walked in and said, "It is done."

Billy replied with, "lets get ready to charge."

The men in the Greek camp noticed a roar coming toward them. The soldiers went to find the leaders and when they couldn't find them they went crazy and put the boats in the water running scared. And when the trojans got there, there was no one in sight.

There were many festivities in Troy that night. T Billy was having the time of his life eating delicious pastries. It was sudden, abrupt, and random. It was just biting into a scrumptious jelly donut when he found himself sitting on his bed, in his room, in the real world. He was a little sad he would never finish the donut, but he was more than little glad he was back home.

He has never told the story of his adventure because he thought people would think him crazy. He was right. People would have institutionalized him. The weirdest thing was when he looked at his book, it appeared entirely changed. It was red and his picture was on it, as well as having the title, *Billy and the Greeks*. Billy opened it and found it was filled with the story of what had happened to him in Troy. But on what he thought was the last page, writing began to appear describing the confusion that was breaking out in Troy due to his disappearance. There were still people somewhere living their lives, and this book was recording it.

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Peyton, 13

Texas
Rawson Sanders

I would like to thank my teacher, Mrs. Warrick and my family

The Doorway

As Chloe was searching through her old attic, she had completely forgotten about getting her little brother, Aidan, a present for Christmas. She decided she would get him a toy car. As she was leaving she saw something out of the corner of her eye. She approached it and noticed it was a dusty old paintbrush. "Huh, what's this doing up here?" she questioned. She decided she would bring it with her, after all, she did love to paint.

After a while, she sat down and started to wrap Aidan's present. As she was wrapping the presents she saw some weird light. As she got up from her bed, she walked towards her desk. When she moved some papers around, she noticed the paintbrush glowing. "W- what the?" she said, as she spoke the paint brush started flying in the air and shaking frantically. Then it fell back on the table. She leaned forward cautiously, then she heard some random thumping noise. Then all of a sudden a rabbit hopped into her room. "Hey there," he said, jumping onto the desk, "Ah, I see you have found my paintbrush."

"This is yours?" she questioned.

"Indeed," he replied.

"And you c-can talk?" she asked, confused.

She noticed that this rabbit had a white base with colorful spots along his back—along with a full brown ear. The rabbit flicked his ears towards the entrance of her room. "Hey, Chloe what are you doing—" Aidan's Gaze drifted from the rabbit to Chloe and back again.

"It's okay, Aidan, he's just a rabbit," she said reassuringly.

"What's he doing here though?!" he said confused.

"Hello there, my name is Zapier," the rabbit said.

"Well nice to meet you, Zapier," Chloe said politely.

"You see, there's a problem down where I live," he said worriedly.

(continuation at the back)

"The magic is fading due to the witch, Agatha Lebedev, taking it all for herself. But, since you found my paintbrush, I feel like you could help me," he said confidently.

"Well, I don't know. You see, we have this party tonight..." she started.

"We have to go!" Aidan said suddenly with a determination in his voice.

As Chloe tried to think of a response the paintbrush started floating again and then zipped towards the door and down the hall. They all got up and started running to catch up to it. They ran all along the house past the kitchen and the living room. Aidan almost fell down the stairs as it flew upstairs towards the ballroom.

"No! Not the ballroom! That's for the party!" Chloe insisted.

Zapier ran ahead and jumped for the brush but missed and flew into a table. A few moments later, he limped back out after recovering. The brush flew past the ballroom and stopped at the end of the hall.

"It stopped," Aidan said. The paintbrush started to glow again and shake frantically in the air at the end of the hallway.

"Already? But they're not ready..." Zapier mumbled.

"What do you mean?" Chloe questioned.

"You two follow me, I will create a doorway into my realm. You must help me save my home. It's your destiny," he implored.

Chloe hesitated and then said, "We'll go."

"We will?" Aidan said, with a terrified look.

"You don't have to go, Aidan," she responded.

"No, I will," he agreed, "It's what mom would've wanted."

Zapier used the brush and created a doorway on the wall. Then the wall crumbled to reveal a glowing warm, tinted light. Zapier jumped first, then Aidan, and then it was Chloe's turn. She hesitated.

"I have to do this," she accepted.

While turning back to the doorway, she jumped into the light. It engulfed her. It felt warm and embracing. Then she closed her eyes as the portal took her to the realm of Alisteria.

