

Its Dyslexia Mate Dont Worry 'Baut It

This ^{is} ^{me}
Evry time I spell a word I spell it didnt

Everi I try to read words around
the move
like on ocean
waves the

Evre time I go out I just want to be
treat right but Im treat like a three
year old just learning to read.

Every time I walk through school people say

"Stop attention seeking."
"Your a preek."
"Get away!"

Evrey time I try to make new friends
they look at me like I'm a peice of old
chewing

gum

stuck

to

the

bottom

of

their

shoe

Evary time reading in I given

were

about

class

get

a

blue

of

and

weird

peice

plastic

get

told

put

on

page

BOOM!

to

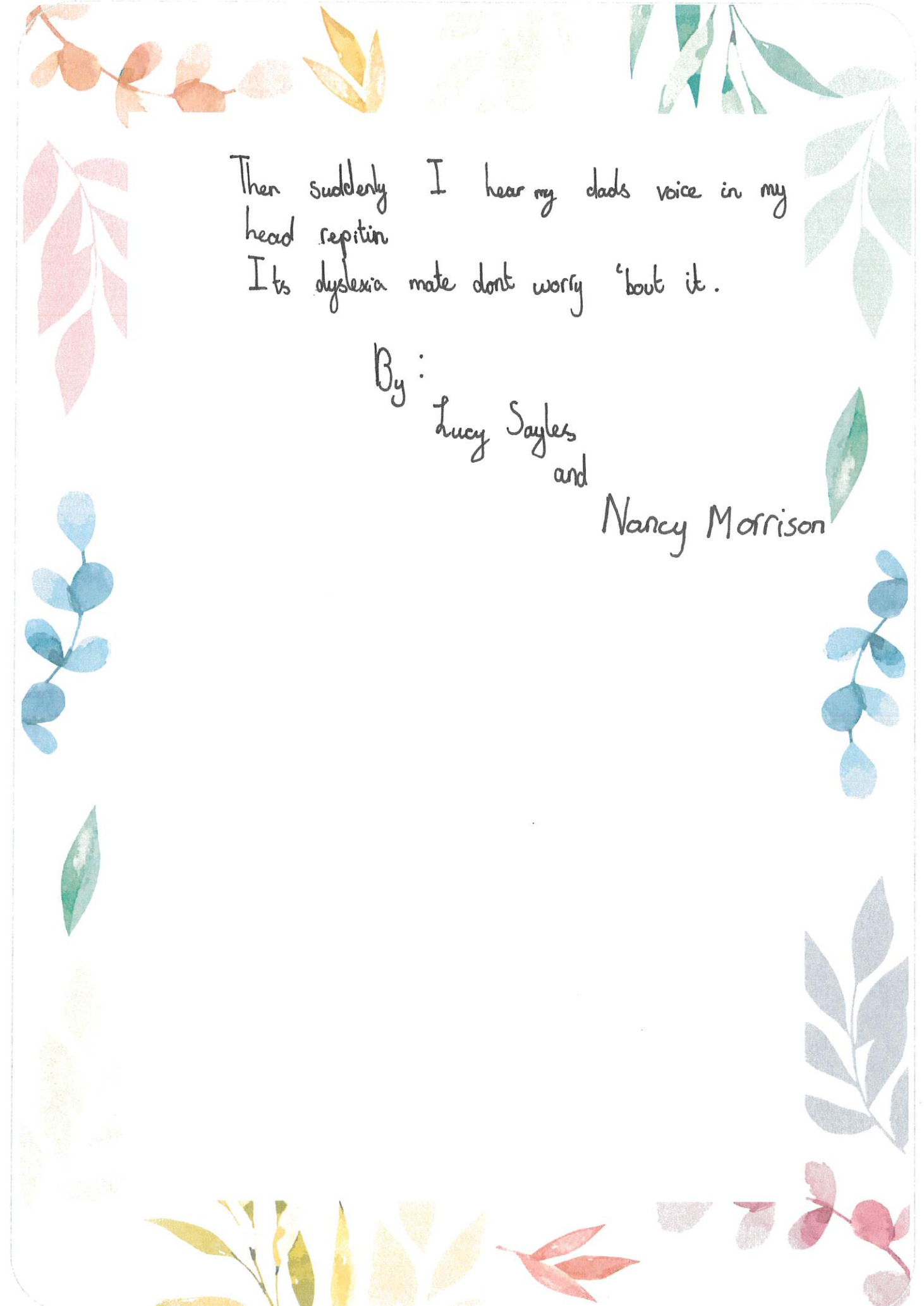
it

my

and

its straight

But put I word infront of the other brother cuz
what ya gonna do.



Then suddenly I hear my dads voice in my
head repitin
Its dyslexia mate dont worry 'bout it.

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