

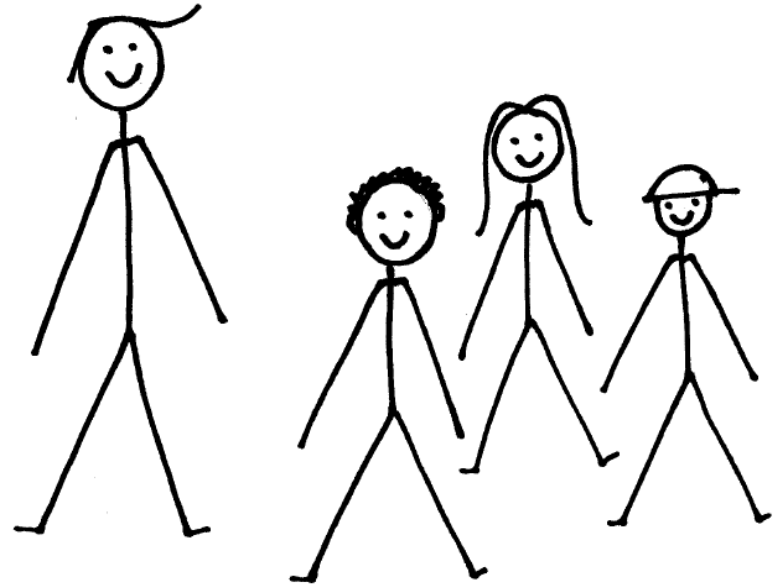
How does it feel to have autism?

Everyone is different.

I am tall.

People's hair is
different colours.

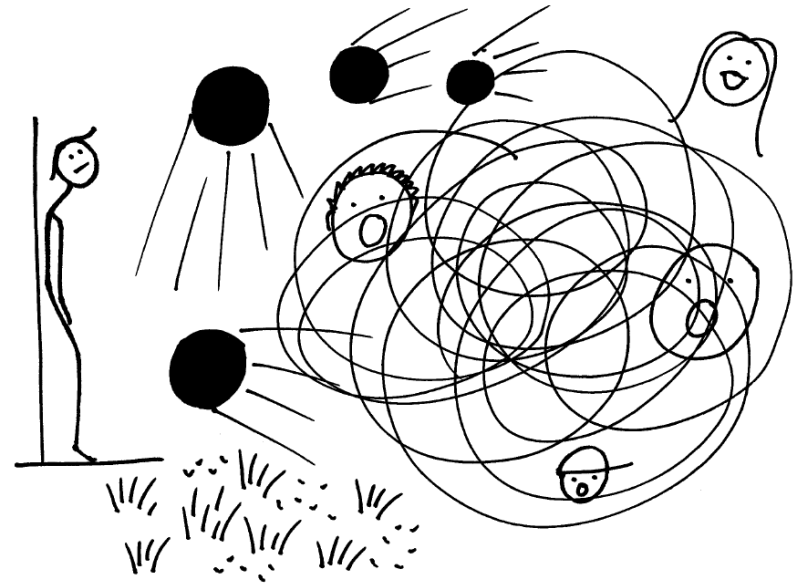
Mine is brown.



