

AUTITUDE!



INFO AND ADVICE!
MOVIES! ART!
AND MUCH MUCH MORE!

WELCOME!

2022

Welcome to the first issue of Autitude in 2022!

Do you have artwork, photography, poetry or stories you would like to share? Or perhaps you have an autistic idol that you think should feature as our Spectrum Superstar?

Whether it's a thought, suggestion or submission, send it to us at autitude@scottishautism.org.

To make sure you are updated when the latest edition is released please sign up here – thank you!

**Scottish
autism**

**WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED**

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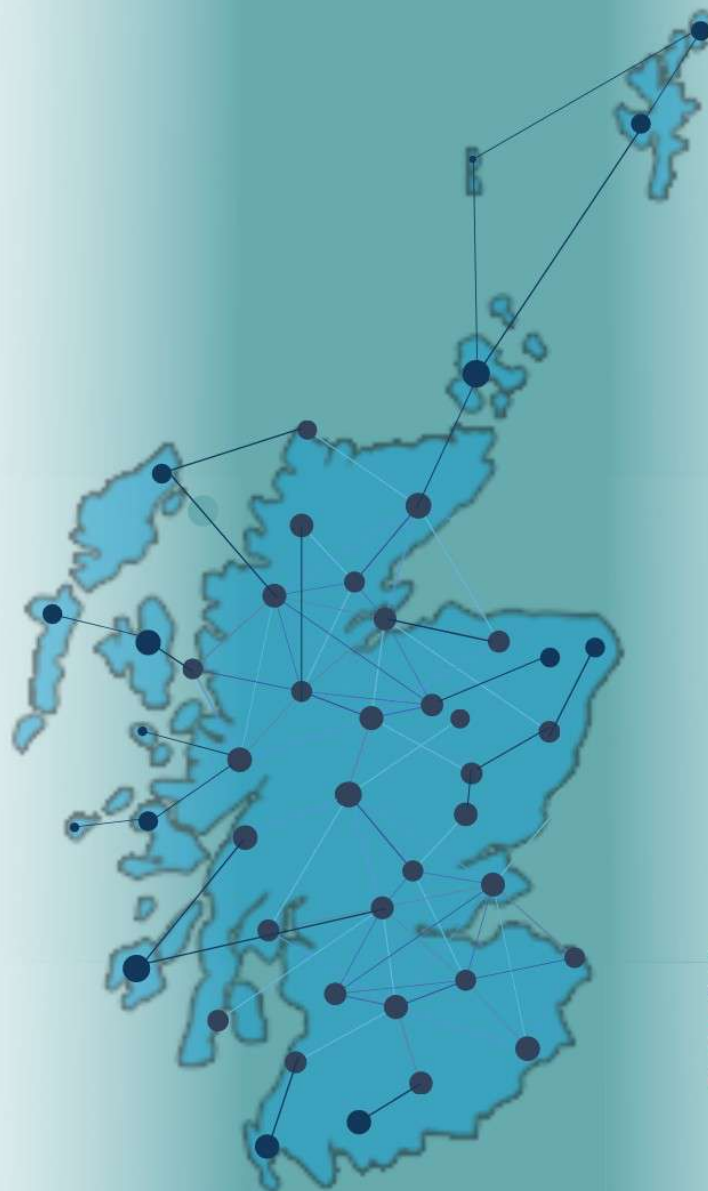
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Book your place for Click & Connect Block 4 taking place from January to March!

These online events aim to help the autistic community and families in Scotland to stay connected. All group sessions run via Zoom and are free to join.

Mindfulness Community Programme

Following the successful Mindfulness programme in 2020, Jonny Drury will deliver Dialogica's new 10-week programme and will take Mindfulness activities to the next level. The programme will place more emphasis on practice and support the creation of a community of mostly autistic mindfulness practitioners.

The group will take place every Tuesday morning* until 22nd March, 10am - 11am.

***excluding 15th February**

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Online Art Group

The Art Group is open to autistic people and their families and aims to bring people together for creative expression in an informal and safe environment. It offers the chance for a mindful break from the day's worries and can help to reduce stress.

Join our online Art Group taking place every Wednesday until 23rd March, 5pm - 6.30pm.

Virtual Choir Group

If you're a music lover who enjoys singing, come along & share music with others in a fun, no pressure environment. This group is for autistic people and their families in Scotland, and all ages and abilities are welcome!

Join our Virtual Choir group taking place every Thursday evening until 24th March, 5pm - 6pm.

Autism Support Group

Come along to our Autism Support Group for autistic individuals and family members of autistic people in Scotland.

Run by Jonny Drury, the group will take place every Thursday* until 24th March, 1pm - 2.30pm.

***excluding 17th February**

**Don't miss out, find out more and book your place now:
www.scottishautism.org/click-and-connect**

We are delighted to announce that bookings are now open for our Online Conference, 'Behind the Mask', on 12th May!

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WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
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Scottish Autism
Online Conference
Thursday 12th May 2022



This virtual conference aims to understand the pressures, stresses and consequences that autistic people feel “fitting in”, and in accessing support. We will explore the ways that professionals can recognise the lived experience of autistic people; change practitioner behaviour to better accommodate autistic needs; and create safe spaces where autistic people can be themselves.

We will ask how professionals and those they support can exchange perspectives through meaningful dialogue, promote respectful interactions and relations, and create a more positive experience of services and society more widely.

Pay What You Can Scheme

Open to autistic people and their families*

*Spaces are limited



We are striving to make our conference as accessible and inclusive as possible.

Our Pay What You Can is a pilot scheme open to autistic people and their families to access the conference.

Please note, places are limited.

To find out more and book, please visit

www.scottishautismconference.org

Letters to Angels



This is what a typical water-bus looked like in the 1980s on the River Danube, in Budapest (Hungary). The medium size motoric boat, with its double-deck feature, was great fun in the summer... going to my nursery or primary school, standing on the top and feeling the breeze, looking at all the historical buildings... The water-buses had this funny pointy 'nose' and even though they were painted white, they always came across as rather gray, just like this one. They heavily smelled of fuel and engine oil, making me feel like I was on an expedition!...

