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Disabled Students Officer

Only someone who is disabled knows how it feels like to be disabled.

I am less able to talk, less able to walk, to move. I have less freedom. I am shy, I am exiled, rejected, I get a cold eye. While you jump, you sing, you enjoy your life; drinks after class, restaurants, and nightclubs during weekends.

Do you know how I feel? Do you know how it feels like when you are put apart? Maybe one girl didn't smile to you and you felt awkward. While people laugh at me, laugh at my face, at my handicap all the time. I even see it through their hypocrite smile.

Do you think you would help me taking my hand whilst crossing the street, pushing my wheelchair to the elevator? Do you think I feel happy when you give me priority because you would say: "Oh he is disabled."

I want people to recognise my disability but to treat me like a normal human being. I want a place within society, a place without feeling a gaze of pity.

Work with me to improve lives of people like me. Open your eyes. Help me plant the first flower of our garden. Help me claim our rights.