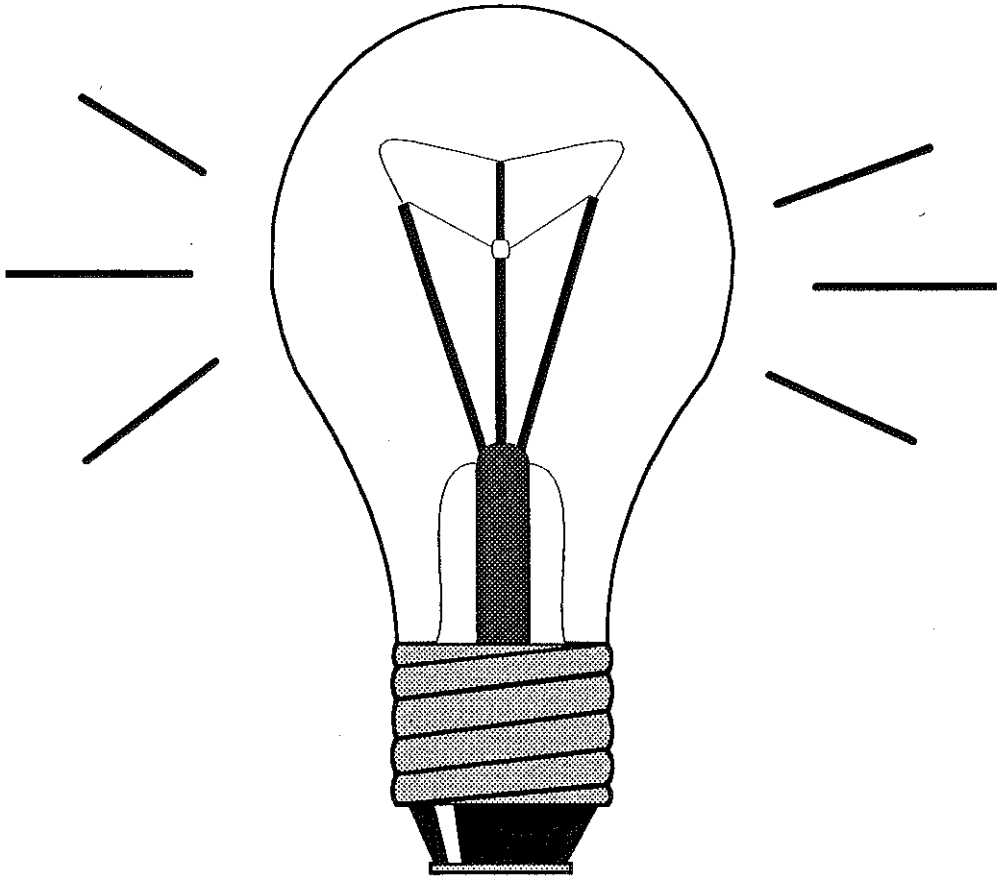


Visions...



Volume II
1994

WELCOME....

