

Beata Akerman
Izabela – Pravljica o princeski, ki je jedjala
Zbirka: Socialno vključevanje in pravičnost
Urednica zbirke: prof. dr. Darja Završek
Recenzentki: prof. dr. Lena Dominelli, prof. dr. Shulamit Ramon

Avtorica besedila: Beata Akerman
Avtorica spremnega besedila: prof. dr. Darja Završek
Ilustratorica: Tereza Merlini
Oblikovalka: Dražena Perić
Izdala: Fakulteta za socialno delo
Za založbo: Borut Petrovič Jesenovec

©2010 Fakulteta za socialno delo, Topniška 31, 1000 Ljubljana
Vse pravice pridržane.

Publikacija je del raziskave »Socialno delo in socialna kohezivnost: dileme avtonomne in heteronome regulacije socialnih sistemov« (J5-0290-0591), ki jo finančno podpira ARRS.

Dostopno na: www.fsd.uni-lj.si/knjizne_izdaje

CIP - Kataložni zapis o publikaciji
Narodna in univerzitetna knjižnica, Ljubljana

821.163.6-93-32

AKERMAN, Beata
Izabela: pravljica o princeski, ki je jedjala / Beata Akerman; [avtorica spremnega besedila Darja Završek; ilustratorica Tereza Merlini].
- Ljubljana: Fakulteta za socialno delo, 2009. - (Zbirka socialno vključevanje in pravičnost)

ISBN 978-961-6569-30-9

250132736



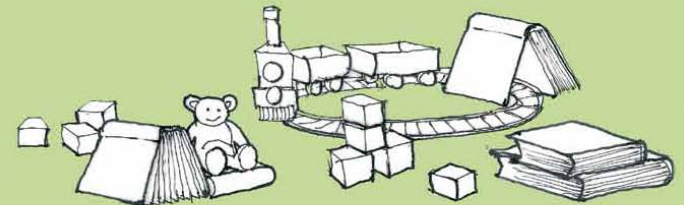
- *Izabela: Pravljica o princeski, ki je jedjala* (translated, *Isabela: The Story about the Princess Who Stuttered*) is a children's book by Beata Akerman from the Faculty of Social Work, University of Ljubljana, Slovenia. The book is in Slovenian but translated into English. The author, who is a person who stutters, won a special award in Austria for the best international children and young people literature. A hard copy of the book is available for purchase for 7.50 Euros, from the author who can be contacted at beata.akerman@fsd.uni-lj.si. This online copy of the copyrighted book, is provided here with permission of the author.



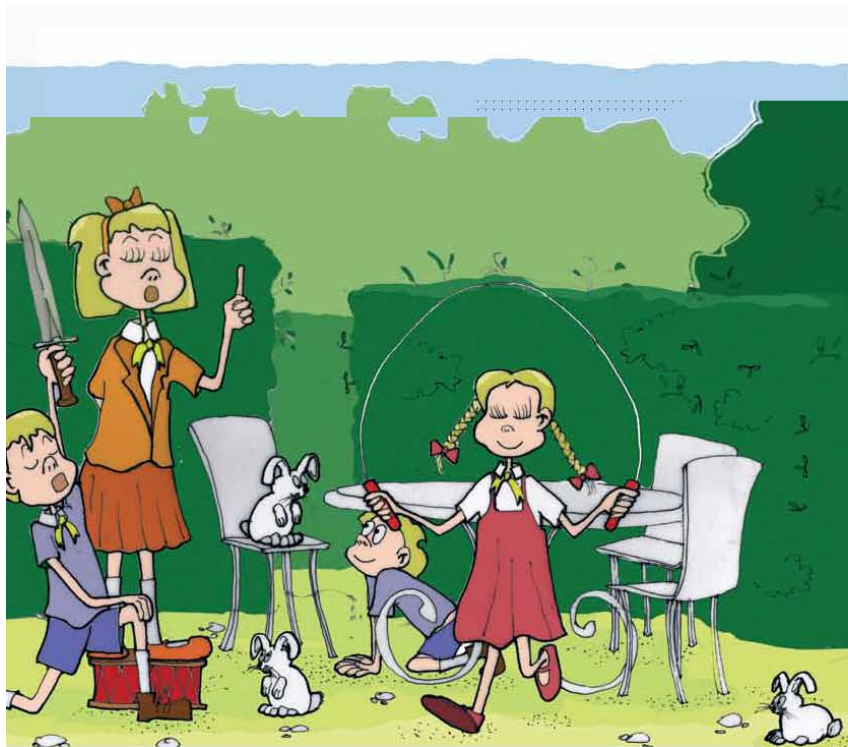
Otroci se igrajo v igralnici.

