



AI Insights Focus - What AI Quietly Showed Me



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Lately, I've been feeling emotional about my dyslexia. Not something I've ever really said out loud, and definitely not a feeling I've had before.

It's been over twenty years since I first realised I was dyslexic. And in all that time, I've never felt the way I've been feeling lately.

Something's shifted.

And I think I've finally figured out why.

It started over the weekend, during a chat with [Ben Whitaker](#). We were out for a meal after his brilliant INSET session with our staff. We were talking about neurodiversity, just sharing thoughts, and I mentioned that my dyslexia had been bothering me in a way it hadn't before. I didn't really know where I was going when I started speaking. I was just thinking out loud. But somewhere in

the middle of that conversation, it was like something clicked. I could feel myself connecting the dots as I spoke.

A few days before that, I'd been listening to a podcast. People were calling in, sharing their own stories of dyslexia. Their voices were honest, raw, and familiar in a way that caught me off guard. I was on a plane, sitting next to a stranger, trying to hold it together. If I hadn't been in public, I think I would have cried. That's never happened to me before. Not with dyslexia. But something in those voices made me feel seen in a way I wasn't expecting.

Then, while chatting with Ben, I said something out loud that brought it all together. AI had changed something for me. And not in a small way.

I've been using AI since ChatGPT came out, mostly to help with proofreading. At first it was little things. Checking an email before I sent it. Cleaning up a few clunky sentences. But over time, I realised how much it was helping. It wasn't just making the work tidier. It was lifting something. A weight I didn't fully realise I'd been carrying.

And here's the thing. In more than twenty years of knowing I had dyslexia, I've never had that kind of emotional reaction. Not like this. Not even close.

For years, I've worked hard to keep up and to hide my dyslexia. In university, I had lecturers who didn't really want to acknowledge it existed. In the workplace, it often felt like no one cared. They just wanted the writing to be right. Spelling correct. Grammar smooth.

Like a lot of people with dyslexia, I built all sorts of workarounds. Coping strategies. If someone else learnt one spelling, I felt like I had to learn ten just to recognise it in different contexts. It wasn't just about remembering a word. It was about knowing the shapes, the patterns, the tricks it might pull. Other languages? Impossible. I'd already memorised the dictionary more times than I could count.

And then AI came in and started smoothing those rough edges. Suddenly, it was quieter. That background noise of second-guessing every sentence just faded. I wasn't spending all my energy trying to get the words right. For the first time, I had space. And in that space, the feelings came.

It hit me hard.

You'd think the relief would feel good. And it did, partly. But it also brought sadness. Gratitude. And a bit of grief too. I found myself looking back at all those years of effort. All the times I worked twice as hard just to keep up. The cost of that. The exhaustion. The quiet frustration. Always wondering if people noticed. Always wondering if I was good enough.

I was always tired.

Always second-guessing.

Always trying to mask the struggle.

I read something yesterday that helped me understand it. Apparently this kind of emotional response is common. When you finally get support that makes things easier, it casts a new light on

how hard things were before. Your mind takes stock. And you realise, often for the first time, just how much you were carrying.

There's something else too. Internal expectations. I had this belief that I should be able to cope without help. That using tools like AI was somehow cheating. That I should push through and just get on with it. But now I see it differently. This isn't a shortcut. It's support I should have had much earlier. And it's okay to feel things when that support finally arrives.

It's also made me wonder what else AI will shift in our lives. Not just proofreading. What about emails? Lesson plans? Feedback? Admin tasks? On one hand, that sounds like freedom. On the other, I can't help but ask — if we work faster, will more be expected of us? If things get easier, will the pressure sneak in somewhere else?

I don't have all the answers. But here are a few things I'm holding onto right now:

- **It's okay to feel emotional when things become easier.** Relief, sadness, anger — they're all valid.
- **Support doesn't take away from your effort.** If anything, it shows how strong you've been all along.
- **Use the tools.** If something helps reduce stress or frees up brain space, it's worth it. You don't have to earn your rest.
- **Set your own pace.** Just because AI is fast doesn't mean you have to be. It's okay to take your time.
- **Talk to someone.** A friend, a family member, a colleague. Don't let these thoughts stay bottled up. Speaking them out loud can be powerful.

So yes, I've been feeling emotional. But I've also felt lighter. More aware of what I've carried. More compassionate with myself for how hard I've worked just to get by.

AI is going to be a part of our lives now. That much is clear. But maybe we can let it ease some of the pressure, without forgetting what we've been through to get here. Our stories still matter. Our effort still counts. Our value doesn't change.

If any of this sounds familiar, if it's stirred something in you, I'd really love to hear your story too. There's something powerful in knowing you don't have to carry it alone anymore.

I'm Matthew Wemyss—a teacher, school leader, and father—doing my best to make sense of the ever-evolving world of AI in

(First shared on Linked In April 7, 2025 and permission given by author to share more widely)