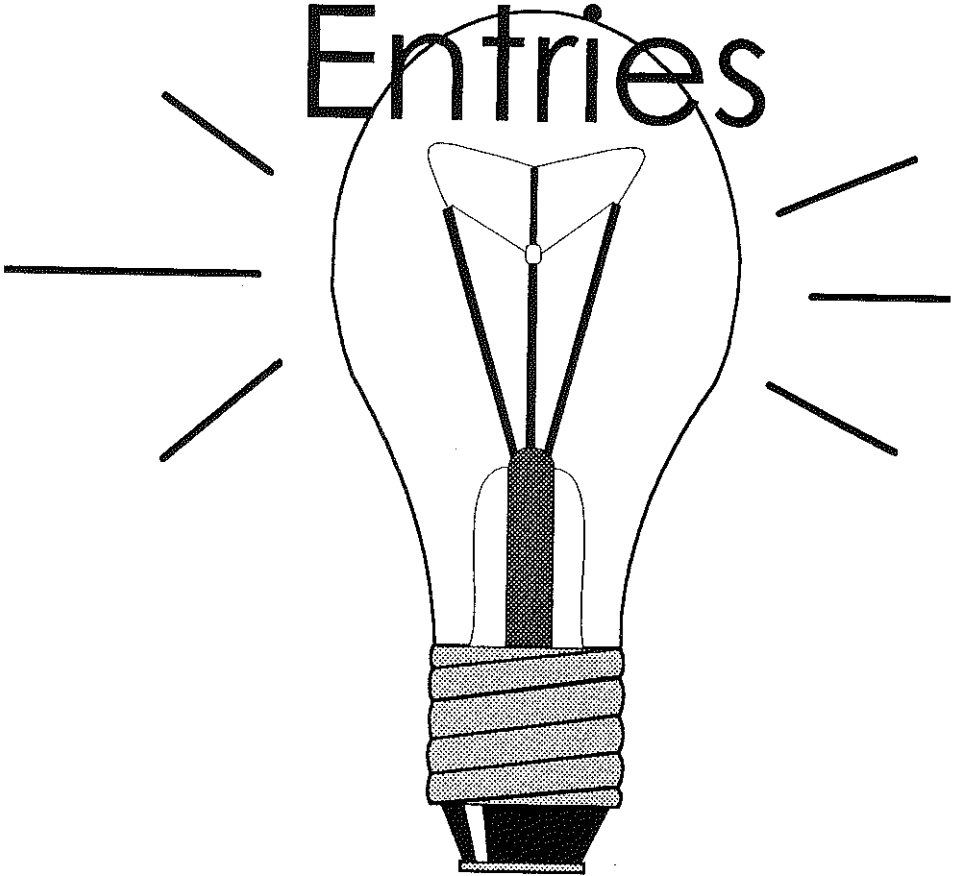
This is “Visions...”. The results of our annual New Reader writing contest. Any adult enrolled in our program may submit a piece of writing to be judged within one of the four Laubach Skill Levels. Each is a winner, and special in it’s own way!

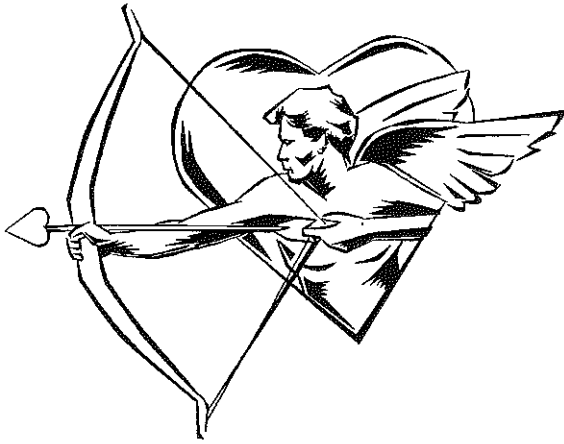
Our second volume of “Visions” is expanded to include works that the Tutors submitted for New Readers to enjoy at each Laubach Skill Level. This was an addition to our annual “Authors in Residence” contest. Look for more in the future!!

We hope you enjoy this collection of “Visions...” from some of the participants in our Council!



New Reader Entries





I like Rainbows. It got pretty colors on them. I like red because it is my favorite color and I like pink because it stands for Valentines Day.

*** Ina Brewer
Level Three

NEW AND BETTER HOME

My story is about my new home. The inspector has to see everything is good before they can continue. Mother, Dad, and I are at last going to have a beautiful home. We will have four bedrooms, one for me, one for dad, and one for Mother, and one for a guest, dining room, living room, and patio and porch. Oh, I will be so happy when I get in my new home.

***Bernardo Mendez, Level Two



I AM A RACE CAR

I am a black and red race car and my driver is Dale Earnhard. Dale Earnhard is a famous race car driver. He is tricky because he holds back in the race to save gas and time. He doesn't go to the pit area very often because he doesn't want to lose laps. He doesn't wear gloves when he drives, which is very unusual.

