Margit is a little girl. She is unable to walk. Her feet are the wheel-chair.

Margit is an independent and high spirited girl.

She visits a super market where she has some sad and some joyous encounters.

She doesn’t like being pitied. She wants to be treated like other children.

In the end she finds a friend which makes her feel wanted and happy.
Margit wakes up every morning at seven o’clock. Sleepily she sits up in bed. Then she begins to get dressed. She finds it difficult to slip into her shoes. Her fingers can barely reach her toes.

Every morning at eight Margit is dressed and ready. Then she holds her legs and pulls them over the edge of the bed.

मारगिट रोज़ाना सुबह सात बजे सोकर उठती है। वो नींद में ही कुछ देर तक अपने बिस्तर पर बैठी रहती है। उसके बाद वो अपने कपड़े बदलती है। पैरों में जुते पहनना उसके लिए एक कठिन काम है। उसके हाथ की ऊंगलियाँ बड़ी मुश्किल से पैर के पंजों तक पहुँच पाती हैं।

सुबह आठ बजे तक मारगिट कपड़े पहन कर तैयार हो जाती है। फिर वो अपनी टांगों को हाथ से पकड़कर खींचती है और उन्हें पलंग से नीचे की ओर लटकाती है।
Breakfast is already on the table.
“Mummy, can you bring me the jam?” asks Margit.
“It’s in the cupboard,” comes the answer from the living room.
Margit gets the jam herself. She is happy not to have someone waiting on her.
“Will you go shopping for me?” asks her mother.
“I’d love to,” says Margit readily.
It is the first time that she is being allowed to go to the supermarket alone.
“What all should I bring?” she asks excitedly.
“A litre of milk and six apples. Will you be able to manage it on your own?”
“Certainly,” smiles Margit and goes off proudly to do the shopping.
Margit likes the life on the street.  
It’s holiday time and children are playing everywhere.  
Margit stops and watches them skip, 
play ball and catch-catch.  
She is a little sad.  
She would have loved to play with them.
At the playground she sees a girl
whose mother has just come to fetch her.
They look at each other curiously.
Then Margit sees a group of children teasing a boy.
She finds it mean.
“Red-head, fire-devil . . . . !” they shout after him.
Just because he doesn’t look like the other children.
Then Margit sees a group of children teasing a boy.
She finds it mean.
“Red-head, fire-devil . . . . !” they shout after him.
Just because he doesn’t look like the other children.

क्षेत्र में उसे एक लड़की दिखी,
जिसकी मां उसे वापस लेने के लिए आई थी।
दोनों एक-दूसरे की उस्तुक निगाहों से देख रहे थे।
फिर मार्गिट को एक लड़का दिखा जिसे कई सारे बच्चे मिलकर चिंता रहे थे।
मार्गिट को यह सब बिलकुल अच्छा नहीं लगा।
‘लाल मिर वाले बंदर . . . !’ बुलाकर उस लड़के को चिंता रहे थे।
यह सब उसे इसलिए कर रहे थे क्योंकि उस लड़का उससे देखने में अलग था।
Many people greet Margit, although she doesn’t know them. At first she is pleased about it, but then she wonders, “Why is everyone looking at me like that?” Especially the man in the cafe. Even when she turns around a third time, he is still staring.

कई लोगों ने हाथ हिलाकर मारगिट का स्वागत किया, जबकि वो उहें जानती तक नहीं थी। पहले तो वो अपने मन में खुश हुईं परंतु फिर वो सोचने लगी, ‘यह सब लोग मेरी तरफ भला इस तरह क्यों देख रहे हैं?’ खासकर कॉफे में बैठा एक आदमी। वो उसे टकटकी लगाए लगातार घूर रहा था। जब मारगिट ने तीसरी बार मुड़कर देखा तो भी वो उसे घूर ही रहा था।
Margit stops for a while at the newspaper stand. 
She greets the fat sales-lady. 
“Oh my god,” she cries. 
“What a punishment, and so young too!”
Embarrassed, Margit goes away as quickly as she can.

