



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

By Ayesha Zubair

I never understood what made people so comfortable asking my parents, “What’s wrong with her?” They asked before offering a greeting or even knowing my name. That question, repeated over and over again, is how I first realized I was *wrong*. I was 5 years old. Only later in my life did I understand that *wrong* also meant *disabled*.

I spent years trying to figure out what was *wrong* with me. I didn’t feel *wrong*. I wasn’t in any pain. I got up and went to school. Heck, I didn’t even need glasses. I only discovered what allergies were when I immigrated to Canada with my family at the age of 11. So what was *wrong* with me? I had to figure this out.

My quest for discovering this did give me the gift of keen observation. That was how I eventually discovered that I had an uneven gait and I couldn’t run, no matter how hard I tried. All the other kids could. With that, I had at least one answer to what was *wrong* with me.