Kmalu po poroki je na svet privekalo pet otrok, dva dečka in tri deklice. Najstarejša je bila princesa Evelina, ki je imela vedno glavno besedo. Sledila sta ji nagajiva dvojčka, princ Filip in princ Jakob. Za njima je prišla na svet zgovorna princesa Luiza. Zadnja se je rodila tiha princeska Izabela.

Tiha pa ni bila zato, ker ne bi želela govoriti, ampak zato, ker so se ji otroci radi posmehovali. Princeska Izabela je namreč jecljala. V gradu so jo vedno znova opozarjali, da mora govoriti gladko, in jo oštevali, ko se ji je zataknilo. Zato je bila Izabela iz dneva v dan tišja.



- Once upon a time, a queen and a king lived in a castle. Soon after they were married, five children were born. Two of them were boys and three of them were girls. The oldest one was princess Evelina who always had the last word. Two mischievous boys followed; prince Filip and prince Jakob. A very talkative princess Luiza was born after the twins. The last one was the quiet princess Izabela. She was not quiet because she did not like to talk but because other children laughed at her. Princess Izabela stammered. In the castle, she was always reminded to speak smoothly and was scolded when she got stuck. That is why she grew more and more quiet every day.



Otroci se igrajo v parku.

Nekega pomladnega dne so se princa in princeze zbrali na grajskem dvorišču.

»Gremo se lovit! Ali pa metat frnikole! Ne, že vem, gremo rajši skakat čez kolebnico! Jaz bom prva!« je hitela s predlogi klepetava Luiza in že vihtela v roki kolebnico.

»Jaz bi se šel rajši skrivat!« je zavpil Filip in se skril pod kamnito mizo.

»Pojdimo si podajati žogo!« je bil Jakob še glasnejši.

Izabela je ostala tiho, zato je povzdignila glas Evelina:

»Danes se bomo igrali gledališče. Izmislili si bomo zgodbo in vsak bo imel v njej svojo vlogo. Ko bomo znali zgodbo odigrati na pamet, jo bomo pokazali očetu kralju in mami kraljici.« In tudi tokrat je obveljala njena.

»Jaz bom vitez Pogumni,« se je junačil Filip. »Jaz bom pa vitez Pravični,« se je junačil še Jakob, ki ni hotel zaostajati za bratom.



- On one spring day, all the princes and the princesses gathered at the courtyard.
- "Let's go play catch! Or throw marbles! No, I got it! Let's go play with the skipping rope! I want to be first!" rushed chatty Luiza with suggestions and already started skipping.
- "I want to play hide-and-seek!" shouted Filip and hid under the stone table.
- "Let's go and play with the ball!" Jakob shouted even louder.
- Izabela was still silent so Evelina raised her voice:
- "Today we will play the theatre. We will make up a story and everyone will have his own part. When we will know the story by heart, we will show it to our father, the king and to our mother, the queen." Like always, her suggestion prevailed.
- "I will be the knight, called the Brave," Filip said. "And I will be the knight, called the Rightful," said Jakob who did not want to be less important than his brother.
- "You may. You will compete in the Knight's tournament where you will try to win the princess's heart," added Evelina.
- "Luiza, you will be their princess and I will be the queen and I will have the main word," she divided the roles.
- "W-W-What about m-m-me?" finally spoke Izabela.



Otroci jezno gledajo Izabelo. Žabice skačejo iz ribnika.

»Lahko. Tekmovala bosta na viteškem turnirju za princesino srce,« je dodala Evelina.
 »Luiza, ti boš njuna princesa, jaz bom pa kraljica in vam bom vladala,« je razdelila vloge.
 »Ka-a-aj pa ja-ja-jaz?« se je končno le oglasila Izabela.
 »Ti z nami ne moreš nastopiti,« ji je strogo odgovorila Evelina.
 »Za-za-zakaj pa-a ne?« se je uprla Izabela.
 »Kar poslušaj se, saj komaj govoriš!« se ji je Filip posmehoval.
 »Ra-rada bi-bi-bila dobra vi-vi-vi ...« Besede vila ni mogla dokončati.
 »Nikakršna vi-vi-vi ne boš!« ji je zabrusil Jakob.
 »Dokler se ne naučiš govoriti tako kot mi, se ne moreš igrati z nami,« je zavrtela jezik še Luiza.
 »Zato pojdi stran,« je imela zadnjo besedo Evelina.

