

The People First Connection

The Voice of Self-Advocacy in Oregon

Published by Self Advocates As Leaders



Youth & Young Adult Edition

Greetings from Self-Advocates As Leaders and from our Editorial Board. We are bringing you an edition full of stories from youth and young adults with disabilities. Their experiences and their topics are all different, showing the wide range of life's experiences.

We also have news to share with our readers. This is the last People First Connection edited by Jill Murray. Jill has been involved with our newsletter since we came up with the idea and has been our editor since 2006. We wish her luck, while she joins us in welcoming columnist Judy Cunio as the next Editor of the People First Connection. We look forward to the future of the People First Connection in the capable hands of Judy Cunio!

Send us your stories about Changes, or Learning Something New.

We want to hear from you!
Send us a story!

Voices in Oregon are getting stronger.
Be a part of it.

Our Address:

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Portland OR 97207

www.asksaal.org
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Some of My Favorite Things

By Daniel Holland, Portland

My name is Dan, I am nine and go to Sunnyside school. I like Sunnyside, it's nice. Some teachers are good. Kids in my class

play with me and we work on math together. I like my calculator and computer. I do the answer on my calculator to check it.

Some fave things are magazines, books, tofu, and chocolate. I like to drum, make a band. Earl my friend and teacher calls me

Chicken Bone Dan, we like to eat chicken together - the drumsticks are best!

I like to draw cartoons. I am good at drawing, I draw superheroes, bats, and made-up cartoons. I like drawing lots of different faces. Kevin teaches me. We go to a coffee shop, Stumptown. I buy. People look at my pictures – it makes me feel happy. We want to make a book. I like Kevin's drawings of Batman.

I like playing basketball with coach Kenny at my gym. I shoot hoops. Basketball, Kenny, friends: all make me happy. It's nice to be happy.

That's it. Be happy.



Activity and Work

By Sebastian Carty, Portland
My name is Sebastian Carty and I'm 22 years old. I live in southeast Portland with my family. I graduated from Cleveland High School and went to the Community Transition Center at Green Thumb. I want to tell you about my work and other things I like to do.

I work as a volunteer at OMSI, which is the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. I

have been working there for almost two years. OMSI has a lot of interesting exhibits. I started volunteering right before the Body Worlds exhibit began which was all about the human body. The next exhibit was the Mind Bender Mansion, which had brain teasers and puzzles. The current exhibit is about Leonardo da Vinci.

I work at OMSI as a greeter every other Friday morning. I welcome visitors and stamp their hands. I enjoy seeing all the different people that come through the OMSI lobby. I get to and from OMSI on the Tri-Met lift bus (Tri-Met is the name of the bus system in the Portland area).

I am also hooked up with United Cerebral Palsy (UCP) for fun and other activities. I've been involved with UCP for almost a year. I go bowling on Mondays and every other Friday when I'm not at OMSI, I go out into the community. I enjoy going shopping, going to the Hoyt Arboretum Forestry Center, the Portland Art Museum, Lloyd Center, Clackamas Center, the Portland Library, and other places in town. I have cerebral palsy so I use a wheelchair.

I am also into oldies music and cop shows. In my spare time I like to listen to CDs and take naps. So the next time you're at OMSI, and you see a little guy in a power chair wearing a red vest and a big smile, come and say Hi to me!

Life Stories Workshops

July 16, McMinnville

July 23, Grants Pass

Contact Marcie at SAAL for info:

1-888-589-1664 or 503-725-8129

Me: A Poem



By Nirvana Fairbanks, Portland

I am from tubes and an incubator, a scary beginning. I am from perseverance and compassion. I am from my blankie and many books on the couch. I am from Sesame Street, rocks picked up in a small hat, a hot pink wheelchair, and a love of color.

I am from swimming with Deebie, eating spaghetti that tastes like love, hunting for bellybutton fuzzies, and playing with shaving cream in the tub. I am from hot Utah summers, driving in a white Geo, cranking the air conditioning higher and higher.

I am from pet rocks, Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day, picking yellow dandelions, eating blackberries on the steps. I am from antidisestablishmentarianism. I am from "close your eyes and think about a rainbow," you are my sunshine and batteries, ice cream and stamps.

I am from a bright green recorder as high pitched as a scream, squeaky guy, millions of plastic animals, a multitude of miniatures and a giant crayon. I am from think for yourself, use your intuition, be direct, don't worry what others think of you, and I love you a hundred times a day.

