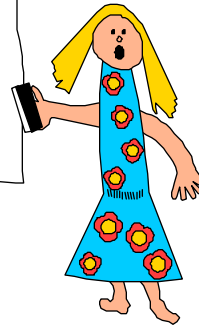


Kids' Newsletter

for, by, and about
kids with learning
disabilities

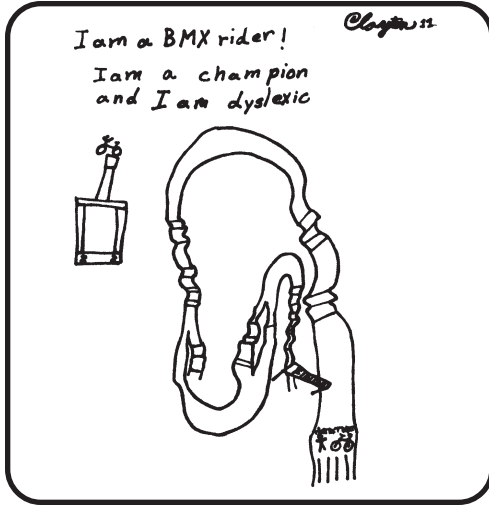


Vol. 2, Issue 2
Fall 1999
Inland Empire Branch,
International
Dyslexia Assoc.



In our own words . . .

Editor's note: The dyslexic student can write with great creativity when he or she is not hindered by concern for correct spelling. We hope you enjoy these inventive samplings of dyslexic writings.



My Gift

By Michelle, Age 16

I am dyslexic and dysgraphic, I have a difficult time reading and writing. My mother and dad always taught me that I am special, and that everyone has a gift. My gift is drawing. I have always loved to draw pictures and I can say in a picture what I can't write in words. When I start feeling sorry for myself because I am a slow reader, I think about my gift. I love being able to see the world differently, and I feel its because I am dyslexic. Would I trade who I am? NO WAY! It took me a longtime to feel this way, and I thank my parents for their understanding. If I could have one wish it would be that dyslexic kids would be recognized and encouraged for what they do well and understood when some things like reading and writing are hard.

Personal Statement

By Jennifer Simmons

I was diagnosed as a true dyslexic while in the third grade. I am dysphonetic, which means I have difficulty with sound/symbol correspondence. This is partially due to a severe auditory conceptualization deficit and affects my ability to process and analyze auditory information. Because of this, my reading and spelling, are strongly affected. Also, I am dysnomic and have a word retrieval problem. I have difficulty with expressive language, especially as it affects my ability to organize written or verbal responses. The fact that I am dysgraphic as well, which causes great difficulty with the motor component of writing, makes any written assignment especially tedious. In spite of this, I have been able to maintain straight As throughout my academic career and I was valedictorian of my graduating class. I have been able to maintain my scholastic average because of my willingness to spend the many extra hours necessary in order for me to compensate for my learning difficulties. I do not use these hurdles as excuses for failure, rather, I use them as a challenge to succeed. Whenever possible, I try to use my experiences in overcoming my learning disabilities as an example to others who share these difficulties. Using dyslexia as the theme in my writing or oral class assignment, as frequently as I can, has allowed me to hopefully inspire students to use their strengths to compensate for their weaknesses. It is my goal, to show by example, that a disability does not mean an inability and to inspire others with my successes.

Congratulations to our kids!!

Our first issue of Kids' Newsletter received an award of recognition from the International Dyslexia Association!

In our own words . . .

By William, age 13

I remember the day I found out I was dyslexic. My mother took me to a doctor who tested me and said I was dyslexic. My mom cried all the way to my next appointment. I was going to my tutor who helped me with reading and math. She was a real nice lady and she knew something was wrong because I could hardly talk to her. She asked me what was wrong and I told her there was something wrong with me, I think my mother said I have dyslexia. My tutor told me that dyslexia is a learning disability that makes it hard to learn to read. She showed me a calendar that was all about dyslexic people. She said a lot of famous people have dyslexia Tom Cruise, Cher and Nelson Rockefeller a vice president of the United States. It really made me feel better. I asked her to talk to my mother and when my mom saw the calendar it made her feel better. After learning about all the famous people with dyslexia I figure I can do okay. Maybe someday I might be famous who knows. Even if I am not famous I know I'll be okay.

