**BSH 8**

**A PIECE OF CAKE**

Born in Stoke, raised in Lincolnshire,

Had a great time growing up.

Did reasonably well academically and had lots of friends,

Thus from the age of 13-14 became quite hip!

When I left school there was only one thing for me,

Like my brothers I wanted to join the Royal Navy.

But when I applied I was devastated to find that because of an epileptic fit when I was 10 years old, there was no way they would have me.

The fit was a one-off playing electronic tennis on a television round my friends, the sort that started TV games and was blamed for starting epilepsy.

I never had any more fits after that….

So settling into normal life I found my biggest passion; motor cycles.

Spurred on by girlfriends and alcohol and my life was abloom.

Then at 25 plus me and my friend were at Brands Hatch and decided to sleep there as it was a big race the following day.

However, when we got up I could not stop falling over.

After that I felt funny generally and then I was getting up early in the morning for work and collapsing – fitting in the bathroom, banging my face , head on the wash basin.

I knew I’d got epilepsy pretty bad, but wouldn’t admit to it because of my bike and car licenses frittering away, and thus wouldn’t be able to get to work.

What would I do? It got to the position where I actually took heed of my dad’s advice; “if you don’t go and see a doctor about it, it will only get worse.”

So I did and sure enough after the head scans and such like I had my licenses taken off me, wasn’t allowed to work, drink or live in the way I was used to.

People say I’ve got a flat, all payed for, and don’t work but I would happily swap places with them. What people think is a piece of cake, well it couldn’t be worse having such a restricted lifestyle.