

**epilepsy** *action*

# My Dad

# Has Epilepsy

Me →

A story to  
help parents  
explain their  
epilepsy

→ Rascal



# **My Dad Has Epilepsy**

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# **My Dad Has Epilepsy**

**Epilepsy Action**



# My Dad Has Epilepsy

This information is for anyone with epilepsy who is a parent or cares for a young child. When you decide to tell your children about your epilepsy is your decision.

This story aims to help you with that conversation. Children need to know what epilepsy is and that it's nothing to be afraid of. They also need to know what they should do if you have a seizure. This is a story about a young girl whose father has epilepsy.

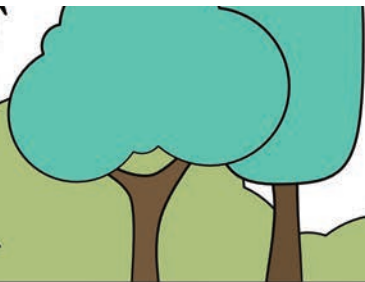


This is a story about me and my dad.

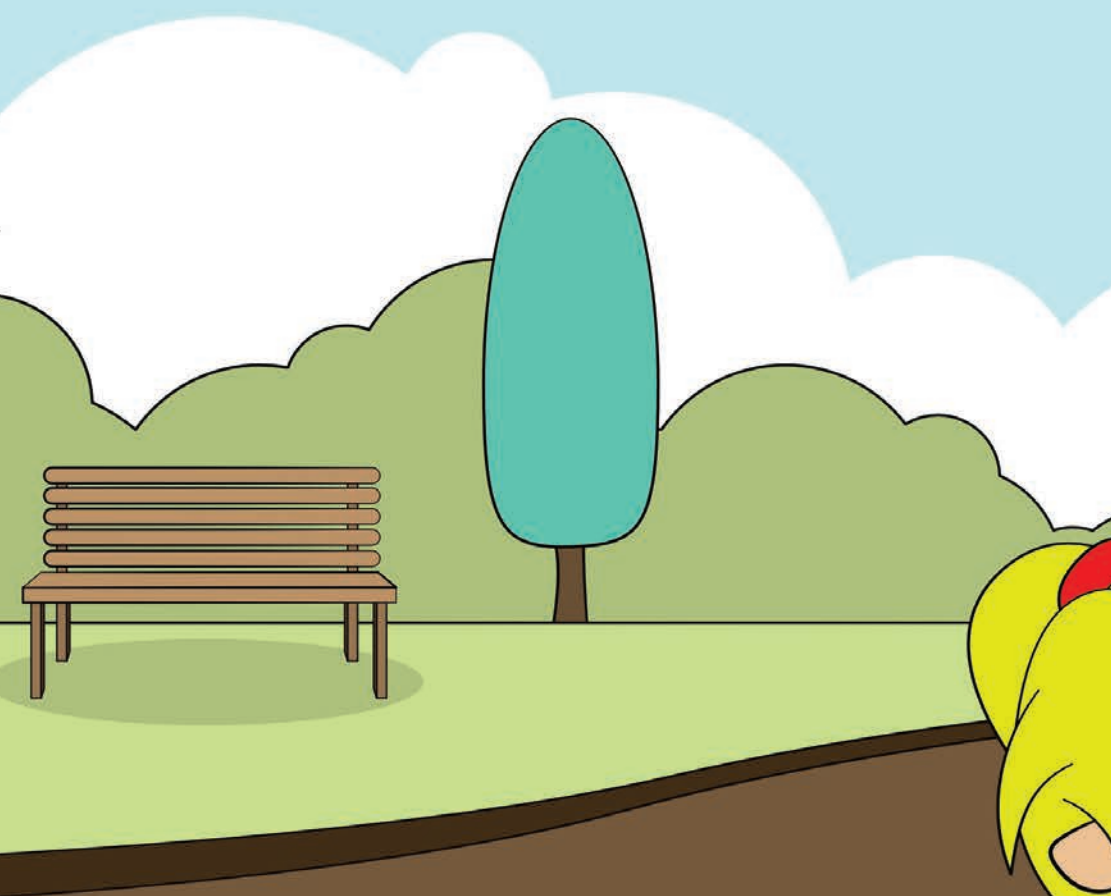
We live with my mum and my big sister Jess.  
Jess is 17 and she goes to college.

