

eBook/CD in British Sign Language/English



# The Realisation

Written/Signed  
by Steve Gibson

DeafEducate

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Website: [www.deafeducate.co.uk](http://www.deafeducate.co.uk)

Email: [info@deafeducate.co.uk](mailto:info@deafeducate.co.uk)

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Getting off the bus in town, Peter sighed and put up his hood as it started to rain. It was the morning after the chat with his father and he was on his way to school.

Things had been happening far too much for him. First the fight with Joe and then the chat with his father. "What's next?" He thought, "What was the phrase? Yes! 'Trouble comes in threes.'"

Weaving his way through people to the bus stop for Wickwood School, he searched for Terry, his best friend. He would be easy to find amongst the crowd of people.

He spotted him not at the usual place but way off in a different spot. Strange, he thought, until he saw a girl with him. "Ahh! That would be Babs." Terry had told him the other day of his discovery of a new girl.

Peter was a bit put off when he first heard of Babs because if things were going right for both of them, he would see Terry less. Well, he thought that was how it would be - all part of life's swings and roundabouts.

He knew Terry would want him to meet Babs. So Peter took a deep breath and approached them. Terry had his arm round Babs and they both were talking intimately.

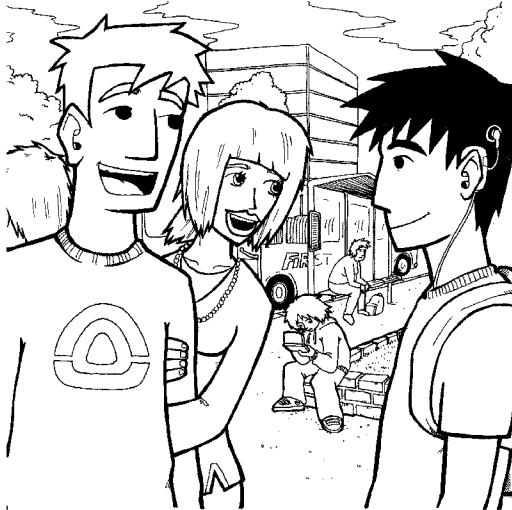
"Terry, who is that girl on your arm?" said Peter. Terry turned round and grinned, "Hiyi, Peter. Yes, that's Babs, I told you about her."

"Yes. Hiyi, Babs. Awful weather, eh?" Peter managed to stumble out nervously. He was usually uncertain with new people.

Babs frowned momentarily at first then realised he was talking about the weather. She said clearly, "Hiyi, Peter. Horrible weather, yes. So you are Terry's mate. He has been telling me a lot about you. It's good to put a face to a name."

In spite of his nervousness, Peter was somehow buoyed up by her friendliness and her warmth.

"So what has Terry been telling you about?" he asked.



Babs smiled, "Nothing bad about you. You're not to worry!" She reached out and touched Peter's arm.

"Oh, yes. He was telling me about the football match this

Saturday against Haslebury. He thought you would be a star player for the team." Babs looked up at Terry as if to get confirmation.

He smiled and nodded. A shout from somewhere alerted Terry and Babs.

Babs apologised, "That's my mate, Terry. I've got to go; the bus is going soon. Cheerio Terry, and you too Peter." She reached up and pecked Terry on the cheek.

Peter and Terry watched her go away. Terry asked, "Peter, that's Babs, the one I was telling you about. What do you think?"

Peter looked sideways and answered, "She is cool and seemed nice. Good for you."

Terry said, "Thanks. Well, well, let's go and get the bus."

The bus was packed and so they had to make do with standing. Peter told him about his father from last night.

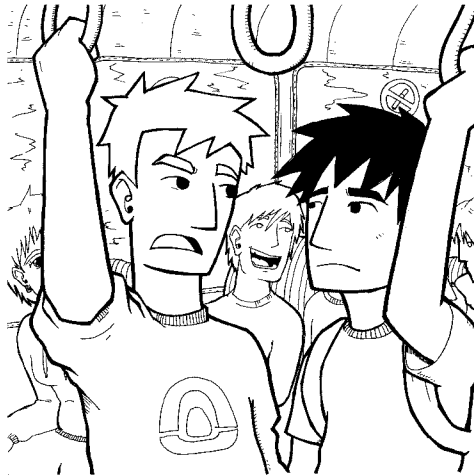
"What's more, Dad actually thought that I should have deaf friends! Who does he think he is? I am not going to flap my hands about and make rubber faces."

Peter continued, "Do you remember that deaf boy a couple of years ago? Yes, Patrick. He kept following me round wanting to talk to me just because I was deaf like him. Really he just made me feel so embarrassed with his

flapping hands and exaggerated mouthing. He thought I could sign like him. A good job that he had to leave after a few weeks."

"I was glad to get shot of him," he turned to look at Terry and was surprised to see a look of disdain on his face.

Terry spat out, "Of all the people, I didn't expect you to be like that! Yes, I do remember Patrick and I actually felt sorry for him. It was appalling how people like you ...."