I am from cats: black, orange, white, brown, Heathen, Splendid, Gentle, Isis, Erin, Snowflake, Quigley and my baby of five years, Bo.

I am from the small hands of my two-year-old nephew, holding mine and attempting to pull me up. I am from play dough and bubbles and love and kisses and trains and trucks green, yellow, blue, pink. "I love you Mana, I like your hair Mana. You're really cute, Mana." His little voice loves me to the fullest.

I am from a little brown car, going everywhere. I am from trips to the beach, soft sand flowing. I am from many colors, blue, indigo, turquoise, violet.

I am from a big brick building filled with many people who care about each other. I am from Pink Floyd and Enya, Ani DiFranco and Led Zeppelin, Tori Amos and Nine Inch Nails, Johnny Cash and PJ Harvey.

I am from friends who care and love me, all with smiles on their faces. They are there for me. I am from noticing details and everything in between. My origin is peace, bliss and eternal escape from worry. My mom tells me that when I was born, even though she was nervous, she looked at me and saw in my eyes that it was going to be okay. I am what keeps her alive. I am from Deebie, Mommy and Amy. I am from love.

SAAL is seeking members for the Outreach & Training Committee and the Editorial Board. Access to email is required for the Editorial Board, but not for Outreach & Training. Visit the SAAL website: www.asksaal.org

Capabilities

By Jessica Wienert, Vancouver

Shortly after I was born, the doctors told my parent's that I would never ride a bike or write.

When my mom heard the news, she went home and put a pencil in my hand, working with me. I was given a special mountain bike with big training wheels; not too long after, the training wheels came off.

I would say that I've come a long ways. I feel like I could be an inspiration to younger girls. I believe I live a normal life and have had normal life experiences, both the small unimportant ones such as going to senior prom to the huge milestones in life such as being out on my own, working to pay my bills.

- I've had my drivers license for 3 years
- I have gone on spontaneous road trips
- In high school I was the editor-in-chief of the school paper
- I have lived in my own apartment (I was the cool kid in Gold Beach).
- I lived in dorms (I would never go back to doing that.)
- I have also endured the not so fabulous parts of life such as heartbreak, and losing loved ones

I am lucky I have had the opportunity to enjoy normal life experiences despite my disability.

In March I graduated from Clark College with my Associate Arts (a transfer degree). For me this symbolized an end in a long, hard journey. I start at Washington State University in August where I will get my Bachelor of the Arts in Human Development. I will then go on for my Masters in Teaching with a Special Education endorsement

I want to work in Early Intervention because I believe it's a crucial stage in a child's life. I believe if my Mom did not work with me every

day when I was young, I wouldn't be where I am today.

Recently I have found myself sharing my success story with parents who have kids who have been newly diagnosed with cerebral palsy or other disabilities. I believe it gives the parents hope seeing how far I have come.

I always knew I wanted to move out at 18. Like many of my peers, I was scared of the unknown plus I was facing other issues that they didn't have to deal with. Regardless of my fears, I believe moving out at 18 ended up being the best decision I made. It was hard at first and I learned the hard way that moving three hours away wasn't the best idea. Soon I learned I was more comfortable living down the street from my mom. With this logic, it's amazing I made it last when I moved seven hours away, maybe that is because this time my mom moved closer to me.



First Time on Airplane

By Marie Blanchard, Portland

On a March day, I called my Aunt Pat on her birthday and wished Aunt Pat a Happy B-day. Aunt Pat said, "You can come to Massachusetts to visit." I was so happy. On the trip I would be going all around Massachusetts, but Aunt Pat lives in South Dartmouth.

On July 15, 2008, my mom woke me up about 5 am. We got ready for the day. My mom drove me to the airport with all my bags and walker and checked me in and we walked to my gate. At the gate I did all the talking. I felt independent, and my mom was nervous. "For the first time I am going on an airplane all by myself" I thought. I walked down the runway

to get on the airplane pushing my walker. A nice woman helped me find my seat and I carried my bags. I did well on the airplane all by myself. When I got off Aunt Pat met me and I was so happy to see her. We drove to her house with Uncle J. I met her big dogs. The dogs are named Elvis and Tess. On the first day the dogs jumped up on me because they were happy to see me. They calmed down. I had a quiet night with Aunt Pat.

