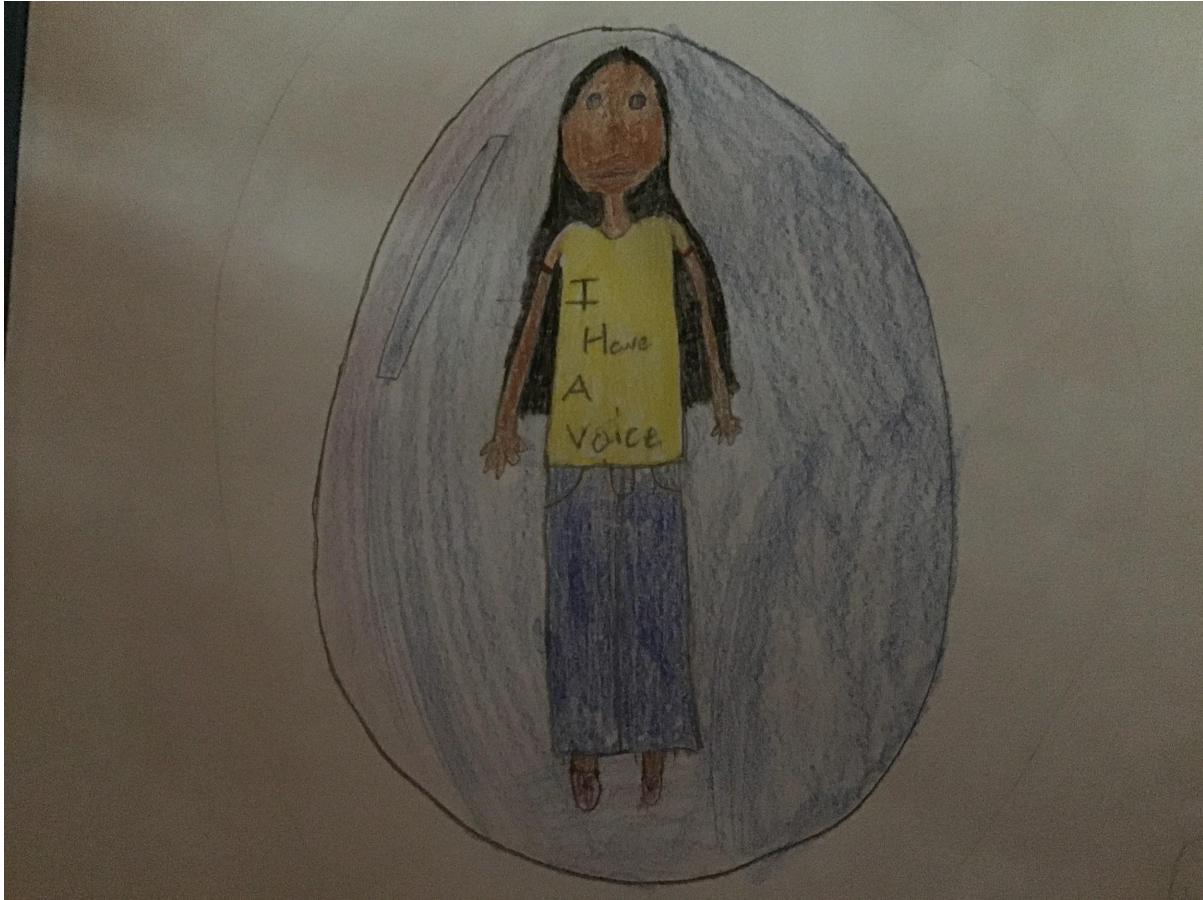


I want to see a world where...

Nania Payne was deaf. She was in her own little bubble.

