

# The World Through Marrow's Eyes



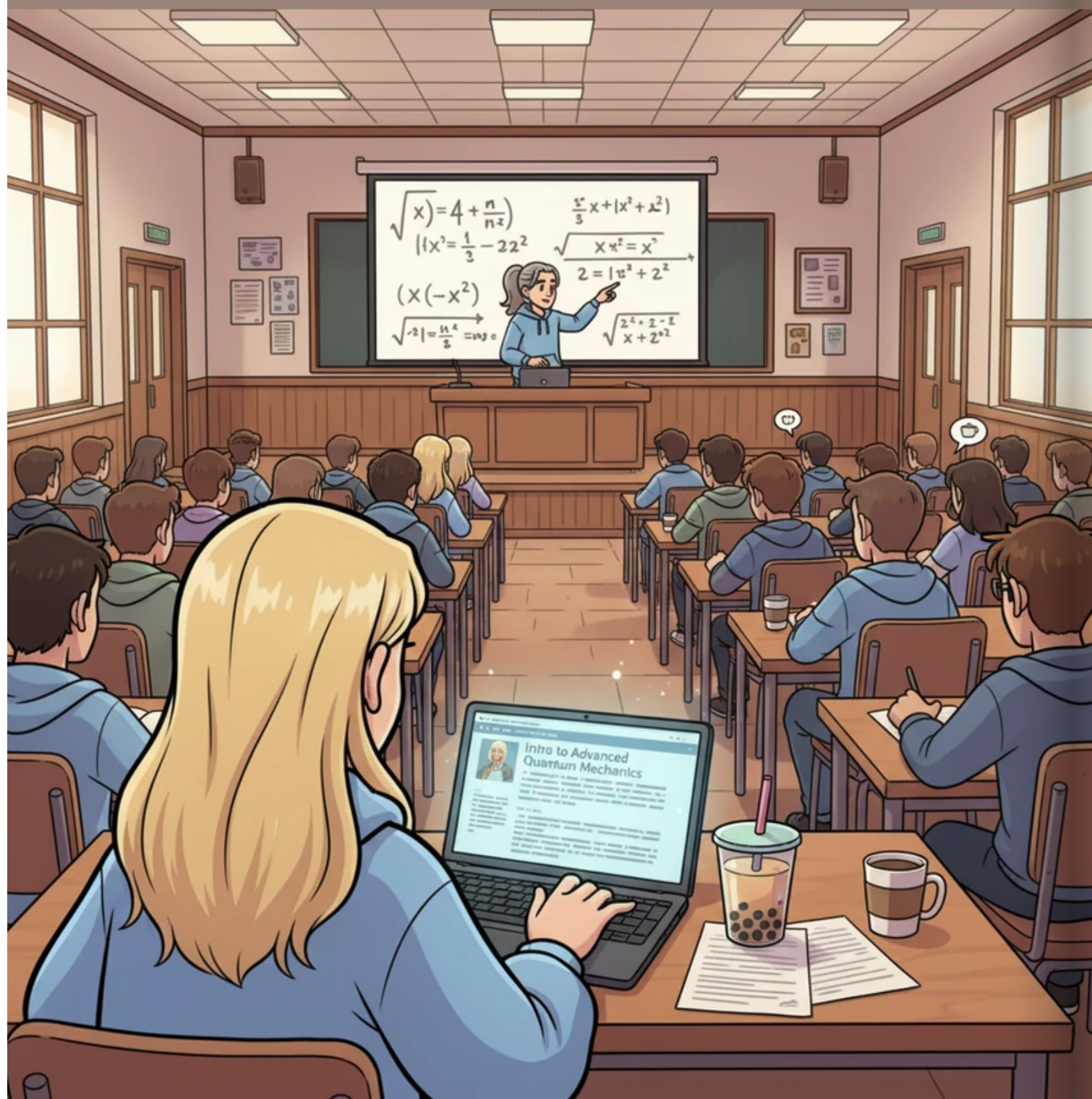
The World Through Marrow's Eyes

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A heartmending tale of neurodiversity and friendship.



I look in the mirror, seeing a typical college girl with blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed in my favorite oversized hoodie and jeans. While I look ordinary on the outside, I wake up every day feeling like I'm tuned to a different frequency than the world around me, processing every sound and sight with a unique intensity.



