

أنا وأختي My Sister and I



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When God created humans, He made them live in communities, as humans are social creatures by nature. They need to communicate with others in order to live. Additionally, communication requires cooperation in order to bring about collective benefits.

Athary was a little girl with a lot of friends who loved to play with her, although they found her a bit different from them. I felt the same way when I was younger. When we were young, I saw her as being strangely detached. She never talked or played with me like the other children. I always tried to sit or play with her but I failed every time. Until one day, my father decided to take my sister to a specialist to determine her condition and the best treatment for her.

It turned out that she was suffering from autism, but I didn't understand what that meant at the time. Days and months passed, and I started noticing a person who came to sit with my sister every day. Her days were full of sorrow and I still didn't understand what was going on or why my sister Athary cried so much.

عِنْدَمَا خَلَقَ اللَّهُ الْبَشَرَ، جَعَلَهُمْ يَعِيشُونَ فِي جَمَاعَاتٍ؛ لِأَنَّ الْإِنْسَانَ بِطَبِيعَتِهِ اجْتِمَاعِيٌّ، يَخْتَاجُ إِلَى التَّوَاصُلِ مَعَ الْآخَرِينَ لِيَسْتَطِيعَ الْعَيْشَ، كَمَا أَنَّ هَذَا التَّوَاصُلَ يَخْتَاجُ إِلَى التَّعَاوُنِ لِتَحْقِيقِ الْفَائِدَةِ لِلْجَمِيعِ.

عَدَارِي فَتَاةٌ صَغِيرَةٌ لَهَا الْكُنْيَةُ مِنَ الْأَصْدِقَاءِ الَّذِينَ يُجِبُونَ اللَّعِبَ مَعَهَا دَائِمًا، وَلَكِنَّهُمْ يَجِدُونَهَا مُخْتَلِفَةً عَنْهُمْ بَعْضَ الشَّيْءِ، وَهَذَا مَا كُنْتُ أَحْسُهُ وَأَرَاهُ وَأَنَا صَغِيرَةٌ، عِنْدَمَا كُنَّا صِغَارًا كَانَتْ لَهَا عَزَلَةٌ غَرِيبَةٌ يَنْظُرِي فِيهَا لَمْ تَكُنْ تَتَحَدَّثُ مَعِي أَوْ تَلْعَبُ مَعِي كَمَا يَفْعَلُ بَاقِي الْأَطْفَالِ، وَكُنْتُ دَائِمًا أَحَاوِلُ الْجُلُوسَ وَاللَّعِبَ مَعَهَا، وَلَكِنْ فِي كُلِّ مَرَّةٍ كُنْتُ أَفْسَلُ، حَتَّى جَاءَ الْيَوْمَ الَّذِي قَرَّرَ فِيهِ وَالِدَايَ عَرْضَ أُخْتِي عَلَى مُخْتَصِّ لِمَعْرِفَةِ خَالَتِهَا وَلِتَحْدِيدِ الْعِلَاجِ الْمُنَاسِبِ لَهَا.

فَقَدَ تَبَيَّنَ أَنَّهَا كَانَتْ تُعَانِي مِنَ «طَيْفِ التَّوْحِيدِ» وَأَنَا لَمْ أَفْهَمْ ذَلِكَ حِينَهَا، وَبَدَأَتْ تَمَرُّ الْأَيَّامُ وَالشُّهُورُ، وَأَنَا أَجْدُ سَخْصًا يُجَالِسُ أُخْتِي كُلَّ يَوْمٍ، حَيْثُ كَانَ كُلُّ نَهَارٍ أَشْبَهَ بِالظَّلَامِ الْخَالِكِ، وَأَنَا لَأَزَالُ لَا أَعْلَمُ مَا هِيَ الْحِكَايَةُ! وَلِمَادَا كُلُّ هَذَا الْبُكَاءِ مِنْ أُخْتِي عَدَارِي.

I was very scared and cried along with her. I would look at my parents. They would be sitting calmly, but their faces looked worried, anxious and sad. That scared me even more.



My sister Athary cried a lot and was afraid of the stranger who came to sit with her, especially when they were alone. The situation continued. Whenever Mr. Tarek came, Mother would have to come in and hug and soothe Athary during the session with Mr. Tarek. But like any anxious mother, she wanted to make sure that Athary was alright. She would wait and watch from behind the door.

لَقَدْ كُنْتُ جِدًّا خَائِفَةً وَأَبْكِي عَلَى بُكَاءِ أُخْتِي وَصَرَاجِهَا، كُنْتُ أَنْظُرُ إِلَى أُمِّي وَأَبِي وَهُمَا جَالِسَانِ بِهِدْوَى، وَلَكِنْ تَبْدُو عَلَى وُجُوهِهِمْ خَالَةَ التَّوْتِرِ وَالْقَلِقِ وَالْحُزْنِ كَأَنَّ ذَلِكَ يُحْزِنُنِي أَكْثَرَ وَأَكْثَرَ.



