# Stories of Change – Ana - Transcript

I am heading to a music venue in the city.

I am excited.

I know where I need to be.

It is not too far from where I am now.

I feel on edge as I try to navigate the city paths in my wheelchair.

It has taken all my willpower to leave the safety of my home, knowing the experience that awaits me.

I am trying to avoid all the cracks in the footpath, because if I hit one of those with my wheel it might tip me out like it has done before.

I am constantly having to watch people as they are often looking down at their phones and don't see me and can collide with me.

This takes a lot of energy and concentration just to get to where I need to go.

It's stressful.

When I get to a café on the corner, I can smell the coffee.

I think to myself that it might be nice to take a break from all of this.

But now it is even harder to navigate.

Now all the tables and chairs are spilling out onto the foot path, and all the pedestrians, and it is noisy.

I find noise and harsh light too much.

It feels like overload.

Damn, I can't get in anyway due to the step.

And now someone has grabbed my chair to help me without asking me.

My wheelchair is part of me.

Oh, this is scary.

Last time this happened my chair tipped, and I almost fell out.

They let go of my chair.

I can breathe again.

I steady myself to continue the journey.

Phew, I am finally there.

But the venue is only accessible from the back.

And there is another crowd to get through to get through the back door where I can enter.

There's nobody around it is dark and quiet.

It is dark and quiet.

It feels unnerving.

I take a look in.

It is crowded inside too.

It is noisy with no quiet spaces to retreat to.

Someone is coming out.

I try to say 'hi', but they are preoccupied.

'Toilets are over there’, they say.

Great, I can't even access them.

I was so keen to see a performer and enjoy a drink.

But now I am stressed, I am exhausted, and I just want to go home.

I am unhappy and annoyed, and it could be so different for a neuro-divergent wheelchair user like me.