BLOG

## F\*CK I'M 50!



It's literally hard to even find the words. I'm so f\*cking broken right now, in every way you could possibly imagine.

001

I'm single, menopausal and most recently my uterus and bladder have just decided to gatecrash into my vagina. No joke.

My bright and much-loved son has dropped out of college and left home to become a bum .... for no apparent reason. And I hate my job with an absolute passion.

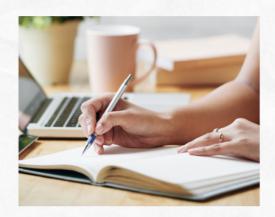


So I've decided to follow my actual passion – writing – at the ripe old age of 50, when AI has quite literally burst onto the scene and is gobbling up writers at an alarming rate.

Hmmm, not sure how this is going to pan out...

BLOG 002

So here I sit, on my kneeling chair (which helps keep my dodgy back in alignment) typing words on a screen, with an end goal of creating something that resembles my first blog. This wee gem of a piece is supposed to be the first of many to fill a portfolio and encourage new clients to trust me to write for them. If frank and cynical is their brand voice, I'm definitely their gal!





Some days, I look around at all the women my age and think, 'How am I not further along than this?' And then the hedonistic side of my brain reminds me that we spent quite a few years at parties and then a fair few more years going inwards to fix things up. Now I'm looking outward and realising that life seems to have passed me by...and it's my own doing.

A man in a podcast once said something about not quitting and just getting up and playing the game every day. (I can't recall the precise quote; probably too focused on the perfect breath technique whilst in a yogic squat, in a **desperate bid to hold on to my innards**).

BLOG 003

So this is the first in a series of blogs to document that I'm still standing (thanks Elton). A reminder to myself, if you will, that I must continue to do what I've always done and that's give shit another go.



I may be a bit broken with a heaviness in my heart (and between my legs) but I will not be beaten. As the saying goes, 'I'm not dead yet!' so I guess the only thing to do is play on.

New balls please.



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