On Tuesday, Aunt Pat and I drove to the zoo. It was a sunny and very hot day. We got inside and Aunt Pat asked for a wheelchair. I sat down and Aunt Pat pushed me in the wheelchair. We walked and rolled around the zoo. We went to the zoo on a really hot day, so Aunt Pat pushed me under cold water, which was like a big and very cold shower. We went under that shower water two more times that day. My clothes got a little wet. It feels good to get wet on a hot day. I saw someone riding a pony, and it looked like fun. I've been riding horses since I was three years old. I rode the pony around a circle in the zoo. The ride was short and fun. Then we went to see the elephants. One was taking a muddy bath. That elephant walked over to Aunt Pat and me and it took a water bath right in front of us. I enjoyed seeing the elephants.

On Friday around 6 p.m., Uncle J drove Aunt Pat and me to an eat-out place called Back Eddy. A man parked the car. The three of us walked into Back Eddy. Everybody who works there said hi to Aunt Pat and Uncle J - they have a seafood business. We went on a deck to see the ocean then sat down for dinner. Aunt Pat already knew what she and Uncle J were having but I had never been to Back Eddy before. Aunt Pat showed me shrimp on the menu and I had that with Aunt Pat. We both had a shrimp dish for dinner- it was good. I always choose shrimp when it is on the menu. Uncle J bought my light green Back Eddy shirt. The three of us drove home and

went to bed.

Sunday, I woke up and got ready for the day. Aunt Pat was going to have a party so I could meet her friends. Aunt Pat cleaned the house. She made fruit salad and other bowls of food. The first person to show up was Grandma. Grandma asked, "Can I help you?" Aunt Pat said "No." I asked, "Are you sure?" Aunt Pat said, "Yes." That was funny. Then Tim, Amy and Kyle came in the house. The last time I saw Tim's family was four years ago. It was good to see them again. More people showed up. I showed all the ladies a movie about my past. I got that movie at my 16th birthday. The movie shows me from ages 5 to 15. The movie showed me and my dad in Maui.

Then it was time to eat. The ladies were eating all around the kitchen counter. The counter was brown and had five chairs around it. There was a lot of food on the counter. I ate while people were eating and talking. In the mean time one more friend showed up. The friend was Aunt Pat's best friend, Margie. She came in and hugged all her friends. I said, "Hi, my name is Marie." She said, "Hi, my name is Margie." Margie and I shook hands. She sat down and had a plate of food.

Margie and I went outside. She likes the dogs. I held Margie's hand when we walked to the middle of the garden. As we walked, the dogs were behind us, touching the back of our feet. When we got to the rock walkway in the middle of the garden, there was a table, fireplace and a lot chairs. Margie and I talked, then more people came out and everyone talked for a while. After people went home, I showed Aunt Pat and Margie my 16th birthday movie. In the movie people shared memories about me. Then Margie went home. Aunt Pat said "Margie is to me like your best friend Nirvana is to you." I went to bed. I had a great trip with Aunt Pat.

Advocate's Corner



Judy Cunio,
Self-Advocacy Coordinator,
Oregon Council on
Developmental Disabilities

On behalf of the DD Council and DD Coalition, I would like to thank all of the Self-Advocates who have taken part in the 2009 Legislative hearings so far. Your involvement has been a real value in these hard times when the legislature has to make such major decisions while knowing that everyone is going to lose something.

In the many years that I have been working and being involved, this has been the largest turn-out of Self-Advocates this year. One agency brought over 50 people to the open forum that the legislature held in Salem.

On Wednesday, April 22, 2009 Seniors and Persons with Disabilities had a hearing on their budget. There were several Self-Advocates who testified that day. Here are some of the comments that they had to say.

One person talked about the importance of dental care, saying, "When I was younger, if something went wrong with my teeth I would have to go to the dentist and have them pulled because I could not get regular appointments to get my teeth cleaned or fixed."

Another person talked about Brokerage Services and how important they are to his life. They help him stay connected and involved with the community and improve his home life. Here is part of what he had to say: "My plan is important to me because I can live in the community independently. If I don't have brokerage services, I will be living with my mom, not my own apartment. That's why I like the brokerage service."

Someone else talked about how important her job was to having a happy life. One of the things that she said was, "I like having a job and a pay check. If they cut DD services it would change my life a lot. I would not have the choice that I have now."

