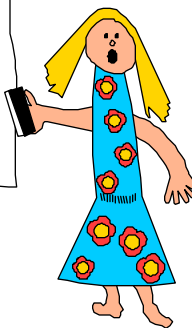


# Kids' Newsletter

for, by, and about  
kids with learning  
disabilities



Vol. 1, Issue 1  
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Inland Empire Branch,  
International  
Dyslexia Assoc.



## In our own words . . .

### Bill, age 18

I never liked to read and hated spelling. My neighbor worked with kids who had learning problems. She told my mom that she thought I might be dyslexic and helped me learn my spelling words by jumping on a trampoline. On the first spelling test I ever passed I tapped out the words on the disk. I got 85%. I almost jumped out of my chair, I was so happy. Even today when I spell I still need to tap out some words. I was tested a year later and told I was dyslexic.

### Life of a Eli

I hate my life because it is unfar and no fun being how I am. I hat my life because I can not right ore spell ore math ore stody. And eseshaly [especially] the warst is that I get hert all the time and In [I'm] not good at any spart. I amly [only] have three friends but they might be ysing [using] me to amd hate me. I cant do emy thinyng [anything] weth out losine a freind ore herting my self. Id rather be a dog ar a dalfen [dolphin]. Id be loved more amd have more frend. Id be happy.

That is what I wont my life amd I shaud never have bem barn. [That is what I want my life to be and I should never have been born.]

*Editor's Note:* This sad essay was written by Eli during a down period in sixth grade when he was quite frustrated with his learning disability and having to work so hard in school. With help and support he successfully finished sixth grade and was on the honor roll for most of junior high. He no longer wishes he could be a dog or a dolphin and reports he is quite happy being Eli. As a college student, he recently transferred from Cal State University Long Beach to DeVry because of his love of and competency in the computer field, and currently works in quality control at ActaVision trying out new video games.

When talking about his own dyslexia, he states, "I know that for everything I can do well, there is something I am not good at. I know where things are but I have trouble with my left and right. I can think of really good stories but if I don't write them down immediately I will forget. Other things that I'm good at are fixing things, computers, sports, games and having fun. Some things I'm not good at are spelling, memorizing, writing, and, foreign languages."

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.



### INLAND EMPIRE BRANCH

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# In our own words . . .

## Sydne: A Personal Statement

Teachers would get irritated with me because I was having so much difficulty understanding and learning. Kids and even my own sisters would make fun of me because I was so far behind them in learning. They would call me names like "retard" and "stupid." Growing up with dyslexia as a young child was very difficult. These events caused me to be determined at a young age to overcome this disability.

My parents sent me to a learning disability specialist where I was diagnosed with comprehension dyslexia. Both of my parents supported me through the tough times I was having. They made me feel like I was no different than anyone else because of this. I now look back and admire my parents for the way they dealt with this problem and how they never let it discourage me.

Living with this disability has been hard and rough. One of the ways I escaped it was playing soccer. At first I was playing soccer for recreational value but it soon became very competitive for me. I was always challenging myself to be the best and do better than everyone else. I then joined a competitive club team where there were also other people who wanted to challenge themselves and caused me to be the best I could be. My biggest accomplishments from soccer have been the feeling of pride I feel and the way it has taught me to excel to the best of my ability.

Soccer has taught me values, such as determination and perseverance that I use in everyday life and in school. Even with my learning disability I have challenged myself in school. Throughout school I have taken honors and advanced classes. These classes have led me to be on the honor roll and a scholar athlete at my school for three consecutive years. I also have an overall GPA of 3.62 and rank in top fifteen percent at my high school. This year I have found myself taking AP Biology. This class will be the most challenging class I have taken throughout my high school career.

I would now like to take everything I have learned in school and life so far and go to college. I would like to be enrolled at the University of Southern California, where both of my older sisters have graduated from. I plan to pursue a major in business management. I feel that USC would be the best place for me as it has been for my siblings. I would like to carry on the Trojan pride my family has gained and excel to the best of my ability on Trojan territory and have a life time commitment to excellence.

## Tammy, age 15

I used to hate school, but I hated homework more. My mom always helped me with my homework. As hard as I tried I didn't always understand some things and my mom would get upset with me and we would get into arguments. Dad would get upset and say I was just lazy. I would fight with my mom to get out of doing my homework. I would go to bed hoping I would be sick so I wouldn't have to go to school the next day. When I was 10, my teacher told my parents that she thought I might be dyslexic. I was tested and it was true. I had never seen my dad cry but he did when the lady that tested me told him how hard it was for me to learn. He helps me with my homework now and always tells me how proud he is of me. He's my dad but also my friend.