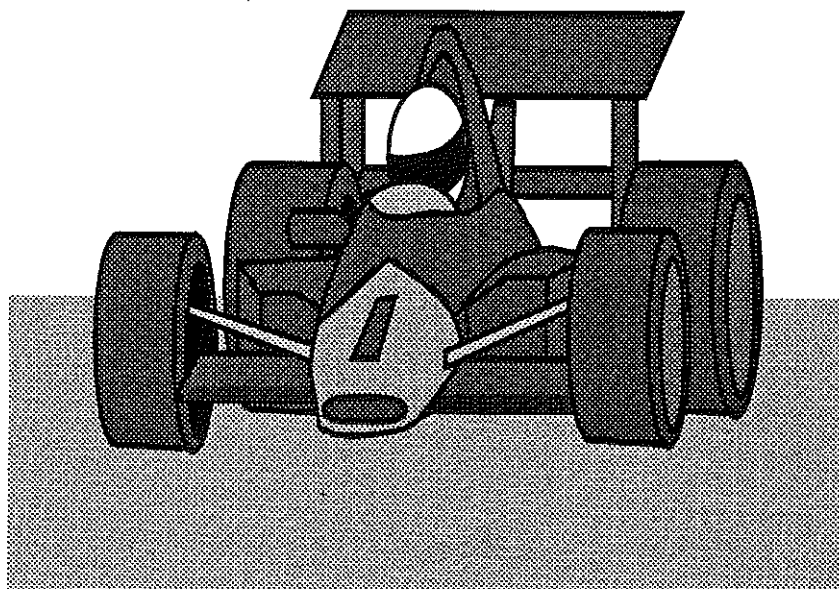
I will run at one hundred and ninety-five miles per hour, but my engine needs work. My driver is careful with me and always makes sure I am cool and tuned up. I will run at Daytona 500 at race day. Daytona is a smooth track with tar and high banks. High banks give my driver better control of me. I will run 250 laps around this track for the Daytona 500.

I will get there in back of a trailer. The trailer will be towed by a truck on the highway. I will be pushed up ramps into the trailer because my engine should not

be started before race day. At the race my driver will start my engine and I will start to go on the race track.

And I am going fast! I am in first place! I won a checkered flag and a half-million dollars. It is a happy day!!

*** Thomas Brock



MY PARENTS

I think of my parents. I remember my parents did hard work. I had very good parents. When I think of my father, he was a nice and quiet man. Also, he never bothered anybody. He was a driver man and people respected him. He was 20 years older than my mother and he loved my mother so much. He died almost 11 years ago. I have good memories of him. I always think of my mother. She was a very nice woman and kind. Also, she was very close to me. If she had a secret or she was sad and needed help, she talked to me, not anyone else, even my sisters or brothers.

I remember she did lots of things for us because my father didn't help at home. I have two brothers and two sisters, but I helped her more than them.

She always told me "If I didn't have you, what can I do?" We were always together - to go out, shop, party, and travel. We were happy together. When I married, she was happy for me, but

missed me so much. After I have been one year here, when she was crossing the street, a cab hit her and a few minutes, she died. I always have good memories of her and I miss her a lot. She is always with me.

*** Susan Sayadian
ESL - Level Three

MY COCKATIEL

I love my cockatiel. His name is Loca. This is present from my grandson, Leon for my birthday. My cockatiel can speak four words: 2 Russian, 2 English. My cockatiel does exercise with me every day. My cockatiel understand "Give me your neck", "Give me your head down" and he will scratch. When I must go from my apartment and take my clothes, he cry. I say "Kiss me" and he give my cheek a kiss. My cockatiel is eating from my mouth.