We've got two dogs, called Rascal and Tiny.  
Every day after school, me and my dad take  
Rascal and Tiny for a walk in the park.

Sometimes Jess comes too.







One day me and Dad were in the park with Rascal and Tiny. We were throwing a stick for them to fetch. Jess was on the other side of the park, watching her boyfriend Ali play football.

Then Dad said he was feeling a bit funny.

"I think I'll go and sit down on the bench," he said.

I carried on throwing the stick for Rascal and Tiny. Then I threw the stick too high and it got caught in a tree. I couldn't reach it, so I went to get Dad.







Dad?

But when I looked round, Dad wasn't on the bench, he was lying on the ground. I ran over to him. His arms and legs were jerking and he wasn't breathing properly.

"Dad, what's wrong? Dad!" I said. But he didn't answer me. I was really scared, but I ran and got Jess.

"Something's wrong with Dad," I said. Jess ran over to Dad and Ali came too. Ali took off his sweatshirt and put it under Dad's head.

"I think your dad is having an epileptic seizure," said Ali. "My cousin Ben has epilepsy. Is it the first time your dad's had a seizure?" Me and Jess said yes, it had never happened before.

"Then we should call an ambulance," said Ali.







So Jess used her mobile phone to call an ambulance. Then she phoned Mum and told her to come over to the park.

Soon Dad stopped jerking and his breathing got better. Ali carefully put Dad in a special position on his side. Ali said that this was called the recovery position.

After a while, Dad started to move and he looked up at us. He was very confused and his mouth was bleeding because he'd bitten his tongue.

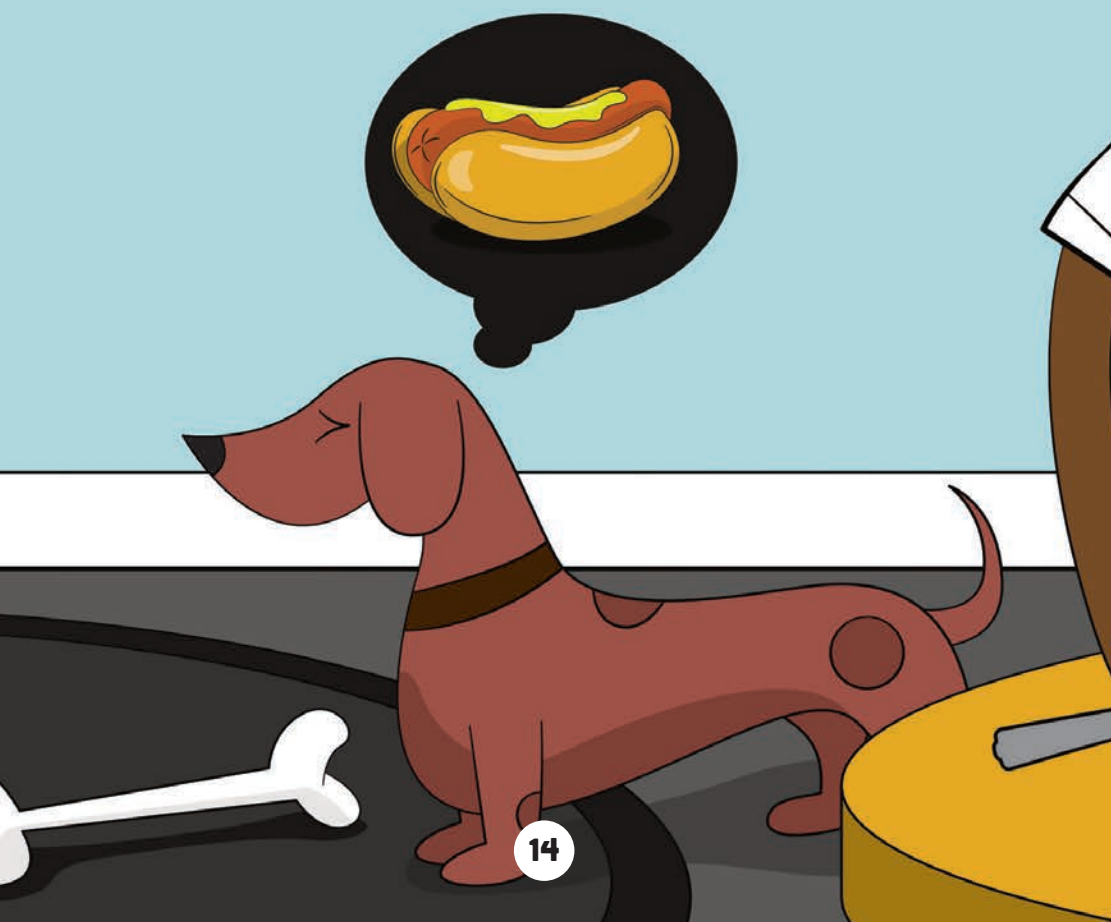
"What happened?" he said. "The last thing I remember is walking over to the bench."