- "You can't perform with us," strictly replied Evelina.
- "Why n-n-not?" argued Izabela?
- "Listen to yourself, you can barely talk!" Filip laughed at her.
- "I w-w-want to b-b-be the good fai-fai-fai ..." she could not finish the word fairy.
- "You will be no fai-fai-fai!" shouted Jakob.
- "Until you learn to speak like we do, you can't play with us," added Luiza.
- "So go away," finally added Evelina.



- In all her sadness, Izabela ran to the castle park. She hid behind the hedge of roses and cried bitter tears. Then she suddenly heard beautiful bird singing above her. She looked up and saw a tiny bird in the bushes.
- "Who a-a-are you t-t-that sings so b-b-beautifully?"
- "I am a nightingale and this is the only way I can sing," sang the nightingale. "And who are you?"
- "I-I-Izabe-bela," replied the princess.
- "And why are you so sad?" asked the nightingale.
- "I-I-I'm afraid to t-t-talk. E-E-Everything I s-s-say is w-w-wrong," stammered Izabela and cried again.
- "Nothing is wrong if you don't speak like others. Even each nightingale sings differently," the nightingale comforted her. And Izabela believed him.
- From then on, she rushed every morning, before the sunrise, to the park and to the hedge. The nightingale waited for her to sing her a morning song. And how beautifully did he sing! He changed the voiceful sounds with the warbling ones, sad ones with the happy ones, sometimes he sang gently so you could barely hear him and sometimes he sang so loudly and proudly that his singing echoed all over the castle park.



Izabela nastopa pred slavčkom in polžki.

»Ti si pa res rojena igralka,« se je čudil slavček in bil ponosen na svojo novo prijateljico.

»P-p-potem bom pa ve-ve-vedno i-i-igrala! Pre-pre-pretvarjala s-s-se bom, da sem ne-ne-nekdo drug, in n-n-ne bom več je-jecljala. O-o-ostali o-o-otroci me bodo imeli radi in se bodo z m-m-mano igrali!« je hitela povedati Izabela.

»O, to pa ne!« je zažvrgolel slavček. »Sebe ne moreš goljufati s tujim glasom. Kadar si ti, bodi to, kar si, in govori tako, kot govoriš. Tvoj govor je tvoja posebnost, kot je moje petje moja posebnost. Drugi otroci te morajo sprejeti in imeti radi tako, kot si.«

»Ampak k-k-kako naj jim to do-do-dopovem? Oni sli-sli-slišijo le moje je-je-jecljanje!«

»Si boš že kaj izmislila. Ni pomembno, kako govoriš, ampak kaj govoriš. To si zapomni!« ji je slavček še zadnjič zažvrgolel in odletel v tople kraje z drugimi pticami selivkami. »Se vidiva prihodnjo pomlad,« je še odmevalo, ko je slavček izginjal v daljavi.

»To si za-za-zapomnim,« si je zašepetala Izabela in pomahala slavčku v slovo.

- By listening to such a master, Isabella gained courage and opened her heart. She started to tell him her favourite stories. When doing so, she changed her voice in a special way: sometimes she whispered as a forest fairy, sometimes she was rude and loud as a harsh and strict queen, then she spoke charmingly as a small baby and sometimes loudly like an old dwarf. She could speak fast or slowly, with her voice being high or low. And when she impersonated these fairy tale heroes, she did not stammer for even a bit.
- "You really are a born actress," said the nightingale surprisingly and was very proud of his new friend.
- "T-T-Then I will al-al-always a-a-act. I-I-I will p-p-pre-pretend t-t-to be s-s-someone else and I won't s-s-s-stammer anymore. O-O-Other k-k-kids will love me and they w-w-will play with m-m-me," rushed her words Izabela.
- "Oh, no," warbled the nightingale. "You cannot fool yourself with someone else's voice. When you borrow your voice to a fairy tale character, it is all right if you change your voice, but otherwise be who you are and speak like you speak. Your speech makes you unique like my singing makes me unique. Other children must accept you and love you for who you are."
- "But h-h-how do I t-t-tell them that? They h-h-hear only my sta-sta-stammering!"
- "You will think of something. It is not important how you speak but what you speak. Remember that!" the nightingale warbled for the last time and flew to the warmer places with other migratory birds. "I'll see you the next spring," echoed while the nightingale was disappearing in the distance.
- "I will re-re-remember that," whispered Izabela to herself and waved goodbye to the nightingale.