The bus was approaching Wickwood School and turned a corner. Terry and Peter moved with the motion.

He continued, "It doesn't matter if someone is hearing or not, all people should be treated with respect. Patrick was trying to be friendly with you and he was on his own."

The bus was shuddering to a halt. The boys and girls were stepping off.

"Flapping hands and exaggerated mouthing, indeed! What about you? Your incessant staring and your ever so monotonous voice. Yes, there you are!" bombarded Terry. He left Peter dumbfounded on his own as he joined the crowd getting off the bus. People streamed round Peter in the middle of the passageway.

The words "Incessant staring!" and "Monotonous voice!" kept drumming through his head.

Peter was the last to get off the bus. Seeing the state he was in, the driver asked through the sliding door, "Are you okay, sonny? You looked as if you had seen a ghost."

Peter nodded, "I am okay." The driver raised his eyebrows and started the engine. The bus went off.

It was science class and Peter walked his way there. He entered and saw Terry at the usual table with two others. The table was littered with two Bunsen burners and some test tubes. There was the empty chair with the radio aids under the table.

He pulled the chair back and placed his rucksack on the floor. Avoiding eye contact with Terry, Peter took the aids from under the table. He assembled the aids and placed it round his neck, connecting the lead to his cochlear implant.

"Incessant staring!"

"Monotonous voice!"

Peter stared into space. He handled the lead and the radio aid thinking, "I am not normal."

He felt a tap on his arm. He looked round at Terry.

Silently, Terry said, "I am sorry. I was bang out of order at the bus."

Peter responded likewise in silence, "That's okay. It's okay. It's not the first ... well, it has been a while since someone called me that. I do stare at people, only at their lips to lip read and I lapse to one tone voice when I am nervous and tired."

Terry shook his head slowly, "Well, I didn't mean it ... Well?"

He said again silently, "It was disconcerting when I first met you."

Noticing Peter's facial expression, he backtracked and repeated, "Off putting when I first met you and then I got used to it. Joe, Raj and the others .... We used to talk about it and made fun of you by copying your mannerisms. Raj was the only one that stopped us and, you know, he experienced racial abuse. He said that our erm our ..erm, .. playacting was 'inappropriate.'"

One of the boys at Terry and Peter's table interrupted,

"What's the hell going on? Me and Colin have been trying to follow you both and we can't understand as usual."

Peter responded silently, "Too bad, Mick. "

He smiled and turned to Terry, "Too bad, eh?"

Terry smiled and nodded. The bad feeling between them evaporated.

He continued silently as before, "Yes, Raj was being diplomatic with that word, 'inappropriate.'" Peter nodded and knew what he meant.

Terry looked round and noticed the teacher at the other side of the room. He continued, "So we accepted you for what you are. Then you brought up that 'inappropriate' chat about Patrick on the bus."

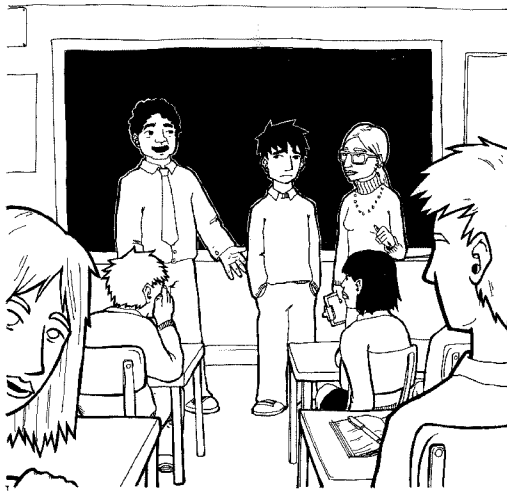
"It happened to me and now it has happened to you! Having the wrong attitude and not having respect for others." Peter straightened up and sighed, "Okay, okay. You have made your point. But sign language. I won't have it."

Exasperated, Terry said, "I don't know anything about sign language but at least don't jump to conclusions unless you know more about it."

"I remember that time when you first came here we all had some deaf awareness class - for about 15 minutes and we all had it again later on when Patrick came. Then you

came into our year and we became friends."

"When I first saw you, you looked really isolated and lost. I was with Joe and we were watching every move you made and I knew everyone was. Well, Mr Eccles had told us that there would be a 'deaf' boy joining us the day before and that we had better behave! That just made you an object of huge interest for us."



"That we had better behave! Whatever for? I thought why we should treat you any differently than others. But anyway, we were all sat there and Mr Eccles was waiting for you to come in and so didn't start the lesson. Then you came in and suddenly everything was so quiet and all our eyes were on you." Peter was listening earnestly.

"There was a desk right at the front that was set up for you. And you had that teacher, what was her name?"

Peter smiled, "Mrs Needham. Wonder what's happened to her now? Well she had been fantastic to me. Yes."

"Yes, you and Mrs Needham were at the front. Mr Eccles came to see you both and made a big thing of you. He introduced you to the whole of the class and said something like, 'Here's Peter Slater and he's deaf.'"