## Calling All Kids!

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

Join us!



We are seeking original contributions:

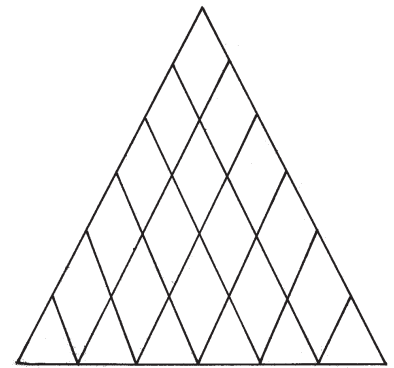
## Jeff

Learning to read was hard for me. What they did at school didn't teach me to read.

Now that I'm in the Scottish Rite Reading Program, I'm learning to read a lot better. I met new people and they're nice. I read more things than I used to. What I learned in the Reading Program helps me in school. The program works!

### Diamond Dazzler

First count all the diamond shapes in this design. Then count all the triangles.



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

**1** My mother said that I am dyslexic. What does that mean?

**Michelle:** "You have a problem learning letters and words."

**Chuck:** "When your mom says you are dyslexic this means that you have a hard time remembering what things (words) sound like and what they mean."

**2** I hate to write. It is hard for me to remember how to make the letters and my hand gets very tired. Any ideas for me?

**Michelle:** "Practice and get into an RSP class. They help a lot."

**Chuck:** "If you have a problem writing you could hang an alphabet chart on your bedroom door and study the alphabet."

**Chrystal:** "Get a tape recorder and tape yourself."

**3** I can't remember spelling words for my tests. I study and study but nothing helps. What can I do?

**Michelle:** "Make a spelling game out of your words."

**Chuck:** "If you have a problem with your spelling you should write the you

**4** My teacher talks faster than I can understand. It makes me very anxious because I can't remember the important things she says, especially for the tests. What can I do?

**Michelle:** "Have your friend take notes for you. It works."

**Chrystal:** "Get a tape recorder."

**David:** "You should tell your teacher that you can't understand what she is saying and tell her to talk slower."

**5** I get really confused when I work on math problems. I can't remember the steps I need to take to get to the right answer. What should I do?

**Chuck:** "If you get stuck on math I would say to get some help from the teacher."

**Chrystal:** "Take notes and use a calculator."

**David:** "If you can't remember ask someone for help."



**6** I am in RSP at school. The kids in my regular class call me "stupid" and "dummy." Sometimes when I'm struggling to read something easy I start to think that I really am stupid. Is it true?

**Michelle:** "God doesn't make junk. God puts everyone on the earth for a purpose. God loves you no matter what."

**Chuck:** "No one is stupid. It just means that you have to show the other kids."

**Chrystal:** "No. It's not true. You just have a harder time learning stuff than others. Don't worry about other's remarks."

**David:** "You're not stupid or a dummy. It's not your fault, so it is not true."

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.

Sonny, age 9

If my eraser came to life, I would have it erase all my wrong answers. Then I would have it erase everybody else's right answers, except mine. School would be great! I would get 100% on math homework.

## Zed's Adventure

by Mark, Age 13

Zed was an alien from the planet Omicron. Zed wanted to know about earth science so he sneaked into the laboratory at West State University Science Center. As he entered the room, he stepped on a centipede and fell on his umdorf. He pulled himself up to his full length, but in the process, he knocked over a graduated cylinder filled with a liquid to the 50 milliliter mark. He opened the refrigerator door looking for something freezing to place on his sore umdorf.

Zed then went over to the table where the triple beam balance was sitting. He placed the solid frozen object on the scale in order to find the mass. Then wanting to find the mass of his umdorf, he placed several decigram weights on the scale. He then look at his frozen object, only to find it was not melting, but evaporating. Zed had grabbed dry ice and was experiencing sublimation. Zed had not seen this chemical property before.

Zed heard a noise in the hall. Zed screamed, "Who's there?" as he picked up a meter stick in the lab to defend himself. Zed looked through the transom to see the teaching assistant who stood nearly 2 meters tall and appeared to weigh over 100 kilograms. The teaching assistant was surprised when he entered the rear lab door and saw Zed standing a dekameter away. "May I help you?"

Zed replied, "I would like to find the volume of my umdorf."

