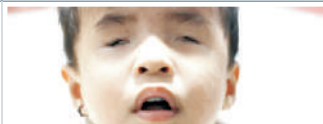




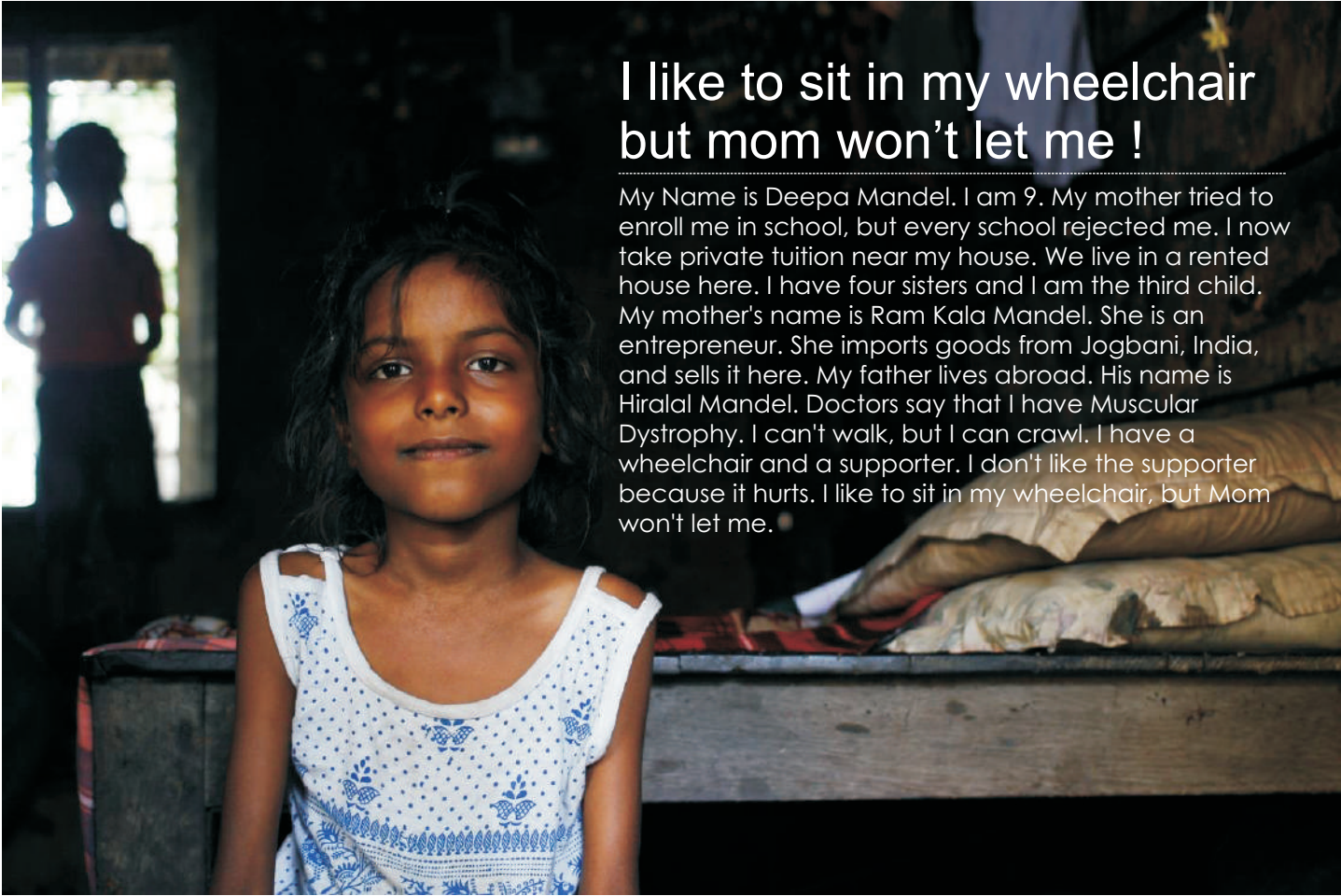
PHOTO JOURNALISM





Cries of the Disabled

My name is Aatish Rai. I am twelve years old. I have cerebral palsy. My mother died when i was very young and my father disappeared. My brother and sister in law live in Bijayapur, Dharan. They left me here a month and half ago at the rehabilitation center.



