

lecturer's Contribution

A step a day...
by Suzana Ab. Rahim



Have you ever tried hopscotching? Or been in a 3-legged race? How did you feel? Was it an experience you would rather not repeat?

Well, that is just me ... in a constant competition against no one but me. An amputee who we can only imagine or usually see on the silver screen, often portrayed as a villain - either with a hook as in the pirates or captain hook, or the AI in the 'manners maketh men' movie ... and I digress ...

It is rather overwhelming to state in words those emotions that had swept over me but I shall try. This short jotting is just a sharing of what my early experience has been as a 'minus one'.

Losing a limb is unbearable but I shall try not to fret about the loss. Just the other day, I suffered a fall in the bathroom and held on to dear life from the walking frame for support that helped me back to a firmer footing or stand. If not, my head would have knocked the toilet bowl or the floor. These are the constant fears that I have whenever it is bath time or having to answer nature's calls. The railings are there definitely for a pur-

pose but even then, did it occur to you that it is perhaps troublesome to have them protruding from the walls?

You would not be able to imagine how you need to stand upright and not let your leg be folded either, at least for the first few months before the prosthetics could be fitted. Life has been a constant fear then, since I was afraid that during my sleep I would unintentionally fold that leftover-ankle and as such the rehab specialist would deny me the prosthetics.

Then, there were the interview sessions for occupational therapy where the officer would ask us personal questions to assess if we are fit enough to be a disabled, I guess. In fact, I had to become this particular UiTM student's experimental object during her final exam with her lecturer. She had to perform all the relevant tests on me and I guess, she must have excelled since I was very much disabled-compliant.

While some people tend to look down on us, there are some who do not have that kind of perception. Having lived 50 years as an able person, my lease of life is now termed and conditioned. Till we meet again, keep on reaching for the stars.