Izabela stoji ob postelji svojih staršev.

Bližal se je Izabelin sedmi rojstni dan. Oče kralj in mama kraljica sta imela navado, da sta vsakemu od svojih otrok za njegov rojstni dan izpolnila eno željo. Tudi tokrat ni bilo drugače.

Na predvečer rojstnega dne je Izabela neutrudno premišljevala, kaj naj si zaželi za rojstni dan. Novo punčko? Kocke? Morda nove barvice? Vso noč je premišljevala, ob jutranjem svitu pa se je domislila. Planila je v grajsko spalnico in očetu kralju in mami kraljici oznanila:

»Želim si, da bi na moj ro-rojstni d-dan E-E-Evelina, Luiza, J-Jakob in Fi-Filip ves dan je-jecljali.«

Čeprav se je očetu kralju in mami kraljici zdela želja sila nenavadna, je oče kralj ukazal, da morajona Izabelin rojstni dan njeni sestri in brata od jutra do večera jecljati. In so res, saj to je bil kraljev ukaz in tega si do sedaj ni upal nihče kršiti.

- Izabela's seventh birthday was near. Her father, the king and her mother, the queen, had the habit to fulfil one wish for each child on their birthday and that day there were no exceptions, too. On the night before her birthday, Izabela tirelessly thought of what to wish for her birthday. A new doll? Building blocks? New crayons maybe? She thought of it the whole night and at dawn, she thought of the right idea. She ran to the castle bedroom and declared to her father, the king and her mother, the queen: "I want for my b-b-b-birthda-day that E-E-Evelina, Luiza, Jakob and F-F-Filip would s-s-sammer the entire day." Her father, the king and her mother, the queen found this wish very unusual but her father, the king still ordered that Izabela's brothers and sisters must stammer from morning till evening. And they did because it was the order of the king and no one dared to break it.



- Izabela watched closely and quietly. First problems appeared already at breakfast. "I-I-I w-w-want s-s-some more sh-sh-sh..." before Evelina could finished the word shortbread, Jakob gave her a big spoon of sugar into already sweet tea. "W-w-what are you d-d-d-doing?" Evelina asked angrily. "I thought y-y-you w-w-w-want more su-su-su," Filip tried to stammer out the sentence. "You should s-s-s-say s-sooner. D-D-D ..." tried to help Filip. "D-D-Donkey? D-D-Drum? D-D-Doll?" Luiza tried to guess the word. "D-D-Dummy!" Filip finally called her after long effort and added angrily: "And d-d-don't guess the wo-wo-words i-i-if you don't know w-w-w-what I am t-t-trying to say!" "I th-th-thought that I was he-he-helping you," said his sister in defence, and Filip added: "W-W-Well, you weren't."

Po opoldanskem počitku se je začela zabava. Izabeli so prišli voščit vsi bratrance in sestrične pa tudi otroci iz sosednjega kraljestva niso manjkali.

»Zakaj vsi tako čudno govorite?« so se čudili gostje.

»T-to je bila l-l-Izab-b-belina ž-želja za r-r-r ...« je zatikajoče odgovorila Luiza.

V tem jo je sestrična mahnila po hrbtu. »Boš zdaj lažje govorila?«



Izabeli pridejo voščit drugi otroci.

»N-n-ne ...« se je Luiza užaljeno odmaknila, saj ni pričakovala, da jo bo sestrična mahnila po hrbtu.

»Ali se vam je kaj zataknilo v grlu? Mogoče vam bo pomagalo, če se izkašljate!« jim je priskočil na pomoč bratranec. Vsi po vrsti so začeli kašljati. Ko tudi to ni pomagalo, je bilo gostom dovolj.

»Nič vam ne manjka, samo leni ste in se vam ne ljubi govoriti,« so zavihali nosove in šli stran.

»G-g-gremo se sk-sk-skrivat!« je za njimi vpil Filip.