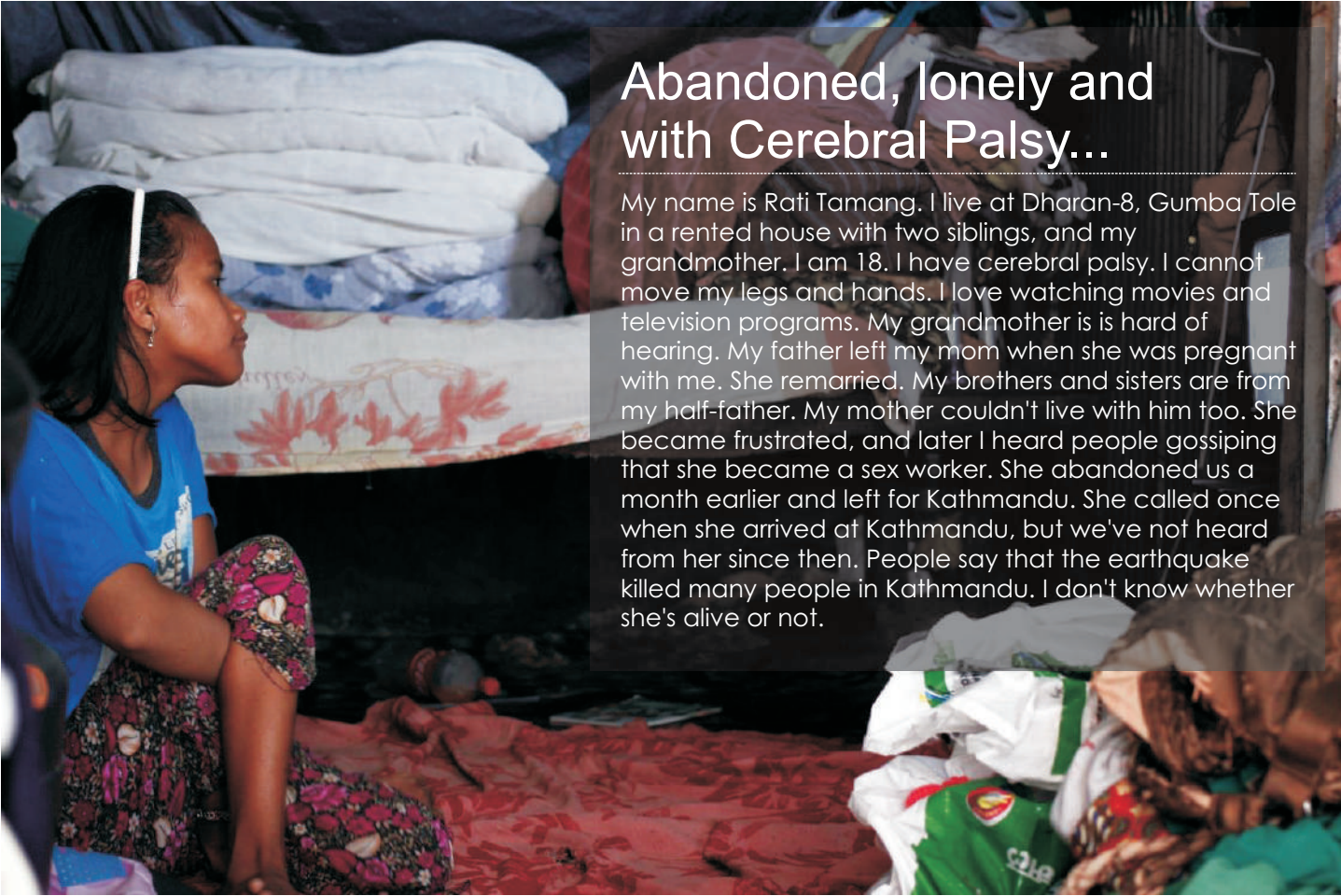
I like to sit in my wheelchair but mom won't let me !

