

Transcript – Evelyn, age 12: Day in the life with dyslexia

[On-screen text: Evelyn's story]

[Description: Gentle piano music plays. A tween with long, blonde hair stands in front of a white wall and speaks directly to the camera. She wears a cherry-print dress over a white T-shirt and has a mic attached.]

[On-screen text: Evelyn, 12, Dyslexia]

Evelyn: Hi, I'm Evelyn Wilkes. I'm 12 years old and I have dyslexia.

[Description: Evelyn, wearing a white hoodie, stands at a large wooden dining table, packing items into her bookbag. Transition to Evelyn in a library setting, sitting in a booth across from another person, talking together and looking at sheets of paper. Transition to Evelyn sitting in a wooden chair speaking directly to the camera.]

I found out I had dyslexia in first grade. And so my mom and my dad got me lots of tutors, and special people to help me during class, and I got lots of tools that I can use on my computer.

[Description: Evelyn sits at a large wooden table using an electronic pen to scan text on a book page. Transition to Evelyn sitting at a desk across from a teacher. They both have laptops. Evelyn types on her laptop while the teacher looks on with a small smile. Transition to Evelyn speaking directly to the camera.]

I got a C pen, and my teachers, they would read me questions on like tests. And on spelling tests, I got a lot of help, because that was definitely something I struggled with.

[Description: Evelyn sitting on her bed, wearing pink-and-white pajamas, typing on a tablet. A large, yellow plush duck is next to her on the bed. Transition to Evelyn speaking directly to the camera.]

When I'm texting my friends, if my voice-to-type isn't working, then I can only say kind of simple sentences, like, "Hi, how are you?"

[Description: Evelyn sits at a desk in her room, working on her laptop. Taylor Swift posters decorate her walls. Transition to Evelyn sitting in a plush chair, turning the page and reading a book titled "The Wild Robot."]

Sometimes I'm reading a word, and then usually when you go down to the next line, I just kind of get lost in the paragraph. I'm like, "Wait, where am I?"

[Description: Evelyn speaking directly to the camera. Transition to Evelyn at her desk, looking at her laptop screen and writing in a notebook. Then back to Evelyn speaking to the camera.]

If I'm reading again and I don't know a word or it's too big, I just kind of try to mumble over a word with some letters that are in it.

Spelling is hard for the same reason that reading is hard, especially when there's silent letters. And I just can't sound it out when I'm spelling it.

[Description: In a school gym, Evelyn and other tweens practice volleyball. Transition to Evelyn in the kitchen, taking items out of a pantry and putting them into a bag on the table. Transition to Evelyn sitting on a patterned rug, gently petting a guinea pig in her hands. Then back to Evelyn speaking to the camera.]

My reading speed is definitely not as fast as my friends. I've definitely guessed wrong at a couple of words. I would usually only tell my friends that I'm close with about my disability, but one time I accidentally told this girl.

[Description: Evelyn, at a classroom desk, working on her laptop. Transition to Evelyn speaking directly to the camera with a somber expression.]

We were taking a test, and then she told me, "Well, that's pretty good for a disability, I guess." And that kind of hurt.

[Description: Evelyn and her family sit at a wooden dining table, having a meal and talking. Transition to Evelyn walking through a parking lot, carrying her laptop and a bag. Transition to Evelyn entering a door for the "OC Learning Center."]

I wish that people my age, if they knew I had dyslexia, that doesn't mean I'm dumb. And it doesn't mean I'm stupid. And that definitely doesn't mean that you should talk to me like very slowly, or like you're talking to a baby.

[Description: Evelyn speaking directly to the camera.]

And to adults, kind of the same thing.

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