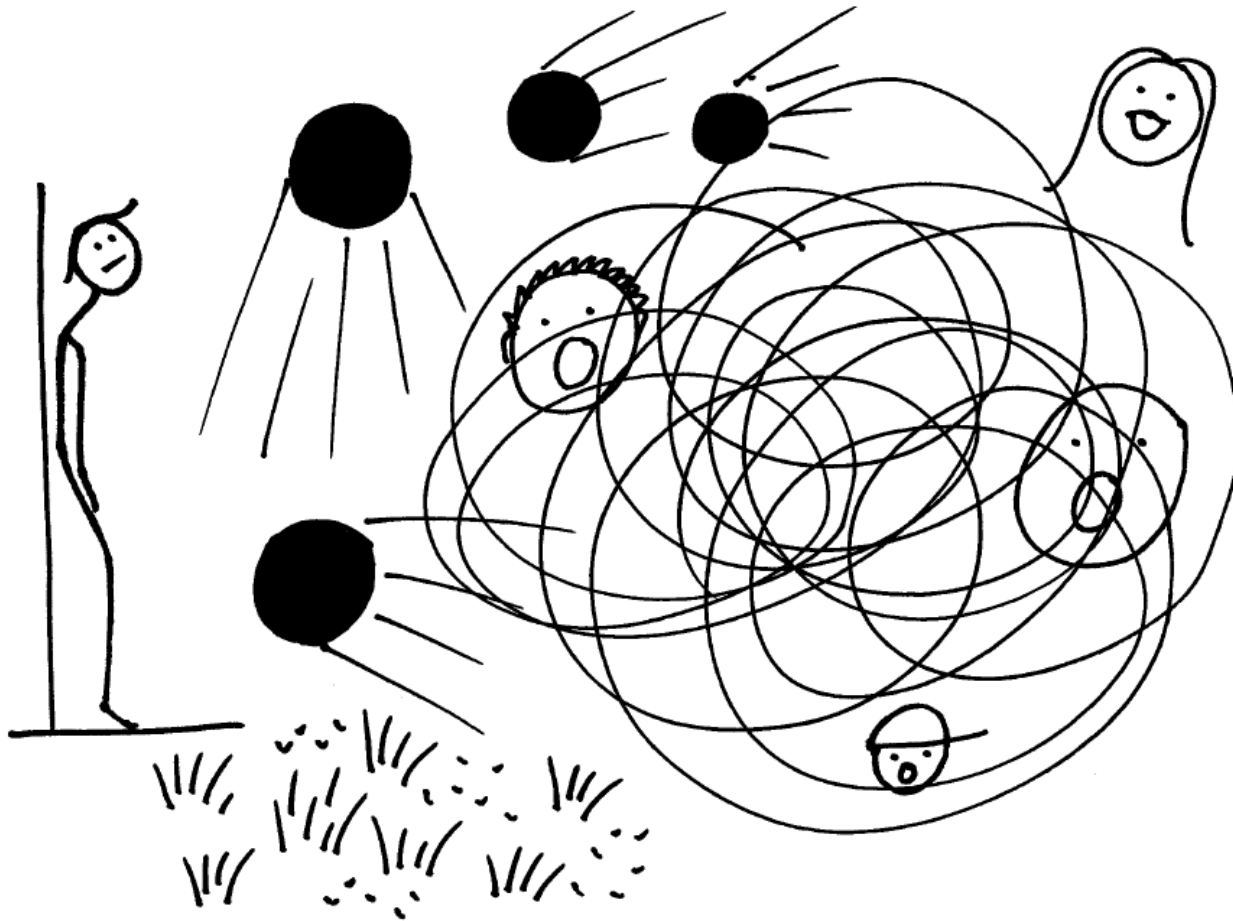
My name is Ed.

I am different because
I have autism.

This is what the
playground is like for
me when I arrive
at school.