**FINN, 14**

Texas

Rawson Saunders

I would like to thank my
mom and dad

Beetle Shell

green and blue
pale skin absorbing midnight air small webs, built and
made with care

bruises that shine a purple blue sea small antennas,
delicate and sharp orange and yellow firm wispy wood

legs that hang across embedded wood hands that sit in
misty darkness
skin delicate to the touch

air that tastes old and worn land that stands beyond its
time a wisp of air which carries hope

a sun that peeks beyond a tired trunk
a quiet land covered in swaying swirls of grass
a sun that covers the abundant valley of life



ALICE, 15

Texas
St Michael's Prep

I would like to thank Kathleen Dohill for introducing me to John Knowles "A Separate Peace"

"A Separate Peace" Finny's Conflict POV

"They're only worried for me," I soothed her, "they don't mean any harm by it." "They only ever worry, because that'll fix everything," she said in a sarcastic way that reminded me of Gene and it hit me with a wave of homesickness for Devon. It reminded me of blitzball and escaping to the beach, with no worry of whether my body can hold up. Compared to now, where my water cup can't be placed too far away from me or else I have to call someone to help, it's soul crushing. The heavy weight of my cast sinks further into my mattress, Ms. Louise must have realized that she had overstepped her boundaries because she started backtracking. "Not that there's anything wrong with worrying, because it's completely normal for a mother to be worried about her child, it was just--"

"It's alright Ms. Louise," I cut her off. "I think my mother worries too much also."

She sighed with relief, "I'm glad you didn't misunderstand what I was saying."

I point out at the tree, "She used to get so upset with me when I would climb that, and there is very little I wouldn't do to be able to again."

"Pardon me if this is rude, but didn't you break your leg on a tree? Why would you want to climb one?"

We used to have competitions in the neighborhood about who could climb the best, if you remember, and I would always win because I was the most athletic. It was what I was known for. And now," my voice wavers, "I will never climb a tree again."

"Oh," so much realization saturated her voice that it dripped sadly between us. I gave her a little smile and she took this as her cue to leave. This ended up hurting me so deeply that she was the first and only person I admitted this to.






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KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS



KIANA, 15

Alaska
West High School

I would like to thank my wonderful parents who supported and encouraged me.

Do you see what I see?

Do you see what I see?

Another test on a computer.

FAILED.

A teacher that didn't care.

HURT.

Encouraged to read...

Never taught to read.

Pushed.

Pulled.

Pushed.

By the best parents in the world.

But.

Still.

Hurt.

A

G

A

I

N

!

Couldn't stop the pain.

Do you see what I see?

Tears

drip

down

my

face

as

I

get

told

I'm

not

smart.

Again.

“I don't believe you.”

Do you see what I see?

A headache from deep concentration

over

and

over

(this is normal, right?)

Tested.

Found guilty.

I have dyslexia.

So does twenty percent of the world.

Do you see what I see?

Worked for

y

e

a

r

s

.

Tried so hard.

I learned to be “smart.”

Then,

told that to get into higher level classes-

a computer test.

FAILED.

When everyone who meets me

knows the truth.

Do you see what I see?

I have dyslexia.

And.

Because of that

I was hurt.

**TIERNAN, 16**

California
Pacific Crest Academy

I would like to thank
Woody Guthrie and his
guitar.

Over the Road

I remember that drive through central California up to San Jose. My head rattling away against the bus's window. I readjusted my arm, trying to get somewhat comfortable. The sights of California slowly slide past. I had been recognized by a few patrons on the bus from my radio show. They thanked me for showing them a slice of home. I still wonder where they might be today. I pulled out my notebook and began to scribble down some lines. There are a large number of shanty towns out in the valley, small wooden or sometimes cardboard huts, fire barrels, and extreme poverty. It's enough to downturn even some of the hardest people. At some point the bus had to stop for gasoline, at which time I had to take the liberty of stretching my legs.

I stepped out of the bus into a run-down town in the middle of nowhere, nothing to struggling farm fields as far as the eye could see. Rows of disheveled huts lined the road, some had cars in front of them, a few had a bike or two sitting in front. Many had nothing. It reminds me now, thinking back, about my childhood in Oklahoma. I was in much the same position as these people, many of them even Okies like myself. We never had a dime to spare, especially after the Dust Bowl tore our farms apart. The highway was desolate in terms of traffic, a vehicle passing only rarely. You could feel in the air how isolated this little town was.

(continuation at the back)

I scan further out than just this street, a column of smoke rising off in the distance. I remember I winced looking at it, it was likely someone's home, or livelihood. I remembered back to the multiple house fires of my early years. One took our family home soon after it was finished. I always remember that fire, even though I was young. There were others of course, but that one so soon after our home was built was a real gut-punch. As I watched from a long distance the smoke began to thin and dissipate into the sky.

I saw a hut with a small family, only a father and two kids, a boy and a girl. The man looked over at me, I remember I tried to give him a gentle smile, but he didn't return it. I can't blame him, and I can also understand where he got that mood from. My mother was taken away when I was young. I respect that man for sticking with his kids, my father offered me and my four siblings no such courtesy. I turned towards the south, watching for a short while longer as people struggled to make their fields survive.

After a few more minutes of pondering I walked back to the now readied bus, settling back into my seat as we set off. Instead of continuing my useless watching I pulled my notebook back out and hastily began writing out lines. I wrote for what felt like maybe five minutes, before glancing out the window to see the sun setting behind California's coastal mountains. I remember looking back at my page, and writing down a simple title. "This Land is Your Land."



