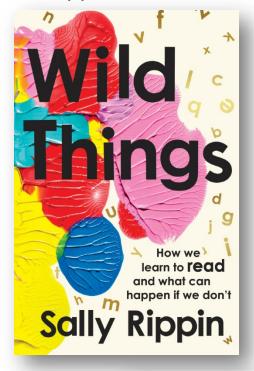
WILD THINGS Sally Rippin

Adult Memoir | 978-1-68464-626-5 | Adult | Paperback | 6 x 9 | 306 pp | \$15.99 | LOC: 2022945285

Best-selling author Sally Rippin shares her experiences as a parent of a neurodivergent child struggling to read and the ways she learned to offer him support and advocate for him within the educational system.



- Supports and shows appreciation for teachers while citing flaws within the educational system.
- Promotes empathy for all neurodivergent children and their families.
- Provides background on neurodiversity and cites support resources for parents.
- By the author of the *Billie B. Brown, Hey Jack!, Polly and Buster,* and *School of Monsters* series, as well as the picture book *Big Dog, Little Dog*.

Our family arrived in Melbourne when I had just turned thirteen. I got my first period in a hotel room. I was so over moving. By then, my parents were no longer the sun I orbited around, and leaving my friends back in Hong Kong was devastating. We promised each other we'd stay in tooch, but we all knew this wouldn't happen. We were expatriate kids, all of us moving around the world every few years, and this was long before the internet. Our friendships were severed like limbs.

COMING OF AGE

Our inclusings were severe intermines. We had never lived in McBourne before, and my father was keen to know which was the 'best' school for his daughters to go to. An elderly aust suggested a private all-grifs school cut in the suburbs. My devastation was complete. In Hong Kong I had just started becoming intersted in boys. Id had friends who were pencil distr and thick black cycliner, and worshipped David Bowie and Blondie. They smoked Indonesian cigarettes and kissed boys behind the sports shed. I hadr't quite reached these giddy heights yet, but I knew attending a gird's school wasn't going to get me there any quicker.

A gais school washt going to get interact any queek. At my new school there were so many rules I had to catch up on. I learned that if you wanted to be one of the 'cool girls', it was important to know how to wear your school uniform just right: socks, not stockings, tie pulled down and tartan skirt rolled up at the waist, so it at above your knees. You had to scutt the toes of your 'bure letter shoes and pull at the sleeves of your woollen achool jumper, so it looked old and threadbare, not brand new and heart-stoppingly expensive. You had to look like you didn't care that you were privileged, all the while knowing it was the only thing that really wattered Cound-tables dows user a traiburase.

WILD THINGS

mattered. Casual-clothes days were a nightmare. Twe always felt like an outsider. Among expatriate kids, this was pretty usual – we were all outsiders; moving countries, adapting quickly, furiously changing our colours to blend in. But in Melbourne, 1d artwed at a school many of my classmates had attended since Grade One. They slept in the same bedrooms they'd always slept in, played in the streets they'd always played in and were friends with girls they'd known since they were five. Here, 1 knew no-one whold had a life like mine. No-one who had been to eight different schools in ten years and lived in almost as many cities. I felt like the great big horizon 1 had been gazing at in my old life had been instantly shrunk into a narrow tunnel, as if I was looking at the world through an empty toilet roll. In mourcem wy old life and filled secret journals with anguty text and bad poetry.

I can't imagine what it might be like to go through adolescence without the solace and company of books.