»G-g-gremo k r-r-ribniku m-m-metat ža-ža-žabic-c-ce!« je Jakob hotel preglasiti brata.

Mali povabljenjci so planili v smeh. Bolj ko so se smejali, bolj sta dvojčka jecljala in bolj ko sta jecljala, bolj so se jima smejali.

»Za-zakaj se pa sme-smejite?« jih je hotela ošteti Evelina.

»Si slišal? Za-zakaj ...« so povabljeni otroci ponavljali Evelinine besede in se niso mogli nehati smejati. Evelina, Jakob, Filip in Luiza so obmolknil. Od igre ni bilo nič, torto pa so vso pojedli gostje.



- After the afternoon nap, the party began. All the cousins, along with children from the nearest kingdom came to congratulate Izabela. "Why do you all speak so strangely?" little guests were wondering. "T-t-that was l-l-Izab-b-bela's w-w-wish for her b-b-b ..." Luiza tried to reply while stammering. In that moment, one of the cousins hit her on her back. "Now will you speak normally?" "N-N-No..." Luiza moved away. She didn't expect that her cousin would hit her on her back. "Do you have something stuck in your throat? Maybe it will help if you cough it out!" another cousin tried to help. Everyone started to cough. When this didn't help, the little visitors have had enough. "You are alright, you are just too lazy to talk," they said in an offended manner and went away. "L-L-Let's go p-p-play h-h-hide-and-s-s-seek!" shouted Filip after them. "L-L-Let's go to the p-p-pond and th-th-throw s-s-stones!" Jakob tried to be louder than his brother. The invited children started laughing. The more they laughed, the more the twins stammered and the more they stammered, the more other children laughed at them. "W-w-why are you la-la-laughing?" Evelina tried to scold them. "Did you hear that? W-w-why ..." the invited children repeated Evelina's words and couldn't stop laughing. Evelina, Jakob, Filip and Luiza stopped talking. There were no games and only the invited children ate the cake.

Ko so Evelina, Luiza, Jakob in Filip drugim otrokom pomahali v slovo, niso zadrževali jeze.

»Vsi s-s-se na-nam smejijo in n-n-nas o-o-ponašajo,« je hitela povedati Luiza.

»T-t-tako rada bi se po-pogova-varjala, a me nihče n-ne po-poslušaj,« je še dodala.

»P-pa n-nihče se z na-nami ne ž-ž-želi igrati,« sta se pritožila Filip in Jakob.

»To j-je gro-grozno!« so vzklikali drug čez drugega.

»S-s-si ni-ni-nisi m-m-mogla že-že-želeti kaj d-d-drugega?« je Izabelo jezno vprašala Evelina.



Evelina objema Izabelo, drugi otroci so veseli.

»I-i-igrač imam do-dovolj, pa s-se ni-nimam s ko-kom i-i-igrati z n-njimi. Želela s-sem vam po-po-pokazati, kako m-m-mi je hudo, k-ker s-s-se mi po-po-posmehujete, m-m-me ne po-po-poslušate in s-se z menoj n-ne želite i-i-igrati,« je na vprašanje odgovorila Izabela.

Tedaj so vsi obmolnili. V njihovih očeh so se začele nabirati debele solze. Šele zdaj so razumeli Izabelino željo za rojstni dan. Solznih oči pa je bila tudi Izabela. Tiho je zadrhtela:

»Ž-ž-želim si, da b-bi m-me imeli ra-radi,« si je obraz prekrila z rokami in zajokala. Nenadoma je začutila, da jo je nekdo objel. Bila je Evelina.

»Oprosti, ker sem te tolikokrat prizadela. Nikoli ti nisem pokazala, da te imam rada,« je sestro še močneje privila k sebi in izrekla besede, ki jih je Izabela tako dolgo čakala: »Rada te imam.«

»Tudi meni je žal za vse, za čisto vse,« je ihtela Luiza. Izabela je k njej stegnila drobno ročico in v sestrski objem sprejela še Luizo. »Tudi jaz te imam rada,« je šepnila, Izabela pa se ji je ljubeče nasmehnila.