There were so many stories by self-advocates that had a real impact on the legislature. Again, thank you for all of your support and for being a real TEAM! **TOGETHER WE ACHIEVE MORE!!**



Advocacy

By Sally Kramer,
Portland

I want to get more advocacy started. I want to talk with other people with special needs about what it takes to be a self-advocate. I would tell them that it is easy to become a self-advocate by coming to meetings and trainings to learn more about advocacy.

Advocacy means telling people about what you need to learn about like living on your own, living with others in a relationship, and being a friend.

I got involved in advocacy in 1996, when I went to the Partners In Policymaking training. I got awards for graduating from PIP and an achievement award. I got the achievement award for expressing myself. Going to the policy meetings was very touching for me. It made me want to express myself and tell other people what self-advocacy is all about.

I wish there were other classes for people with special needs.



Learning

About the Election

By Janet Ardt,
Beaverton

I had a friend telling me about an advocacy group and I was not doing much for work. I found out the group was going to do a training about voting. I had never voted before.

I signed up for the training. There were other people in the group who had never voted before either. I decided I wanted to register to vote because they have people in the Election office who can help me if I had questions. I helped my friend out because I asked how they would help someone that is blind. They said you can put something on your computer or you could come to an appointment at the Election office. My friend was pretty excited about it, because now she could vote on her own and her mom was excited that she found a new way.

They showed us how blind people vote on that machine. We found out that one vote can count.

I always knew I could vote, but I never knew how. My sister helps me, but she lives in

Salem and some of it is the same and some is different. My dad and sister said, "Good." They wanted to know how I got into it and I told them I went to a class. People need to go to their voting office because ONE MORE VOTE COUNTS!

Perspectives on Advocacy

By Ann Blackburn,
England

I had such high hopes before I moved back to England in 2008. I was excited about the opportunity of beginning a new chapter in my life both personally and professionally. I hoped to further my career and bring my experience and passion for developing training and presenting on self-determination and empowerment issues to the UK just like I had been doing for the last 8 years in Oregon. When I left Self Advocates As Leaders, a state wide self-advocacy organization that I was working for, (learn more about SAAL by going to www.asksaal.org) I held the position of Chair of the Outreach and Training Committee and had just completed developing a Training Manual of materials. Over the years I became well known throughout Oregon. I worked on many training development projects and presented all

over the State on numerous topics. I can't express enough how good it feels to be known and respected as a professional, going to big statewide conferences and seeing my name in the program! It not only gives me a sense of pride but also a sense of identity and there isn't the personal feeling of being looked upon as "the poor disabled person". Being involved with work also meant I was out there meeting friends and making contacts with like-minded people and that is so important to me.

Since moving to the South of England I have had an incredibly tough time finding work opportunities and in turn making friends. I have tried several big national disability charities, the answer is always the same... they are impressed by my CV (resume) but don't have steady work either due to funding cuts or they see me and are not sure what I can do. I'm also finding a very different approach to disability; whereas people say the disability and self-advocacy movement in UK is progressive I have seen little evidence of this. As far as I can see, the general attitude seems to be "look after" and "take care" mentality, not encourage self-determination and in turn self-worth. It's very interesting - even the simple ideas like people with disabilities should take responsibility

for their own actions and lives seem to be a hard concept!

I am finding it very interesting and quite sad that the only thing that people can come up with for me is a day centre especially for people with disabilities. Community inclusion doesn't seem to be a reality especially in this area and that really saddens me. When I do find something in the community a "non-disabled" activity I get the same response...

"Where is your carer (care-giver)?! I thought it was so funny that even the day centre requested my carer come with me! I don't want or need my carer with me everywhere I go... I have always been very independent and pride myself on that. Besides, if I have a carer with me I often find it's difficult to make friends... it kind of sets a person apart from everyone else.

Since coming back to England, I have noticed a big difference within myself and outlook on my disability and I don't like it. In Portland I was proud of who I am and I felt I have Cerebral Palsy for a reason... to teach others. England makes me feel more "disabled" and I turn against my disability. I have also found because I am not working and meeting people I don't have a purpose and my sense of self-worth has gone down, therefore isolation and depression have increased dra-

matically.

Despite what I've said England hasn't been all bad. It has been very interesting to experience a different view on disability. I have been able to travel all over taking pictures but the best part has been that I have been able to hang out and reconnect with my brother and sister who have been living in England for the past several years.