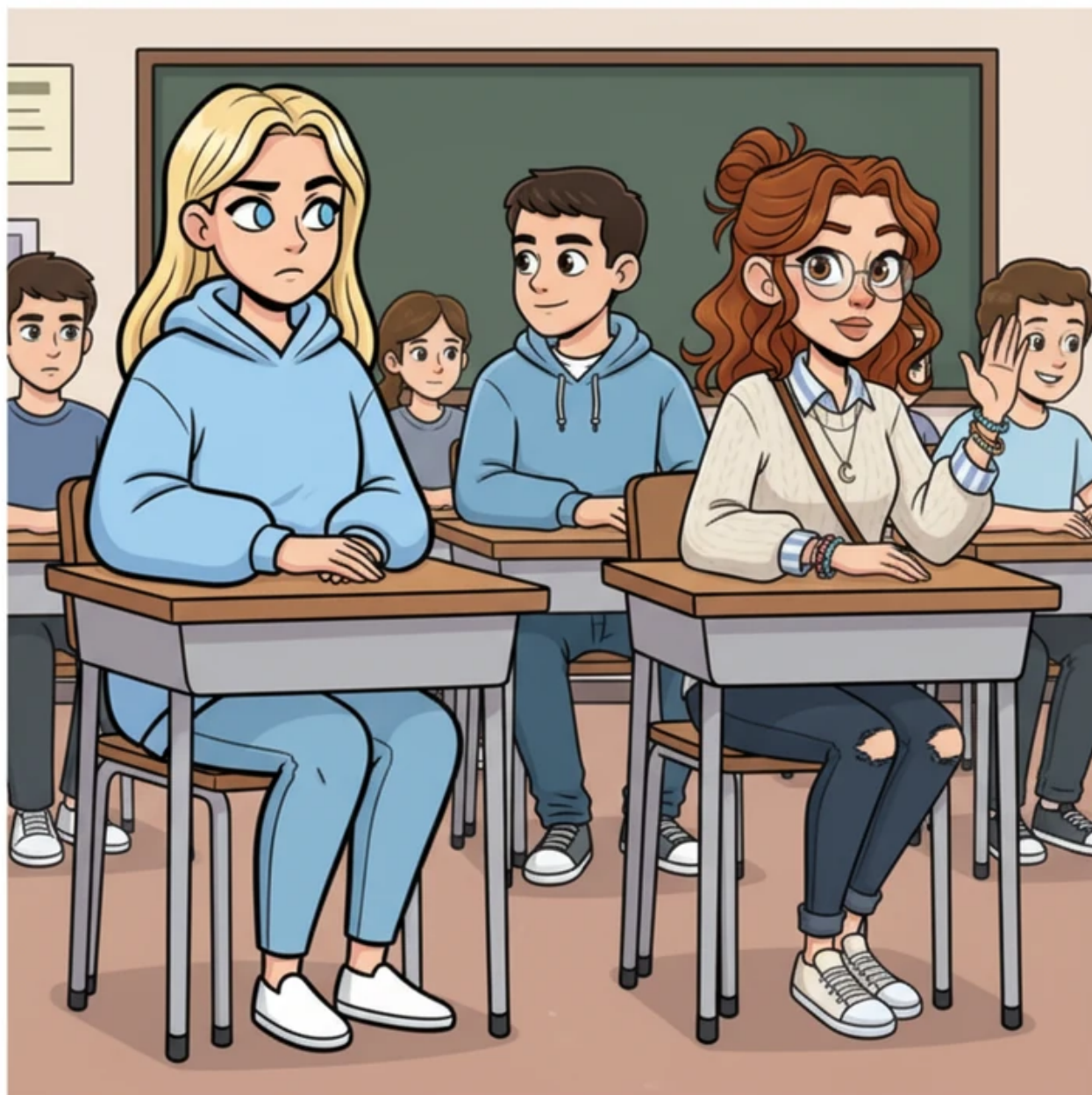
In my morning lecture, I sit in the back row, focusing on my notebook while a group of students laughs at a joke about our professor. They call him an idiot, but I find myself confused because he clearly has a doctorate and extensive knowledge, and my mind can't help but take their words at their literal meaning.



Walking across the bustling campus, the sunlight feels a bit too bright and the chatter of other students sounds like a chaotic symphony. I pull my hood up for comfort, navigating the path to the dining hall while my thoughts race through a dozen different scenarios, overthinking every interaction I've had so far.



I spot my friends Jaxson, Lila, and Maxwell at our usual corner table, a small island of familiarity in the crowded, noisy room. Jaxson catches my eye and offers a small, knowing smile, while Lila is already mid-sentence, her hands moving wildly as she speaks with infectious energy.



As I take my seat, I catch the tail end of Lila's story about her weekend plans, but the missing context feels like a physical gap in my mind. I blink, trying to process her excitement, and ask what she's talking about, only for her to wave it off with a casual comment to not worry about it.



