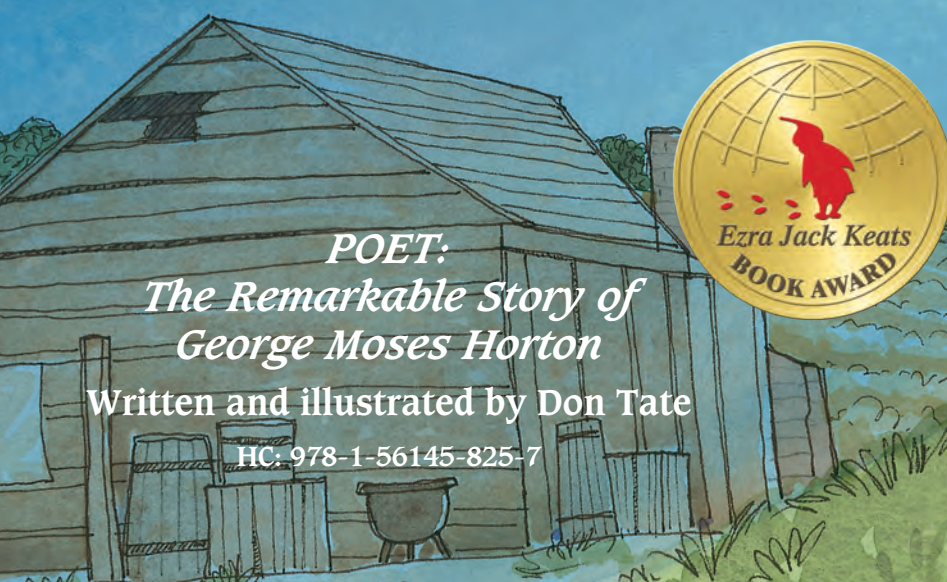


At night, when he should have been resting after a long day of work, George studied by firelight. His eyes burned from the smoke. Soon he could make out a few words.

Before long he could understand entire sentences.

Over time, George taught himself to read. —from POET by Don Tate



POET:
*The Remarkable Story of
George Moses Horton*
Written and illustrated by Don Tate
HC: 978-1-56145-825-7



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