BENJAMIN, 18

Wisconsin
Sweeney Academy

My mom, my tutor, and my friends who have all read my writing and given me feedback. And I thank my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ who gave me the love of writing.

A Doppelganger's Dilemma

Journal excerpt 13/15/1368 A.G.P

I grow weary from all the lies. Every day is filled with more deceit. What was I thinking? What a foolish thing to impersonate one's own friend! Now I can't escape this false life. So, I have decided to keep a journal as to retain some form of honesty in my day.

Again, I must ask myself "What was I thinking?" for it would have been better to accept my lot of death than to go on living like this. Curse this wretched doppelganger's cloak! It was just too easy to take the painless route out with this arcane device, and now I feel stuck. For if I reveal myself, I will be killed like the rest, but if I go on living like this, I will die daily. Maybe I'm not even me any more... for if everyone thinks I'm dead, am I truly alive? Who am I now?

If only we had won the war of the seven! Yes, if only Malivolt had not been lost in battle! If only the Norand empire's propaganda hadn't worked! For the corban and ashiaf are now hated... we are now hunted... I suppose that's why I hid... yes, I ran and hid in the shell of my fallen friend's life. Why did we not win? Was our cause for freedom not worthy of Azron's blessing? Perhaps Azron foresaw my betrayal and punished me. Oh, what a lying rotten cowardly doppelganging ashiaf I am! Have I brought destruction on my friend's heads because of my deceit?

Perhaps I should let my quill rest for my grief has only increased, not decreased like I had hoped. Yet even as I say this, I continue to write... I just... No. I must keep talking. It's torture to pretend to be someone I am not and not have a single soul to confide in!

(continuation at the back)

The worst part of all is that I feel like I am stealing not only my friend's life but also his legacy. For Sarahala is pregnant with my child and because Nichlinar's two beloved sons fell in battle, my child will ascend to the throne.

Wait... maybe it was for the best I did this terrible thing. For if no one knows that I am not Nichlinar then his legacy will live on through this child.

Regardless, Nichlinar, if you can see me from your dwelling place among the heavens, have mercy on me! The very thought of you looking on me as I pretend to be you is punishment enough. Oh, my friend, if you can intercede between me and Azron on my behalf, tell him this:

"I will leave this deceitful life once I have written enough volumes to educate the child after I am gone. For even though this is not my life, I have grown to love Nichlinar's family like I once loved my wife who has joined you in the heavens. That is why I can't just leave them before leaving instructions. Yet not my will but yours."

I still feel as if I should write, but the dawn is breaking, and the light falls upon the province of eastern Mizendel. Again, I must say that it is truly an awful thing to live someone else's life. For none of my achievements are my own, and I can never love someone like I once did. What a dilemma! I'm living yet not loving; I'm surviving yet dying; I'm dead yet not at peace. Oh! What a predicament I have! Indeed, I have a doppelganger's dilemma...

Glossary

A.G.P./Annus gratiae pulvis (the year of favor dust)- a time keeping measurement established near the beginning of the Norand empire

Ashiaf- magic users who have obtained their power through training and use of precious resources

Azron- the major deity of this world. He is also known as "He Who Forges."

Corban- someone who is a descendant of a demi-reeve and able to innately control some magics.

Doppelganger's cloak- a rare device that allows the user to take the form of another.

Province of eastern Mizendel- the Norand empire divided mainland Mizendel into four quarters and established regent kings in each province like Nichlinar.



LILLIAS, 12

Virginia
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to say first of all my mom, my dad and the rest of my family who helped me with this work and my cats who provided emotional support when I was down, my best friend Siri, who is with me in my authors and illustrator's class and always cheers me on and makes me laugh. Also I'd like to thank my awesome teacher, Miss Amy, for helping me with the editing in the poem.

Desk Horse

A horse sits at the desk
the desk is round with a tie-dye mat.
A vase of flowers sits next to the mat.
A lamp sits above the horse's head.
The turtle and the dragon stare.
They hear the typing.
A desk is in the other corner.
A woman sits with short gray hair.
The horse looks at her.
It ponders why.



JACKSON, 12

Oklahoma
Homeschool

I would like to thank
Shaynee for her endless
support and inspiration

The Growler

Chase has a white beard With a jet black coat With a
fluffy long tail
He's a small dog
That was a birthday present to me
Before I could walk
He's a very old man now
So sometimes
He growls
He's a grumpy ole dog
But he's still a cuddly and sweet dog too
He sleeps a lot
He loves to sleep in human beds But he stays awake all
day long
Because he's busy following my mom around
Room to room
He loves to be around people
He doesn't care where she goes, he will follow He
doesn't play at much as he used to But he still loves
treats
When we take him on car rides And in public
He loves getting attention
From everyone he sees and meets
"Aw, he's so gentle!" people say
I call him Chasey Bear because He looks like a little
black grizzly bear
And because he sometimes growls like a little bear
He's so funny!
Chase is the best gift I've ever got



AMIRA, 12

Maryland
Lab School of
Washington

I would like thank Ms.
Amy, lone, my parents,
my dog, Audible, and
babka!