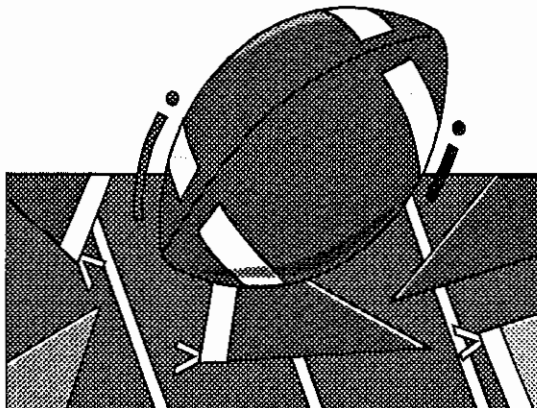
*** Leda Kiseleda
ESL - Level One

THE CHANE OF A LIFETIME

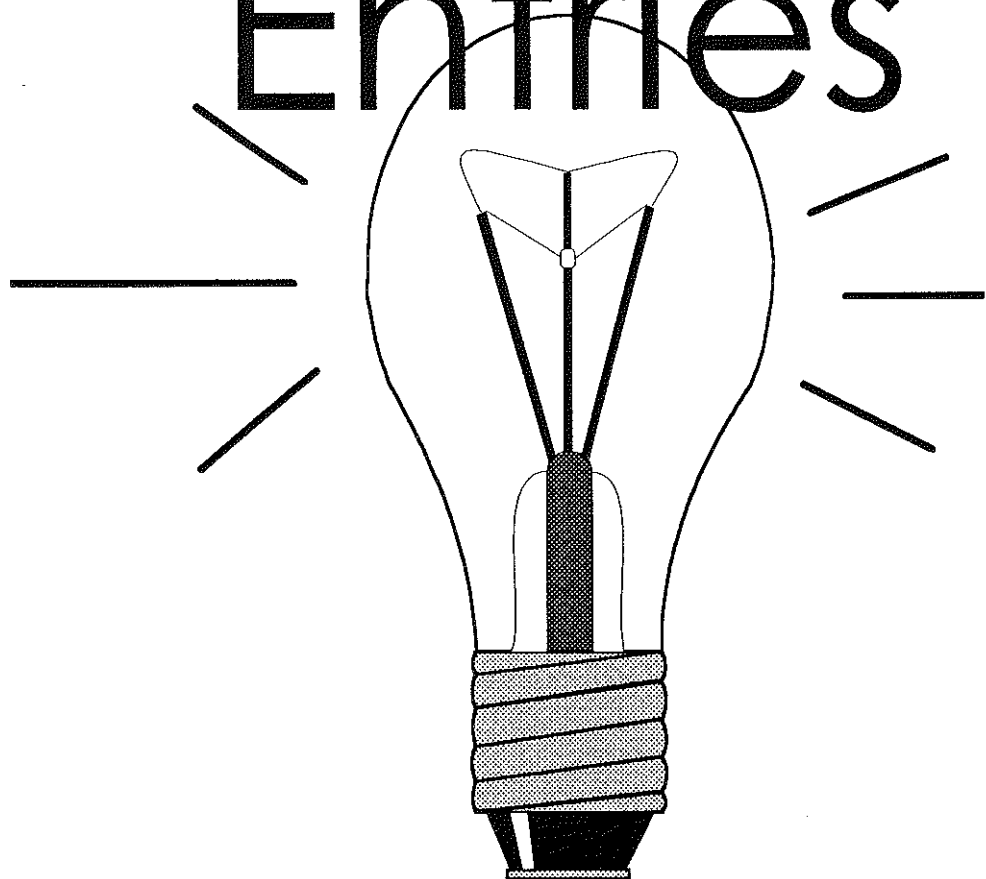
When the NFL starts I like to watch it. And I do not want no one to disturb me. I'm into the games and I will not move for anything except to eat and drink. I would like to have been a pro Football player. I would have been a good player. I played football in jr. high and high school. I played for Mann Jr. high school and Brandon high school. It was fun and I had a good time. When I played football I learned a lot about the game. When I play I love to play the game. I read all conference. The person I played was nose guard. My favorite team is Dallas Cowboys. I think the Cowboys are the best team in the world. Coach Tom Landry is the best coach in the games. They will always be the best in the world to me. The Cowboys will win the superbowl this year again. They will go down in History as the youngest team to win three superbows back to back. My goal was to play football for the Dallas Cowboys, but in my life I did not do well in school. I couldn't read very well and that hurt me very much in my life. I did not make anything out of my life so I felt left out in the world but I

have a chant to do sumting abut it know. I will keep on trying to get better in my reding. So I can do sum of the things I like to do, so my life can get better thin I can get a good job. I have had a hard life I know I can do somthing with my life if I could read very well. I was pushed thru school. I did not learn to read very well becas I played football very well. I played thru twetfth grade. I went to college to play football but I did not make the grades to play game. I came back home an did nothing with my life I got with the wong pople an starding to drink an druge an than I started not caring about nothing. Thary is nothing more in the would I wont most is to read very well.

*** Steve Everett
Level Three



Tutor Entries



LONG AND SHORT AND SOMETIMES

I ate an apple. I ate it all.
Yes, let me tell you, I liked it.

The oval olive was so good too.
Wow! Let me tell you, I liked it.

I used a cup of ice in my drink.
Sure, it was very cold, but I liked
it.

If you try to say what I just said
With no vowel sounds,

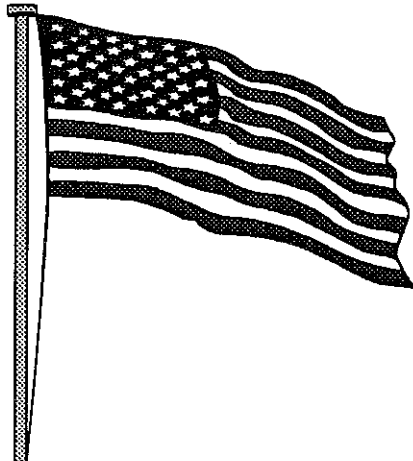
You won't like it.

