

Bionic Reader Font**Practice Paragraphs**

Balloons are pretty and come in different colors, different shapes, different sizes, and they can even adjust sizes as needed. But don't make them too big or they might just pop, and then bye-bye balloon. It'll be gone and lost for the rest of mankind. They can serve a variety of purposes, from decorating to water balloon wars. You just must use your head to think a little bit about what to do with them.

She nervously peered over the edge. She understood in her mind that the view was supposed to be beautiful, but all she felt was fear. There had always been something about heights that disturbed her, and now she could feel the full force of this unease. She reluctantly crept a little closer with the encouragement of her friends as the fear continued to build. She couldn't help but feel that something horrible was about to happen.

Two Test Paragraphs

I inadvertently went to See's Candy last week (I was in the mall looking for phone repair), and as it turns out, See's Candy now charges a dollar -- a full dollar -- for even the simplest of their wee confection offerings. I bought two chocolate lollipops and two chocolate-caramel-almond things. The total cost was four-something. I mean, the candies were tasty and all, but let's be real: A Snickers bar is fifty cents.

Life isn't always beautiful. That was a lesson that Dan was learning. He also realized that life wasn't easy. This had come as a shock since he had lived a charmed life. He hated that this was the truth and he struggled to be happy knowing that his assumptions weren't correct. He wouldn't realize until much later in life that the difficult obstacles he was facing that were taking away the beauty in his life at this moment would ultimately make his life much more beautiful.

The picket fence had stood for years without any issue. That's all it was. A simple, white, picket fence. Why it had all

of a sudden become a lightning rod within the community was still unbelievable to most. Yet a community that had once lived in harmony was now divided in bitter hatred and it had everything to do with the white picket fence. There were little things that she simply could not stand. The sound of someone tapping their nails on the table. A person chewing with their mouth open. Another human imposing themselves into her space. She couldn't stand any of these things, but none of them compared to the number one thing she couldn't stand which topped all of them combined. He couldn't move. His head throbbed and spun. He couldn't decide if it was the flu or the drinking last night. It was probably a combination of both. Little Timmy never drank again.