Ode to Babka-

Babka you are delicious

But not that nutritious.

I love your marble insides

And your chocolate flakey taste.

You turn gold like the sun

When you're fully done.

You are my favorite food.

You make me have a good mood



KAM, 13

Iowa
Woodbine
Community School.

I would like to thank my family for letting me know all about "lake life".

If You Give a Kid a Bobber...

If you give a kid a bobber, he will want to go fishing.

When he goes to get the worms out of the fridge, he will see the lunchmeat and decide he needs a sandwich first.

After he eats his sandwich, he decides to have some chips.

As he grabs the chips out of the cupboard he catches a glimpse of the lake and remembers about the fishing. He goes to find his pole.

As he grabs his pole he notices it needs a better hook.

He goes to the tackle box to see what he can find and gets distracted by all the lures.

After looking at the lures for 20 minutes he finally chooses the perfect hook to put on his pole.

On the way down to the dock, he sees a cool rock on the beach. He decides to grab it for his collection.

As he is grabbing the rock, he sees a perfect flat rock for skipping.

He throws the rock out into the lake and it skips 5 times.

As he watches the skips in the distance, he sees a fish jump.

The fish jumping reminds him of fishing, so he grabs his pole with the bobber and casts it out.

Hopefully, he catches a big one!



DIANA, 9

California
The German
International School
of Silicon Valley

I would like to thank
teachers and my mom.

How the Quail Got His Plume

Once upon a time, there was a little quail named PJ. His mother and father were very happy that they had a healthy bevy of chicks. One day, amongst his brothers and sisters, he went for a walk in the woods. He stayed in the bushes, walking along like his mother and father taught him. However, his curiosity overcame him and he walked out of the bushes, looking at a beautiful rose. A hungry fox came along and wanted to eat him. The little quail saw him and ran for his life! The fox caught up to him and wanted to grab him up in his claws. But PJ jumped!

The fox had one chance and swiftly swiped at the quail. He scraped some of his feathers on the top of his head upwards. PJ ran into the bushes and looked into a puddle that was there. He liked his new head feathers, so he kept them that way.

When he was grown and had little chicks of his own, he saw that all of the boys had the same upward feathers on their heads too.

He thought to himself, "Now we can finally tell the boys and the girls apart!"

And that's how the male quail got his little plume on his head.

The End.

I was inspired to write this story because my mom had a quail as a pet, who was also named PJ. Sometimes in spring I see lots of quails in my front yard. It's fun to see them and I think they're really extraordinary birds.



LIVIA, 10

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Ms.
Amy Young, my teacher.

Megan's Ghostly Secret

Once upon a time in the 1900s there was a girl. Her name was Megan. She was 20. She had younger siblings that were twins. One was a boy and one was a girl. She also had one older brother. Megan was dead. She had been dead for 5 years. She also had a small black cat who was also dead. Her name was Victoria. They lived in a cozy house. Megan had puffy dresses.

One day they went out to a rose garden and enjoyed the flowers. Megan went back to her house on her bike. Megan and Victoria went to bed. Megan woke up. She went outside and stared into the beautiful blue sky. Victoria ran outside. Megan said, "Let's go to the beach." At the beach she found a bottle with a note inside. The note said: If you want to live you must find the dustiest dust, the silkiest silk, and the softest thing. Then at 12 p.m. put it in the bottle. That's all the note said. Megan said, "I need to find this." So, she went to her house and went to her attic and saw dust, so she grabbed a bit of the dust and put it in the bottle. Then she went to the finest silk store and got a little bit of silk. Her mom wove silk, but she thought her mom's must not be as good as the store's. Megan picked up Victoria and cut off a little piece of Victoria's fur. Then Megan went to sleep.

The next morning she still did not feel like she was a human. She wasn't a human. She went outside and said hello to people, but they did not hear her because she was still a ghost. So, then she went to her mom's house. Her mom couldn't see her, but Megan saw her mom weaving beautiful silk. Then her brain clicked! Her mom's silk was the silkiest silk, so she took a square and ran back to her house and said, "Victoria, I got it!" She put it in the jar and then went to sleep. The next morning, she felt like a human. She ran outside and saw a little girl. The girl waved at her. She waved back. She was so happy. She knew she was human. She looked over her shoulder and saw her cat!



ANAIS, 10

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Ms.
Amy for helping me with
my ideas and putting it
down.

SECRET ROOM

Have you ever had a secret room,
a place that you could bloom.
A place that you can express
the way you dress. Also a place
where there's no stress?

Have you ever had a secret room,
w place where you can groom,
a place where you could have
your own baboon! A place where
you can sing your own tune?

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS



HENRY, 11

Maryland
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank my
parents and Ms. Amy
Young for believing in
me.

Jeez, lets talk about cheese

Thank you, cheese.

Thank you, parmesan.

Thank you, cheddar, for your soft touch
and your amazing taste.

