

Difficulties with education resulting from my car accident

Difficultés scolaires suite à mon accident de voiture

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Let me start at grade 3 mathematics class. We dont need no education, teacha, leave those kids alone. I've always had fun with math, and I was just as upset as my mom was when the teacher decided to put me into a 'special' class to segregate me from my regular peers one day because I was 'too slow' and "retarded" to take normal math class.

I was led down the hall to the special ed class an into it, I was so appauled at the other kids in the class who were visibly hanuicapped and disabled, slobbering, wearing crash helmets and making weird sounds. I was like so offended, I think I may have uttered my first 'fuck you' in that class!

Its funny now, and after that because the teachers didn't keep me there, my mom, and two dads would not allow it. I think in reality, I'm not a freak at math but a mathematical methodical genous like albert einstein yo. You may wonder how this fits into my car accident, so I'll tell you. I believe that my terrifying car accident has been part of my destiny forever an ever before, and for some reason, everybody knew that it was going to happen, years and years before it happened. Disrespect, and discrimination, and prejudddice, has curbed my life as it occurs because it was the car accident that took away my eye, and shattered my dreams figure skating in the Olympics.

There are many hatters out there, trying to bring me down to their inferior level, but I'm too S.W.A.T to care and don't let them. I don't 'think therefore I am' anymore as leonardo davinci, instead 'I tink therefore I be' as Tinkerbell. I tink idiosavant in fact.

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That's really sweet because idiosavants are known as highly bright, cryptic thinking individuals. My sister [**sister's name redacted**] is an idiosavant. I think at that level.

Sometimes it can seem like just a constant battle with those I must deal with in my life but I'm able to jus, brush it off, and see it as, against the grain; and as part of the process of belief. One day, we will, 'make them believe'. It's a farsighted destiny that I have and I know that good things come to those who don't even need to wait. I say this because I refuse to wait or be affected by what they say because they just be so so beneath me.

So, with my grade 10 math class in Sioux lookout, again I was encouraged to take the easy route with my math, and take general classes instead of advanced classes. what I did learn with that class, was that universities accept only those who take advanced the level classes. I have always wanted to go to university, so I switched it when I moved to high school in Dryden. Everybody knew I was going to get into a car accident before it happened and as a result of that I was treated with discrimination 'retarded from her missing eye'.

The change I made in the summer after my grade 10 classes, was that I decided to move to be with my mom in Dryden! Bran new school for me, Dryden High, home of the eagles. An end to mediocre dull classes like home ec, sex ed and woodshop in Sioux Lookout.

I'm always looking for ways to find and better myself. I wasn't scared or nervous at all about going to a new school in my 11th year, I thought it was fun. In my mind I'm a fighter, the most meanest mc on this earth.

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I brought with me an 'untouchable' quality about myself and gained respect through my teachers, students and studies. I spent a lot of time on my mathematics classes, and have mr Brickman, to thank for this. He was my calculus teacher, and I had finally worked my way up to oac level classes that were needed for university. My mom knew about my difficulties, more than just the math problems but issues with the system, and the two of us decided to get me a tutor for my grade 12 math class. The both of us, me and my mom knew how vital my life was that I must go to university, and not just any university but the best, and at the time at least, Queen's university was deemed the best. On the [last name redacted] side of my family, my dad, aunt [first name redacted], and Uncle [first name redacted] had graduated queen's. it was family tradition that I wanted to partake in.

It was my car accident on xmas eve december 1994 that made me graduate high school a year later than the kids in my grade. I int mind at all and because I thought that the kids in the year below me were like, hotter, and more cool, like they had more popular fun. I was a part of that, and I felt special to graduate with the class of '96. I loved it. – see this pictue of me with the laides at that dingwall park. Get this picture to greg, York u. Show picture of me on stage receiving my diploma.

I got accepted to queen's university because, I had written registration and proffessors a letter explaining my lag of a year behind my graduation class, of my car accident. Along with the application paper. I think it was a real tear jerker, and I got an acceptance letter in the mail saying that they had selected me, and that I had been respected, and I had never felt more proud.

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School at queen's university from 1996-2000 was difficult but fun and very rewarding at the same time. I sailed right through my 4 years, I knew I wanted bigger and better but I needed my degree first, I wasn't going to put it off or drop out.

Its been in the years since full time school that I've learned how disrespectful and ignorant and mean and prejudiced main society are, for example I heard wispers like ' oh she only has one eye so I can do this or that to her.' It had been my goal since high school to become a doctor and then further my studies to become a psychiatrist. As I remember in my fourth year, I was sitting at my ddesk in front of my computer in my room on the internet, and I was wondering just how I was going to manage grad school and psychiatric practice as a psychiatrist. I thought about my white gauz eyepatch and was like, I'm not going to get any clients or keep any looking the way I do. I look like the patient with my eye patch.

I was trying to come up with a reason in which to go and live in New York with my boyfriend David Walker instead of pursuing further university education. I had gotten a job offer the summer before in fire island, and it had nothing to do with the education or degree I was getting, but I realized that I couldn't find anything more challenging, exciting, fun or more entprenural than working for my friend Mark Ostermeir in New York at his bike messenger company called a to z couriers. I would be doing sales and marketing on the phone yo. Nice! I graduated spring 2000, but I didn't convicate, I figured I was too cool for school, and I wanted to start my adventure in New York City as soon as possible.

The one education class that I took during my stay in the big apple was an intermediate dance class school. With my knee and hip injuries as well as my eye, I found the class so challenging, and I love it but the teacher didn't like me and kicked me out after the first

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class. I think because of my white eye patch and limp bizkit knee and hip/femur. So I sulked away, whatever, it's her loss not mine.

