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Creative writing STORY

11 years. 11 years snatched and stolen from me. Mummy always tells me I am special, but every day I can see the sacrifice in her eyes: the day she gave birth to me. The continuous reminder of my condition stabs her heart, the way she is deprived of natural life- having normal children and...being happy; not having a child with cerebral palsy. Not having to suffer, not having to support; not having to stress. A typical day would consist of Mummy having to get up incredibly early to dress me for my school. The white shirt is a colour of freedom; Ha. Ironic. My freedom is limited like a bear in a cage: wanting to get away, get away from the claustrophobia of onlookers.

The agonising and patronising stares follow me all the way to school. St Patrick's Juniors. My heart thuds urgently of desperation to be able to catch the bus or even cycle like all the other lucky children do. But no. I get wheeled in. I feel like an old man, not 11: lively, energetic and bubbly. Instead, none of my muscles budge. Like stone, my life is occupied by brown and cold greys; the sun never shines on my personal horizon.

"DING". "DONG". There goes the bell, the day begins. As the school carer veers me to the classroom, my position corresponds to my feelings- pushed to the side...ignored. Mrs Smith smiles sweetly at me, as she does every day, one of the few people who acknowledge me. I wish my response was not blank, I wish I could smile; I wish I could say "hi" back to her. Maths. I understand it perfectly, maybe better than some of the other children. *What is the square root of 144, children?* I hear responses such as 7, 8, and 9. But I know perfectly well the answer is 12. But no one knows and they won't ever know. The lesson continues like this, and I continue to understand what she says.

Break time is my personal hell. I sit inside, looking out from the window to a beautiful garden, a garden full of happy children, playing and enjoying themselves. But not me. I stay in my wheelchair, wanting to kick a ball, wanting to join in. The climbing frame is my ambition, filled with a plethora of colours like magentas, emeralds and scarlet, to name a few. The children all stare at me, as if I'm monstrous and ugly, but not knowing I am just as beautiful as them inside. Finally, my mummy comes and collects me, wheels me home with hurt in her face, tears in her eyes. I 'eat' my liquid dinner, get put to bed, and this dreary nightmare starts again, and again... and again.

Life and Death. Which is which?