मार्गिट कुछ देर के लिए अखबार बेचने वाले स्टेंड के पास रुकी।
उसने अखबार बेचने वाली मोटी औरत से ‘हलो’ कहा।
मार्गिट को देखते ही मोटी औरत खिललई,'
‘हे भगवान! इतनी बड़ी सजा और वो भी इतनी कम उम्र में!’
इससे मार्गिट को काफी परेशानी हुई।
इसलिए वो जल्दी ही वहां से खिसक ली।
Margit sees the young girl from the playground again, in front of a clothes store. Her mother is looking at the clothes. “What is this funny thing you have here,” the girl asks Margit. “That’s only a ....,” Margit begins to reply. But her mother pushes Anna angrily aside. “You shouldn’t ask such questions, Anna! You really embarrass me.” “I am no different from the other children,” Margit says sadly to herself. She doesn’t understand Anna’s mother.
An old man and an old woman are sunning themselves on the bench.
“Because you are a poor thing,” says the woman and she puts some money into Margit’s hand.
“I am as rich and as poor as the other children,” Margit wants to tell the woman.
But...
the old man takes pity and asks Margit, “What happened to you?” Margit turns red with anger.
“What do they all want from me? “ Just today, when I have been allowed to go shopping the first time all by myself.
“I’m no different from other children,” she shouts.
She fails to understand the old man and the woman.
Finally Margit reaches the supermarket. At the entrance she notices that she cannot manage the step alone. No one helps her. Everyone is in a hurry. No one pays any attention to her.

Suddenly the boy, who was being teased “red-head” is standing before her. He had been following her.

“Hello, I am Sigi,” he introduces himself “Can I help you?”

“My name is Margit,” she smiles in relief.

“Please step on the pedal at the back,” she begins to explain.

Sigi tilts the wheel-chair up according to Margit’s instructions and raises the front wheels over the step. Then he raises the back wheels over the hurdle.

“Thank you,” she calls out to Sigi.
She soon finds the milk and is reaching out for it.
Suddenly someone hands it to her.
The salesman smiles. “Can’t I take the milk on my own?” she wonders.
She finds the fruit stand and is just reaching out for a bag of apples,
when it is handed to her.
The salesgirl smiles.
Margit drops the apples angrily onto the wheelchair.
“Can’t I take the apples myself, like the others,” she calls out.
She doesn’t understand the sales girl.
Margit sits between the shelves with chocolates and biscuits and cries.
“Don’t be so sad,” says someone suddenly. It is Sigi.
“People behave as if I am some strange creature.”
“That’s because of your wheel-chair,” says Sigi.
“But there is nothing special about that,” says Margit “I am lame since birth.”
“What is lame,” asks Sigi.
“I can’t move my legs. My feet are the wheel-chair. But I am still no different from the other children.”
Sigi shakes his head,” You are different.”
“No! You and I, we are like the others!” says Margit.
Sigi again shakes his head, “You sit in a wheel-chair. I have red-hair. You and I have something special.”
Margit doesn’t understand him. Sigi takes her by the hand and pulls her with him.
They stop at the exit.
“You can do a lot of things on your own.
But sometimes you need help.
Like everyone else,” says Sigi.
“Ask someone to help you over the step.”
Margit gathers up courage. She asks a man passing by in a hurry.
The man turns red. “I didn’t see you, . . . didn’t know. . . and how,” he stammers and helps.
Sigi and Margit wink at each other.
The old man and the old woman are still sitting on the bench. Margit taps the woman on the arm. “We feel sorry for you too,” she says and puts a lollipop into her hand, “this is for you.” The old woman is shocked. She gapes at Margit. “You wanted to know what happened to me?” Margit asks the man. “I’ve found a friend and I’m happy . . . ,” she laughs. “Someone special,” adds Sigi. Both Margit and Sigi turn around and around until the old man and the old woman start feeling dizzy.
At the zebra crossing they again meet Anna and her mother. This time Anna doesn’t ask any questions. She has learnt that one doesn’t.

“Hello,” Margit calls out to her “I am handicapped”.

Anna’s mother is horrified.

“What does that mean, handicapped?” asks Anna.

“For example, not being able to walk,” explains Margit.

“We don’t need to walk, we can ride,” explains Sigi.

---

सड़क पार करते समय उनकी मुलाकात ऐना और उसकी मां से दुबारा हुई।
इस बार ऐना ने कोई सवाल नहीं पूछा। शायद वो सही व्यवहार करना सीख गई थी।
‘हॉलो, मारगिट ने उसे देखकर कहा, ‘मैं अपरंपर हूँ।’
यह सुनकर ऐना की मां बहुत शर्मिंदा हुई।
‘अपरंपर का मतलब क्या होता है?’ ऐना ने पूछा।
‘मिसाल के लए, चल नहीं पाना,’ मारगिट ने समझाया।
‘देखो, हमें चलने की जरूरत ही नहीं है, हम तो बीच-चेयर पर सवारी कर सकते हैं,’
sिजी ने बात को स्पष्ट करते हुए कहा।
Sigi gets onto the back of Margit’s wheel-chair. They both zoom down the street. Anna runs with them.
This time too, people stare. 
Specially the man in the cafe and the fat woman selling newspapers. 
But it doesn’t bother Margit anymore.

END