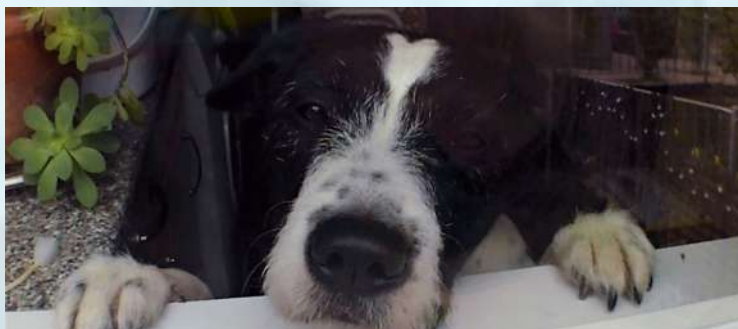
Dear Dad,

How are you? I thought it to be my delightful duty to inform you that your latest and only offspring on Earth has turned 40! Yes, forty (heavy) years old. Who ever thought that this day would come, despite everything. And when I say everything, you know I mean decades of *every-thing*. But here we go; I thought to mention in case in the past thirty and a half years since I've not seen you, you perhaps became too busy in heaven. Although I doubt that because so many times in previous years I felt your helping hand and guiding presence here and there. Thanks Dad or: 'ta', how they say it around here. I'm assuming you know that for over eight years now I have been breathing some fine Scottish air. Bliss!

I am also thinking, you must know about me being trained by an amazing support dog for some years now. Yeah. Baxter (who sends his regards, BTW) since then has made it into two charity documentaries, one educational video for a youth group, into four–five articles, an online training and a church congregation (regular member!). I often feel that I'm just accompanying him on his destined journey of teaching at least a couple hundred people by now about the use of service dogs for non–physical impairments. It is my great pleasure to walk with him. We're both so keen being on the camera! And we hope in the future there will be an overarching state funded program for these life–changing dogs and the great need to be covered.

On top of that, my dog is:

1. much more enthusiastic about going to work Monday morning than I am,
2. can gather up more morsels in the office's kitchen than the most expensive vacuum cleaner would (maybe that's why I haven't seen the cleaner for a while)
3. the only person at the company who lays down on the floor while waiting on the photocopier machine (tempting, eh)
4. he's the only co–worker who is just as crazy about me as I am about him! (meaning there's still no word from Henrik.)



You know, how I always said: I wish I could get just an inch closer to my Celtic half-god mysteriously grumpy ex-colleague! Well, watch what you wish for. We first ventured out with Baxter to town as an overconfident-rookie-support-dog plus totally-terrified-new-support-dog-user duo in October 2019. It felt a bit like when those sport-pilots first took off to fly as army pilots in WW1. Flying circus, yeah. And in about eighty percent of the cases people supposed I was visually impaired. I have to admit, I didn't know half of it. I had no idea some would actually follow me around to open doors for me, some would need multiple attempts just to say the 'b' word aloud when asking me if I was blind (like they were trying to say 'witch' or 'spy' or 'tax return'), that cab drivers would phone me up to explain where they are parking exactly in front of the building, and some of them would not believe that I can get out -or let alone in- to a fully stationary vehicle by myself. So yes, after a while I felt many more inches closer to Henrik - also, stuffed with waves of frustration and a newly developed mild people-phobia I never suffered from before. Oh, Lordy Lord. (I learnt that a great portion of society still calls guide dogs 'blind dogs'. With my very literal thinking, that always amazes me. I mean... how would that work in practice? I dunno, maybe training those dogs to rely on GPS narration? Hmm...)

But the situation didn't get significantly better even after I managed to explain again and again that my eyes are just fine, I have autism. Dad, to commemorate my 40th birthday, I thought to share with you, in a craziness-and-answers format, my top conversations I had with folks because of daring to leave the house with Baxter in his handsome blue working gear - you'd better sit down. (If you can sit down in heaven. Or is it just floating around? Do let me know, might come handy for my chaplaincy training.)

- That's a dog under your desk!
- Yes... Yes...

I am often taken aback by people's sheer power of observation. I thought to say something like 'Really?! Goodness, you are right! I have no idea how it got there. Maybe it was following me in from the street. What do we do now??' But because it happened at the office and I was still new at my new job... I decided not to elaborate on the dog issue. If it was addressed to me as an ice breaker, then I guess I was still too sad to pick up on it. I am sorry, funny repairman who came to fix our office's roof, for skipping that promising conversation with you. I blame men who suddenly turn their behaviour around, then you have manag(st)ers, then you have to change jobs and then the one company that hires you is only five corners away from the previous one. In clear weather I could hear Henrik yawning at his desk... If you ever come back, repairman, please, point at the dog under my desk again. We will work this out, pinky swear!

- What kind of support dog is he? Is it a he?
- Yes, it is a he. Well, he was more of a 'he' before the big snip, ya know. And he's an autism support dog.
- A what?...

Answers to this one are on a spectrum. Some respond like I said Baxter was delivering farm milk to the doors in the neighbourhood ('Ah, that's great. Is he working every day?') while others react like I said I was raising funds for the first Jamaican bobsled team. Never a dull moment. I suppose if this question ever gets too much, I can just put my finger against my lips with haste and say in a very low voice: Sshhh, he's working for the... you know what... - glance behind me and leave it at that.

- Do you feed your dog?*
- Yes. [Most certainly.]

* I'm still thinking about this one and so are my few friends and my support workers.
We are still clueless.

- That's not a labrador.

I was actually too far from the passerby who made this comment and too much on the move to stop and say anything. I admit, I also found it too funny to not laugh any answering attempt away. I can confirm that, indeed, my Mr. Baxter is not a labrador, never was and never will be. My fellow human, this world is so much more varied than just the wonderful labs! There are also unicorns, krakens, werewolves, mountain giants, griffins and dragons (especially dragons, in Scotland).

- Does he [my dog] help you?
- Yep.

Sometimes you just cannot be clear enough. The large vibrant white letters referring to my dog's purpose on his working vest, paired with a neon yellow sign that does the same only seem to work with a minority of observers. I was wondering about a large pink heart-shaped sticker with the words 'He is really helping me', but then I thought people would stop me all the time to ask exactly how my dog is helping me, so I dropped the idea... for now. If it is another typical ice breaker I fail to pick up on with my ASD, then my failure explains the dog's presence (or something like that). It's complicated. I just want ice cream. Double vegan cheese burger, small fries and no questions asked. This isn't the dog you are looking for...