"We think you might have had an epileptic seizure," said Ali. "Jess has called an ambulance and they'll be here soon. Have you ever had a seizure before?"

"No, never," said Dad.

When the ambulance came,  
Mum went with Dad to the hospital.  
Jess and Ali took me home because  
the dogs needed their dinner.

Then Ali made us some dinner too.  
It was fish fingers and spaghetti rings,  
which is my favourite. But I couldn't eat  
it all because I was worried about Dad.

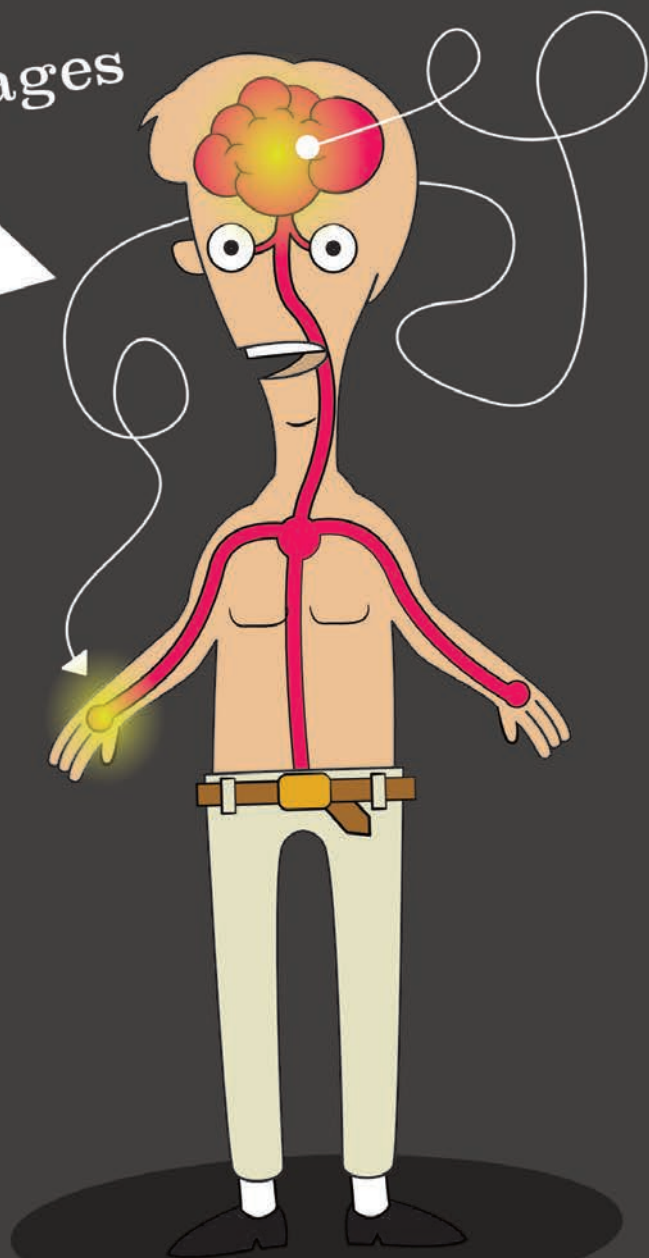








Messages



Ali told us about his cousin Ben.

"Ben's had epilepsy for a couple of years," he said.

"What is epilepsy?" I asked.

"It's to do with your brain," said Ali.

