

## Stream of Fractured Consciousness

### *A Talk to Text Story*

- The most frustrating thing about dictation software is that it can't even spell my name right I'm Michaela. With a K, not a CH.
- So here's a thing. I have ADHD. I started working on a different story, one that showcased the difficulties of dictation speech, but that started getting really tedious because all I was doing was complaining about how dictation spelled my name wrong
- And *that*. Every time I stop to take a breath it decides that I have finished speaking and turns off the dictation mode so I have to turn it back on and then it breaks my train of thought. So there is a new paragraph and a dash for every time the dictation turns off and cut me off.
- I'm also living in all of the weird creative liberties it decides to take with what I say. Please know that it is not for lack of Annunciation – I was an actress in high school so I know how to enunciate. It might just be that the software struggles a bit. Who knows? All I know is that it spells my name wrong
- And a bunch of other things. Proper nouns, mainly. I am using this opportunity to show how my brain works in the stream of consciousness, since I'm talking rubber band filtering out the words on paper.
- Rubber band. Rather than. Sorry, I will try to be as clear as possible and elaborate when it makes a big mistake that's confusing. OK, so here's what's on my mind right now. For one these big stupid braces are really chunky they hold my hands up straight

- So I can't bend them or hurt them. That's why I am on dictation for the story, or the nonfiction story? This narrative. I apparently have given myself carpal tunnel and I have no idea how. Hopefully if I start this issue now with the braces I won't have to deal with it
- In the future. But yeah the braces. I'm sitting here with my hands folded looking at my chipped nail polish and every so often looking up to make sure that the spelling hasn't gone to horribly wrong. The brace hold my fingers are really straight and I have the urge to karate chop things like a ninja. I wasn't taekwondo ones
- I was in taekwondo once. That was until I messed up my back trying to do a dive roll. A diver all is a somersault made from a standing position. Getting injured doing things that interest me seems to be a theme with me. I have too many interests if I'm being honest, and not enough time to do them all. I was interested in archery as a little kid, and as soon as I was old enough I joined an archery range. I wanted to be Robin Hood.
- I ended up getting a bill for myself. I still have it. Bo is in Bow and Arrow. When I first got it it was taller than me. I love that Bo, and I love my archery range. I think I would still be shooting more often today if the archery range hadn't closed down, but times are tough
- I don't think they would've survived the pandemic. It's a shame, everyone there was so nice. This was back before hunger games and brave came out, so I was a little girl there. There were these massive men with hunting bows and none of them told me that I couldn't do it because I was a girl. I am really grateful for that
- Want to be in Archer. I think it's books that made me want that. Sorry, apparently the dictation only cost the first bit of that sentence. Cut the first bit! Caught! OK where was it

- Where was I? It's amazing when I can't even do my musings right. Anyhow, I wanted to shoot because I read all of those Robin Hood stories in medieval tales of knights and dragons. I wanted to fence, but I was too young, and archery
- Was cheaper anyway. The only thing I didn't like was that there was so many people who would hunt animals with those. I suppose that bows give the animal more of a chance? Anyway, I preferred shooting balloons anyway they're really satisfying to pop.
- I hope the bookstore is doing well. I miss it too. Working that was amazing. Working there. How could anyone not love a bookstore? I grew up there, and I think it's my happy place.
- If you're wondering how I got from Archer to the bookstore in my mind, I'm not sure either. Forever have a linear conversation with you, it's because I have been carefully sorting out my words in my head before I speak them. If I ever not forever sorry. Of course, sometimes I just spit out whatever is in the middle of my head. I can't always
- Control my words, especially when I get excited. If you talk to me about some thing I love I will talk your ear off for hours! Some people find it annoying, but I can't really control it. I'm one of those people who are smart enough to know when she's being annoying but not socially aware
- Enough to stop being alone. I said annoying not alone! Let's not make this more depressing than it has to be! I was a little kid when I was diagnosed with ADHD for the first time.
- My mom and I had had some arguments, and I guess I wasn't behaving the way she thought I should. She took me to this guy named Dr. Baker, and I had no idea what was

happening. I remember sitting in his office and he had all of these things like lava lamps and colored oil and water that you can play with. I was maybe eight at the time I don't

- No. I don't know what I mean. No, I said I don't know. I was really young, anyhow. Dr. Baker started talking to me about what he called lion brands and water
- Buffalo brands. Brains not brands. According to him, what a water buffalo Brandon counter something boring, it just kept on going. But when Ally and Bryan encountered something boring it went to sleep. Then he asked me what I thought I had.
- I don't know why lion brain was corrected to Ally and Brandon. I don't even know when Aly or Bryan. And Ali. And Ali.. And
- And! AN. That was tedious. Anyway he asked me whether I thought I had a lion brand or went to sleep, or a water buffalo brand kept on moving forward. I told him water Buffalo, because I was getting great grades in school, even in the subjects I hated like math. His response was that I couldn't have a water buffalo brain because I had been playing with the toys in his office instead of focusing on him since I walked in. Of course, there were tests after that that confirmed
- What he said. Apparently the metaphor about the savanna was a rude way to talk about someone with ADHD. In any case, I have ADHD irrefutably, as well as a weird prejudice towards water buffaloes
- Like seriously. I see a water buffalo and a nature documentary, and I'm like I hope you were eaten by a lion. The one decent thing to come out of that was his toy box, which had a splat pigment. Splat pig in it.

- It's a rubbery thing you stick at the wall by throwing it and it's kind of funny. That is my last memory of my mom before she was attacked by the raccoon. Me and her playing with that pig. Yes
- She got attacked by a raccoon. That's some thing I think about a lot, especially because I live on UCSB amongst so many raccoons. I don't agree with us having a Argentinian cowboy as our mascot, but I really don't think it should be a raccoon either.
- That's like making your hotel mascot a cockroach because you've gotten infestation. Got in. Got AN. It really does not like me applying the correct modifiers to Val words
- Vowel words. But yeah, raccoons. They scare me because if you get bitten by one, you have to go get a bunch of rabies shots. I hate needles, and I hate that I've been bitten by a rabid animal even more
- The idea of being Biden. Being bitten. I have not been Biden. That's just what dictation wanted you to think. Anyway, the raccoon broke my mom's leg, bent through her pants. bit
- And messed her up for an entire year. So yeah, they're not as cute and cuddly as you think.
- It's funny, I don't like reading block texts very much, but here I am making block text. I'm really tired, and my brain is starting to slow down. All of the helter-skelter thoughts that I usually have when I am awake I've been replaced by kind of a radio static? Have been.
- I also remembered to take my medication this morning, so I won't be as bad as I usually am. It's funny, my medication is just stimulant. So, I am by proxy immune to caffeine. I can have a massive cup of coffee and go straight to sleep

- I just realized I should probably wrap this up soon. Is there a plot here at all? Is this an essay? Freeform whatever on the way my brain works? On the way that dictation works? I guess if anything, this is proof that when I do have a plot, it's through careful planning.
- I don't really like reading through consciousness. Stream of consciousness. Writing through consciousness is even more difficult.
- And yet, here's my stream of consciousness. Relatively unfiltered, certainly an evidence that you can get a full experience of how dictation works, and probably a story that would be a wild ride to my belt. Map out.
- Sorting through my thoughts to write this, or dictate this., Was no easy task. Still is no easy task.
- No proper ending comes to mind, as my mind is full of words and static