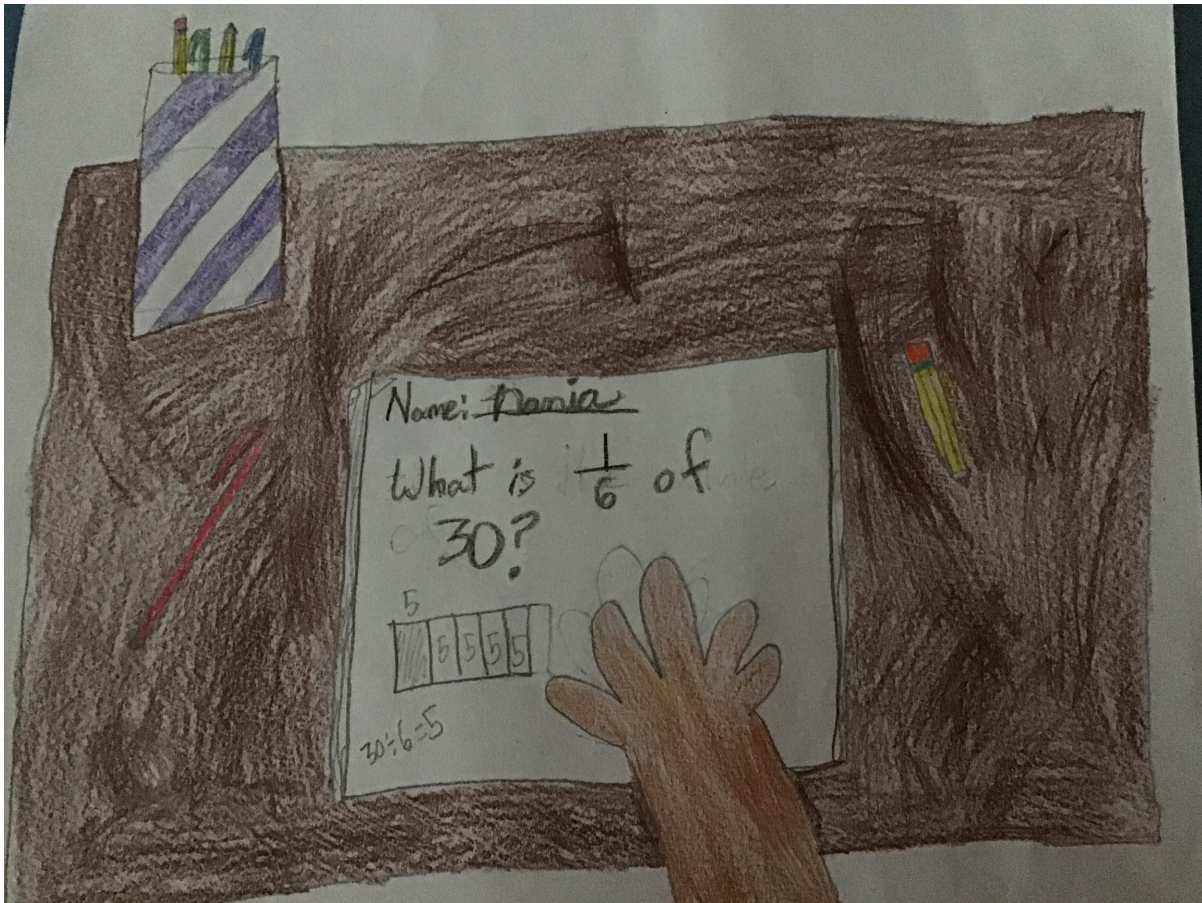


Other people treated her like she was a rock, especially George Linders.

The interpreter, Mr. Aklam, was the only person she felt was nice towards her.

"Good morning Nania," Mr. Aklam interpreted for Mrs. Kalan, the teacher.

“Good morning Mrs. Kalan.” Nania took her homework out of her backpack and put it on Mrs. Kalan’s desk. “Here you go.”



“Thank you.” Mrs. Kalan signed. She was learning the simple signs because she had memorized the alphabet. She didn’t use them often though.

A few minutes later Mrs. Kalan started class with an announcement.

“Now class, as you know, the poetry festival is happening tomorrow and even bigger than before!”

Nania had a poem that she loved and wrote about how she felt.
Unknown.

Jamie Peloven raised her hand. "What about Nania? Will she be able to do it?" Jamie asked.



Nania was astonished. No one ever cared about her! Was this a friendship coming on?

"Nah," her twin Janice said. "She can't."

"Yes I can!" Nania signed furiously.

She thought, *Why won't anyone listen? At least my poem can tell them how I feel.*

Later that evening her parents asked her how her day was.

"Fine," Nania answered. "Just fine."

The next day was the poetry festival.

"If I may have your attention please," Mr. Aklams interpreted for the principal, Principle Maines. "Welcome to this year's poetry festival!"

Cheers erupted from the crowd.

"First up we have Elle Aplains!" Mr. Aklan interpreted for Mr. Maines.

After he called Destiny Farien, Kim Garret, Lena Inman, And Ollie Manoret, it was Nania's turn.

"And now we have Nania Payne!"



I can do this. She thought as she walked up to the stage.

"My poem is called Listen Up," Nania signed as Mr. Aklan interpreted for the crowd.

Listen up.

Listen up 'cause I have something to say,
Kids like me get ignored,
That happens every day,
Just because we're different.

...People listen up!