My mom and I enjoy your strong smell like stinky
feet.

Thank you for your many forms.

Thank you, cheese, for charcuterie boards
for parties at my house,

Thank you, fake cheese, for decorating to impress.

Thank you, cheese!!!



Hot Chocolate

The hot chocolate brews and the snow falls
and the air is full of laughter and the dog barks.

The day gets later and later and the sky gets dark
as the laughter dies down and everybody goes to sleep.

LUCY, 11

Maryland
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Sally
our pup



PEYTON, 11

Pennsylvania
The Cambridge
School

Something New in the Stable

Hazel runs through the long, tall grass as the sun just peeks over the edge of one of the many pastures of the farm they live at. "Zane, Aaron come here quick!" she yells as she runs. Hazel is the youngest of the three. Zane and Aaron are her older brothers that enjoy poking a little fun at times but she loves them anyway. "Ugh, what is it now," Aaron said sarcastically.

"It's Espresso, our horse. She is now a unicorn!" Hazel said with excitement. Hazel is a 5-year-old girl who really likes unicorns and she wears a pink jacket, and unicorn t-shirt, with yellow rain boots. She has brown hair and beautiful emerald-green eyes.

"I don't believe you, what did you do?" Zane groaned. Zane is a 7-year-old boy who likes dinosaurs and he wears a "too cool" sweatshirt and black Skechers. He has dark gray hair and light blue eyes.

"Yeah, right," Aaron said, annoyed. Aaron is an 8-year-old boy who likes dogs. He wears a plaid red shirt with blue jeans. He has dark brown hair with dark brown eyes. "You guys got to come here quickly!" Hazel said, panting.

"Fine we will come, but if it is fake you have to go through the scary forest," Aaron said.

"But you know that place is haunted right?!" Hazel said scared.

"That's the point, you are annoying us because Espresso is a 'unicorn'," Aaron said sarcastically. "Let's go, Zane let's see if Hazel is right about this 'unicorn',"

As they walked to the stable Hazel saw a Figure running through the haunted forest. "Did you guys see that!" Hazel said loudly

"You're just seeing things," Aaron said "Now let's see if Espresso is a unicorn after all"
"ok..." Hazel wimpers.

"Here we are, and I don't see any unicorn," Aaron said looking at Espresso. "Well looks like you're going in the scary forest," Aaron said nervously and happily.

"But I swear she was a unicorn, I saw with my own eyes," Hazel mumbles.

As Hazel reluctantly walks through the forest her friend Emma jumps out at her. "Boo!" Emma said excitedly.

"OMG, you scared me so bad, do not do that again!" Hazel said spooked "Hehe, I was just joking," Emma said, annoyed. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought I saw Espresso as a Unicorn but it looks like I may have imagined it,



SERIANNA, 11

Kitten

A small kitten lies on the side of the
road
Helpless and hurt
Unwanted unloved
Tabby and orange
She can barely manage a hiss
So I pick her up
And I bring her home.
I think
that sometimes
we forget how to love.

Virginia
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank my
poetry partner, Zania, who I
wrote this poem for



SAM, 12

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank my teacher, Ms. Amy Young, my friends, and my family including my cats, Tadashi & Mochi, and my hermit crabs, Hermit, Kermit, & Shelly

Animatronics

Thank you, animatronics.
I hear your gears inside my ear,
the winding and grinding.
Your faces are animals,
the ones that I can handle.
You talk, you rock!
You can seem creepy.
Up on the stage you
look like you're filled with
rage. It's like you're in a
cage. You look down at
me. I take a look around me.
It's kind of a creepy place.
It has a lot of space, but it's
a waste of this pizza place.
I head out the door. I didn't
want more than I could
store. "I'm home," I say, then
I see an animatronic on the
floor across the back door...

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS

Memories

Seeing new places
Trying new foods
Meeting new people

Memories
Washington D.C
California

Chicago
Florida
Georgia
Oklahoma

St. Louis
Nebraska
Kansas City

These are just some places I've been
Boba tea
Korean Ice cream

Shrimp
Oysters
Deep dish pizza

These are just some things I've tried
New cousins
New pets

Babies
Famous people
Athletes

These are just some people I've met
Visiting historic places
Throwing the football at the beach

Walking through the desert (watch out for snakes!)
Flying with my mom
Carpooling with friends

Going to different malls
Screaming on roller coasters with my teammates
These are just some of the memories I've made



Bella, 13

Kansas
Harmony Middle
School

I would like to thank my
tutor, Shaynee
Sherwood, for helping
me with my creative
writing!



