

TIPS, TRICKS,  
TIKTOK + TOTALLY  
GOOD VIBES

REAL

~

MAGIC

~

ASH MAGIC





I LEARNED EARLY THAT  
YOGA WAS NOT FOR ME.



ACTUALLY I WAS ALWAYS  
PRETTY GOOD AT CHATTING  
ON THE PHONE.



THERE IS NO PHOTOGRAPHIC  
EVIDENCE OF ME HITTING THE  
BALL.





## TRYING

I'm the youngest of three kids. I always got on well with my older sister, Kiah, and older brother, Taylor, but it was obvious from early on (to me, at least) that I was just a bit different. Kiah and Taylor were good at sport and **ALWAYS** made the team. Plus, they were good at school, but . . . that . . . was . . . just . . . not . . . me.

**I was trying.**

**TRYING REALLY HARD.**

**But I just wasn't feeling it.**

My parents encouraged me to try a lot of stuff. A lot of sports and a lot of clubs, but nothing seemed to **EXCITE** me the way it did everyone else. And, of course, it turned out I was pretty bad at all of it.

That didn't help!



I can think of one moment that was **HUGE** for me.

At my school, rugby was compulsory. In case you've never played rugby, it's basically catching the ball and running at people while other people try to tackle you to the ground and grab the ball off you. It helps to be big and strong.

In rugby there are things called '**scrums**' and '**packs**'. Can you imagine me with any pack other than a **pack of cards**? It was never going to work out between me and rugby.

When I was ten, I was put in the lowest team, the Under 11 Js. That's right. The Js. The letter J is a long way from A.

Anyway, I had managed to make it almost the whole way through the season without touching the ball. No one would ever pass it to me, which suited me **JUST FINE**. If I didn't have the ball there was very little chance of ever being tackled, which judging from the regular bloody noses and scraped knees on everyone else . . .

**. . . did not look like much fun.**

Well, one Saturday, we were playing against a school team of either giants or twenty-year-olds pretending to be ten. We were losing by about one million points to zero. I was **minding my own business**, looking at the clouds and thinking about what I was going to have for lunch, when suddenly I heard my name.



**THERE IT WAS!**

**THE BALL WAS COMING**

**TOWARDS ME.**



You  
can't  
judge a

FISH

because it  
doesn't fly like

a BIRD.



To make matters even worse, **I CAUGHT THE BALL** that was hurtling towards me at high speed.

I would like to say my skills training kicked into action and I sprinted and scored, but **NO**. I just stood there. I realised I couldn't remember a thing the coach had said all year and, frankly, I didn't have the slightest clue how to play the game or what to do.



While I was busy realising this, a pack of players from the other side was **charging towards me**.

They were determined to make sure my first experience with the ball was something . . .

**. . . I would not forget**



**in a hurry!**





Afterwards, as my dad helped me limp home, he said that he had never seen someone who so obviously **did not have a plan**.

Rugby was not my thing.

So, as I said, I didn't **fit in**. Everybody seemed to have something they were into, but not me.



## ON THE OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN

One of the reasons I felt like an outsider was that everyday things felt much **harder** for me than for my friends and siblings. I found it so hard to focus and I was really easily distracted.

In the mornings my mum would say to me, 'Okay, Ash, go and get ready for school. We're leaving in thirty minutes.' Then forty minutes later she would come into my room and find me wearing my underpants, one sock and holding a lightsaber.

## What a nightmare.

I wasn't trying to be difficult or naughty. Well, not always.

When you know that I have ADHD it makes a lot more sense. ADHD means Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. It sounds pretty complicated, but basically it just means that you can't **focus** and your mind kind of drifts in and out.

I **WANTED** to get to school on time, but I was always super late and took forever to get ready. I'm still very bad at getting to places on time. If somewhere is a ten-minute drive, I'd better leave myself an hour and a half. **NOT EVEN KIDDING!**

## ADHD is just part of who I am.



For example, I'm **SUPER MESSY**. On my desk right now I have a lime (why?), party poppers and a hacky sack (what?), a bunch of mini-Rubik's cubes and a smoke machine (okay, that's totally normal).

**SO** much stuff! I know they say that having an organised desk means an organised mind . . . but . . .

Seriously, though, I have really learned to control the ADHD and make it **work for me** in lots of ways.

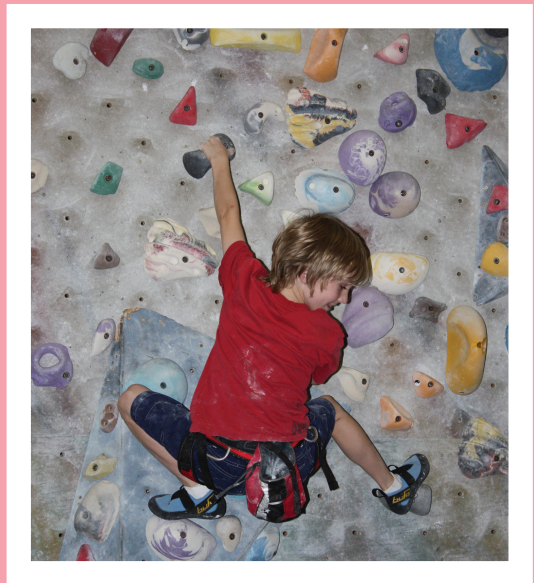


And you know what? It's sometimes really beneficial, especially with the magic and the creative stuff. Sometimes my mind doesn't **NEED** to be organised, sometimes it can just **wander**.

**Thanks to my messy mind,  
I come up with  
some weird and  
wonderful stuff!**



THERE WAS NO CHANCE  
I WOULD BE A VET OR  
A BIRD TRAINER.



I THINK THE GROUND WAS  
ABOUT A METRE AWAY.



WHAT BALLOON ANIMAL  
IS THIS?



DO  
WHAT'S  
RIGHT  
FOR  
YOU!