DARK, SILENT, LONELY, CRUEL, ISOLATING, AND DISCRIMINATORY

Life for women with disabilities is very dark, silent, lonely, cruel, isolated and discriminatory.

1. **Read by a woman with a mobility impairment**

Suddenly my mouth was smothered from behind, my crutches were in the kicked, and my eyes covered with dull cloth . The man carried me sneak in the night darkness to the back of the *joglo* house. I no longer remember anything but pain all over my body. My whole body was cramped. I was cold, my shirt beside me. I heard people call me faintly in the distance. I remember my father, who was often mad, saying: “do not go all the way”. I did not know why you were so worried if I walked with my crutch a little too far. He didn’t allow me to attend the extra classes during the day because the house was too far. But I'm desperate to take an additional lesson this semester because I want to get good grades for the final junior exams later. I can only cry unconsciously.

1. **Read by a blind woman**

I felt someone coming into my room in the dark.  "Who is it?”, I asked. Only those closest to me were able to enter my room. I just had time to feel the breath that haunted my ears. Suddenly my mouth was smothered and my voice was swallowed in the night‘s darkness. I'm very familiar with this man’s smell. I fought with a kick (but where?). I kept struggling until I ran out of energy and breath. I woke up and heard my mother's sobs beside my bedless mattress. My mom could only hold my hand tight and in between the cries I heard her say, “Forgive me, forgive me as your mother”

1. **Read by a deaf woman**

My world is silent, quiet. Silent with no beautiful music. I've never even known my mother's cheers when I was a baby. Of course, I did not hear the man blindly coming in the middle of the night, a heavy body suddenly resting on me. I cried for help but only an unclear murmur came out of my mouth, further gagged by the mouth of a stranger. I struggled but my body was too fragile. My shirt was pulled roughly. My body pulled down. We wrestled on my bedroom floor. I remember the movie I had seen with friends in the orphanage. It felt like a heavy hammer hit me. Is this what sister Dwi's always said? Being raped is frightening, the pain is extraordinary. It is not only physical but more importantly, emotional. I was angry, I wriggled again but I've lost energy and hope.

1. **Read by a woman with an intellectual disability**

In a lonely garden, I used to play alone.

I am 22 years old.

Who wants to play with me?

I just went to school at SLB.

I'm not in school anymore.

My little friends have all gone out of the village or have been married and have children.

My mother said she had to work far away so I could eat.

I never knew my father.

He disappeared when I was born.

I just live with grandma.

But I know Ujang.

He's my friend.

He works in town as a handyman.

Every time he comes, he brings me food.

He said he bought it in the city.

It’s not too tasty but because of Ujang, I always eat it.

I’m always happy when Ujang comes.

He takes me to the bushes.

We play and hold hands like he says.

Ujang strokes my hand, I like it.

Then he says, "you take hold of me, yes?".

And Ujang opens my shirt slowly and holding my body.

He will undress too.

We were laughing.

I always look forward to Ujang.

Since then he never appeared again and my stomach got bigger.

My grandmother often cries while praying or when the village chief came.

I do not know why.

I was taken to the health centre but I do not know why.

The midwife asked "who did this?" while pointing to my stomach.

I do not understand what she means.

Is that why grandma is crying?

Did I eat too much?

1. **Read by a woman with psychological disability**

I like to be praised. I like to be loved. Who doesn’t? But because I was diagnosed of psychological disorder, I was ostracized. People were afraid to be close to me, afraid I’ll just relapse if I forgot to take my medicine.  I was still fine then.

~~A man~~ One of the guard came up to me, complimented my clothes, saying they made me look beautiful. I blushed. We had a wonderful chat. He offered me to drink warm chocolate in the guard room. I was happy and followed him as he held my hand. Along the way he holds my hands.

He heats the water and glances at me while pouring hot water into a glass. I was wondering to myself about how to make hot chocolate with hot water, unlike my mother who made it with hot milk. Who does not like to be loved, who does not like being served? I watched him in amazement from the only chair in the room. He must be the man God sent for me.

I noticed he was doing something strange. His back was turned and I wasn’t fully aware of what he was doing. Unexpectedly the man turned around and pulled my head to his cock saying, ”Drink this first while the chocolate is still hot.” I stuttered and lost balance falling with him to the floor. I felt his body on top of me. I'm still amazed and unaware of what had happened.

The man who looked polite was touching my breasts. Seeing his rude eyes and feeling his haunting breathe made me realize he was taking advantage of me. I struggled as hard as I could and yelled for help. But screaming happens every day in the rehabilitation center for people with mental illness. People only laugh. Do they care? He became more violent and I lost . He tied my hands and feet, and he did it many times. At midnight, he dragged me to my room. I was sick, angry, sad and felt useless even to myself, I wanted to kill myself and die.