Everyone has that gut feeling, that initial instinct which defines if you like someone or dislike.  I had just that thought that by being open about my epilepsy people would try to empathise with me, rather than fear me, like I possess the Devil. When I introduced myself at university to my group I thought by being as open as possible with my group I may deter some of that fear, so I described in detail what to do technically. I looked up in to their eyes. “Shit! What have I done?” I thought, “Right, how do I solve this!” Well don’t worry. I know it is scary and boring but really all I need you to do to help is pay attention and stay awake. How? Well my brothers entertained themselves by sticking things up my nose or ears. I know what you’re about to say, “Well that’s just cruel!” No. No. It was just a way to make us all laugh through this torture of my epilepsy, never settling down, never being understood, never being able to talk about it, never being able to take the burden of me off the people I most care about. Allowing me to have that freedom of those tiny things, to choose when to have a shower, a walk, to give this freedom back to these undefined disabilities,  these forgotten people. These people like me who just want to be recognised as intelligent people, then disabled people. I don’t think I could have ever have  anticipated I would be considered the Devil, that if I came in to contact with their body, bang, the Devil has won. Hilarious at first. I’m the Devil! Oh so were are my powers? Come now Hollywood must be right somewhere! But it just stops being funny when week after week after week, month after month, not wanting to be within a certain distance, crossing themselves every time the distance is broken  “OK. Fine. Look I am epileptic. I am. Just leave me alone.” “But we can cure you. We can take it away. You must have sinned or God would not let dirt in otherwise.” “Excuse me? What? Are you serious.”  “Yes. Yes. I spoke to my preacher. He said you will be saved if you let yourself just release your dirt and cleanse your parents.” “Excuse me?`’ “You said your Mum’s an Atheist, that’s dirty enough. God has already punished your Dad.” “What.” “Of course. Had you not worked out his cancer?” “FUCK OFF!!” But having my degree needing me to work with these two girls, I had to negotiate with them. “Look you have to realise I’m just epileptic. If it makes you feel better my Dad’s a practising Catholic. Look anyway our degrees rely on us working together so even if we don’t agree with our religious beliefs can’t we put that aside so we can pass our degrees?” “No. If we work with you we will be punished but if you let us cleanse you God will make you safe.” “Look we disagree. Let’s just disagree.” But “NO NO NO.” So OK trying to take them seriously, “I will let you do this if you will just back off. Two days later we meet up with me not knowing what to expect. “So what do you want me to do?” “Just lie there are release yourself to the Lord. OK?”  And off they went dancing around me just humming and getting louder and louder. “LORD! LORD! We know. We know. Forgive her. Forgive her.” I was never quite sure what they expected to happen, for a genie to jump out of me, do a little dance and my epilepsy to be done and dusted. I walked away from them that day not sure whether I’d gone insane, what had just happened, at least I might get some peace! If I could ever be so lucky! Hour to hour, day after day they texted, they rang me. “Have you had a fit. Weren’t we right?” I had to do something. They were driving me insane. But what I told them when I had a fit, they just said it was my fault, I had to be cleansed again, according to them. It was just never ending. A diagnosis of epilepsy I had never anticipated would make me dirt in people’s minds at all, let alone enough for them to call me the Devil, spit on me or feel sorry for me but fear is a strange thing and unfortunately we are all human. We all pee and poop. Why can’t we people realises we are all human? It’s all I am asking as a disabled person. If I scare you would you at least respect me enough to move on instead of stop and stare or kick me, spit on me, surround me and laugh? I must say not all people do this but that small minority that do answer me is this what a have I done or any disabled person done to deserve this discrimination?  If you are scared of me ask me the question that may make you understand what these people are going through. OK. Dream World! Just move on, ignore me rather than insult me.