"Something goes wrong for a few minutes and then it's okay again".

"How does your brain go wrong?" I asked.

"Your brain sends messages to the rest of your body to tell it what to do. Different bits of your brain work different bits of your body. If you've got epilepsy, these messages get a bit mixed up sometimes and that's why you have seizures," said Ali.

.....

Dad was really tired when he came home.

Before he went to bed he gave me a big hug.

"I don't really remember what happened, but it must have been scary for you. Well done for being so brave," he said.

Dad had lots of leaflets about epilepsy from the hospital.

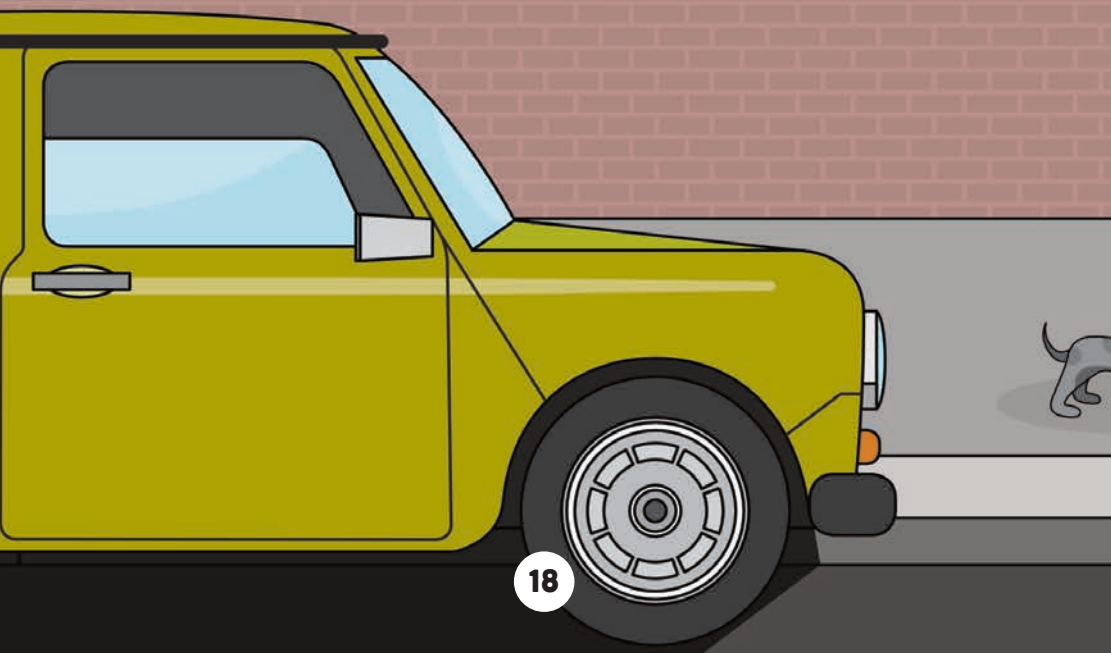
And they told him about a website for grown-ups.

