

Companion materials to "Chapter 44: I Can't Drive 55"

The Evan Files

Evan in his own words: transcript from a self-portrait video series, and the interview questions he tolerated.

And Then There Were Four:
Shaking the Family Tree Until the Diagnoses Fell Out

Before You Read

A note about how to read this document.

This document is a personal account. The words on these pages were written or spoken by the person named on the title page. They reflect his memory, his perspective, his voice, and his interpretation of events from his life.

Memory is not a transcript. Two people in the same room often remember different rooms. The narrator of this document and the author of *And Then There Were Four* may, in some places, recall the same events differently. Both versions are real to the people who lived them. Neither is presented here as the definitive record.

The language in these pages is the speaker's own. Some of it is candid. Some of it is unfiltered. Strong language and sharp opinions have been preserved where they appeared, because filtering them would have changed the person on the page into someone else.

If you are reading this as a parent, a partner, a clinician, a sibling, or a person on a similar path, take what is useful and leave what isn't. These pages are not advice. They are not a model. They are one person's account of one person's experience.

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And Then There Were Four:
Shaking the Family Tree Until the Diagnoses Fell Out

What This Document Is

This is companion material to “Chapter 44: I Can't Drive 55” in *And Then There Were Four*. The chapter tells the story of Evan Snow from Cyn's perspective. This document gives you Evan's.

Two pieces of source material live here:

First, “Evan's Story: A Self-Portrait” — a video series Evan created and recorded himself, recounting his own life on the autism spectrum from birth through college graduation. This is Evan as a narrator. Prepared. Composed. In control of the story he wants to tell.

Second, “Questions He Tolerated” — excerpts from a recent conversation between Cyn and Evan. This is Evan as an interview subject. Less composed. More honest about the things he didn't say in the video. The kinds of answers a parent gets when the camera is off and the question lands sideways.

Together they form a fuller picture than either does alone. The video is what Evan chose to share. The conversation is what he was willing to share when asked. Read them in order, and you'll see both — the prepared version and the unprepared one.

Part One: Evan's Story: A Self-Portrait

A video series created and narrated by Evan Snow.

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Hi, I'm Evan, and I recently graduated from the University of Salisbury. Before I move on to the next chapter of my life, I want to discuss some things with you that I should have shared a long time ago.

Here's the backstory behind me, Evan Snow.

The Beginning

This is a reflection of an essay I had to write right before I went to college.

I was born on March 1st, 1999, at Kennestone Hospital in Marietta, Georgia. I have experienced my own challenges that turned me into the man I am today. My family members would get into many fights with each other, and that would make me sad and upset. My family realized this was distracting me and that I easily lost focus because of it. As a result, we took multiple approaches to work on our communication skills. We seem to get along much better nowadays.

Seeing and Hearing

Seeing and hearing was not easy for me because I could process that there were things around me — but it was difficult to identify what I saw. And when people spoke to me, all I could hear was what sounded like gibberish. My doctor confirmed that I did have problems in the identification process and suggested physical and occupational therapy with intensive speech sessions.

Over time, I began not needing as much therapy treatment, with the exception of speech therapy related to identification problems. I was diagnosed with autism. I started to identify things a little better growing up. However, certain things confused me massively, and sometimes it got to the point where I would cry because of how much I disagreed with those elements.

The Penske Truck

One example: when we moved to Maryland, we had to rent a Penske truck to move our property four states northbound. I thought we would be able to keep the truck permanently. After hearing that my dad had to return the truck when we arrived in Maryland, I ended up screaming and crying because I wanted to be able to own a truck to ride in.

Other examples can be found in the numbered sections below.

And Then There Were Four:
Shaking the Family Tree Until the Diagnoses Fell Out

Public Restrooms

Under autism, I was also afraid to enter public restrooms, and I still frequently avoid them today. I have used toilets that are very loud, and I am opposed to hand dryers — they either look like monster mouths or are very loud. Both are a problem for me.

School

I lacked the ability to pay full attention to teachers, which imposed another challenge on top of being autistic. I was originally classed as a special needs student and put in classes with other students in that same category.

The experience could have been worse given that I had a kindergarten teacher who my mom and I both really loved. In the end, we made arrangements with the school to have me spend an extra year in that wonderful teacher's class and refresh on the content I had studied in kindergarten.

I took a break from public school at the beginning of second grade when my mom decided to homeschool me after our move to Maryland. When I returned to public school, it was determined that I did not need to be in classes with special needs students, as long as I was given academic support in the form of an assistant teacher to clarify things I didn't understand. I received that type of support until around my high school years, when the focusing issues began to die down.

High School and Beyond

I have been a lot more successful since high school.

I passed my driver's exam as a 10th grader and began driving to school when I started 11th grade. This allowed me to get to high school to watch my favorite sport — football. In 10th grade, I met a friendly SGA member at a movie night event. It turned out she played field hockey in the fall. When I began driving to school, I used that opportunity to watch her play field hockey and check out other sports in addition to football.

These events basically explained how my fan legacy began. It led me to eventually get invited to be a stat keeper for high school field hockey. I was also given an award for Buccaneer Spirit based on how passionate I was about sports in high school, and I was recognized by many Salisbury University players and staff for continuing that level of loyalty.

It's amazing how far I've come just by finding activities to get into when there is no schoolwork and I've got nothing better to do.

And Then There Were Four:
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Where I Am Today

I'd say I'm proud of where I am today, given that I have been doing more things without family assistance. I definitely seem more popular today compared to when I was younger. Even though events from the past have shifted my mind a little and made me prefer to talk to people when they initiate conversations rather than when I start them.

I feel that being told how well I remember things in my life — including these past events — has been quite a motivator for me.

For more information on our young lives leading to this point, check out my mom's YouTube channel.

Well, it was nice to get that out of my system. This has been my life before today, and I hope you enjoyed this presentation. Thank you very much for your time.

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Part Two: Questions He Tolerated

Excerpts from a recent conversation.

The videos are the version Evan prepared. What follows is the version he didn't.

* * *

On check-ins and reactions

Cyn: If you're going somewhere, I'd like to know. But I'll admit my reactions haven't always been helpful.

Evan: I know that makes you feel comfortable but at the same time it makes myself uncomfortable. Just based on the reactions you give.

Cyn's note: This is the same training I described earlier. Effective.

On questions

Cyn: I think if you had totally your own way, you would not have anybody ever ask you any questions. Ever.

Evan: How are you feeling? What are you doing? What'd you think about this football game? They can get annoying over time.

On the Charlotte Turkey Dash (2025 edition)

This exchange requires some context.

Evan: I didn't want to mention that where I went wasn't within the neighborhood of the Airbnb. I was afraid of how you might react. You might worry.

Cyn's note: He hobbled two miles to the Turkey Dash start line on a damaged ankle, walked the entire four-mile course, and walked back. Alone. In the dark. Without telling anyone. The course wasn't well lit. I was trying to be respectful and didn't reach out for the first hour. By then he was already on the course.

On being autistic

Cyn: Is there anything you'd like to tell someone so they could understand you better?

Evan: I know you think I'm weird. But trust me — it was a long journey for me growing up. If you were in my position, hopefully you would understand me better.

And Then There Were Four:
Shaking the Family Tree Until the Diagnoses Fell Out

On goals

Cyn: When you look ahead five or ten years, what do you see?

Evan: Maybe get another job, hopefully high paying, with the government, remote. I may want to continue living in the Salisbury area. Now with the new pool enclosure I feel like I may want to be there a while. I wonder how long the house stays up before it attracts so many mice that they chew it down.

Cyn's note: This is Evan. Mice and all.

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End of document.