We didn't understand with Baxter how we ended up in the 1400s, last July, but the knights were friendly and we were put in charge of guarding the weaponry. Those are spears, shields, bows and arrows and, behind me, even a helmet! Strange things happen when you are out and about with a working dog...

This is Baxter and me in the lovely summer sunshine on the grass, at a history fair. It was one of our best adventures so far. Up for many more.

- I know that we are not supposed to disturb blind dogs and dogs like that when they are busy, but can I pat your dog?
- Yes, you know it well, so... no, sorry.

Guilty as charged here. How many times have I thought about, as a kid, jumping on the water-bus (public transport boat) on the River Danube before we were officially allowed to board by the operators. Do you remember that, Dad? I guess this is my karma. So far I only had two people, each of them regularly around us, asking me for some non-work time with Baxter. Taking doggy out of his harness, into his regular collar and lead, and then swapping back to working mode was all worth the hassle for the very moved smiles he brought to those two souls. I don't know what it was about exactly, it is between them and Baxter. They must had something important to share with each other. The deepest wounds of the heart can be the most invisible and Baxter speaks languages I do not. (I just hope he won't apply for a different job 'cause then I'm in trouble! The other day he asked me about 'resume' and working in the health sector. Oh oh...)

This one is usually coming from those under ten:

- Hi, can I touch your doggy. PLEEEAAAASE??
- No, I am sorry. But I'm sure there will be another dog you can pat, there will be one. [soft smile, gentle nodding... then walking away as fast as I can.]

Those perfect, pleading eyes, that incredible amount of hope in their voices, and then tiny cheeks suddenly turning so sad... it is terrible!! It makes me feel like I was the Anti-Santa!

Remembering my own early projections onto random canines, thinking that they were all coming my way to become my best pals (of course), I get this. And I hate becoming the barker of very bad news. This world is corrupted to the core, what can we say. First it is an expensive toy, then a working dog you want to clap, then certain clothing items, better peer-acceptance at school, then your perceived love-of-my-life, more sleep hours, more social security, less refused job applications and less painful joints. And still, no, no, no, no. Sometimes 'that dog' just walks away. Yet, I don't want to use these encounters with children to tell them already: get used to refusal please, it will be easier like that later...

I bet the adults with them would conclude to themselves that service dog owners must be such a profoundly depressed breed. But really, it's just boring dog-training instructions, it's just boundaries. It's just sad real life.

- I'm scared of dog. Can you cancel dog, please? - said the taxi driver to Lea on the very first morning of her new employment.

- He is a support dog. I cannot 'cancel' my dog.

This one was followed by a lengthy conversation with said driver and an even lengthier discussion with the cab company. But it made me think: does my dog ever want to cancel me, by any chance?...



- Uhm, when will this dog be finished and move in with someone?

- Uhm, he already has a home. I hope... I mean, he's my dog. Yes. [reassuring looks sent towards Baxter, in case he understood what the person said]

What happened was -to make our life even more lively- that my area guide dog training centre also began to put cute little blue jackets on their trainee candidates - not on the humans, the dogs. Therefore, I am often a perceived trainer for them. Not the owner of an emotional support dog that also falls under blue colour coding. Yay. No free hot drink purchased for me so far. On the other hand, Baxter and I were already stopped in the street once by a person with a white cane, eagerly enquiring from me when 'this dog will become available'. She said she saw 'how it goes', on BBC. Gosh, talk about media reform. Baxter must have done a spotless performance, come to think of it. Over the years my dog did develop new, useful actions that I've never taught him, he just picked those up from our routines and from my frequent choices. No accidentally stepping into puddles any more, no walking in the middle of the corridor at work. Honestly, it's comfy. I have to think even less. One day I might give my brain away. But fear not, I have Baxter!

– And how is your dog helping you?

[Finally, a cool question!!]

– Thanks for asking. Well, there are lots of things he can do for me, but mainly it is about helping me to avoid going into what is called an autistic meltdown. That would be very exhausting for me to experience and most likely I would have to quit what I'm doing and go home and lay down for the rest of the day. I couldn't continue the activity I was in or continue enjoying being out and about. My dog can also help by being a focus point for me since I cannot interpret people's facial expressions, and body language and changes in their tone of voice very well. So that is very confusing for me, to be in the world like that every day, and also all the sudden loud noises, harsh lights or unexpected interactions that can happen. I usually never fully process what is happening around me when I'm not at home or at a quiet location. Having my dog also means that I can go places whenever I want to, I don't have to wait on someone to chaperone me, which is also useful when one of my care workers has to cancel and I already made plans I want to stick to.

You see, this type of enquiry is actually leading somewhere and each time I feel delighted to rapidly transform into the role of Educator of The Masses. Even though Baxter does not take care of my bills, does not compose boring work-emails and does not give me a back massage (yet), he has other extras, such as: continuously filtering my social circle and the amount of actual interactions with colleagues (only the best remain in the game), sharing my recent devout feelings for chocolate, biscuits, pancakes and butter (although only I get to taste these), preventing any serious morning depression (he WILL get me out of the bed, who needs Alexa??), ensuring social distancing (during pandemics, endemic and beyond) and eliminating anyone who would only want casual dating with me (possibly thinking all that fur on their clothes is not worth it).



Plus all the love, warmth, self-importance and kindness you can only experience with an animal that believes you are the leader of their pack, you just look, smell and act a bit weird for a dog. By now, like every avid canine owner, I tried wagging my imaginary tail and barking to Baxter when nobody saw it – my dog wasn't convinced at all. Or maybe he had enough entertainment by then.

Thinking about some sad statistics of people giving back their freshly matched service dogs after a short time, based on some negative experience from others and/or our own internal drama, all I can say is that I've been there. First it was my pride, that an evolutionary pre-runner is enabling me to go to the bakery without a meltdown... Then the first time I had to report a taxi driver for insulting comments about having to 'tolerate' my dog in his car. A couple of days into me and Baxter going 'live', I was already crying like a toddler, feeling sorry for myself on the floor and the person I could have discussed this with the most, drifted away just over a month ago.

