

Title: Not Broken, Just Wired Different Subtitle: POV of a child who's trying to make sense why he's different from the outside world Author: Warrior Mum

Page 1: My name is Adam.

I'm 11 years old.

I'm in Year 6 and I'm supposed to be excited about starting big school in September.

I'm not.

Everyone keeps saying, "You'll be fine, Adam!"

But they don't know what it's like inside my head.

It's loud. All the time. Even when it's quiet outside.

Page 2: I have ADHD and autism.

Some people act like that's two bad things glued together.

But I'm not bad.

I'm not naughty.

I'm not broken.

I'm just wired... different.

Page 3: My brain works fast. Too fast sometimes.

I think of ten things at once, and then forget all of them in ten seconds.

My body doesn't sit still.

I tap my foot. I twirl my pencil.

Sometimes I blurt things out and people laugh.

Not with me—at me.

It stings, but I pretend I don't care.

Page 4: I don't like loud noises.

Or sudden changes.

Or people shouting, even if they're not shouting at me.

I like routines.

I like headphones.

I like sitting near the door, just in case.

Sometimes I need a break before I break.

Page 5: My teacher says I'm smart in my own way.
She gives me a fidget cube and lets me draw during reading time.
Drawing helps me listen. Most people don't get that.

She says, "Adam, you're not wrong. The world just needs to learn your language."

Page 6: At playtime, I pace by the fence.
I pretend I'm a robot scanning the playground.
I'm not really pretending. I just need space to think.

Tommy says, "Why do you act like that?"
I shrug.

He means it as a joke.
But I delete that file. I've learned to act like I didn't hear.

Page 7: Sometimes people say I talk too much.
Other times they say I don't talk at all.

I'm not trying to be confusing.
I just get stuck.
Like a game that lags when there's too much going on.

Page 8: Today, we're visiting the new school.
"Big School," they call it.
Big corridors. Big rules. Big kids. Big noise.

My heart feels like a spinning top.
It won't stop.

I try to ask questions—but they tell me not to worry.
That makes it worse. I always worry.

Page 9: When I get home, Mum asks about the visit.
I say, "It was loud."
She says, "What else?"

I say, "I didn't like the lunch hall. It smelled like mashed peas and panic."

Mum laughs.
But I'm not joking.

Page 10: At bedtime, I draw a map of the new school.
I colour the quiet places blue.

I mark exits in green.
I draw my classroom in yellow because I want it to feel safe.

I call it: Escape Routes For When My Brain Runs Too Fast

Page 11: Next morning in maths, I couldn't sit still.
The numbers were swimming. The lights were buzzing.
And Miss Jenkins kept saying, "Focus, Adam!"

But my brain was already gone.
It ran out the door five minutes ago.

Page 12: Tommy whispered something.
I didn't hear all of it, just the word "freak."

So I shouted.
Too loud.
Too fast.

"SHUT UP!"

Everyone stared.
Miss Jenkins told me to leave the room.
She didn't ask why. She didn't ask what I heard.

Page 13: I sat outside the classroom, heart racing.
Tears tried to come, but I squeezed them back.

I didn't want to shout.
But it happened before I could stop it.
It's like the words pushed the emergency exit button.

Now I'm the "bad kid" again.

Page 14: At home, Mum asked what happened.
I said, "I broke the class again."

She knelt beside me and said,
"No, love. Your brain got too full. That's not the same as being bad."

I wanted to believe her.
But I still felt like a problem no one knew how to fix.

Page 15: Mum had another meeting with school today.
I waited in the corridor, biting my sleeve.

When she came out, her eyes were red.
She smiled, but her mouth was too tired.
I know that kind of smile.
It's the one she wears when nothing worked.

Page 16: That night, I heard her talking on the phone.

"I've tried everything," she said.
"I've asked. I've begged. But there's only so much they can do without funding."

She didn't know I was listening.
I curled up tighter and let the blanket eat me.

Page 17: Later, Mum sat beside me on the bed.
She didn't say anything at first.
Just rested her hand near mine.

Her hand didn't move. Mine did.
My leg bounced like always.
She didn't stop me.
She never does.

Page 18: Finally, she whispered,
"You're not too much. The world is just not built for all of you yet."

I didn't speak.
But I let her stay.
And that was enough.

Page 19: Today, I met Miss Taylor. She's new.
She didn't talk to me like I was a ticking time bomb.
She said, "Adam, what do you need when things feel too big?"

I blinked.
No one's asked me that before.
Not like that. Not quietly.

Page 20: I told her about my map.
The one I draw when my brain gets full.
She asked to see it. She really looked.
Then she said, "We can make one together for your new school."

My leg bounced.
She didn't flinch.

Page 21: At lunch, I sat at my usual table—on the end, near the wall.
Tommy from PE came over.
He didn't laugh. He didn't shout.
He just sat next to me and said,
"You're good at drawing. Can you teach me the fire dragon thing?"

My chest felt weird. Like a door cracked open.
I said, "Okay."

Page 22: I'm still nervous about September.
My brain's still loud. My leg still bounces.
I still don't like the lunch hall.

But I've got my map.
I've got Miss Taylor.
I've got my mum.
And maybe—I've got one friend.

That's enough to start.

Page 23: I'm not broken.
I'm not bad.
I'm not less.

I'm just wired different.
And maybe... that's not such a bad thing.

Back Cover Blurb: "Why am I like this?"

Adam is 11. He has ADHD. He has autism. He's about to leave Year 6 and start big school—and the world feels too loud, too fast, too confusing.

Told through Adam's honest, overwhelmed, and sometimes hilarious inner voice, *Not Broken, Just Wired Different* is a powerful look into the mind of a neurodivergent child trying to make sense of a world that doesn't always make space for him.

This is a story for every child who's ever felt "too much," and every adult who wants to understand what's really going on beneath the surface.

Written by Warrior Mum, this is more than a book. It's a mirror, a bridge, and a quiet act of revolution.