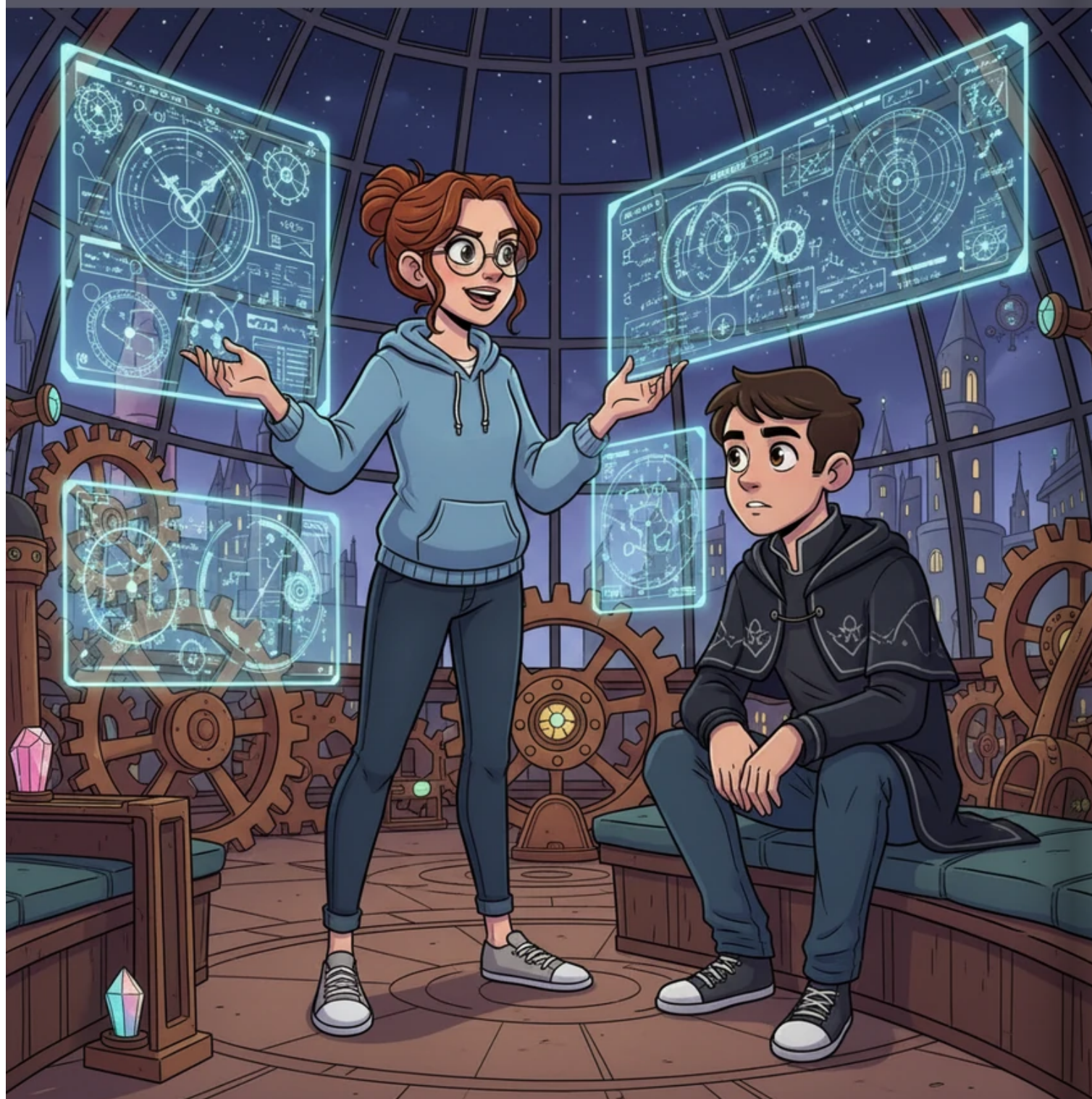
Those four words trigger a spiral of overthinking, making me worry that I've missed something vital or that I'm being excluded from the group. My brain demands order and information to feel secure, and the lack of clarity feels like static noise that I can't easily turn down or ignore.



Jaxson notices my tension and gently explains that Lila was just talking about her family's upcoming trip to the beach next weekend. The relief washes over me instantly, and I murmur a quiet thank you, grateful for a friend who understands that I need the full picture to feel comfortable.



To help me settle, Jaxson expertly pivots the conversation toward the Batfamily and the intricate lore of DC comics. My eyes light up as my hyperfixation takes over, and suddenly the social anxiety of the dining hall fades into the background of my favorite fictional world.



I explain the complex dynamics of the different Robins and the moral code of Gotham, my words flowing faster now that I'm discussing a topic I've mastered. People often think autism means I'm quiet or uninterested, but when it comes to my passions, I have more to say than anyone else in the room.



I am not a puzzle to be solved or a person who needs fixing to fit a standard social mold. I am Marrow Hale, navigating a literal world with a complex and vibrant mind, finding my own rhythm alongside friends who see the beauty in my unique perspective.