Websites to look at
 Self-Advocates Becoming Empowered
www.sabeusa.org

Self-Advocates As Leaders
www.asksaal.org

On My Own By Theresa White, Beaverton

The confusion of being my own payee... I don't know how I feel about that. Otherwise, I will be okay. I have a lot of friends. I am in the process of doing "Circle of Friends." Right now I am getting ready for my Mom to move out of my house. I feel better about it. Five years ago, when people told me

about being on my own, I started crying. It's hard knowing that someday my Mom won't be there. I'm glad I have friends. **I'm glad I have friends.**

I'm glad there are agencies like Bridges for Independence. I will probably use them a lot for support. My church has good people. There are three people from my church who are going to be part of my Circle of Friends. I am proud of how much I've grown up since we've moved to Oregon. I've been on the board for the Self-Determination Resources, Inc. (SDRI) brokerage for about six years. That is where I get money to pay for things like Bridges for Independence and my bus pass.

When my Mom moves out, most of my money will go to Bridges for Independence and they will support me. That's the way I want it to be. I also want people to know we opened a coffee shop to train people with disabilities at Bridges for Independence in Portland. The Grand Opening was on June 5, 2009.





The Pokemon Konquest
By Chad Moore,
Portland

It was a Sunday morning. The air was fresh and clean. I think today is the day for my Pokemon Konquest, so I got to go to the lab to get my first pokemon.

I hope my first Pokemon will be Charmander because I love fire for it was cool. When he got to the lab all the Pokemon was gone but one was there; it was a Pichu. But I wanted Charmander.

He said, "Trainer Lucky, there is no more Pokemon."
"Then this one." the professor Arrcutter said.

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"Ask Saaly"
Are you part of a local self-advocacy group?

Tell us about it!
We want to stay connected so we can work on issues together.

Call us at 503-589-1664 or 1-888-589-1664, email us at helvingt@pdx.edu or write to us at:
SAAL
3886 Beverly Avenue NE
Suite I-21
Salem OR 97305

Did you know?
Self-Advocates As Leaders (SAAL) travels throughout Oregon hosting training on different topics.

Are you interested in having SAAL come visit your town to help host a workshop?
It is easy to set up something for your area.
Contact Marcie Alvarez: alvarezm@pdx.edu, call 503-725-8129 (Portland) or 1-888-589-1664.



Letter to Geddy Lee
By Tim Jacobs,
Portland

I enjoy your songs and I enjoy hearing your voice. I live in Portland, Oregon and I've got all of your CDs. I was wondering when you're coming to Portland again. I was thinking that you might like to stay at my house. I work on Mondays and Wednesdays, and I go swimming Tuesdays and Thursdays.

I am blind. Next year I will be 30 years old. I have a dog. His name is Snoopy. He is a golden lab and he is friendly. He likes to eat and sleep a lot. I walk him to the corner after I give him some water. Do you have a dog?

I like to eat pizza. Do you like pizza? I just have cheese pizza with nothing else on it.

I hope that you will let me know if you are thinking about coming and hanging out. Bring your bass! I have some drums. I really enjoyed coming to hear you sing. I have a shirt from the concert and it fits really well. Please tell me when you'll be in Portland again.

Ever After Detective Agency: Book 1

By Travis Champion,
Salem

Once upon a time, there lived a little girl by the name of Rebecca. She was young, smart, brave, and beautiful. She was the most perfect girl in her home village. Everywhere she went, everyone recognized Rebecca, or as everyone, even her own mother calls her, Red. Why is she called Red you ask? Well, Rebecca is better recognized as Red because of her bright red hair, just like her mother's. Red was the most desirable lady in her village, even outside of it. Little did she know, that desire for her would be extended to dark forces.

One day, Red was given a job. "Red" her mother called "could you come down here please?" "Coming mother" called Red, racing out of her room. "Yes mother?" asked Red standing in front of her mother. "Red dear, your grandmother is not feeling well, and I want you to help her recover." "Oh dear" thought Red aloud "will she be okay?" Her mother smiled, "Grandmother would feel so much better if you were to visit her. I want you to give her some medicine from the local doctor, and some wine, cheese, and bread to make

her strong." "Yes mother" said Red "I'll visit her as soon as I can." "I appreciate your offer, daughter, but I really don't think grandmother would appreciate you visiting her in just your pajamas," laughed her mother. Red looked down at herself, seeing that she was indeed just dressed in her pink pajama dress. She couldn't help but laugh as well, knowing how silly it would look for her to just walk out in her pajamas.

