



# DYSLEXIC

Thirteen-year olds Zachary Fischer and Simon are dyslexic teenagers with a big passion of art. Unfortunately, their school art club is closed because of lacking funds. They have to earn 10,000 dollars to save the art club. How will they save their school art club? How will they earn the money? Find out in Dyslexic.



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## Dyslexia

I was doodling on the back of what was supposed to be my spelling test, and I have to say I did a pretty good job on the art. There was a sorcerer chanting vocabulary words on the top, and I'm at the bottom casting a forcefield to protect myself from the words. I looked up and found the evil sorcerer staring back at me with her black beady eyes.

Ms.Wilson pressed her lips together and yelled, "Zachary Benjamin Fischer! You are supposed to be working on your spelling test young man!" She picked up my paper and all the heads in the classroom cranked towards me. "What is this?! You haven't written one letter!" She was right about that part, I haven't written a single letter, but it wouldn't have mattered anyways. I would've gotten the same grade either way because I'm not exactly a star student.

Mrs.Wilson picked up my paper and shoved it into her desk. Another zero in the gradebook isn't such a big deal. All my teachers in Thomas Jefferson Middle School are like this, I don't do something, they give me a zero, and sometimes they might even throw in a detention. Today I had to walk home with a extra load of homework. In the distance I saw a blur

of white and blue running towards me. I quickly started to run away. Next thing you know, I found myself on the concrete pushing off Simon in his white shirt and dark blue sweats.

Simon is a special guy. He is always there for you, but he isn't exactly the brightest. He is in a special category like me... We have Dyslexia.

### Art

The next day, me and Simon were headed to art club after school. We opened the door and the art teacher, Ms. Wright, was moving boxes filled with brushes, canvases, pastels, and acrylics onto the side of the room.

"Ms.Wright, why are you moving all these boxes?" Simon asked.

She looked at us with a dispirited face and replied, " Well you see, the school is running out of money, and to save money we had to cut extracurricular activities like art. In other words, there will be no more art class." This statement hit Simon and I like as in the chest. Art was our favorite class and it was really sad to see it going away.

"Is it possible to stop that?" I asked.

"Not unless y'all raise ten thousand dollars.", proclaimed Ms.Wright

"Ten thousand dollars?!?," We cried.

"Yeah you heard me ten thousand dollars with four zeroes"

For the rest of the afternoon Simon and I spent day at his dad's art studio. We were heartbroken about this incident.

### Raising the money

**Today** It's finally the weekend and I planned to impress dad with a breakfast in bed to help me raise the money.

"Hmmmmm... looks like someone is being a good son, what's the big deal?", said dad

"Umm... I just need some mon-money.", I said

"Money, how much?" , he asked

"Only ten thousand dollars." I spilled the beans

Dad spit out the coffee and yelled "Ten thousand dollars?!"

"Ten thousand dollars for what", dad exclaimed.

"For our school art club", I said.

"Listen Zach we can't afford to pay for your school art club we're already trying hard to save up for a new car." I quickly ran upstairs and laid on my bed sobbing. It looked like there wasn't much we could do.

The next day, after 24 hours,1440 minutes, 86,400 seconds, I went to Simon and we kept on brainstorming. We came up with car washing and dog walking. Car washing was great until the point where we spilled grape juice on the front seat of someone's van, and it turned out that Simon was allergic to dogs. Despite all these efforts we still didn't raise enough money.

"Why can't we just paint something, this is never going to work"

"What did you just say"? I asked

"This is never going to work" he said.

"No before that", I responded

"Why can't we just paint something" he then said

"Eureka! We can paint paintings and then sell them!"

“Oh yeah” Simon exclaimed. I quickly started getting our utensils together and then I got a couple of posters and canvases. I decided I was going to paint a boat in the water at dawn. I started painting the sky with some phthalo blue, Titanium white for the clouds, and some cadmium yellow light for the sunshine. With all the paint and paintbrushes spread around us, I got to work painting a boat in the early morning waters while Simon was doing a charcoal drawing of an eagle. We did a few more drawing just for fun, but we thought that the first two could sell for a lot since we put in a lot of effort. We went in front of the Creekwood mall to sell the paintings because it’s probably the most popular mall in town. I started to get excited because I saw a lot of people looking at our paintings. Unfortunately when they looked at the price they lost interest and left. I once saw Simon’s dad’s paintings, and they looked amazing, yet in one of his paintings I couldn’t make out one shape! Compared to his, our paintings are 10 times better. Since they are ten times better, the price goes ten times higher too right? After two hours of begging people to buy our work, we decided that there was no hope for art club. At this point, I pretty much gave up. We went back to the studio and threw our work face down. I was furious by the fact no one came to buy our paintings.

The next day, I went back to the studio to pick up our paintings just to try one more time to sell them, but I saw our principal, Mrs.Cavuto, buying them from Simon’s dad, and not just for any price! She was actually going to buy them for the price that we listed! With this money we can save the art club! I then thought where principal Cavuto got all this money from since she could’ve saved the art club instead. I remembered that the school is still open, so I asked permission from my parents to drop me off to talk to principal Cavuto about saving art. I got exactly what I wanted and when I told the story about selling the paintings she spit out her coffee, and showed us the paintings that she bought from us. I pieced together the story and concluded that Mrs. Cavuto has been stealing money from the school! I brought my parents and Simon’s parents together, and explained them the story. Together, we called the school board, and got Mrs. Cavuto fired.

The next day The school had a vote on the new principal and it was unanimous...Ms. Wright is going to be the next principal of Thomas Jefferson Middle School!

**One week later**, Simon and I were assigned by Ms. Wright to become the art club’s leader, and I’ve even started getting better grades thanks to daily tutoring from Ms.Wright.