I thought it would be best to ditch Baxter's whole working role rather than speak fourteen simple words to the phone: *me and my support dog had access issues, I wish to raise a complaint.* So far I've never regretted choosing the latter. It gets easier with each month, I guess – and weirder by the week when it comes to some fellow humans. (Did I tell you that once, in a café, a guy suddenly went down on all four and put his face to my dog's face while Baxter was relaxing in his working harness next to our table? Was THAT an ice breaker?? What would you call that, a pawpuccino?...)

Miss you to bits, Dad, dying to see you again – but not yet!

Love endlessly,

your journalist, trainee–chaplain, employed, disabled, neurodivergent, hopeful, utterly single, totally dog–trained, adventurous 40+ descendant,

Lea

PS: Baxter asked me to tell you that when I screw up, he almost has parental feelings for me. I wonder which situation he means... The one where I put his working gear on him the wrong way after not enough sleep hours, or when I wave and smile back at someone in the street, finally feeling so empowered and such an integral part of society! Only they greeted my dog, not me...

Contact to the author: leapublish@gmail.com



J A N U A R Y

dEAR eMPLOYER,

I WOULD LIkE tO INItIATe

iNdiViDUAL offICES FOR

WoRKING doGS LIkE M'SELF,

TO ENHANCe EFFeCTIVENeSS OF
NAppING WHILe MY TrAINee IS
WoRKING.

Mr. BaXTeR (STAFF)

Doggy Baxter under my desk at work just after we started there last year. 'Dear employer, I would like to initiate individual offices for working dogs like myself, to enhance effectiveness of napping while my trainee is working. Signature: Mr. Baxter (staff).' – in badly typed print.

The difficulty in sorting the good from the bad in friendships

The unknown and unimaginable dangers in the teenage social scene

The whole arena of friendships can be a tricky trodden path. The many pitfalls and potential pluses and minuses can be abstract. Intangible. And mind bogglingly elusive. That concrete world of early years replaced by a social world full of subtext and subtlety. Ambiguity and complexity. Double speak and hidden meaning. Concrete, literal, childish whispered words replaced by the subtler, sly snigger, smirk and adult eye roll. Straight out, clear cut rejection replaced by the pretence of friendship with the presence of agenda. Shifting body language and changing voice tone – together – convey a meaning and an intention that neither alone ever really could, transcending the literal obviousness of words. A sudden change in conversational topic indicating an uncomfortableness that surrounds it. All mark the transition from a less concrete to a more abstract, complicated social playing field where shared understanding of social convention rules.

Transitioning to this more complex social playing field can be an especially challenging journey when you have Asperger's or autism. Common social convention can be double dutch. There can be social blind spots. People say one thing while meaning another. People can be put up to engage in risky behaviour where others would run the other way. Sidestepping this social trapdoor is vital. The key to this is to sort the good from the bad characters. People behave in roundabout ways. True intentions can be masked by seemingly civil surface behaviour. That seemingly outwardly friendly demeanour can be contradicted by conflicting inner attitudes and thoughts that are less concerned with your welfare. The trick is perhaps to scratch beneath the surface...

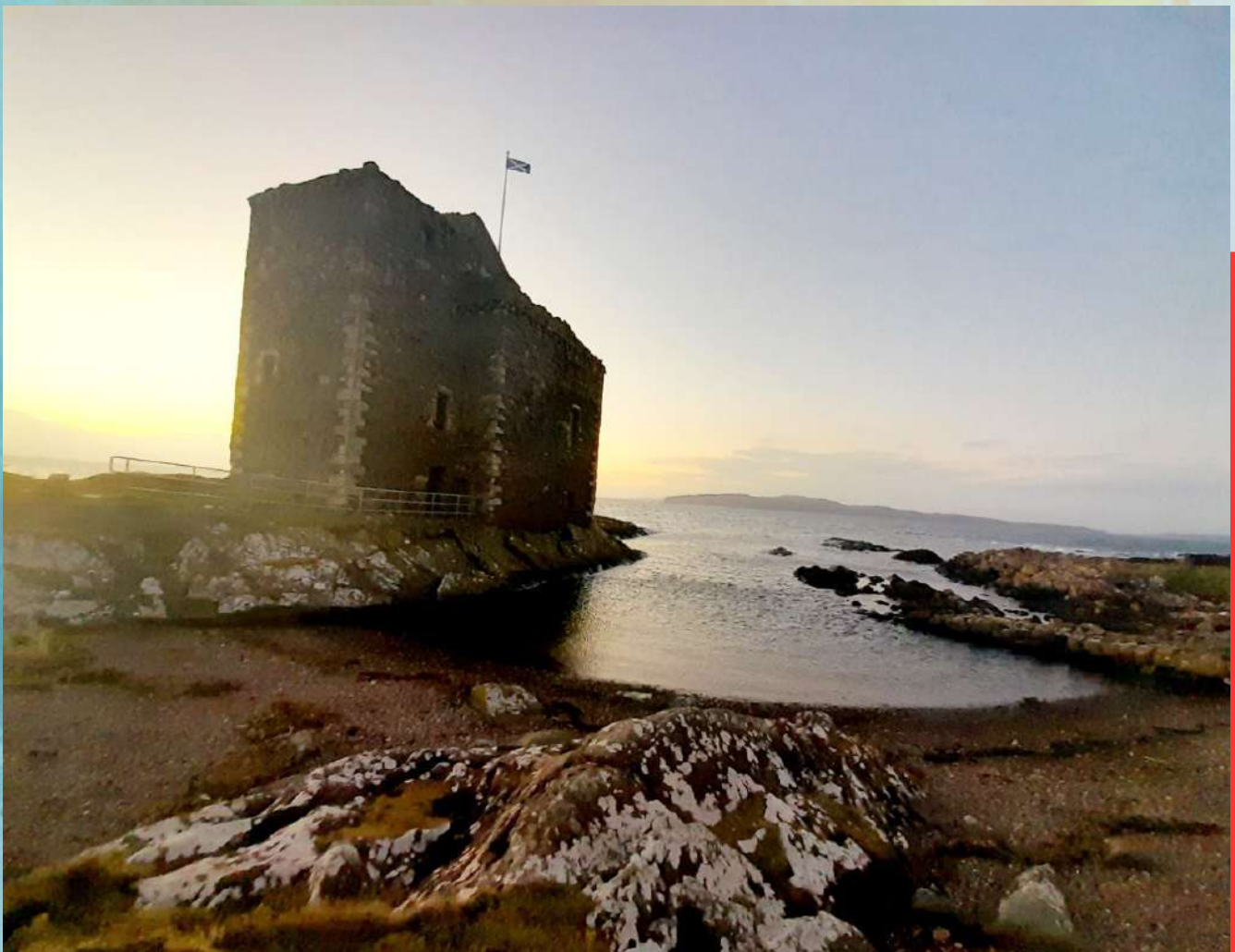
Gordon Barlow.