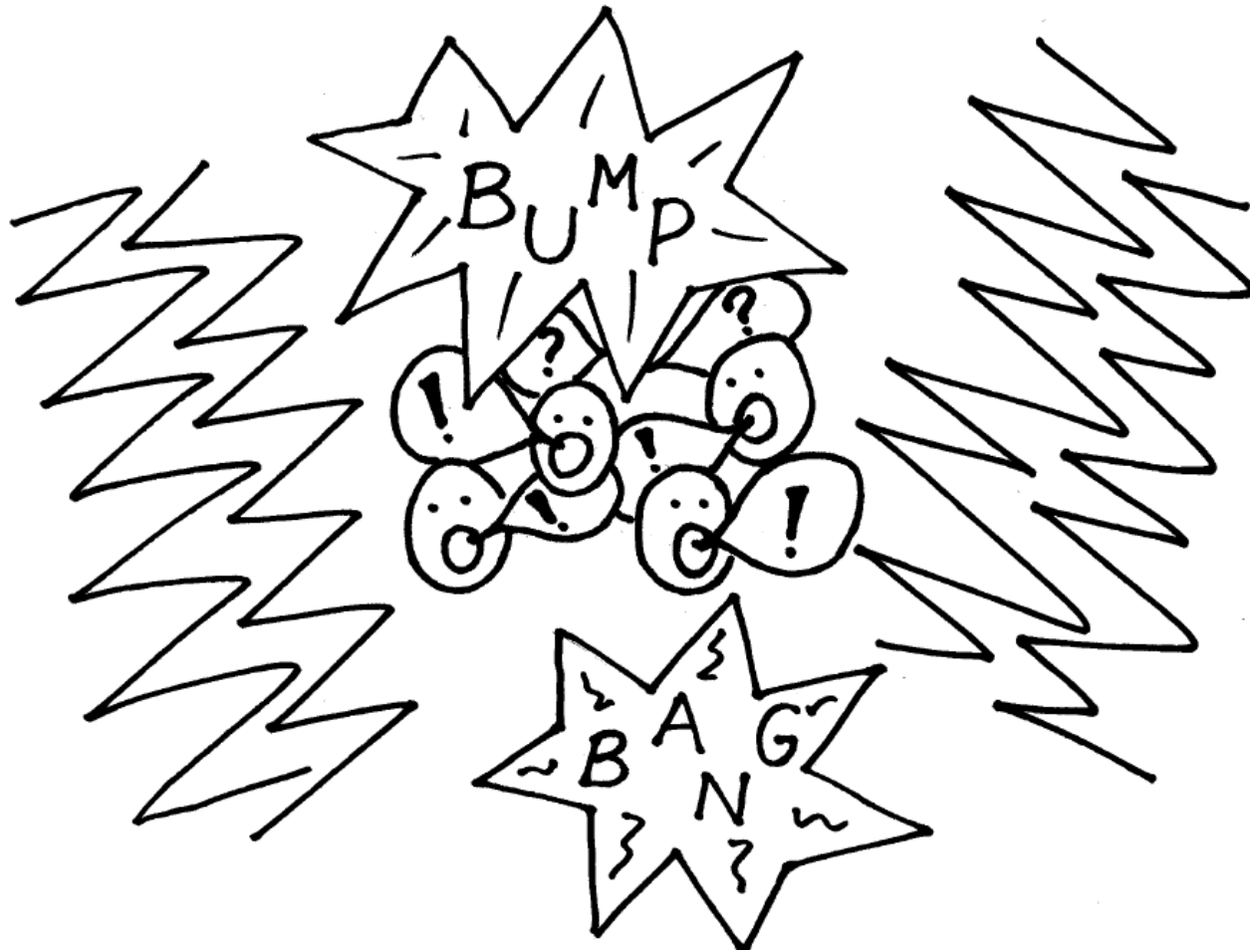


children running shouting balls flying through the air ground is smooth
ground is gravel ground is grass there is no space for me



When we change shoes I hear:

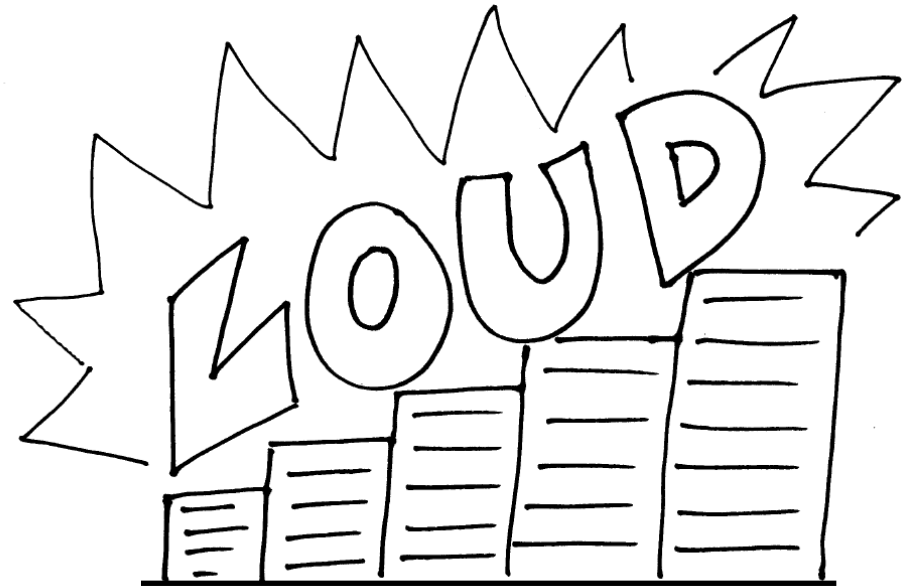
bumpbumpvelcro tearsvoicescracklezipsunpackplasticbagsrustle



