

Muddleena

Muddleena's imagination was a wonderful place to live. Stories constantly flowed. From Knights on white horses galloping across the nation to save the damsel, who by the way, had already tamed the dragon and was thinking of ways she could use its fiery breath as an alternative to fossil fuel, but loved the romantic gesture and married one of the knights anyway. To toy soldiers who came to life while everyone slept, and had parties under the dining table. To Witches living off of the land in blissful solitude. Just your normal everyday stuff really!

As a child Muddleena would spend hours writing page upon page so these stories could live forever. It was only as she got older she realised nobody could read them, in fact, after a while she couldn't either. You see, the poor girl has been cursed with a neurodiverse brain. Which made her words, and thoughts, swirl. They would sound wonderful in her head but when she tried to get them on paper they got lost on the journey to her hand. Those that did come out were jumbled. It was suggested, that as the journey from her imagination to her mouth was shorter, then her words might not get lost as easily, so she tried speaking her stories.

The words flowed, her imagination danced and sang and sparkled. Muddleena was in her element. She looked at her audience, wanting to see the joy on their faces as they danced along with her. But the faces looking back were blank and confused. You see, the words she thought she had said and what actually came out of her mouth, were two very different things.

The Mischievous brain nymphs of neurodiversity, love nothing more than messing with her internal wiring. Laughing as they switch the plugs mid way through Muddleena's ideas. Cutting multiple thought strands every few inches and sticking them together in random order. If these strands were yarn they could be used to make Joseph's technicolour dream coat, but only if there were time to untangle the knotted mass first!

For many decades Muddleena let the brain nymphs quash her dream of becoming an author, even though the stories in her head never stopped. And I mean never! Even when she slept the stories and ideas continued. But as she got older Muddleena realised she no longer cared if she made a fool out of herself getting the words wrong. She decided she would laugh along with the brain nymphs when they made her forget what she was doing, while she was actually doing it. She learnt to write notes and reminders. To make lists and charts to help her with day to day life. Who cares if it has taken nearly a whole decade to write just one book. She will be her own shining knight, she might not be able to beat neurodiversity but there was no way she was letting it win either!