



What Flavour Autism Might Sarah Have?

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THE ADVENTURE WITHIN



Sarah stood by the office door in her denim jacket, her sunglasses perched atop her blonde hair. Even though the workday was over, she listened intently as Adam talked excitedly about his weekend plans, her warm smile never wavering as she nodded along to his every word.



Deep down, Sarah's heart raced because her son Louie was waiting to be picked up, but she couldn't bring herself to cut Adam off. She chose to stay silent and sacrifice her own schedule and her son's routine just to avoid the tiny discomfort of being perceived as rude or interrupting a friend.



Moments later, Sarah was a blur of motion, racing across town to her car with a look of overwhelming stress on her face. She gripped the steering wheel tight, blaming herself for the rush and the pressure, all because she couldn't say the five simple words: Adam, I have to go.



This is the art of fawning, where Sarah's brain treats a polite social moment like a high-stakes survival mission. Instead of fighting or running away, her nervous system puts on a perfect, agreeable mask that keeps everyone else happy while she pays the heavy price of exhaustion later.



Sarah finally finds her sanctuary when she meets up with her best friends: Adam, Andy, and Sophie. They are a vibrant, neurodivergent crew who have always felt that Sarah fits into their world perfectly, sharing a deep bond that she doesn't seem to find anywhere else in the world.



In this circle, there is no need for exhausting social translations or hidden meanings. When Sophie goes mute to recharge or Andy says exactly what is on his blunt mind, Sarah feels a deep sense of relief; here, honesty is the default and nobody has to pretend to be someone they aren't.



Whether they are at a loud festival or a neon-lit rave, the group celebrates their true selves together. Sarah licks her favorite pink ice cream cone while Adam bounces with ADHD energy and Andy offers his refreshingly honest observations, all of them existing in a space of pure acceptance.



Her friends surround her with a silent, powerful promise: she never has to wear her polite mask when she is with them. They remind her through their easy presence that she is allowed to say no, to leave when she needs to, and to be as messy or honest as she wants to be.



The group might not know exactly what flavour of autism Sarah has, or if she will ever seek a formal label, but the answer doesn't really matter to them. They recognize her spirit as one of their own, a kindred soul who understands the world through the same unique lens.



Under the glowing neon lights of the dance floor, the whole group moves to their own unique rhythms. Sarah laughs brightly, her denim jacket swaying as she enjoys her ice cream, finally feeling the freedom of being exactly where she belongs without any mask at all.