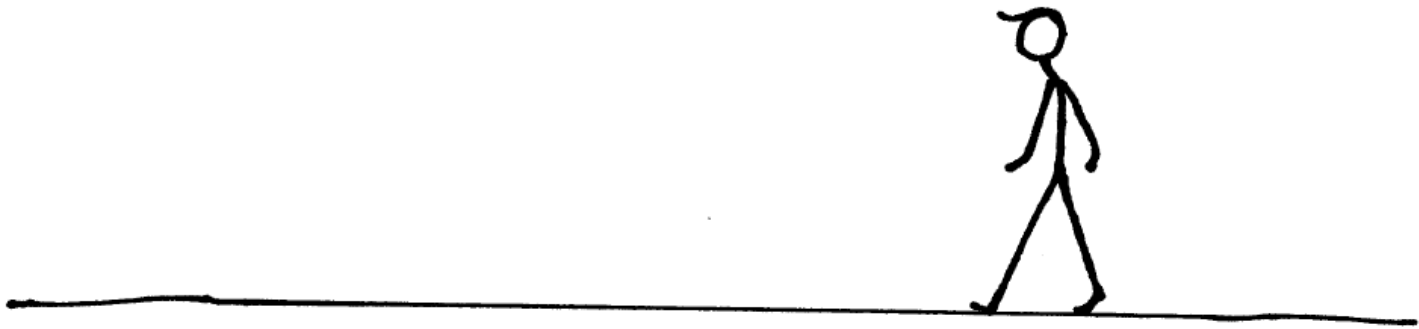
Everything sounds
LOUD.

Everything sounds
important.

I do not know which
sound to listen to.

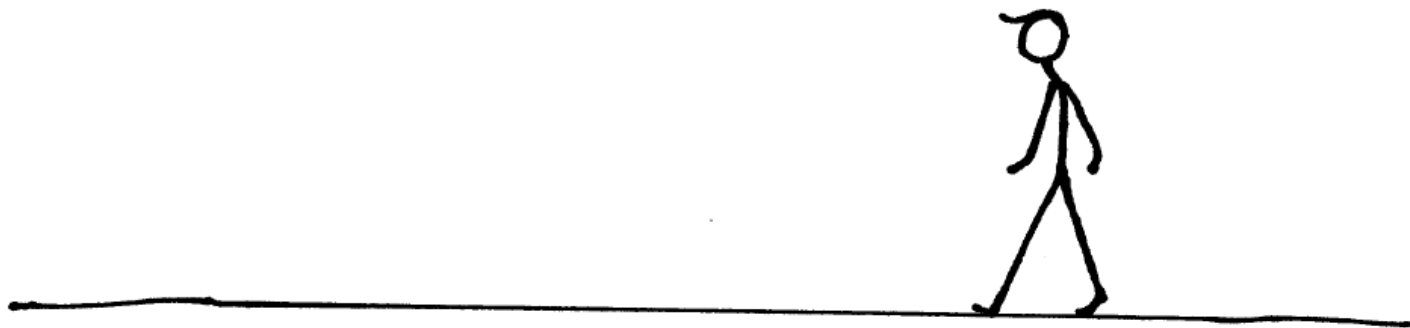


At break I walk round the edge of the playground.



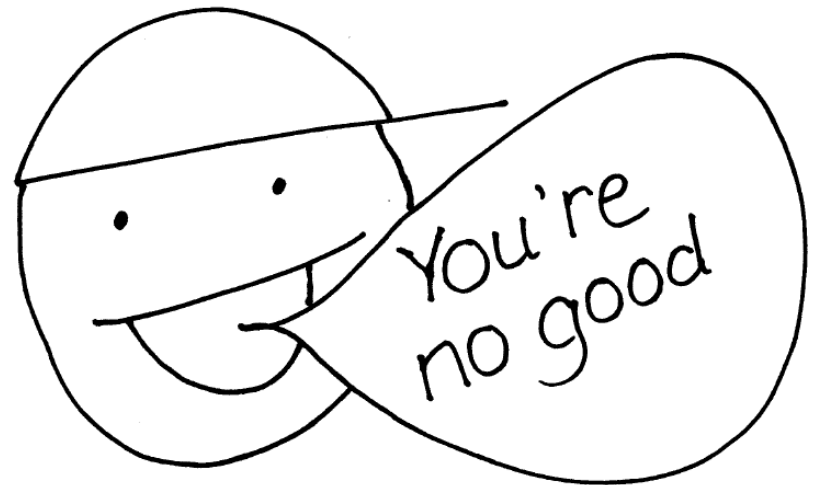
Children running shouting balls flying through the air ground is smooth ground
is gravel ground is grass there is no space for me

No-one speaks to me.



Everyone looks different but
I am more different and the
other children don't like me
because they think I am
a bit strange.

Billy smiles and says,
'You can't join our game.
You're no good.'



Why does he smile
while he says that?

He should look sad.

I feel sad.



I would like a friend.

I like to play on the
computer and make
Lego models.

I would like
to have a friend.

