

These are the notes that I took on the presentation that I was going to make on the two maps of my tunnel vision:

I began by acting what would be considered very weird, then explaining about how it is to live in my world with Parkinson's/schizophrenia. I had Carl join in at one point so that the audience could be included in my "hallucinations" and told him to act as my hallucination. I stopped acting "weird" and brought forth one map with X's marking where "Freaks" were at, I then presented a second map that had on it different mental diseases that were somewhat accurately representing the population proportion that has such diseases. Thus illuminating how a map of the same thing with the same X's can have multiple and much more profound implications that what can be superficially observed.

1/100 parkinsons, 1/100 schizophrenia, agoraphobia panic attacks 5 of 100, 1 out of 200 ocd,

Blue lights, scooter pathways, mental illnesses

Hi,

2 ppl be as distracting as can, parkinsons, but only after have started a bit

2 maps 1 wierdos on campus

Map 2 parkinsons, skitzofrenia, ALS (don't care)

Lots of medical bills,

Cicle and yell lots, will you quit it! This is the part where people look at me, this is the part where I became "" my label, I wish they understood, but then you get those jerks that pretend like they do, they're like oh yeah i had an imaginary friend when I was little, and im like what the work im thinking of is are-you-serious? Or the girls that worry about how people will take the jungo pimple on their face, I wish I could exchange my disease for a jungo pimple, I don't want people to pretend that they know what its like, because they don't, its not something a human that doesn't have to worry about this can know, my limbo and torment is my own hell, my personally constructed hell, because I see what I am most terrorized some days, and I feel that nightmare that you can snap out of, yeah that's my reality, and I have to pretend, to pretend I don't see it, to pretend im normal, but im not, some days I can be in a field of flowers hanging from the ceeling and dripping to the floor in a sparkling honey while I go to the bathroom, that's a good day though, or sometimes a bird can fly across the room that has more brilliant colors than I have ever seen with my real eyes, or sometimes I see myself eating my first born baby alive..... I know I wouldn't do it, but do you know? No you're afraid, that's why I don't tell people... I don't want people to pretend that they know wat its like, because they dont