Soon, Red had changed into her favorite dress, wrapped her hair in her favorite ribbon, and was ready to go. "Red, before you go, I want you to have something." Red was surprised by this gesture, unsure of what it could possibly be. "What is it mother?" asked Red in curiosity. Red's mother pulled out a brown paper wrapped bundle and held it before Red. "It was supposed to be given on your thirteenth birthday, dear Red. My mother gave it to me on my thirteenth, as has her mother, and her mother before her. Tomorrow is your birthday, and I want you to have it early." Red took the bundle, happy to receive such a kind gift. It was true, tomorrow was to be Red's thirteenth birthday, a big celebration in the whole village. To receive a present so early was a big surprise, but a good one. Red unwrapped the bundle, and gasped. In her hands was a beautifully woven red

cloak. The cloak was made from what had to be the purest silk she ever felt, and it was made so it could wrap fully around Red. A hood was also sewn into the hood, to keep Red's face and head dry during rainy seasons. Red began to cry. "Mother, it's beautiful. Thank you." "You're welcome Red," replied her mother, hugging her daughter closely. "If only father was here to see it." Red's mother began to cry too, remembering her husband, and the wonderful woodsman he was, before he died during his job. "But he is here, Red, he always has and will be."

Red left her house, skipping forward to the local physician in her village. The whole village greeted Red as she skipped by them, wishing her a good morning. Many young men in the village stopped their chores, wishing Red a good morning, and flattering her with flowers and fresh made sweets. Red always enjoyed the compliments, but secretly, she already had herself a boyfriend in the city. Still, it was nice to know that she had so many admirers. After picking up the medicine for her grandmother, picking up some fresh baked bread, a wheel of aged cheese, and a bottle of red wine, Red began her trek to her grandmother's house.

It was sunset at Red's home village, and everyone was be-

ginning to worry. Red was always home before sunset, and even when she was going to be late, she would tell her friends before she went out. To not see her after the sun went down and have her friends have no idea where she is, was very worrying, especially to her mother. This event was just like when Red and her mother learned that Red's father was dead. He always came back before sunset as well, and always had someone know that he might be working late. It had always been like that since Red's mother and father were married, nearly 20 years. Then, one night, her father just didn't come home, and was never heard of again. Red's mother tried to shake the memories from her head, and went to her favorite book, trying to lose herself in the world of literature. She was just beginning to ease herself, when she heard a knocking from her front door. She reached her door, to be greeted by the mayor of the village. "Good evening, Mr. Mayor." "Good evening" greeted the mayor "May I come in?" "Of course" said Red's mother, offering the mayor access into her house. "Would you like something to eat, something to drink?"

"Tea, please" answered the mayor, his brow furrowed. As Red's mother prepared the tea, she noticed the worry on

his face, and in his voice. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

The mayor sighed, his beard swaying with his breath. "Madame, I am not truly sure how to say this, but. . ." the mayor began to falter.

"But? But what? What is it?" asked the mother, worry beginning to consume her.

Again, the mayor sighed, "It's dear Red."

After hearing this, Red's mother dropped everything, the tea cups and kettle smashing to bits. "Red?! What is it?! Did you find her?! Is she okay?!"

The mayor said nothing, merely handing her a letter. Red's mother took the letter, absolute terror evident in her eyes as she read on. Then, Red's mother panicked, fainted, and dropped the letter. The letter read:

"I have your little girl. Don't try finding her, or I'll eat her. Do as this letter says, and I'll let her live. You will receive another letter in one week. Fail to do as it states, and you will never see your daughter again."
Signed: The Big Bad Wolf

This is a true account of what happens after the "happily ever afters". When the fairy

tales ends, the true story begins, a story wrapped in the harsh reality of the world, and filled with dark secrets. Where do these stories take place? They take place in the world of fairy tales: Avalon. Who are the people? They are the citizens of Avalon, and these are the true, real grim tales of real problems they have. Who is the one writing this? That would be me: a detective. My name is Puss. This is one of my case files, the files from the "Ever After Detective Agency."



Calendar

Oregon Mega-Conference Portland, June 25-27, at the Airport Sheraton Hotel. Contact The Arc of Oregon www.arcoregon.org

Community Partners Council with OHSU Quarterly Meeting, to be held during the Mega-Conference, June 26, 9 - 1:30. Contact Daisy West 503-418-6255. (still seeking members.)

Buddy Walk: September 26, 2009 Walk for people with Down Syndrome. Portland. Contact Kyle Holmgren kyle_reps@yahoo.com