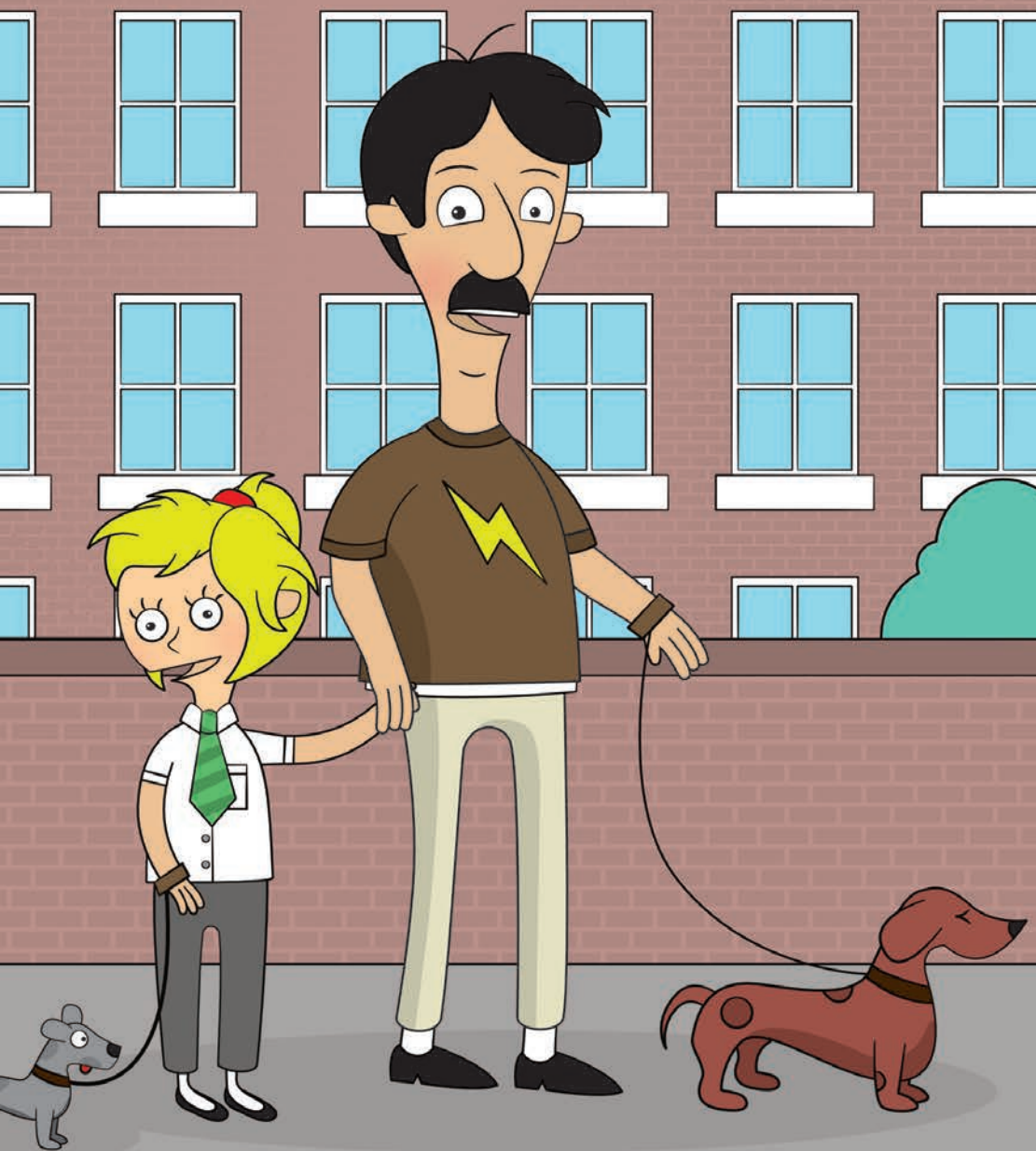
It's got loads of information about epilepsy, but too much writing for me. But there is another website for kids. I liked that one better. Less writing, more pictures.