Harvey, 13

Texas
Rawson Sanders

I would like to thank
Mrs Warrick My mom My
dad And Mojo

My Sunshine

The tick tack of Mojo's claws
on the tiled floor
trotting behind the other dogs
He can't even trot straight
just too old to be happy
depressed and so was Chewy
He could not run or play
He still went on walks
but short quick
cold foggy walks
Mojo stayed home
at the door
with echoing whines
or he just stayed in his bed
He mainly stayed
in his comfortable and warm bed
and was not very active
In his prime he was absolutely insane
He would chase jackals
off my grandpa's farm
He would attack squirrels and otters
He chased dangerous animals
barked at cows
He killed so many chickens,
which was not so good
In the warm sunset,
when the jackals came out with the buck,
you would chase the jackals away,
barking at them with Chewy
You were teaching her
how to protect a family
Mojo,
you are my sunshine



MITCH, 13

Virginia
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank Miss
Amy who has helped me
learn about poetry.

Beautiful Morning

The wind blows hard as if it would drag across the
world,
the water in the reservoir cold enough to turn a man to
ice.

The trees behind the reservoir tall as a skyscraper.

The birds in the trees so far away you can barely hear
them chirp.

The cars, the sound of the engines, the burning of the
rubber, and the loud honking.

The sky, the sun shining on my neck warming me up.

The clouds moving away from the bright blue sky.

The cracks in the street, the concrete so old it could
break at any point.

The leaves, some multi-colored, some not.

People stepping on them with a satisfying crunch.

These glorious things.

**NOLAN, 13**

Washington DC
Lab School of
Washington

I would like to thank my
family and my teacher
Ms Amy

Spirit Rocket

I was preparing to turn off the lights and go to sleep when I heard some sort of static, that you hear from a TV. It was coming from outside, so I decided to go to the back door and check it out. The only problem was my dad. He's always downstairs watching TV. But when I went downstairs he was not there! He was outside and there was a light shining on him. He looked hypnotized. Then, just when I was thinking of running upstairs to tell Mom, I started to feel dizzy and sleepy and then I think I collapsed.

When I woke up I felt like... I was not in my house? That's when I realized I was in space in a spaceship, but what happened next was really strange. I felt a lot of emotions. I noticed my dad was waking up right next to me. He was calm too. He wanted to find a way out and I did too, but I also wanted to explore the spaceship. The spaceship wasn't one of the spaceships from 2025. You know, those sharp pointy rockets that look like towers. This one kind of looked like a ship from a sci-fi movie, so we decided to open this random door we found right in front of us. And standing right before us was...my grandfather! He looked like he was controlling the spaceship. My dad's eyes were wide open! I started to tear up. I felt scared, sad, angry, happy, fearful, anxious. He turned around and I was calm again. My dad's eyes started to come back to normal. The figure standing in front of us raised his arms and the static stopped. He set his eyes on me and my dad and he smiled and I think he started to tear up. I think he was crying. He was happy to see me and my dad again, his son and his grandchild. I snapped back to reality and I started to talk to him.

(continuation at the back)

Spirit Rocket (continued):

I asked him how and why was he here and was he alive or was this a ghost? And was I really in a spaceship floating high above Earth, and finally I asked, "Is this a dream?" Then he said, "No. This is not a dream." Then I was hit with the realization that this guy was my grandfather. My dad also finally snapped back to reality. He said, "Dad!"

My grandfather (you can call him Poppy) told us everything about what happened and how he ended up here. He said, "When I died, I woke up in a cloud and in front of me was a yellow portal and since I like to try things, even if they lead to death, I just jumped in without thinking. I landed at the entrance to a staircase and there were a bunch of people standing in front of me in a line, so I had to wait years to finally make my way up the steps and meet what I thought was God. But it was just a guard angel. Still, I realized I was in heaven and a wave of emotions came over me just like the emotions that you felt.

After a long explanation (no offense to Poppy) we asked him a few unimportant questions and then he told me that we could visit him any time. We just had to call for him on the balcony of our house. And then just as we were about to say bye, we woke up on the floor of our house, me and my dad just lying there. My mom was on the phone with a doctor it seemed. And then she hung up on him. When she saw us, she literally burst into tears. She said she thought we were dead. Dad said, "Was that all a dream?" I said, "Probably. Too good to be true." I started crying and hugged Mom and said, "I miss Poppy. I want him back!" After that, Mom put me to bed, but at night I heard static again and I smiled.



SHYLIE, 13

California
Athena Academy

I would like to thank my
teachers



I AM A FLOWER

I am a flower
peaceful and kind
respectful and true
open in mind

Each one of my petals is
is special and unique
all together they make me, me

Which flower would I be though?
a tulip or lily
Perhaps a rose or maybe a pansy

Whoever I am now or who I may be
I am simply happy since I get to be free
I am free to paint, to play, to perfect
I am free to craft, to cook, to cry

Although at times I am a wildflower
I am also lazy like a lotus,
resilient like a rosemary,
as sweet as a suckle



But at the end of the day, I may not know who I am yet and that's Okay

KARINA EIDE YOUNG WRITERS



KINSEY, 14

Florida
The Christ School

I would like to thank Tracy Sheldon who encouraged me and suggested that I submit this poem and my parents who helped and supported me through my journey.