The lab assistant replied, "We'll need a container filled with water." He pointed out that the top of the water is called the meniscus. "We'll find the volume using the displacement method. Where's your umdorf?"

Zed replied, "It's right here by the dry ice." They could see the carbon dioxide gas flowing off the dry ice. There was condensation on Zed's umdorf because there was no interface to protect it from the cold. The physical property of the color of the umdorf had changed to a deep purple color by now.

After pouring several liters of water into the container to the line, Zed's umdorf was placed into the container. The water displaced was .25 hectoliters. Zed thanked the lab assistant and was about to leave when he asked him if he could ask another question. "What is this thing you call an umdorf?"

Zed replied, "You have taught me that it is matter, so it does not matter. Umdorfs, don't leave Omicron without it."



## Sondra

Yucaipa High School  
Sophomore

*The wind is cool  
The sun is dim  
The evening moon  
Is strolling in.*

*The days are long  
But time goes fast  
I really wish  
These days could last.*

*I hope you know  
You mean a lot  
And I'll miss you more  
Than I even thought.*

*And if my friend  
You don't know yet  
There is a little something  
Please don't forget.*

*I'll always love you  
With all my heart.*

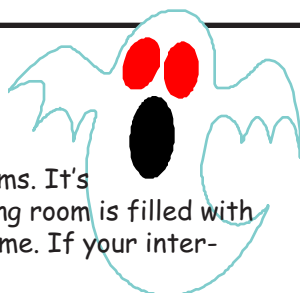
*I pray to God  
We will not part.*

*Please keep him safe for me.*

## Haunted House For Sale

by Judy, age 11

I have a haunted house. It is weary, and it has 13 rooms. It's spooky, and it's filled with ghost and spiders. The living room is filled with deadly snakes. The bathroom is filled with slime. If your interested, call 1-(800)-GHOSTBUMPS



Rebecca, age 9

The bravest thing that I ever did was at Clarecherry School. I did the talent show. I was very nervous.

If you give a lion  
beef sandwich . . .



by Rachel, age 11

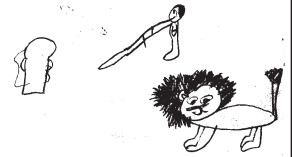
If you give a lion a beef  
sandwich he'll want some  
lettas and tomato to go  
with it.



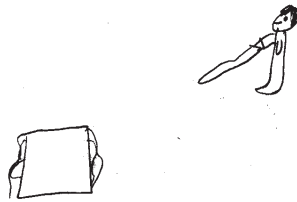
Then he'll want some  
crambarry Juse to go  
with it.



Then he'll want his  
crust cut off.



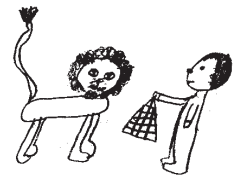
Then he'll ask if you  
could mack his sandwich  
even.



Then he'll eat it.



Then he'll want a  
nabcin to wipe off  
his fase.



Then he'll want to play army.  
When you hide behind the couch.



but ferst he'll wan't to  
shave his hed.



wen he look into the  
meror it will make him  
remember that he's  
therste.



Then he'll want a  
rosot beef sandwich.



## Imagination

by Jennifer, age 17

It's there but it's not  
Running, running, running,  
Through your mind  
Ideas of castles, witches,  
Unicorns, dragons and  
foreign lands  
Someone grabs your hand  
Dragging you through the  
forest

Where the unicorn frolic,  
There's cluster of hoofs,  
And a hot blazing breath  
Dragons fight knights  
Witches on there flight  
Fading, Fading, Fading,  
Out of your mind  
Was it real or not  
Who knows,  
Just let your Imagination go

## Hello Tree

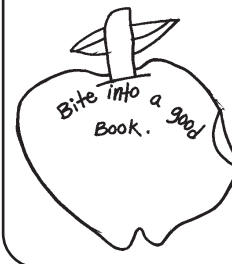
JoLyn, Junior, Yucaipa High School

Hello tree,  
So tall and green.  
Why do you cry?  
Is it because we are cutting your neighbors  
down,  
And you know you are next?  
Perhaps you cry because you are a weeping  
willow?  
Hello tree  
So tall and green.



by Jolene, age 9

by Kayla, age 7



## Justin's Pacific Waves

Justin B.  
Shattering  
water,  
A misty spray  
Upon the  
ocean  
shores  
Came great  
waves.

Water onto  
the rocky  
shores.  
It sounds like  
wind chimes  
On a windy  
day.