The hospital said he'd need to come back in a few weeks for tests. These would help find out why the seizure happened. Mum showed me some information about first aid on her phone, so I'd know what to do if it happened again.

Because of the seizure, Dad wasn't allowed to drive. The hospital said that he might be able to drive again if he didn't have any more seizures for at least six months.

That meant that we had to walk to school and back, but I didn't mind. Dad brought Rascal and Tiny with him when he came to walk me home after school.







One day when we were walking home, it happened again – Dad had another seizure. This time I knew what to do. I tied the dogs' leads to a lamp post.

Then I took my coat off and put it under his head. A woman on the other side of the road ran over.

"What's wrong with him?" she said. "Is he drunk?"

"No!," I said. "He's having a seizure."

"Oh," she said. "Should we call an ambulance?"

"No," I said. "We just need to stay with him. He should be okay in a few minutes. We don't need to call an ambulance unless it lasts longer than five minutes, or he hurts himself badly."

Soon the seizure stopped and I got the woman to help me put Dad in the recovery position. When Dad felt better, he got up.

Dad felt a bit wobbly but he said he was okay to walk home. We were nearly home anyway so it didn't take long.

I told Mum what had happened and we wrote it all down in the special seizure diary that the hospital had given Dad. I felt really proud of being able to help my dad.

A few weeks later, Dad went to the hospital to have an EEG test. EEG stands for electroencephalogram, which is a very long word! I asked if I could go with him.

At the hospital we met the person doing the EEG test. Her name was Amy. She measured Dad's head to see how big it was. Then she drew some little marks on Dad's head, to show where to put the coloured EEG wires. The EEG wires had little round pads on the end of them.

Amy put the pads on Dad's head. She used something that looked like jelly to keep the wires on his head, while he had his EEG. She said that sometimes people have a cap put on their head to hold the wires.

