

The Story of a Real Heroine by Emmy

Hello. My name is Dahlia and I was born with a rare condition - Cerebral palsy. Sometimes I can't control my limbs, and have to stay in a wheelchair, but that doesn't bother me! I still like to play normal games, draw, and do normal stuff like any normal 11 year old does!

So, one day my mum was pushing me in my wheelchair to the park. It was a completely normal day. The sun was shining, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Eventually, we reached the park. Mum went to have a gossip with the other women and I wheeled myself over to the perimeter fence and creaked open the gate. Children were giggling as people were tagged and cheering as goals were scored. Mum had packed me a bottle of cherry juice and a Cadbury Freddo. I munched it happily. The problem came when I wanted to wash my dehydrated throat with some tasty, refreshing cherry juice.

So, you know how I said I can't control my limbs? Yeah, well, my stupid body had decided to play up. Like, NOW! I grabbed my arm to stop it from shaking but I didn't succeed. Oh no. I know what'll happen now. I'm gonna drop it. The girl across from me is looking at me in a strange way. I look to my left shyly. But the boy next to me is giving me a weird look too. I look down. Oh, there's no hope holding on to my arm, is there? - I'm gonna drop it anyway - **CLUNK!** **SPLASH!** There's cherry juice all over the table. I feel a sudden gust of wind. I grab onto the table. "No no no no!" I try to say, but my throat is all dry and hoarse. "Ah!" Is all I can manage as I go flying. I **CRASH** through the fence. I stumble up. I drag my weak body back through the fence. Everyone- I MEAN EVERYONE IS STARING AT ME! (A couple of bullies are even laughing!) My new jeans are caked in mud. There are brand new holes in them, with which I can see blood beginning to flow. I fall to the ground. I hear mum's keys jingle as she runs. She scoops me up and whispers in my ear " It's OK now - why don't we

go home?” She gently places me in my wheelchair as we trundle home. Clouds are beginning to gather. The sky turns grey. It starts raining...

Suddenly I grasp the hand brake. My chair screeches to a stop. Mum is staring at me with a mixture of confusion, shock, horror, and amazement.

“No.” I mumble.

“Sorry?”

“NO.” I say firmly.

“Oh my!” says mum as she steps backwards. With a huge heave I push my wheelchair. I get faster, and *faster, and FASTER!* I push my chair through the fence. But- there *must* be some kind of force trying to stop me from connecting with able-bodied people - right - or is it just my conscience? “Help me!” I yell. Everyone shifts around a little bit. “HELP!” I’m practically screeching now. This is my only shot! The girl from before steps out. “Guys - aren’t you gonna help her? We help each other, she’s no different!” She grabs my hand and pulls. Then someone else grabs my left hand! One by one, people join and I get pulled through. We all land in a heap. The girl starts giggling, after a minute. So do I. Then more, and more people.

So now - I’m no longer an outcast and I have loads of friends. I am different, but I special too.