**Transcript – It was there all the time**

[ACOUSTIC GUITAR MUSIC]

I used to fill sketchbooks when I was a kid. I used to enter competitions on the back of the Post. Draw this picture and send it in to us, but then they send back a, oh, we've got a scholarship for you, cost you so much.

My dad used to say-- I had to draw a rooster-- and he said, draw the most horrible thing that doesn't even look like it chook, and send it in. He said, I guarantee they're going to accept you. [LAUGHS] So I did. Yeah. Then I thought, I'd like to go along those lines, but I never got around to doing it.

I started in the mines when I was 19, worked hard. Worked shift work. Had a family.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[AMBULANCE SIREN WAILING]

The accident happened about half-past seven. They got me out of the mine about 12 o'clock that night. I could feel there was something wrong. I just felt parts of me shutting down. I went to Hampstead Rehabilitation Centre for people who've damaged their spines. It was really hard. You know.

Yeah, and then once I moved out of there, I pretty much began to paint. That was there all the time, and then after a horrific accident, it presented itself again.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

It's not an acceptance; it's just a parallel. You just move on. You find something to live for. I put so much into it that it just takes me elsewhere.

Someone that was helping me said, oh, I know where there's an art group if you're interested in that. I felt excited and thought right on, I'm going to go and see this group. And I went there and it was such a kick in the guts. It was a disability workshop. I thought, is this it? Is this is my life? I'm already being catalogued.

And I see you brought your advertising car.

Well, it just flies. It just flies.

Then I got introduced to the group that I'm with now and just took off. It's so comfortable.

We've all known each other for about 12-14 years altogether.

It's like a glove. You go into the art group and it's just something you put on and you be yourself. You can be yourself.

I love them. They're all-- it's just a great bunch of characters, as I'm concerned, yeah.

Struth mate. G'day, mate. G'day cobber.

Scottish Rob. He couldn't speak Australian if he fell over it.

-G'day mate. Come on mate. Struth mate.

And we have a tea break in between time and we tell crude jokes. And I'm the number one stirrer, probably, in the group. I don't hold back. But they love me for it and I feel appreciated.

You're Irish, Bob, you're not that stupid.

Hey, hey, hey, I'm Scottish!

Ah, Scottish.

Irish, come on. -It's the same thing, eh? -Aw, get out of town. I don't know. Scotland the Brave.

But I'll watch what they do. I get inspired by what they do. I've been in this group, like I said, for nearly 10 years, and I've gone from doing A4-sized paintings to massive paintings, which I have them turning upside-down, inside-out, whatever way I can get to reach it. They're amazed at my talent but they don't see me any other way.

When the car moves, the people behind me, they now know what a Scotsman wears under his kilt because the wee kilt goes "whoa"! So now they know. The secret's out.