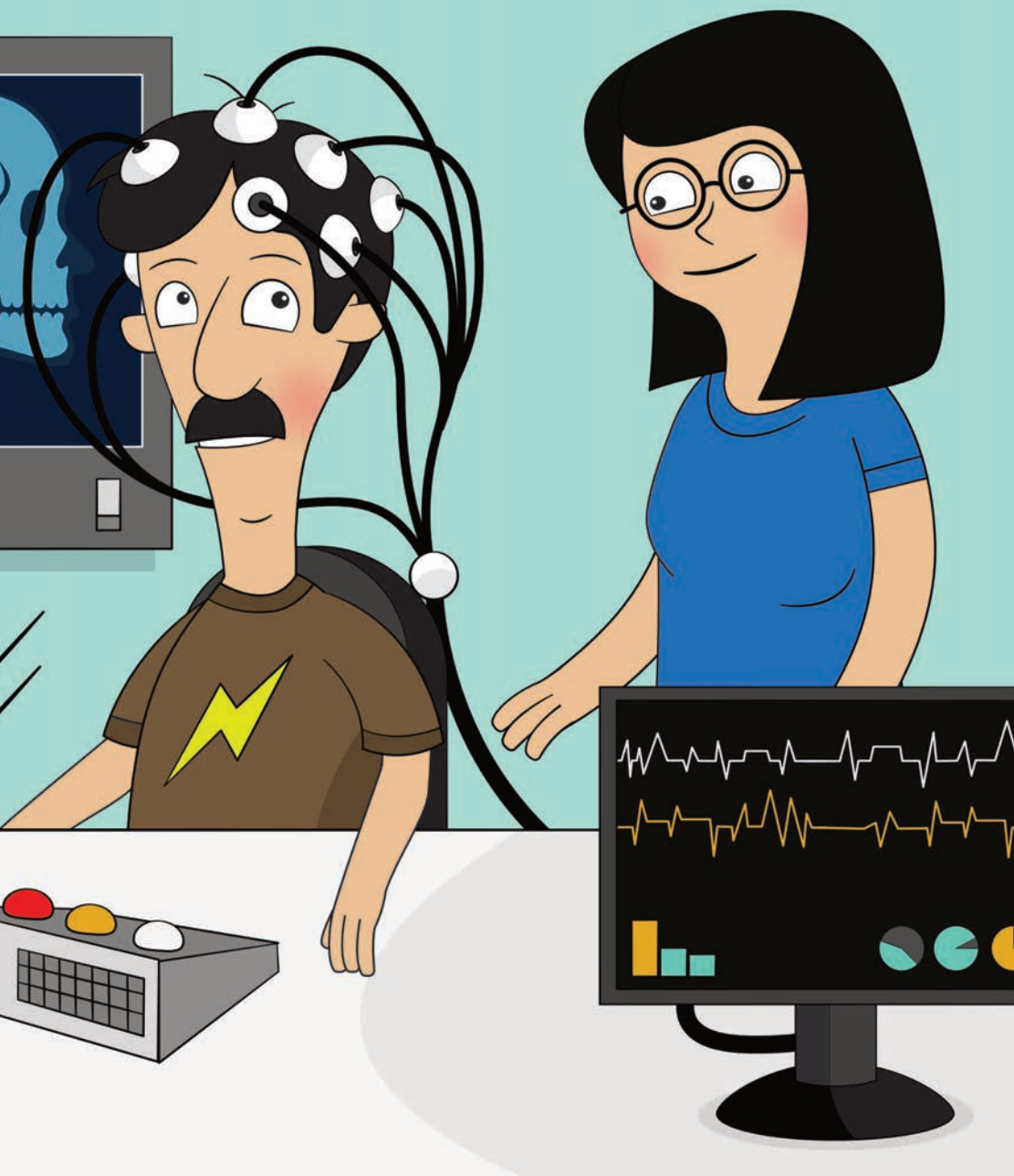
"It doesn't hurt," said Dad. "It just feels a bit funny!" The wires went from the pads on Dad's head into a machine.

"Sit back and relax. And try to stay as still as you can." The machine drew a pattern of squiggly lines.

"Take some big breaths," she said. "Now I want you to open and close your eyes. Now look at these flashing lights."

The whole test only took about half an hour. She said Dad would get the results in a couple of weeks.





“The EEG won’t say for sure if you have epilepsy or not, but it should be helpful.”

A couple of weeks later, Dad went to see the neurologist at the epilepsy clinic.

A neurologist is a special doctor who knows lots about brains and nerves. I didn't go with Dad this time, but Mum did.

Before the appointment Mum got me to tell her exactly what happened both times Dad had the seizures. She wrote it all down, so she could tell the neurologist. She also took the seizure diary with her.

The neurologist asked Mum and Dad what happened when he had his seizures. She looked at Dad's EEG test results and the seizure diary. The neurologist decided that Dad did have epilepsy.

The neurologist gave Dad some special medicine to help stop the seizures happening.

"You need to take this medicine every day," she said. "This medicine can't cure epilepsy, but it can help stop you having seizures." said the neurologist. "If this doesn't work, there are other medicines we can try."

Being told he had epilepsy was a big shock for Dad, but he was relieved to know why he'd had the seizures. The neurologist couldn't find out why Dad had epilepsy, but she said that was quite normal.



For lots of people, doctors can't find out why someone has epilepsy.

Epilepsy can happen to anyone at any time. Sometimes it just comes out of nowhere.

Dad had a few more seizures and went back to the epilepsy clinic to talk to the neurologist again.

I went with him to see the epilepsy nurse. He was called Bobby and he gave my dad a card to keep in his pocket.

There was a space where he could write “I have epilepsy”, and my mum’s mobile phone number in case of an emergency.