"Everyone"

Everyone can read
But I can't read
Or write
Or spell

Everyone can read
I almost can
And write
And spell

Everyone can read
I can read
And sometimes write
But can't spell

Everyone can read
And write
And spell
And I can too

Everyone can read
And write
And spell
And so can I
But I am the only one who likes to



SOPHIA, 14

Florida
Bishop Moore
Catholic High School

I would like to thank
Mom, Dad & Mrs. D

Tired of Hopeless

I'm tired,
I'm tired, That's the truth
I'm tired of pretending that I care,
Pretending that I care about things I don't care about,
Things I couldn't care less about!
I'm tired of pretending, Pretending that I care, Care about
straight A's, A's don't give me hope, Hope to see change.
I'm tired because I keep pretending, Pretending that I
have hope,
Hope that comes from the things I pretend to care about,
About the things that mean nothing,
Nothing, at least, to me.
I'm tired of the same old thing, Things that need to
change,
Change because they they make us tired,
Tired because pretending to care is more work then we
should have to do, Do because we are after hope that
pretending can't hope to give.

We pretend because they tell us to care about things that
we don't care about.

We hope that if we do get the thing we don't care about
we won't be tired anymore, The people who have them
aren't tired, Right?

We hope that if we pretend to care long enough we'll
care enough to not have to pretend.

Well... I'm done.

(continuation at the back)

I'm done with the same old thing, I'm done with being tired.

I'm done with pretending,

But I'm not done with hope, I'm ready for hope,

I'm ready for change, I'm dying for change.

I would too,

I would die for change,

I would die for change if it meant no one else would lose hope under the weight of pretending, Pretending to have hope in someday being hopeless.

Hopeless,

Hopeless is the worst thing that could feel, Feel like there is nothing we can do but watch,

Watch ourselves, each other, fade back into stagnant silence, Silence designed to keep us hopeless.

We have to hope,

We have to hope for change,

We have to hope so we can change,

We have to hope so we can rip through the hopeless silence, Deafening, Hopeless, Silence.

We have to hope to live in a more hopeful world, A world that hopes for Peace,

A world that hopes for Justice, A world that hopes for Love.

When the sound of hope drowns out to silence of pretending everything is fine, That is the moment we can finally rise.

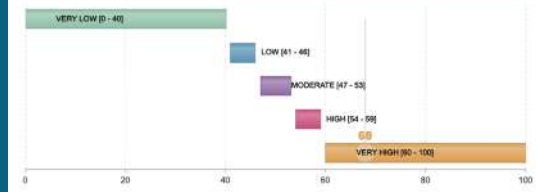
So...

I refuse to be tired.

I refuse to pretend.

I refuse to be stagnant.

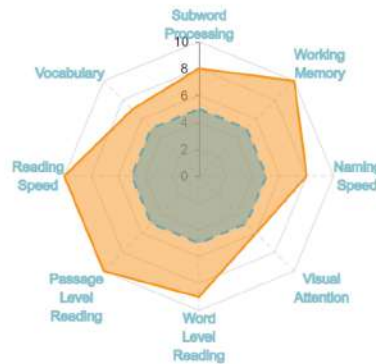
I refuse to be silent.



NeuroLearning

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

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



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Measures the speed which you read sentences and paragraphs.



Vocabulary: 7

Scores 7 and higher can increase reading problems.

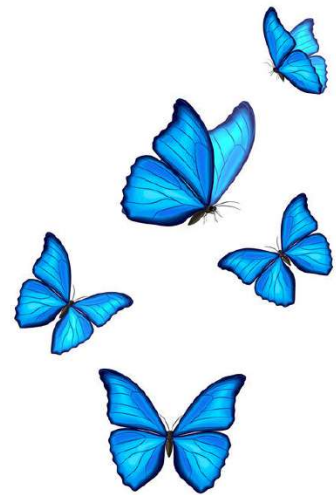
NEUROLEARNING DYSLEXIA COMING SOON!

CONGRATULATIONS!!

UNIQUE VOICE

Unique Voice Award winners had at least one judge nominate their work for the highest ranking.

Sawyer, 8, The Big Golden Donut
Nicholas, 8, The poor who needs help
Addie, 9, Froggy and Simba Adventures
Julia, 10, The New Horse
Colton, 10, The Infection and the Iron Giant
Charles, 12, Alien Encounter
Cora, 12, Row of Swings
Patrick, 12, The War that Ended Nothing
Alexis, 13, Dear Clouds
Azure, 13, The Camp of Champions
Wyatt, 13, The Race Goes On
Harry, 14, The Rhode Island Monster Slayer
Austin, 17, Time Will Tell

