

FEEL DIFFERENT, BUT FEEL GOOD!

I've never really felt like "everyone" but this is perhaps a feeling that everyone has the face of differences from the other ... But growing up, society has tried to channel it, to put me in defined groups easier to manage.

Obviously I do not dress straw, and I do not walk barefoot in the street, of course I learned the language of my country and did not make mine, but in other details

I do not feel not as one would like me to be:



MUSIC:

What I like is the French song, the song-writers, singers who are already dead, the singers that our grandparents listened on cassette.

Yeah, it's that moment that I feel good, these are songs here that make me vibrate, sing to me, that make me dance ... No, I do not like rock, no I do not like the songs "fashionable" or not all anyway. So, obviously, I can not talk about my musical tastes with

people my age, I will never hit the summer concert, and if I go there it's out, and not for the mood or music ... No, at 21, I do not get canned, so every weekend I spend them with me. Yes, at age 21 I love watching Eurovision, and I Celine Dion sings out loud.

Sorry to annoy people, but I feel good like that ME!

CLOTHES:

What I like are the colors: raspberry, turquoise, red, orange, apple green, purple, salmon, and all their variations. The dark? I do not know, so it also breaks a problem to society. Imagine, the new year, I need a new outfit to go to THE evening, and what we find in the stores, black, glitter, and ... black! So I have a problem with vendors, to my father who can not find anything for my taste. Finally, I assure you, I came across a beautiful blue dress. I carries the colors of my mood, I do not want a foul mood, I want to see life in pink, while the black is not gay, So I do not wear it, I'm not in my wardrobe. And if I have to be conventional, it will be navy blue, so it should not be messy, it will be brown, and if I must be going anywhere (per bond) it will be gray. But for me my wardrobe is not limited to a maximum of color have not, I also have style, elegance. Then, re-brainer to find clothes that fit me best. Sometimes I feel like a retro, sometimes I feel like a futuristic. And no, and 21 years, I have not my style well defined, to which it is easy to offer a garment to complete the wardrobe. No, at 21, I'm not dressed from head to foot in black, for what it is "fashionable." No, at 21, I do not wear ballet shoes all day because it's easy, I put on heels at least 5 cm because it's prettier.

Sorry to annoy people, but I feel good like that ME!



LOVE:

Well, OK, I'm a girl and I'm not gay, so we will say that until then I'm "normal." But boys, I have never tried the hunk, the boy all the girls look, and that the coup is never available. I think what attracts me are the boys out of the ordinary. It's simple, my parents always said, "Must you always brings us back to a boy problems." It was probably their way of saying he was different. For them, the difference is a problem perhaps ... In order, from my 15 years, this is what I found: a boy smaller than me by 10 cm, after I learned it was

closed in on itself (it lasted 9 months), a boy with a mother who is still chasing love and an alcoholic father (it lasted three months), a boy who never wanted to kiss me and playing the bagpipes (it lasted 15 days), a boy who does longer spoke to her parents that talk to everyday and thought I was his princess, the love of his life (it lasted three months), a boy who saw a friend die before his eyes by a train, and he who survives the accident (it lasted one month). But with each of them, I never dealt with their problems, I had a relationship like everyone else (I think). We went to the sea, cinema, we spent our evenings with friends, they came home, I went home. But it is true that in these lines, I can not tell you the one who completely freaked my parents. From their point of view: 10 years older than me, unemployed, unskilled, a dependent daughter, debts and returned to her parents, not knowing face life in front. Well OK, it's seen as this is not the ideal guy, but my parents do not have a very objective view of the situation. My way of thinking: I'm always so extraordinary it is!

No, at 21, I did not come out with a boy my age. No, at 21, I have no relationship airhead. Yes, I'm already 21 years immersed in the problems of life, which do not concern me. Yes, at age 21, I see my future as a stepmother. But that's just fine, I can live my maturity thoroughly, I can dream, can I ask my questions.

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DISABILITY:

Scary, this plot, we prefer not to talk, we do not wish on anyone. And I do not see it that way! My dolls were disabled, because for me, no disability, no story to tell. I received a construction set, and I built wheelchairs on measures to my Barbie. I have a quadriplegic person around me, and what intrigued me was how she could drive a car, how she held her fork, why her everything was different, but she spoke like me, and had lived and made more trips than I do. An annual emissions that I like to watch on television, the evening "CAP48", but I've never seen in full, at home, we do not look it, these are poor people. I was a paraplegic teacher, what I admired the way it was to wander among our cases, these magnificent muscles under his T-shirt from American Apparel. While learning to know myself, I realized that I had not the same vision of disability as "other."

To rub me the handicap is my pleasure. Talking about it is that leads the disabled, what surprises them, which give them pleasure. The day I felt less



alone with this feeling, this is the day when I read the definition of Internet devotee.

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AND AFTER?

For music, I found, I simply chose the CD that match my style. Clothing, I found, I go to the shops less acclaimed, those where I found what I seek. To Love, I found too, but I will not say where or how ... But for disability, I'm still looking ...

Where are the people who think like me (since they exist)? Where are the people who have an opinion on the subject for discussion? Where are the

places where I can, too, to make me happy? Am I limited to lounges addressed for people with disabilities? And my profession, how can I direct it to my feelings? Are there books, movies, discussing this feeling?

I feel good like that ME, but perhaps I might feel better?