*** Glorie Anna Johnston

THE SHOES OF OTHERS

They could not hear me when I spoke.
They looked at me, but did not see me.
They wrote for me, but I could not answer them.
They read to me, but I could not understand them.
Some could speak my language but would not -
could not - did not.
My silent island was a strange and lonely world
that I had not visited for a very long time.
I could not speak nor hear nor read nor write my
way into their hearts.
I was tongue-tied in a world that did not notice.
I was walking in the shoes of those who are tongue-
tied in a world that does not notice.
Who was I?
I was frightened!

*** Louise Damen



This is a story that a wise grandmother told the neighborhood children. Maybe she was trying to teach them a lesson.

X _____ X _____ X _____ X _____ X _____

Long ago in Africa, a mother lived with her little boy, Jerry.

They lived together in a peaceful house on top of a mountain. Near the bottom of that mountain lived many wild animals, and the biggest, strongest of all these animals was the lion.

Whenever the mother needed to go out, she always told Jerry, "When I am away, be sure to stay at home. Do not go down to the bottom of the mountain. It is dangerous there!"

And Jerry always replied, "Don't worry, mother. I know I must not go down to the bottom of the mountain."

One beautiful day in June, when his mother went out to shop, can you guess what Jerry did? He forgot his promise. He climbed over the gate of the house and went down to the bottom of the mountain.

Soon, along came Mr. Lion. In a very loud voice, he roared, "Well, here's a nice looking boy. I think he will taste GOOD." He took Jerry back to his own den and began to get ready for lunch. Then he thought to

himself, "This boy is too big for me to eat all alone. Maybe I will invite a friend to lunch today."

So, he called to his friend the hairy ape, and said "Mr. Ape, come over to my den. You can help me enjoy a very good lunch!"

When he heard that, Mr. Ape came running very quickly.

Then Mr. Lion said to Mr. Ape, "Now, while I go in to set the table and get our dishes ready, you stay here and watch this boy. Make sure he doesn't get away. Also, make sure you don't take any nibbles. I don't want you to spoil your lunch!"

But Mr. Ape was very hungry. And when he looked at the little boy, he got even hungrier. Soon, he could not stop himself. He just wanted a small taste. He went over to Jerry and took a tiny nibble of his ear. That tasted so good that he took another and then another. Before he knew it, he had eaten the little boy's ear!

Mr. Ape was afraid. He knew that Mr. Lion would be angry. He thought to himself, "Maybe if I just eat the other ear, too, the boy won't look so strange, and Mr. Lion will not notice what I have done." So he did. It was a delicious snack.

Mr. Lion came back into his living

room, and then he noticed something different about Jerry. He wondered what it was. Suddenly he shouted, "Mr. Ape, what happened to this little boy's EARS? I don't see any EARS on this little boy!"

"Ears? Ears??" said Mr. Ape. He was really afraid now because Mr. Lion seemed to be getting very angry.

Mr. Ape said to his friend, "My oh my, you are right! This little boy does not seem to have ears. In fact, I believe he never did have any!"

They got into a big argument.

"Yes he did," said Mr. Lion.

"Oh, no, he didn't," said Mr. Ape.

Finally, they got tired to arguing so much. Mr. Lion said, "I know how we will find out. You bring that little boy along, and we will go ask his mother if he ever had ears."

Off they went — Mr. Lion, Mr. Ape, and Jerry — to find Jerry's house.

Mr. Lion stood near the bottom of the mountain. He yelled up to the house just as loud as he could. "Yoo hoo! Little boy's mother! Does your little boy have ears?"

The mother came to the window and thought about Mr. Lion's question. Then

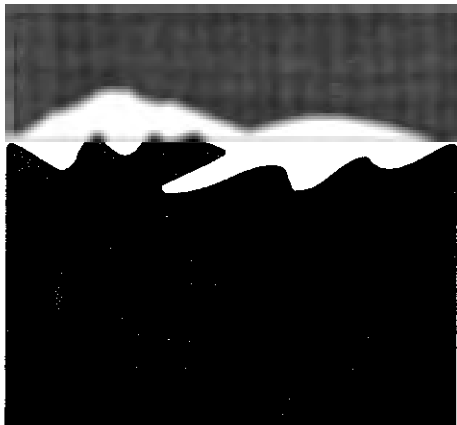
she answered him, and what do you think she said?

“I guess he doesn’t have ears, or he would have heard me when I told him NOT TO GO DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN.”

X X X X X

And do you think that the children who heard this story understood what the mother was trying to teach her little boy?

*** M.J. Mendelsohn





The Hillsborough Literacy Council