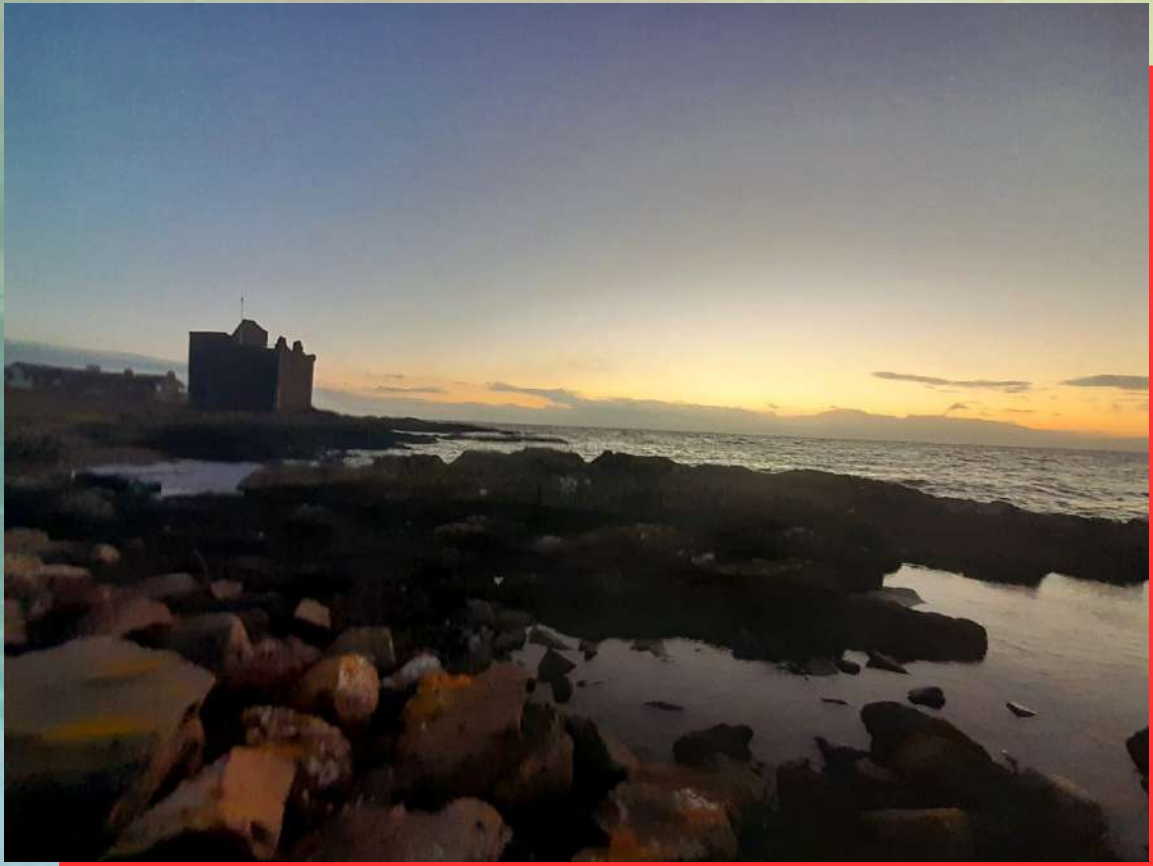
ARTITUDE!



Sandra Louise Smyth

Here are some of my recent photos from around Scotland. It's been great finally being able to travel. My special interest has been photography since being diagnosed with Autism at 45yrs old. I hope this inspires others with autism and know it's never too late to find a new passion.