"Then out of the blue, someone piped up, 'And daft!' in a masked voice as not to give away himself. Mr. Eccles was in a flap and your teacher winced. We all really felt for you. But you seemed unconcerned, then we realised you didn't hear him." Peter raised his eyebrows at the revelation.

"Your being unconcerned really had broken the ice for us all. One girl caught your attention and said, 'Welcome, Peter.' You smiled and we all joined with several Hi's and Welcome's"

"I really think we all were waiting to hear you speak but you just acknowledged us all by nodding and smiling. You see from the deaf awareness course we had, we were told that most deaf people could not speak well and if they do, their voices would be different from ours. We were curious."

"And to salvage the situation caused from the mishap, Mr Eccles said, 'I have made sure of a desk for you here.' He pointed to a desk right in the middle and in the front."

"And then you spoke! You said, 'Excuse me. I do not always want to sit at the front.' Some of us giggled and we looked at each other with admiration."

"Mind you, we had to bend forward to hear what you said." Peter smiled as he remembered his first day. Actually he was a bag of nerves. He had just moved into the area with his father having a new job. He was so settled at the other school.



And now he had to start all over again. Making new friends, getting used to teachers' voices and overcoming hostility and prejudiced attitudes.

Peter had met people who thought he was as normal as them because he could hear through his hearing aids. They were annoyed when he asked them if they could repeat things because he could not understand them.

Peter had seen people who expected him to participate

with no problems in group discussions where everyone spoke at the same time. Just because he had the cochlear implant. They could not understand when he explained that he needed one person to speak at a time.

He had known people who asked him for his mobile number. They rung him the following day and were irritated when he explained he could not understand them and asked for a text message to be sent instead. Just because they thought he could hear and speak well.

Terry continued, "So after what you said to Mr. Eccles, we felt a rapport with you. We, well, some of us were willing to make an effort with you."

"It wasn't easy, mind you. We had to repeat what we said so that you would know what we were talking about. Well, you see, sometimes, you went off at a tangent from what we were discussing just because you missed some of what we talked about."

He continued, "And tell you what, with you, we found we had to speak properly and not slur our words. Funnily enough, we knew if you were in a room or not by the way people spoke in that room. You know, Raj speaks to you a lot different from when he speaks to me on my own! Do you know what I mean?"

Peter raised his eyebrows and replied, "Oh gosh! I didn't

realise that. You mean by standing outside a room without going in, you could tell whether I am in or not by listening to people speak."

Terry nodded and went on, "Right, yes. Well the point I am trying to make is. You know that when we speak to you, we make an effort and it can be a strain for some of us. And tiring, too. For me, I am used to it."



"So one thing you ought to know, Peter. We make an effort for you."

Peter sat up straight with a frown on his face.

"Hang on, Peter. Let me finish. You have this hearing problem - I was going to say 'disabled' but I am not going to. So you have this hearing problem and we try to treat you as one of us."

"With Patrick, he has this deaf problem. He was in a

similar situation as you. I am sure we will try and treat him as one of us - the same way as we do to you. See? But you. You won't try and treat him as one of you."

Peter flicked his eyelids as Terry pressed home his point.

He thought, "Terry is right." His mind went swimming over the points Terry had made. Images of Patrick signing to him appeared. He could just about understand him but he pretended he could not.

Terry said softly, "Don't you realise?"

Peter shook his head and spoke, "Yes, but not sign language."

The school bell went. Mick broke up the discussion with "Right. Let's have a game of footie and try out that free kick set up."

A few moments later, on his own, Peter sighed and rocked back on his chair. He thought, "Being deaf is horrible."

Suddenly, he realised that was because he could not accept his deafness. "Yes, that was why," he concluded bitterly.

**The story continues in  
The Uncertainty**

## System Specifications

Operating system:

Windows 98

Windows ME

Windows 2000

Windows XP

Windows Vista

Screen Resolution: 1024 x 768 pixels

## Troubleshooting

When the CD is loaded, it should autorun.

But if it does not autorun, then do the following:

Click

*Start*

Click

*My Computer*

Double Click



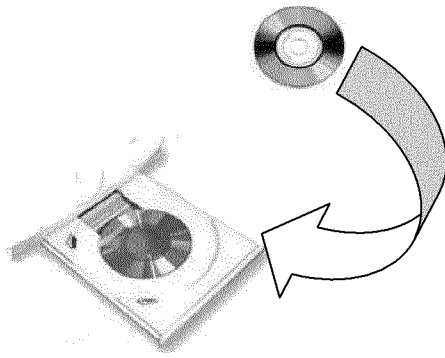
CD Drive

Then it should work.

For any other problems,

Visit [www.deafeducate.co.uk](http://www.deafeducate.co.uk)

Click Troubleshooting at bottom of page



Load the CD into the CD/DVD drive to get BSL translation.

# The Peter and Kerry Series

1. That Moment
2. Kerry's World
3. The Aftermath
4. Kerry's Despair
5. The Realisation
6. Kerry's Identity
7. The Uncertainty
8. Kerry's Pride

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