My Name is Deepa Mandel. I am 9. My mother tried to enroll me in school, but every school rejected me. I now take private tuition near my house. We live in a rented house here. I have four sisters and I am the third child. My mother's name is Ram Kala Mandel. She is an entrepreneur. She imports goods from Jogbani, India, and sells it here. My father lives abroad. His name is Hiralal Mandel. Doctors say that I have Muscular Dystrophy. I can't walk, but I can crawl. I have a wheelchair and a supporter. I don't like the supporter because it hurts. I like to sit in my wheelchair, but Mom won't let me.



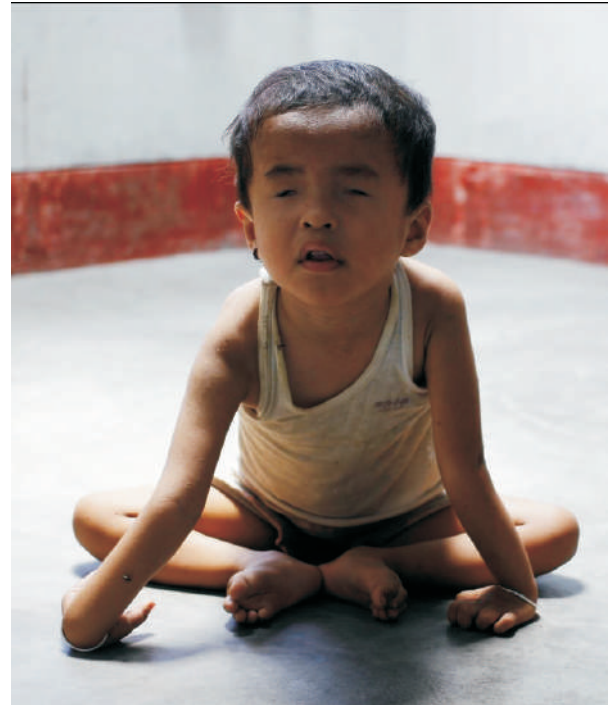
Manish Alam wants to study

My Name is Manish Aalam. I study in Class 1 at Laboratory Higher Sec School in Dharan-8, Gumba line. I find it difficult to see. I just can see a little with my right eye. My mom says I had pneumonia and typhoid when I was little, and since then I find it difficult seeing. Doctors say that I will be able to see though. I am the second child of my mother. My mother married my uncle after the death of my father. They haven't had any kids because my mom can't reproduce anymore. I used to have seizures frequently, but it's getting cured slowly. Now, I have problems sleeping and have nightmares once in a while.

A young woman with cerebral palsy is sitting on a bed in a rented room. She is wearing a blue t-shirt and a floral patterned skirt. She is looking to the right. The room is cluttered with various items, including a large stack of white folded clothes on the bed behind her, a red patterned blanket on the floor, and several plastic bags. The lighting is dim, and the overall atmosphere is one of poverty and neglect.

Abandoned, lonely and with Cerebral Palsy...

My name is Rati Tamang. I live at Dharan-8, Gumba Tole in a rented house with two siblings, and my grandmother. I am 18. I have cerebral palsy. I cannot move my legs and hands. I love watching movies and television programs. My grandmother is hard of hearing. My father left my mom when she was pregnant with me. She remarried. My brothers and sisters are from my half-father. My mother couldn't live with him too. She became frustrated, and later I heard people gossiping that she became a sex worker. She abandoned us a month earlier and left for Kathmandu. She called once when she arrived at Kathmandu, but we've not heard from her since then. People say that the earthquake killed many people in Kathmandu. I don't know whether she's alive or not.



I can see the darkness...

My name is Salomi Limbu. I am 4. I am the eldest child of my parents. I can only use signs when speaking and am hard of hearing. I can see the darkness. My mother looks after me. I am happy. She loves my sister and I. My father, Syambhu Lawati, is abroad in Qatar earning a living for all of us.