

My Name is Autism

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Hello. Allow me to introduce myself to you. My name is autism. Perhaps you know me or know of me. I am a condition, a "disorder" that affects many people. I strike at will, when and where I want. Unlike Downs Syndrome or other birth "defects", I leave no marks on those I strike. In fact, I pride myself on the ability to infiltrate a child's life, while leaving him or her strikingly handsome. Many people may not even know I am there. They blame the child for what I cause him or her to do. I am autism and I do as I please.

I am autism. I strike boys and girls. infants and toddlers. I find my best victims to be boys around the age of 2, but any child will do. I like children and they are always the true victims, though I take hostage the others in the child's family as well. It is a bit like getting 2 for the price of one. I affect one child and "infect" the entire family.

I am autism. I strike rich and poor alike. The rich combat me with education and therapy. The poor shut their children away and cannot afford to fight me. I am able to win in the lives of poor children more than I am those of the wealthy, but I will try to take root anywhere.

I am autism. I am an equal opportunity disorder. I strike whites, blacks, Mexicans, Ukrainians, Russians, Poles, Slavs, Japanese, Koreans and Fins. In fact, I strike everywhere on Earth. I know no geographical bounds.

I am autism. I do not discriminate based upon religion either. I strike Jews and Christians, Muslims and Buddhists, Atheists and Agnostics. I do not care what religion a person is or what beliefs he may hold. When I strike, there will be little time for any of that anyway. When they find me, they will question everything they believe in, so why would I strike only one group? I have affected followers of every religion on the planet.

I am autism and I am strong and getting stronger every year, every month, every day, every minute and every second. I am concerned that money might be allotted to combat me and my takeover of children, but so far, I have little to fear. Some countries like Kuwait, are spending quite a bit of money to assist those who I have targeted and some, like the United States, would rather spend money on such ludicrous things as discovering the number of American Indians who practice Voodoo, as opposed to combating me. In an atmosphere such as that, I can flourish and wreck havoc at will. In places such as that, I rub my hands with glee at the problems I can cause to children, their families and to the society at large.

I am autism. When I come, I come to stay. I take the dreams and hopes of families and trample them with delight. I see the fear and confusion in the eyes of my victims and I see the formation of wrinkles, the worries and pain on the face of their parents. I see the embarrassment their child causes because of me and the parents unsuccessful attempt to hide their child, and me. I see tears the parents cry and feel the tears of their child. I am autism. I leave sorrow in my wake.

I am autism. I take away and give nothing but bewilderment and loathing in return. I take speech and learning. I take socialization and understanding. I take away "common sense" and, if I am allowed to flourish, I take away all but their physical life. What I leave behind, is almost worse than death.

I am autism. I fear nothing except courage, which I thankfully see little of. I fear those who take a stand against me and attempt to fight me and bring others into the fight as well. I fear those who try to make it safe and easier for my victims in the community, and their families. I fear those who push ahead, despite the fact that I am in tow. I fear the day I will be eradicated from the planet. Yet, I do not fear too much right now. There is no need.

I am autism and I bet you know me or know of me. If you don't, you probably will soon. I am marching

forward faster than I ever have before. I am looking for new children all the time. I am looking for new children to consume and new lives to destroy. I dread the day I will be looked upon with pity or worse yet, understanding, for that day, is the day I will begin to die.

But in the mean time I am safe, free to prowl onward. Free to cause the pain and suffering that I do so well. I am on a mission and have much work to do and thankfully no one is stopping me yet.

Hello. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is autism. Perhaps you know me or know of me, if not don't worry, you will meet me soon....

Dear Sir or Madam,

My name is Omri Lior Hodiya Fiman. I am called, for the most part, Mouse. I am 25 years old and I have autism. I am able to hold down a job and able to work a computer. I can also write rather well. One thing I cannot do is speak well. With all but a few exceptions, the words get stuck in my head and won't come out. I have meltdowns frequently and often have to wear a helmet to protect my head. I have 2 advocates that help me but there is much they cannot do for me. There is so much I know that I need and yet I have no idea where to start. What I do know is that 1 out of every 166 children has autism spectrum disorder (statistics recently updated by the CDC). If one out of every 166 children were born with defected limbs or mental retardation, something would be done. If one out of every 166 calves born in Texas were born with defects, something would be done. If one out of 166 people were dying from poison, the product would be yanked from the market with great fanfare. But, nothing is done about autism. I will never live the kind of life other people will. I am able to do some things other autistics cannot do. I am not able to do some things others can. Unlike diabetes or asthma (both also unseen to the naked eye), autism effects each person very differently, but affect us all it does. Autism has robbed me of many things I wish I had. How much of the future of our society

has to be stolen before people will take autism seriously. Those of us with autism would like an answer. 5 years ago, one in 500 children had autism. 2 years ago it was 1 in 250. Today it is 1 in 166. The clock is ticking. What statistic is the magic one? What number will bring the world to its senses? What number will bring about research funds and funds for therapy and insurance reform regarding autism? Can anyone give me the answer or do we have to wait for hundreds of thousands of our future children, to be born into a life of autism? We are all waiting for our answer.

Sincerely,
Omri H L Fiman