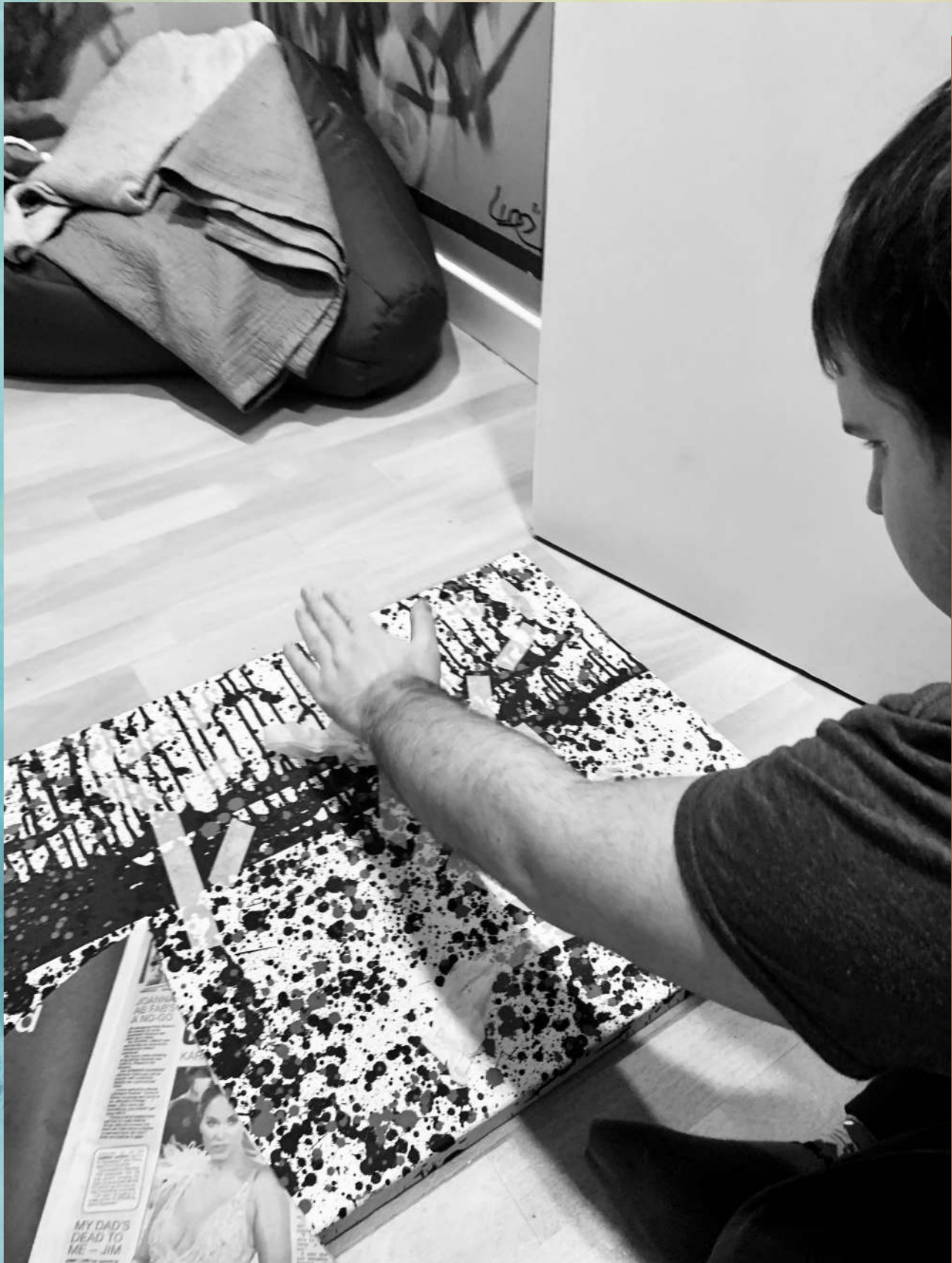


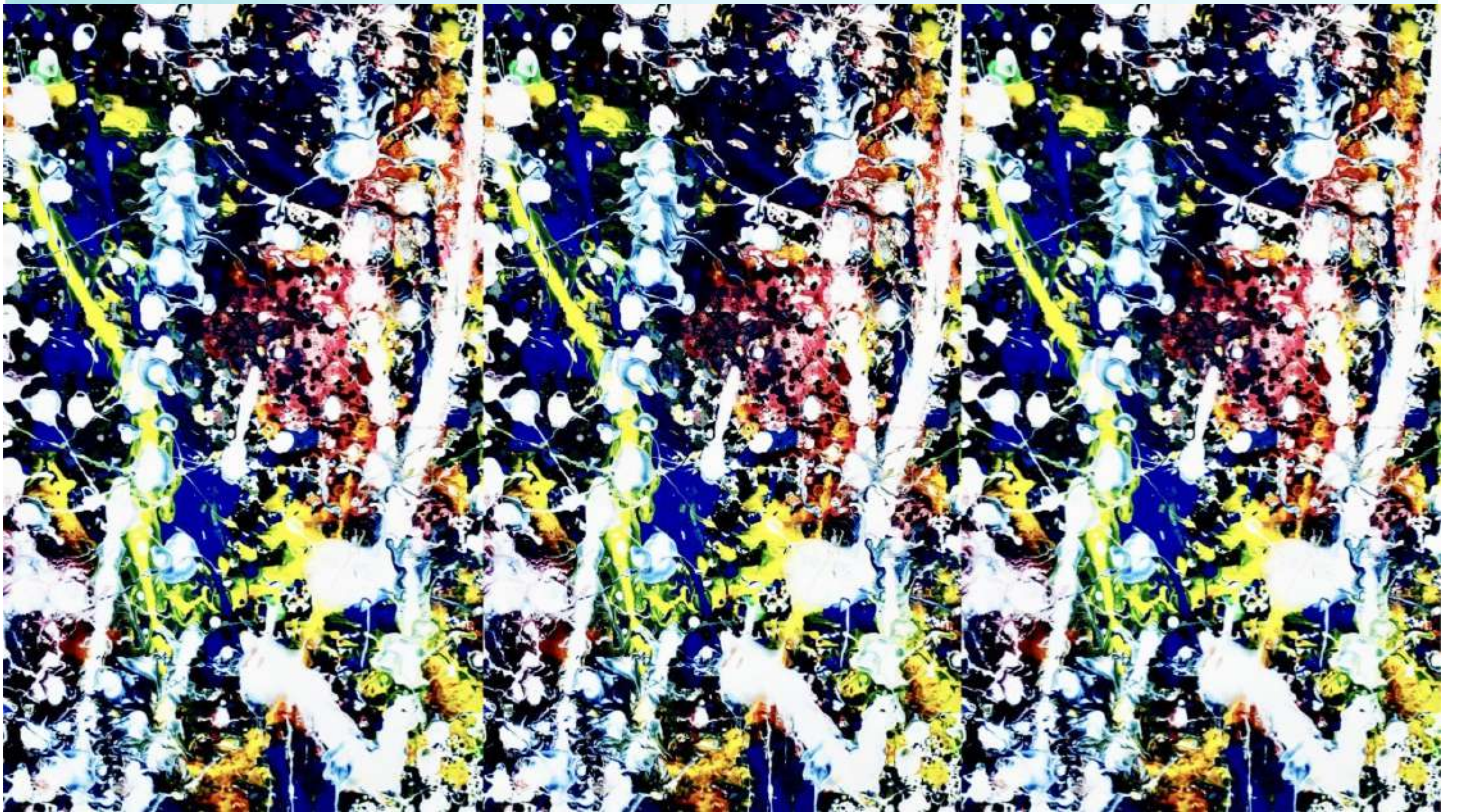




Lee Wilkinson

Lee would like to say a big thanks. Love to mum & dad for just being there always.