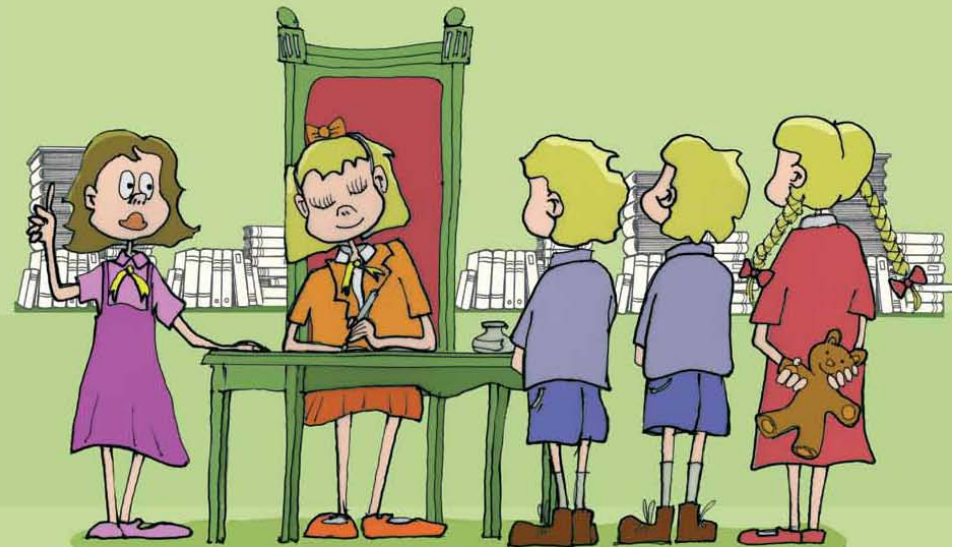
»Je kaj prostora še za naju?« sta prepletajočih se besed vprašala dvojčka. Vsak je s svoje strani objel Izabelo in tedaj so se otroci stisnili v velik objem.

- When Evelina, Luiza, Jakob and Filip waved goodbye, they couldn't hide their anger.
- "Everyone i-i-is laughing and is i-i-mmitating us," said Luiza. "I want to t-t-talk but no one l-l-l-listens," she added.
- "A-A-And no-no-no one w-w-wants to play with us," Filip and Jakob complained.
- "This i-is horrible!" they all shouted.
- "C-C-Couldn't y-y-you w-w-wish for something e-e-else?" asked Evelina angrily.
- "I have enough of t-t-toys but I d-d-don't h-h-have a-a-a-anyone to p-play with. I wanted to sh-sh-show how sad I-I-I am b-b-because y-you la-la-laugh at me, you don't l-l-listen to m-m-me and y-you d-don't want t-t-to p-play with me," answered Izabela.
- Suddenly, with nothing else to say, Evelina, Luiza, Filip in Jakob started to cry. Only now they understood Izabela's wish for her birthday. Izabela also had tears in her eyes. She said quietly: "I-I-I want that you w-w-would l-l-love me," she covered her face with her hands and cried. Then she suddenly felt someone hugging her. It was Evelina.
- "I am sorry that I hurt you so many times. I never showed that I love you," and she held her little sister even more tightly, saying the words which Izabela waited for so long: "I love you."
- "I am also sorry for everything," wept Luiza. Izabela reached with her hand to Luiza and she also hugged her. "I love you too," she whispered and Izabela smiled at her.

»Odslej se bomo vsi skupaj igrali in nihče izmed nas se ti ne bo več smejal, ker jecljaš. Povej, kako želiš, da ravnamo, ko boš spet zajecljala?« je vprašal Jakob »In povej, kako želiš, da se igramo, da se bomo lahko igrali vsi skupaj?« je z vprašanjem hitel tudi Filip.