Good Books for Children with Dyslexia

Blue, Rose—*Einstein and Me: Breaking Through the Reading Barrier*(A)

Hamm, Ray—*What's This Thing Called Dyslexia?*(R)

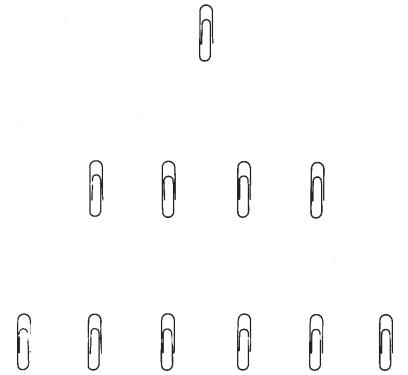
Janover, Caroline—*Josh: a Boy with Dyslexia* (A)(R)

Levine, Melvin D.—*All Kinds of Minds*(for elementary ages) (R)

Levine, Melvin D.—*Keeping A Head in School* (for teenagers) (R)

Note: (A) amazon.com. (R) retctpress.com

This classic Chinese game is played between two people. Place paper clips as shown. Each player in turn removes as many paper clips as he likes from any one horizontal row. The player who is forced to pick up the last paper clip loses.



They say that I have something called dyslexia. I don't know what it is.



Dyslexia means a problem with words. *Dys* = poor or difficult; *lexia* = reading or words. Therefore, dyslexia means a problem learning how to read.

Cheer up and put a smile on your face!

You are not dumb because of your dyslexia.

Sure, there are some people who know things that you do not know; however, you know some things other people do not know. So, there!

From *What's This Thing Called Dyslexia* by Ray Hamm, M.Ed.

The responses to these questions have come from Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors at Yucaipa High School Special Day and Resource Specialist classes.

1 My girlfriend is always mad at me because I am late for our dates. I am ADD and it is hard for me to keep track of time. What can I do?

Michelle: "Write it down on your calendar."

Chuck: "I say, if she is so worried about how late you are then buy a pager and have her page you 10 minutes before the date."

Chrystal: "Get a watch and set the alarm."

David: "Just make sure you look at your watch to keep track of time."

2 My dad helps me with my homework. He likes to sit at the kitchen table and gets very bossy and noisy when helping me. Any suggestions?

Michelle: "Maybe you can get a tutor."

Chuck: "When you are done with your homework you should talk to your dad about him getting too bossy and noisy."

Chrystal: "Get someone else to help you who understands."

David: "Tell your dad not to be so bossy. Tell him to keep calm and not to be so noisy."

3 How come I can sound out single words but can't remember it when I see them again in a story?

Michelle: "That is how some people's brains work."

Chuck: "If you have this problem this means you have a small disability (learning disability) and that is okay but you have got to read a lot!"

Chrystal: "Because you learn differently."

David: "You will probably forget because you do not remember the word but you can sound it out again."

4 My dad says I am not very motivated in school (he really calls me "lazy"). He says that all I have to do is to try harder. How do I get him to understand that I am doing the best that I can?

Michelle: "Prove to him in your homework and on your tests."

Chuck: "I would have my dad talk to my teacher and find out that I am doing my best."

Chrystal: "Don't worry about what people think. As long as you know that you are doing your best it shouldn't matter."

David: "Just tell your dad that you don't understand and you can't do the work that well."



5 I just started working at my first job. I have a hard time remembering all of the things that I have to do. My boss doesn't know that I am dyslexic. Should I tell him? I am afraid that he'll fire me.

Michelle: "If he should know, you should tell him."

Chuck: "Well, legally he can't fire you so, yes, you should tell him so he knows to help you rather than fire you."

Chrystal: "Take notes and ask questions about your job. Don't tell him if you feel uncomfortable with it."

David: "The best thing to do is to try to come outside with him and tell him."

The Legend of The Genie

Once upon a time, there was a lamp. Along came a boy who rubbed the lamp. Then a genie came out with no clothes on. The boy didn't know what to do. The genie told the boy to wish for some clothes. The genie got his clothes, and he was happy. They were friends forever.

By Brian H.
3-15-99



Land Of No Night

By Becky T.

I turned my key. A door opened. I walked into a new world. It was day all the time . . .

I walked into a place that looked like my house. I saw a woman that looked like my mom. She said this to me, "Danny, please clean up your room and then we can go to Disneyland."

So I did what she told me to do. We went to

Disneyland. We where there in less than a minute. We were there all day!

I thought that I wouldn't like Land Of No Night, but I did. I never went back to the other world, because I liked it there. It was fun, and no school!

The best thing about Land Of No Night was I got to be a kid forever. I was the most popular kid in Land of No Night. I liked being the most popular kid.

I liked the Land of No Night.

Sisters Vicky, age 10
and Marcie, age 15

Orange and black
Pumpkins and masks
Halloweens come at last

Costumes and candy
Hurry get ready
Halloweens come at last

House to house door to
door
Trick or treat go for more
Halloweens come at last

Go back home count your
candy
Sweet treats then sweet
dreams
Halloweens gone I had a
blast

Spike and the Three Brothers

By Chris P.