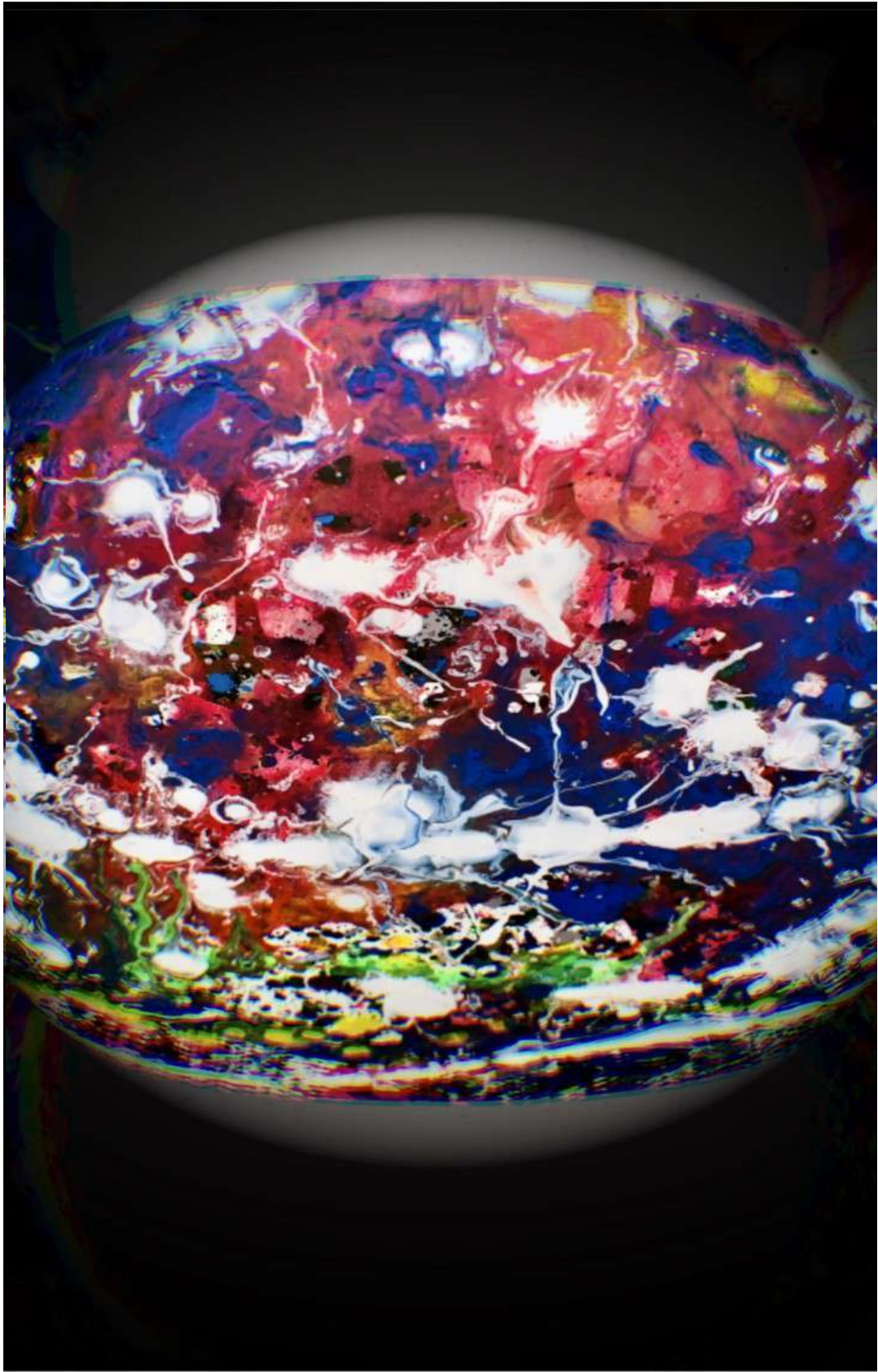




Repetition.



Explosion of Colour.

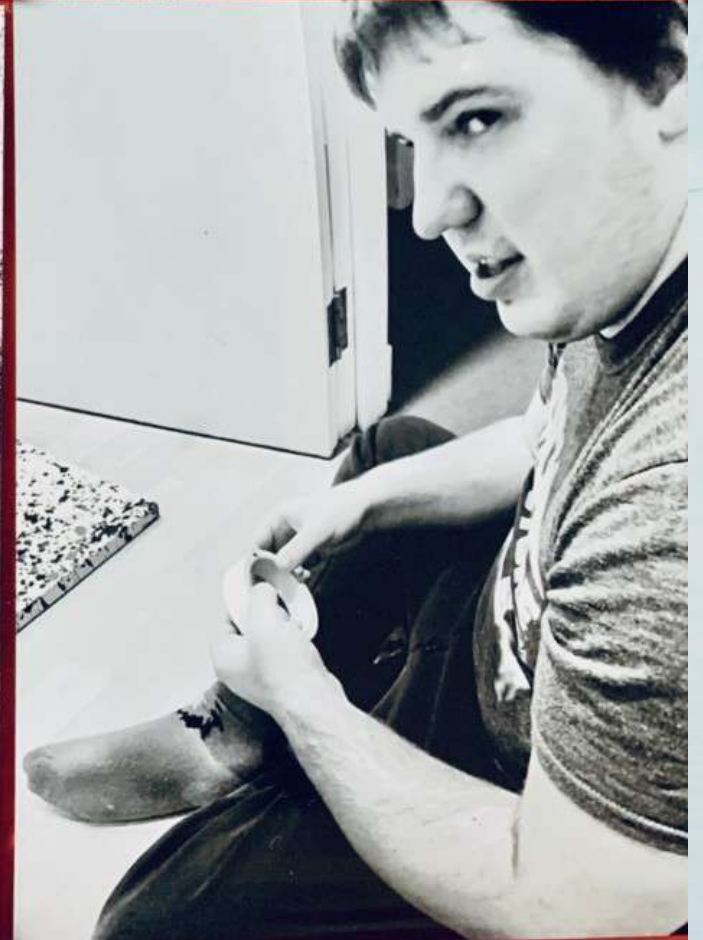


Explosion of Colour 2.



Cluster of Stars.





The Black Candy Rocks

by John M Roney



*The black candy rocks have got
No fox to hide.*

*With slack sandy tracks to guide,
He's gone downwind on the tide.*



*The black candy rocks have got
No fox inside.*

*With cack-handed locks to slide,
He's in the poultry pen mouth wide.*



*The black candy rocks have got
No foxes hide.*

*With sack expanded, broken, stiff;
Laid in wait to make a kill.*



Who else but Farmer Bill.