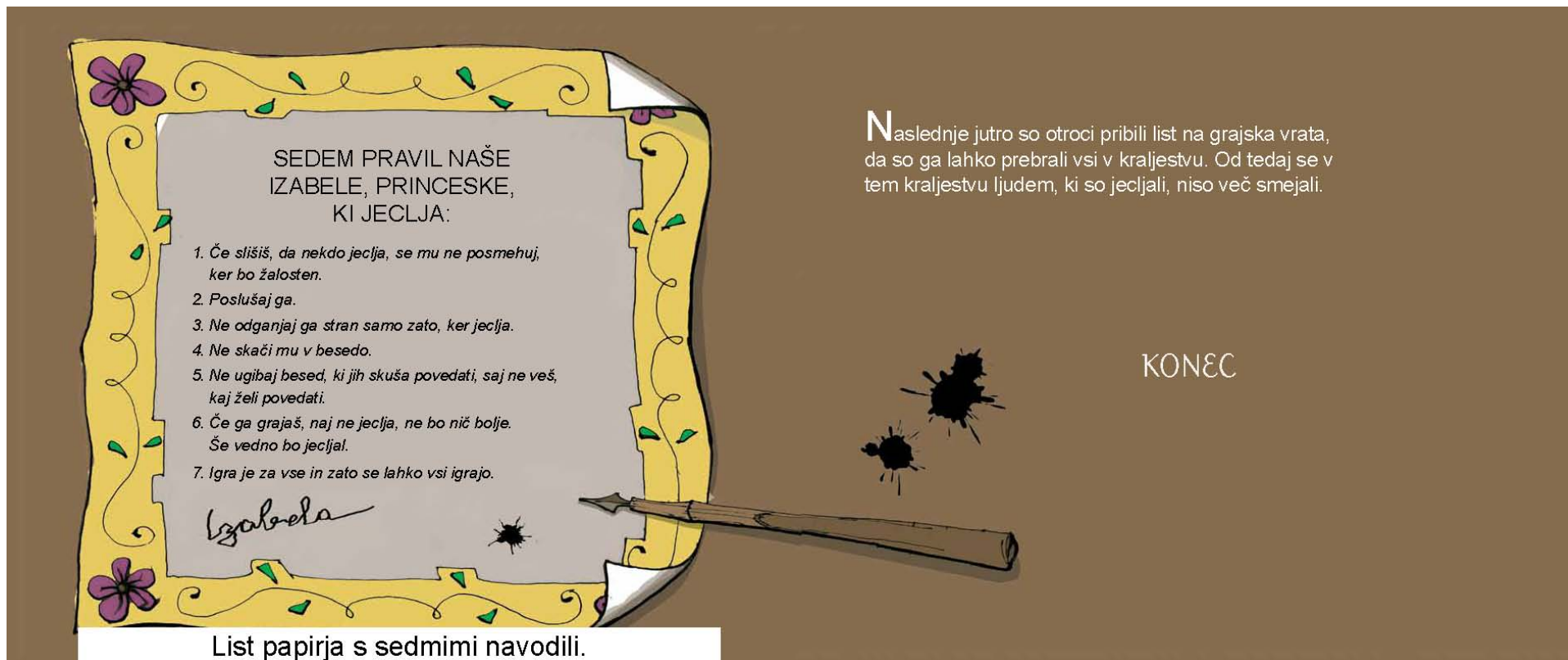
Izabela je govorila, drugi otroci pa so jo prvič doslej pozorno poslušali. Povedala je vse, kar ji je prišlo na misel, in da ne bi slišano nikoli pozabili, je Evelina segla po papirju in nanj zapisala, kar je povedala sestra.

Še pred koncem njenega sedmega rojstnega dne je bilo na listu zapisanih sedem Izabelinih pravil.



Izabela narekuje, Evelina zapisuje, drugi otroci poslušajo.

- "Is there any room for us?" asked the twins at the same time. Every one of them embraced Izabela so that they were joined in a big hug.
- "From now on, we will all play together and none of us will laugh at you because you stammer. What you want us to do when you stammer again?" asked Jakob "And how you want to play so that we can all play together?" Filip also rushed to ask.
- Izabela spoke and the other children listened carefully for the first time. She told them everything that came to her mind. Evelina took a piece of paper and wrote everything that her sister has told them, and so that they would never forget what she told them.
- Before the end of her seventh birthday, Izabela's seven rules were written on the paper.



- Seven rules of our Izabela, the princess who stammers:
-
- 1. If you hear someone stammering, do not laugh at him/her because s/he will be sad.
- 2. Listen to him/her.
- 3. Do not send him/her away just because s/he stammers.
- 4. Do not interfere when s/he is talking.
- 5. Do not guess the words s/he is trying to say because you don't know what s/he wants to say.
- 6. If you tell him/her not to stammer, you will not make things better. S/he will still stammer.
- 7. Playing is for everyone and that is why everyone can play.
-
- The next morning, the children put the paper on the castle gates so that everyone in the kingdom could read it. From then on, no one ever laughed at people who stammered.

