

Social Stories

The journey to understanding

Quinn

A teenager's perspective

I've always felt a bit different. My brain's kind of busy—like there's always five tabs open. Sometimes it's great. I get ideas really fast. Other times, I forget things, lose track of time, or get overwhelmed in busy places. I find it hard to switch off.

A teacher once said, "You might have some ADHD traits." So we looked into it. I went through the steps—talked to people, filled out forms, answered loads of questions. But in the end, they said: "You're managing well. You're doing okay at school. You don't meet the threshold for an assessment right now."

I felt a bit disappointed. I wasn't asking for a label just to have one. I just wanted to understand myself better. But you know what? Even though I didn't get an official diagnosis, the process helped me learn a lot.

I found websites run by neurodivergent people—people who think and feel like I do. They explained things in a way that made sense. I realised I wasn't lazy or weird. My brain just works differently.

Then I found a local group for neurodivergent teens. I was nervous the first time I went, but it turned out to be amazing. We laughed about things we had in common, shared tips, and just got each other. It felt like... I belonged.

Now, I'm figuring out what works for me. Timers help. So do reminders, breaks, and talking things through with someone I trust.

Maybe one day things will change and I'll go through assessment again. But for now, I'm not waiting for someone else to tell me who I am. I'm learning to understand myself. And that matters just as much.



contact For families with disabled children

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