I didn't take anymore classes till I got back to Canada.

I lived with my boyfriend Dylan Leblanc in Etobicoke Toronto. I signed up for creative writing classes at Humber college right across the street because I was feeling the formal education bug. That. I lasted 2 nights there, I thought I had it all figured out but I didn't.

With the experiences that I've had in my life time up until then, - I felt like this class was so sheltered and so simple, it couldn't possibly take into account the life I've lived and how important my life actually is, it just seemed like what I needed then and what I need now is recognition! Just a little recognition, at the life I have and lead today and forever. I was so upset about that experience with my humber college. This Humber college class took on kind of a communist kind of attitude that everyone in the class were equal and, there is nobody who is in the class who is more special. Are you kidding me? Of course I was more special than anybody else in the class, everybody was just ignoring the facts- how I don't know – but I was so ignored, and I dropped out right away because of the negative aditudes of the other kids and proff in my class.

I had a similar episode when I took a creative writing class with University of Toronto a few months later. The first assignment? the group of us were to write a short story of like whatever comes to mind. I realized yet again, that there is something wrong here, I called my brother **[first and last name redacted]** a sickophant, something I had never thought of in my life. I kept thinking, that I was in the presence of something bigger than the people around me, an I wanted to just look at the teacher and say 'are you kidding

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me?' what is going on around me that I don't know about. Was it true that I really lived in a dream world and still do? Just a little recognition. That's all. I made a movie also, 3 minutes long, called the perfect day and the point was to portray all the things I do in my perfect day.

I went to Ryerson university as well. I took 4 psuchology classes, of continuing education. No problems with those, except that I was pretty sure that I had earned 4 straight a's for each class. My grades weren't bad, like in the 80 percents, however the proffs had a different idea, that my studies were less than perfect, when I was pretty sure they were. Can I blame this on my car accident? I think so. There lingered the jealous discrimination in the background – oh she's got as eye patch, she's just a goody two shoe, so we're not going to award her with the perfect that she deserves. As it is, I'm too unusual for thinking and from experience of everyday life, I've learned that my perfection makes others so mad sometimes, a deep jealous rage. I think that the marks in these 4 classes is an example of this.

Chemistry class and labs at queen's university is a remarkable story. I had so much trouble with my lab exercises and assignments because my partner refused to help me, and work with me, and I found it so difficult, an frustraiting that my partner was working in competition against me, she was downright nasty. Always hiding our results from our assignments, not listening to me and my questions. It didn't occure to me that she was discrimination, like 'oh she's shes stupid, she's retarded, she aint good for anything' . I ended up failing the lab part of the course. This was disturbing to me because in high school chemistry OAC my final mark was 92%. That was before my car accident.

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I had a lot of trouble with the rest of my chemistry class too. I had nobody to ask questions to from that class and I ended up failing the entire class. Just before our final exam I was waiting in line to go into the auditorium to write the final exam with my notes, knowing I was most likely going to get a failing grade, but I was curious anyways.

I answered all the chemistry problems the most simple mathematical way, with the simplest of equations. It took me like 20 minutes to finish the final exam and my solutions to the problems were simple and plain. They couldn't handle that I had aced the whole thing. The proff was so jealous it nearly killed him to give me a 2% of the exam an whole class. He wanted to give me a zero %. I felt light in my step with this 2%, thinking I had totally scored that and was proud of that. My chemistry class final mark was a failure but in my heart I knew I had done the best I could and it made me feel good to know that even though the proff had wanted to award me with nothing more than zero percent, I totally scored that 2. This 2% deemed that I had been there and wrote the exam. I wasn't invisible, which was how they wanted me to think of myself. This story is an example of prime disrespect fueling from deep seeded jealousy from the proff and others.

Lately I've been receiving some spiritual education every second Sunday at Wendat downtown midland. I find it very fulfilling and its not just regarding education where I hear 'the voices' an boy do those voices have things to say -she's no good, she's a sinner, she only goes to church so that she can smoke cigarettes, there's not a hope in hell for her, she changes from god into the spawn of Satan, she's evil, she's just delusional, she's too stupid to understand, all that.

All these comments and wispers behind my back, generally that I'm too stupid and retarded to pay any attention to, she's not worth it, she's crazy, phat, she's an invalid.

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They think I don't hear this, but I do. Seriously though, I know of myself that I am good and too legit, too legit to quit, it doesn't bother me at all, because I know that no matter how much influence these rejects somehow seem to have, I'm too S.W.A.T. to care. In my own time, and my own way, till every day is the right day. I don't care about these things. I refuse to be ignored and I demand respect! Why are there so many mean spirited, disrespectful and cruel people out there? It's their lack of education which spawns, racist, discriminatory things, it makes them feel cool and popular. To them, it's a popularity contest. Yo. It is not me who is blind, it is they who are blind, too ignorant to see the truth, that I'm genius. I need more Minor Threat. Their ignorance boring and dull. Imagine dying of boredom. Imagine, sounds pretty painful. I would rather feel pain than nothing at all. Clean air, stilletos Fire Island. My loved ones and I be upper crust, crèm de la crem. They be stupid, boring, and dull. We have no time for those minions; their like so wak and totally scizey.

I'm so excited to learn more through formal education, and increase my creative writing talents. I think that no matter what, no matter how many barricades that one must overcome, it's worth it, and I'm interested, because...it's fun! Seal Hidea Klum, we get to live forever.