

I am Scott Breslin (26) when I was 16 I was the victim of an unprovoked knife attack and left paralysed from the neck down .If you can imagine sitting in a chair all day every day with only your head to move this is my daily life.

I was a normal teenager who smoked, drank, and experimented with drugs, so I am no angel but what happened to me has been life changing.

It was a normal Saturday night for friends and me. We got a drink and went to a friend's house. Later that night while heading to the chip shop I got a phone call saying my mates had been chased so me and Ginger Jim went to see what had happened. After walking a couple of yards we bumped into a group of around 10 people, one said "where are youz fae" to which I replied "Penilee" after hearing this one of the group pulled out a knife. I saw this and grabbed Jim and we began to run, while running Jim fell and I picked him up like any friend would do, but while being chased one of the group members ran up the side of me. I seen a hand coming round from the side of my eye, it felt I was thumped on the side of my neck, it just felt like a punch, then the lights went out, I went down like a bag of bricks smashed my face, nose and lost teeth.

After spending three days in Intensive Care I was told the harsh reality that I would never walk again and would have to build my life now being physically disabled.

I spent nine months in the Southern General Hospital Spinal Unit receiving rehab and waiting to be re-housed so it was not only my life that this impacted on but my whole families. Being in hospital was hard, I felt like I was imprisoned. I spent all my time watching TV and felt my brain wasting away. Once I got out of hospital I could hardly string a sentence together, I suppose watching TV instead of speaking to people was a form of escape.

While in hospital I had to go to physiotherapy twice a day which at the time felt a waste of time as I had no movement of my hands and legs to work with.

Every day was the same, get wakened by the nurses banging about, take medication, get showered, get dressed, go to the gym and come back to ward and watch hours of TV. This is enough to drive anyone mental.

Now in my own place, my normal day starts round about 7am I have to be hoisted from bed to a shower chair then put over the toilet to drop the kids of at school (do the toilet) from there I am showered and washed down. Next I am taken back to bed where I have to get my Eurosheave changed (a Eurosheave is like a condom which I have to wear all the time as I cannot control my bladder) this is attached to a leg bag which I also have to wear every day. Finally I do my Physiotherapy which is my arms, legs, hand and feet being stretched by carers who dress me for the day.

The hardest thing is being positioned right in my wheelchair as I have no upper body control and my body has drooped due to muscle wastage.

This is what onlookers don't get to see or even think about as they see me in the wheelchair all dressed and looking sharp they don't realise all the time and effort it takes on a daily basis just to be able to live as close to a "normal" life as I can.

The saddest thing is probably my lack of social life, compared to what I once was I have lost most of my friends and not being able to sustain long term friendships. Most nights I spend watching TV, studying or on Facebook which is not always fun.

My life is totally different now than what it was meant to be, that future was taken away from me so I have rebuilt my own.

Now ten years down the line I have turned my life around by getting myself back into education by completing a NC, and a HNC and I am now in my second year of university doing Business Studies so I have tried to use all the negatives in my life and turn them into a positive.

Although my life is limited I have a positive outlook but not all victims of a knife attacks are as lucky, as this is the key point.

I am lucky to be alive; if I was stabbed 1 cm higher I would not be here to tell this story so please think of this when you are considering picking up a knife.