

My Great Glass Box

Since I was born I have lived my whole life with an opaque glass handicap. Its the size and shape of a box and surrounds my head. It's foggy and scratched. Every bit of information I acquire is at the admittance of this box. It works like a magnifying glass, intensifying the world around me; sometimes until it burns. It covers my ears like a filter deciding what I should hear, determining what makes sense and what does not. My cold encasing covers my eyes like old 3-D glasses, blurring out the world and others around me. When my eyes gaze upon the black and white of the world it all comes to life. Things such as emotions, equations, laws, now living, become my close, comfortable friends cloaked in vivid color. This glass box controls my mouth. Contorting and twisting my vocal chords harmoniously with the rest of the boxes information. At times I can never say the right thing because my ears have never heard the right thing. The words teeter on top of the box, diving off at will. I can see them outside the glass, blurred and dancing, but I will never be able to use them. At times I can be nasty, because my box filters out all the good and force feeds me the bad. What a disgustingly bitter taste. All I can feel at that moment is intense hate and sadness. At times I am imprisoned, shackled to cold stone made from misunderstanding, anger, and confusion.

But there always shines a silver lining in life. At the best of times my box makes me humorous. No one has ever tasted a sweeter honey than that of a well placed word. At the best of times I can be the sweetest man on Earth, because my box now allows in all the good in the world and keeps all the bad out. My box intensifies my emotions, growing and feeding some of the strongest passions known to this world. I am trusting because of my glass encasing. Scratchy and blinding, the glass of this box creates a cloudy image of the world around me. This forces me to rely on people to make sense of it. This box makes me loving. I have experienced the depths of sadness. I never want any soul to go through what I have, so I love. My handicap makes me a leader. It has developed a personality and work ethic that other people follow. My glass box has made me a success story in academia. Over half of those who have been swaddled in the same glass do poorly in school. I have defied this statistic. Subjects like math shine through my box with the most beautiful insights of this world. My box makes me a fighter and a champion. This is a struggle I have fought my whole life.

This glass blessing of mine is called Autism. It's a special type called Aspergers. Because of this I'm good, I'm bad, I'm special, but most of all it makes me human. My Aspergers is the largest influence in my life, shaping and molding me into the man I am today. It has built great passion, leadership, knowledge, and love deep in my soul. I love this glass handicap. The cold smooth feel of its case and its opaque and cloudy surface wakes me in the morning and tucks me in at night. I am determined to not let my disease overcome me when it becomes an obstacle, but use it when it becomes an allie. No one will ever be able to remove it, or lessen its effects, but it's what I am going to use to change the world.