

From the outset I have intended to blog about my dyslexia, but now having turned up at the keyboard to do just that, I will admit to feeling a bit daunted by the task. This has surprised me a little, I think it might be an indicator of how strong my emotions are on the subject. The last thing I want to do is to give the impression I feel sorry for myself about it, I don't. I am very aware that bits of my 'dyslexic brain' gives me skills and attributes I would not wish to be without, and (and it's a big and) it has also caused me much embarrassment, anxiety, frustration and blood boiling, bile flavoured anger. I have only known I am dyslexic for about four years, before that I just felt as though I didn't 'stack up' 'hang together' a misfit in many ways; I knew bits of mind could fly, and yet I could be felled by simple things that other people took for granted.

So that's the bare bones of it, I am moderately dyslexic, please feel free to click away from this forest of letter and return to a place where you can see the wood from the trees.