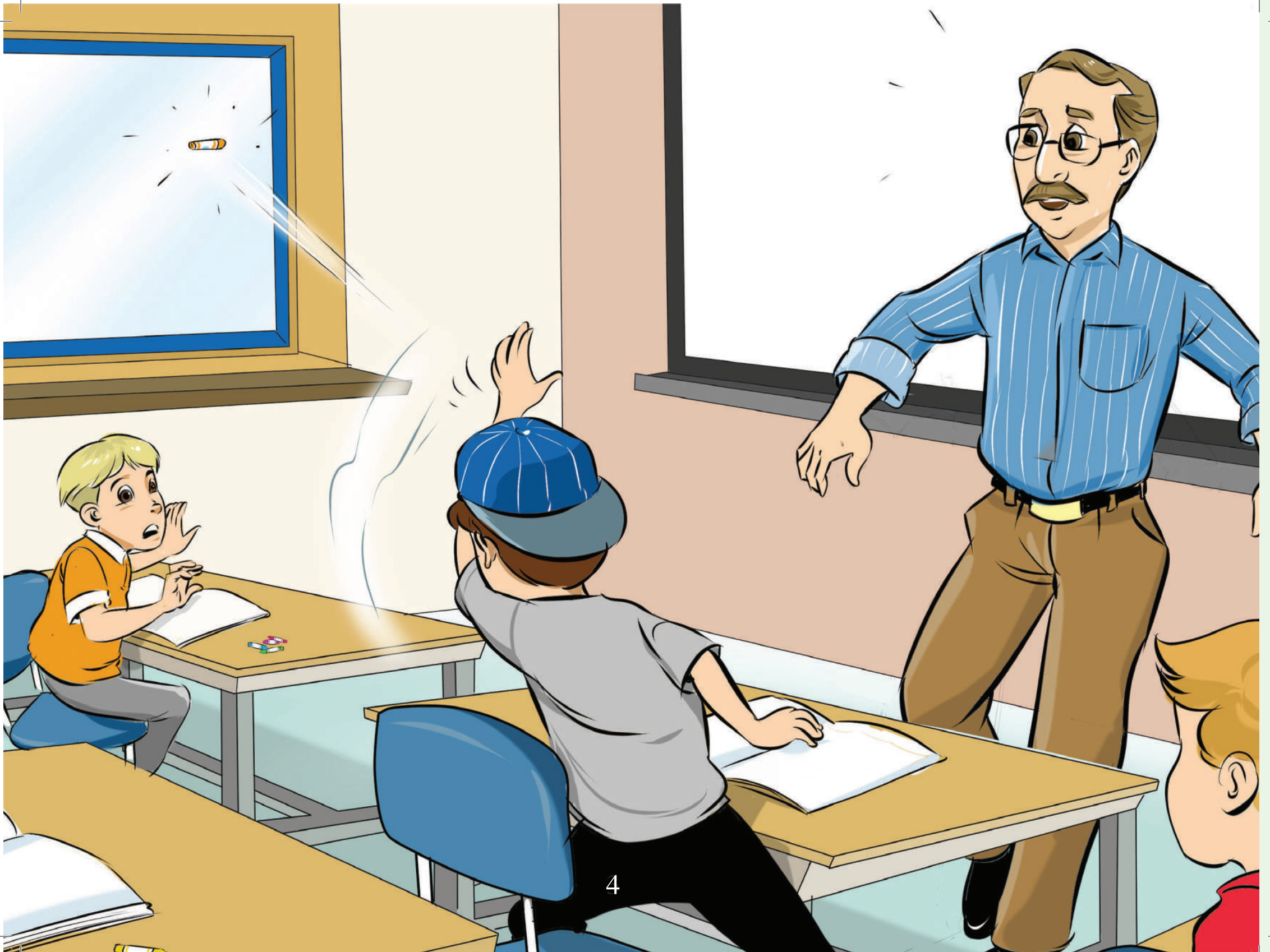



Kobi watched as each student in his class got to read. *Why can't I read?* Kobi asked himself.

“Great job, class. You may color now,” said Mr. Thomas.

The students all went to their desks. Everyone except Kobi. He could feel himself getting mad. He thought to himself, *Mr. Thomas didn't even ask me to try to read. That's not fair.*







Kobi grabbed the crayons from Billy's desk and threw them at the window. Billy yelled, and Mr. Thomas looked at Kobi.

“That wasn’t nice, Kobi,” Mr. Thomas said.
“Please pick up Billy’s crayons, and tell him you’re sorry.”

When Mom picked up Kobi from school, she said, “I got a call from the school today.” She then asked him why he threw Billy’s crayons. “I can’t read,” he said. “I’m not smart.”

Mom put her arm around her son. “That’s not true, Kobi,” she said. “You are smart; you just need help with reading. I know it’s frustrating, so Dad and I have some special classes set up for you. These classes will help you to control your feelings and learn to become a better reader.”

Kobi tried to stop his tears as he squeezed Mom tight.