KNJIGI NA POT

V Sloveniji so »kraljestva«, kjer se otrokom, kot je Izabela, ne bi smejali, redka. Če se jim ne smejejo, jih »obravnava«, popravljajo, »zdravijo« in opazujejo kot čudesa. Bolj ko jih opazujejo, z večjo gotovostjo trdijo, da gre za »drugačne ljudi«, morda celo bolne, lene, invalidne in nenormalne. Posmehovanje otrokom, ki živijo z govornimi, senzornimi in telesnimi posebnostmi, je posledica brezbržnosti odraslih. Zato je knjiga namenjena tako otrokom kot odgovornim odraslim in strokovnjakom.

Temeljni razlog za posmehovanje otrokom, ki jecljajo, je predstava, da obstaja nekaj, kar je »normalni govor«, najrazličnejše posebnosti posameznikovega govora – človeška raznovrstnost – pa so videne kot »okvare«. Otrok, ki jeclja, postane v očeh drugih »drugačen« in s tem tuj. S tistim, ki je zaznamovan kot »drugačen«, se človek ne more identificirati, zato ga hote ali ne hote odrine od sebe. »Drugačen« ne sodi zraven, ni domač, je tuj. Drugačnost postane zaznamovanost, ki prekrije tisto, kar je enako in podobno. Tako nastane socialna razdalja. Človekove posebnosti, na primer, da otrok ne vidi ali ne sliši, postanejo stereotipni sinonimi za nesrečo, neuspešnost, tragedijo in slabo usodo. Vprašati se je treba, kakšen je interes tistega, ki označi neko osebo ali skupino kot »drugačno«.

Zelo majhen otrok najprej dojema kot tuje vse, česar ne pozna. Ko postane malo večji, pa se spozna s »kulturno tujostjo«, ki jo ustvarjajo stereotipi starejših otrok in odraslih, ki mu razlagajo svet. Svet ni več nekaj nevtralnega, nekaj, kar se otipa, preizkuša in vonja, temveč postane zapleten sistem socialnih kod in vrednostnih sodb. Otrok razvije »socialno-čustveni zemljevid« dovoljenega, zaželenega in prepovedanega, torej tega, kje naj se giblje in česa naj se izogiba.



Pogostejše ko otrok sliši, da so tisti, ki jecljajo, »drugačni od njega«, bolj se pogloblja socialna razdalja med »njim« in »onimi« in večja je verjetnost, da se bo ob neznanem najprej pojavil občutek kulturne tujosti, potem pa sovražnosti. »Drugačen« postaja objekt negativne primerjave. S tem se socialna razdalja povsem utrdi. Ni tujost tista, ki sproži agresijo, temveč je sovražnost pogoj, da občutimo nekoga kot tujega in ga odrinemo od sebe. Ti občutki se zdijo zelo osebni, vendar jih določa okolje, v katerem otrok živi in ki na takšen način ohranja toge predstave o družbi normalnih. Jecljanje, slepota, kognitivne in druge posebnosti telesa in dojemanja sveta postanejo pomembni ločitveni dejavniki, ki zakrijejo skupne značilnosti ljudi.

Takšno ustvarjanje normalnosti se zdi na prvi pogled družbeno funkcionalno, vendar je uničujoče. Skupnosti, ki poudarjajo »drugačnost«, da bi v resnici reproducirale predstave o normalnosti, so uniformne, izključevalske in diskriminatorne. Nasprotno pa so skupnosti, ki temeljijo na razumevanju tega, da imajo ljudje različne govore in načine komunikacije, različno dojemanje sveta zaradi telesnih ovir, ne da bi bila zato njihova kakovost življenja a priori slabša, odpornejše, kompleksnejše in v njih ljudje živijo dlje.

Etika oviranih nas zato uči, kako razviti načine enakega obravnavanja vseh ljudi in vseh otrok ne glede na njihove posebnosti. Še več, pomeni, da jemljemo jecljanje kot eno od oblik človeškega govora in slepoto kot eno od oblik človeškega bivanja in dojemanja sveta. Zato nikoli ne recite otroku, ki vas vpraša, zakaj deklica »tako govori« in zakaj ga deček »ne vidi«, da so takšni otroci »drugačni«! Recite mu raje, da je jecljanje govor, ki traja nekaj dlje časa kot ne-jecljanje in da imajo slepi otroci pisavo sestavljeno iz osmih pik, ki je prav tako imenitna kot tista iz črk.

Prof. dr. Darja Zaviršek