*The black candy rocks have got
Nothing, nothing, no one,
Inside.*



Lost & Lonely

A single grain of sand washes down a runnel into a salty pool.
Over the solitary sands I wander, Oh so much alone.
The sea reverberates with crashing waves.
Always a swell way to spend one's time walking this path,
along sea-girt, sands meeting place.
I have no merit to compare myself with such splendour,
a vista beyond all cares.
This upside-down world of hemispheres, where one path,
my path reaches out to meet horizon vanishing point; and yet
I do not see it. I see it not,
that reality, that reality, that reality - which is life.

by John M. Roney

Our Wind Flapping Head

by John Roney

*We hear the hush; the gush of sea over sand.
 And with a flush in our handicapped head;
 do we not dread all things to come.
 Do we not rush to put to bed our cares;
 all our cares 'oh caves of thought'.
 And in our whip-lashed minds we see and hear
 the world, the world of sea and sky.
 And in our wind flapping head, like a bird
 tugging at undercurrents to rise from the waves;
 we rise to fly.
 And thus with expanding heart strings to sing
 with such effort;
 we get along this sea-girt, kiss meeting place of
 sea and land; we hear the hand, that mighty hand
 of oceans width bear and break along its length.
 And as if in divine retribution we realise we've
 lost so much; so much of time getting here thus
 far.
 I hear the Curlew bleat; I know of no retreat
 where still the Oystercatcher can be seen to mellow,
 under the umbrella of these starry seas
 and skies above;
 that gaze down
 along this shore
 of Kintyre.*

finis

Splash by John Roney

*The curling combs,
the curling combs,
the combers of the sea.
And in those roving waves a seaward smile is
seen.
And in those roaming waves I see a seabird cry.
And in the foaming caves I see a selchie sad.
And in those homing heavens I see a dove so
glad.
And in those waters deep, where kelp so briny
sleeps,
I hear a soulful song.
A keening call that rings along the shore.
And like the wheatears on the wind her hair
flows all aglow.
And in a breasted way she billows by; the tide
pulling at her back.
And at her pretty nape, I see a curling comb.
And in her voice so sweet, this is what I hear:*

*"the curling combs, the curling combs,
the combers of the sea."*

finis

Sand in your Hand

The sea , the sea and the land ,
sand , to sift sand , to sift sand
through the palm of your hand .

Ampersand a thousand gifted grains ;
Amber sand , a thousand gifted grains ;
and through the golden rain ,
our train of thought goes .
One cosmic thought , a wonder lust of sorts .

Scamper sand , to shift that scampered sand ,
away . To shift that scampered sand away .
Through the balmy day we hear them say
hip-hip-hooray we're off work today .
Now the kids can play .

Pamper sand , to thriftily pamper sand ;
and through our lifted arms we pray ,
we'll come back here someday .

by John M. Roney

My Neurodiversity Journey Part 3 Autistic & Dyslexic Blog Post

Thank you for the feedback and positive comments from parts 1 & 2 of my journey.

Some of you have visualised, heard and felt the shock, regret, the ah ha moments along with the laughs on realising my ability to sprinkle bewilderment in many **environments/situations**.

You may have experienced the same.

Different **environments** are not all accommodating for us neurodivergent's given our daily sensory challenges. Having personal boundaries, whether imposed by ourselves, parents, carer or significant other, is not selfish; its wisdom and self-care. They are essential, normal and healthy behaviours.

As a Neurodivergent with learning disabilities I'm constantly on guard to minimise sensory challenges that could cause "Panic Attacks" "Situational Mutism" "Shutdowns" "Meltdowns" or "Burnouts" that can last for weeks, months or years.

They are all totally involuntary as we all know.

Having experienced of all the above; I am conscious of being hyper-vigilant with a cost benefit situation regarding all **environments/situations**.

This statement from the Inspirational speaker & trainer Alexander Den Heijer is something that I am constantly aware of: –

"When a flower doesn't bloom, you fix the environment in which it grows, not the flower."

Overwhelm, is our enemy due to having a different operating system; it is not a processing error.

Hyper-vigilance is a coping strategy whether conscious or subconsciously; however, this **behaviour** / awareness can bring increased anxiety and is a huge energy drainer.

Mark Twain said, "the two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why."

Personally, for me it was the day I was born and the day I found out I was Autistic.

Finding out your own why is liberating, you may find with total congruence with mind body aligned; your own unique **Identity** and **Purpose**.

Moving on from **environments**; what **behaviours** do we wish to experience in the different aspects of our lives however expansive or limited they may be?

An Autistic person in the appropriate **environment** can flourish and meet or exceed our own and others' expectations. The reverse can be disastrous.

Behaviours are the strongest form of communication; the experts say of all communication only 7% are words; 38% is tone of voice and 55% is body language.

I am reminded of Sir Prof Simon Baron - Cohen; world leading expert in Autism at Cambridge Uni tweet on 5th July 2019 when he stated

"So important for policy makers to understand: 45% of autistic adults said they'd had a period without enough money to meet basic needs; 20% of autistic adults who had been in a relationship had been sexually abused by a partner and 70% said they'd been bullied by someone they thought was a friend"?

Bullying has been a most unpleasant experience for most of us on the spectrum in different times in our lives and in a variety of **environments** leaving the Autistic person traumatised.

At school I personally didn't learn much that prepared me for an autistic life (although unknown to me and others I was autistic) I was just thick and stupid as I wrote in Autitude 12.

Learning about Pythagoras & Archimedes re 3.14 equals to $22/7$ was futile –I was not born to understand these fine chaps' theory's

However, life skills would have been more important and appropriate.

Personality traits and **behaviours** in the real world of other people and their agendas would have prepared me better for late teenage / adult life, providing more awareness with heightened skills to cope in the neurotypical world.

Like most Autistics I take everything that is said literally which can lead to all sorts of difficulties and unpleasantness.

Poor at hearing sarcasm and the nuances on the verbal word.

This opens us up to many different types of abuse as Baron – Cohen stated.

Why & how? Well, we naively assume everyone is like us; IE honest, maybe too direct at times and have no reason to lie. Unfortunately, the NT world is full of games.

Life / Human patterns of behaviour is part of daily living.

When I hear a word, phrase, gesture or event I ask myself three questions: –

1st Event: – Makes it plausible it could happen again.

2nd Event: – Increases plausibility of it happening again. People intend to infer that there is a probability it will happen again.

3d Event: – This is now no longer a probability.....This is now a reality – it's who they are. Reality is what you tolerate.

How many times do you take to recognise a pattern? What action will you take?

Harvard Business Review says that the first commandment of leadership is this: "Know thyself."

SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



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AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 13!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
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