

I'm sorry, I'm so autistic.

I have a super power,

I can stare at the sun.

Maybe it's because I'm autistic,

Or maybe because my eyes tan instead of burn.

Probably because I'm autistic.

I can get distracted easily:

Is that a squirrel?

I like long sleeve tops

But not with a jacket-

That's uncomfortable.

I had a dream last night, can I tell you?

'In a minute.'

So in this dream, I pet the cactus and it hurt me!

'Emily, what did I say?'

'Sowwy.'

Now my finger hurts.

Once a boy told me I wasn't autistic.

I said 'Errrrm yeah I am,'

And he said 'No, my brother is autistic

And you're nothing like him.'

What he didn't realise is autism is like hair dye:

It comes in all different colours.

Mines purple you see

And red

And blue

And maybe that brother's hair was green

Or orange

Or pink

We aren't the same, as no person is

But we share the same title, which doesn't make us stupid

Or incredibly smart.

It doesn't make us sensitive

Or unresponsive

It makes us unique, like everyone is unique.

And because I get distracted, because my hair is blue, purple, red

Because my eyes tan instead of burn

I

Am

Unique.

Always Unique Totally Interesting Sometimes Mysterious