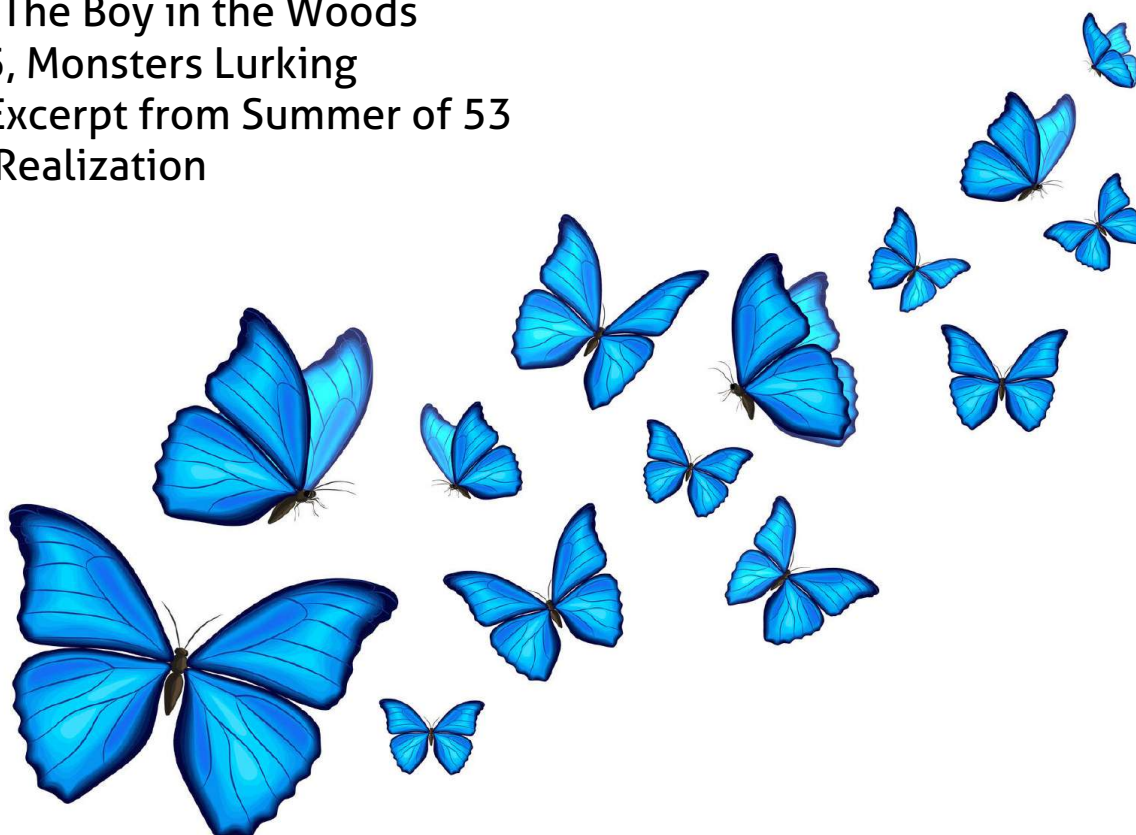


EMOTIONAL TRUTH

Emily, 13, Darkness
Paulina, 17, I Promise

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Kinsley, 7, Hamsters
Eydie, 10, If the Earth could talk
Clara, 11, Two Cats Find a Home
Eitan, 11, Eitan's Piano
Alice, 12, Rehoboth Beach
Elliott, 12, The Adventures of Steve and Friends
Ian, 12, Zombie Apocalypse
Isabella 12, Lily and the Ladybug
Alexis, 13, Dear Clouds
Vera, 13, Snow
Mark, 14, The Boy in the Woods
Porter, 15, Monsters Lurking
Will, 16, Excerpt from Summer of 53
Rilei, 17, Realization

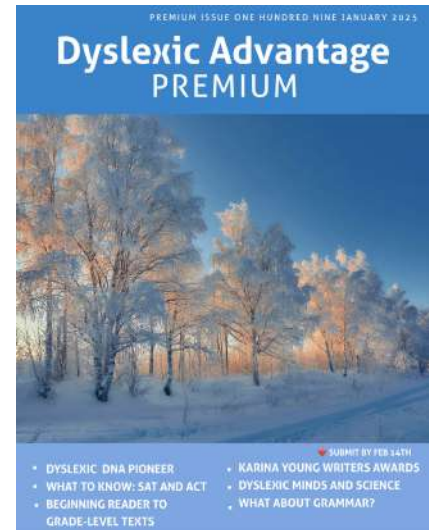


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- What to Know About SAT and ACT – College Tests
- Dyslexic Minds and Science
- What About Grammar?
- Beginning Reader to Grade-Level Texts



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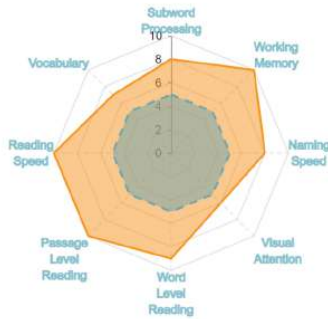
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Neurolearning Dyslexia Coming Soon!

Extensive Video Library, Courses, Live Meet Ups



"Writers are archaeologists of their own souls. We dig until we hit bottom, only to find there is another bottom underneath, and another after that."

Philip Schultz, My Dyslexia