Once upon a time, there was a lizard named Spike. Spike went to college and got a degree to be a lawyer. Spike's three brothers worked at a lizard food store. The three greedy brothers asked Spike to borrow money. Spike gave them \$100,000 each. But the three brothers wanted more so they broke into the bank and stole all his money. The investigator who was working on the bank robbery was Lola the Lizard. Lola went to Spike's house and questioned him about the bank robbery. Spike told Lola that he thought his three brothers stole the money. Lola spied on the three brothers and saw that they stole the money and arrested them. So Lola and Spike got married and had fifty kids and lived happily ever after.

The End of the World

By Bobby Putnam

Chapter 1—It Begins

One day Dr. Psycho got bored with his job so he quit. Suddenly a nuclear bomb exploded while he was fixing his car. Nobody in the city survived except Dr. Psycho and his one eyed, pet duck, Iгоре. Surviving the bomb demented Dr. Psycho's mind and he decided to take over the world.

Chapter 2—The Place

Dr. Psycho and Iгоре built their underground headquarters on the North Pole. They kicked out Santa And his Elves and began implementing their plan to take over the world.

Chapter 3—The Intelligent Mallard

Dr. Psycho started noticing that Iгоре was getting smarter by the moment. Perhaps this phenomenon was from the effects of the bomb. Once he caught Iгоре reading the Wall Street Journal. Another time his pet was building a computer while reading Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Finally Dr. Psycho asked, "Iгоре, are you intelligent?"

"Finally you figured it out, old chap!", replied Iгоре.

"Iгоре, why didn't you tell me?", asked Dr. Psycho.

"First of all my name is not Iгоре. It is Alpha Male. Secondly, we need a plan."

Chapter 4—The Plan

The plan is to make a toy called a Ferbie. This toy would have a

computer chip inside its body. When Alpha Male pushes the button, the Ferbies

will go online and crush the world's economy. But first, there must be a plan to get a Ferbie into every household. In order to carry out this plan, Dr. Psycho must dress up as Santa and go around dropping down every chimney.

Chapter 5—Operation Ferbie

Everything seemed to be going as planned until, suddenly, a big chopper came from behind. It was Dr. Cranium, Dr. Psycho's old arch nemesis. It was Dr. Cranium's life long dream to become Santa Claus so he began firing scud missiles at the now demented, Dr. Psycho. Dr. Psycho knew he was a goner. Then all of a sudden some aliens abducted Dr. Cranium and took him to Mars.

Chapter 6—The End of the World

Dr. Psycho's mission was a success. On January 2, 2005, the Ferbies took over the earth. Two years later Alpha Male overthrew Dr. Psycho, who was reduced to living out his life in a junk yard. Alpha Male was later shot during duck season. As for Dr. Cranium, he became the Santa Claus of Mars and lived happily ever after.

Poem by Chuck S., Sophomore

*When I hear water running
I think of fishing in a stream.
But then, I can only dream . . .
Dream only of a rain storm,
Dream only of a running faucet
Dream only of a flushing toilet
Dream only of a running spring
Only I can dream of a river rafting
Only I can dream . . .*



Dyslexia

By Misty-Dawn

*Dyslexia hurts
Confusing to many minds
But builds character*

Mister Crow

By JoLyn, Junior

*Hi! Mister Crow,
With wings as black as
coal.
Is it true that you are an
evil bird
Or are you just misunder-
stood?
Just by the way you fly,
You must think you are
hot stuff,
With your head so high
and wing's span so wide.
Perhaps it is because you
know that you are free.
But is your spirit free?*

Into the Future

By Michael

Larry and Professor Carson pushed the red button and went into the future. When they were in the future they saw people in hover cars and kids on hover boards.

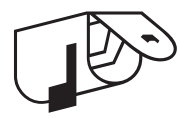
Larry said to his father, "I'm

getting hungry." So he looked around and found a burger place. When Larry went in the burger place he saw himself all grown up. So when he saw himself he said, "I'm not hungry anymore. Let's go home." They lived happily ever after.



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A Non-Profit Scientific and Educational Organization for the
Study and Treatment of Children
with Specific Language Disability (Dyslexia)



Calling All Kids!

We will publish a new *newsletter* for and about students who learn differently. Join us!

We are seeking original contributions:

- art work (no larger than 8½x11", black and white)
- photographs of sculptures or models
- poems
- essays about your feelings about having a learning difference
- essays about how you cope with your learning struggles—what works, what is frustrating, what or who has helped you
- anything else about learning differently

Want to be involved? Send your entry to:

Inland Empire Branch, IDA
P.O. Box 6701
San Bernardino, CA 92412.

Let us hear from you! We welcome your comments and suggestions.



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