

# 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.

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...**

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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**).

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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.**



A hand-drawn signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nadine Dixon', with a small heart symbol to the left.

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