At first it was strange to think of my dad having epilepsy. He’d looked after me lots of times when I’d been ill, but I’d never had to look after him.

Knowing what to do if Dad has a seizure made me feel really grown up.

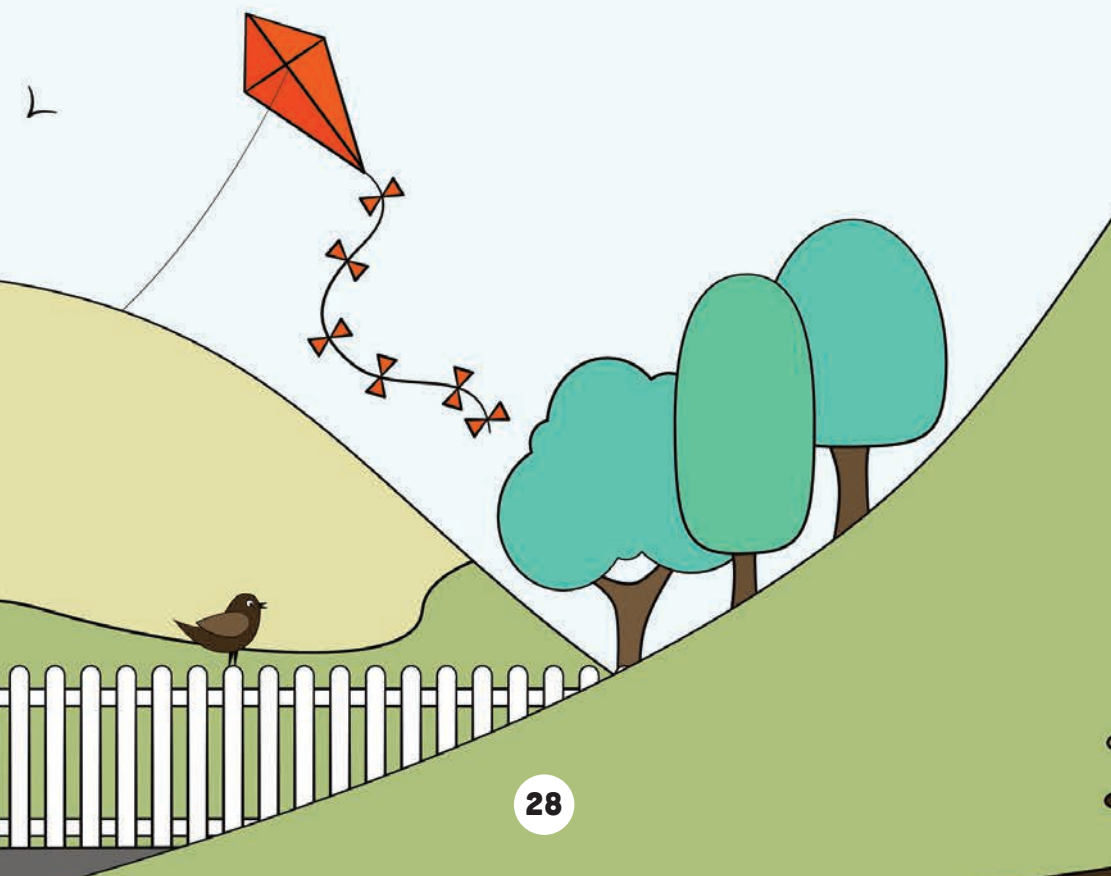


Dad decided to help set up a local Epilepsy Action group. Now we know lots of people with epilepsy who live near us. Sometimes me and Dad do sponsored walks for Epilepsy Action and Rascal and Tiny come too. I even did a talk about epilepsy for my class at school.

I want everyone to know more about epilepsy and that it's nothing to be scared of.

Thank you for reading my story. I hope you enjoyed it.

**The end.**









**Tell us what  
you thought about  
the story...**

**[www.epilepsy.org.uk](http://www.epilepsy.org.uk)**





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