لَقَدْ كَانَتْ أُخْتِي عِدَارِي تَبْكِي كَثِيرًا، وَتَخَافُ مِنَ الشَّخْصِ الْغَرِيبِ الَّذِي يَجْلِسُ مَعَهَا خُصُوصًا عِنْدَمَا يَكُونَانِ بِمُفْرَدِهِمَا. ظَلَّ الْوَضْعُ عَلَيَّ هَذَا الْحَالِ لَمَّا جَاءَ «الْأُسْتَاذُ طَارِقُ» كَانَتْ أُخْتِي تَظَلُّ تَبْكِي وَتَأْخُذْهَا وَالِدَتِي لِتَحْتَضِنَهَا، وَتَجْلِسُ مَعَ الْأُسْتَاذِ طَارِقِ فِي الْمَجْلِسِ، وَلَكِنْ أُمِّي مِثْلَ كُلِّ الْأُمَهَاتِ كَانَتْ تَنْتَظِرُ حَتَّى تَطْمَئِنَّ عَلَى أُخْتِي، ثُمَّ تُرَاقِبُهَا مِنْ خَلْفِ بَابِ الْمَجْلِسِ.

Over time, my little sister stopped crying and began to adapt to the new situation. Not only that, but she began to wait for Mr. Tarek's arrival every day at the same time. She would wait in the front yard of the house, looking happy. When he arrived, she would run to him and hug him.

One day, she uttered the word, "Mama" for the first time. I looked around me for the source of the voice calling, "Mama, Mama, Mama!" Then I screamed with joy, looking at my little sister Athary as she said "Mama."

I cried: "Look, Mum! Athary's talking!" My mother was unable to control her emotions, fighting back her tears. But as those teardrops flowed down her cheeks, she kept repeating: "All thanks to God! All thanks to God"



بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ أُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةَ تَوَقَّفَتْ عَنِ الْبُكَاءِ، وَبَدَأَتْ التَّعَوُّدَ عَلَيَّ هَذَا
الْوَضْعَ الْجَدِيدَ عَلَيْهَا، وَلَيْسَ هَذَا فَقَطْ فَقَدَ صَارَتْ أُخْتِي عَذَارِي تَنْتَظِرُ
مُدُومًا الْأَسْتَاذَ طَارِقَ فِي نَفْسِ الْوَقْتِ كُلِّ يَوْمٍ، وَأَيْضًا تَنْتَظِرُ أَمَامَ
فَنَاءِ الْمُنْزِلِ وَهِيَ سَعِيدَةٌ. وَعِنْدَمَا يَصِلُ تَرْجُضُ إِلَيْهِ وَتَحْتَضِنُهُ.

وَدَاتِ يَوْمٍ بَدَأَتْ تَنْطِقُ لِأَوَّلِ مَرَّةٍ «ماما»، فَظَلَلْتُ أُبْحَثُ مَصْدَرَ هَذَا
الصَّوْتِ الَّذِي يُنَادِي «ماما - ماما - ماما»، وَعِنْدَهَا صَرَخْتُ فَرِحًا وَأَنَا
أُنْظُرُ إِلَى أُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةِ عَذَارِي وَهِيَ تَقُولُ: «ماما» ثُمَّ قُلْتُ: «ماما،
أُنْظُرِي إِنَّهَا أُخْتِي عَذَارِي تَتَكَلَّمُ !!!»

وَلَمْ تَتِمَّا لِكْ أُمِّي نَفْسَهَا لَحَظْتَهَا، حَيْثُ كَانَتْ تُحَارِبُ دُمُوعَهَا وَلَكِنْ
عِنْدَمَا كَانَتْ قَطْرَاتُ الدُّمُوعِ تَسِيلُ عَلَيَّ حَدِيثًا، كَانَتْ تُرِيدُ الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ مِنْ قَبْلُ وَمِنْ بَعْدِ

After that, I would peek through the door to see what my sister did with Mr. Tarek. One day, Mr. Tarek saw me and asked me to come in. I went in and sat down quietly. He was teaching her how to ask for food and water.

A few days later, Mr. Tarek began to speak to me. I asked him: "What do you do with her every day? And why doesn't my mum tell me anything?" Mr. Tarek replied: "You're her elder sister. You need to understand that she needs you always. You should treat her normally, but if she begins to get disruptive, you must stop playing with her until she calms down."

After months and months had passed, my little sister Athary gradually began to get better. We began to play, have fun, talk together, and share our toys and enjoy them together.

Two years later, I realised the difficult challenge of having a brother or sister suffering from autism or a speech disorder. It's a shared responsibility for the whole family. Today, Athary bravely confronts challenges, strives to be outstanding and to always take first place in all academic subjects. How proud I am of my sister and her life journey!

فَبَدَأْتُ بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ أُخْتَلِسُ النَّظَرَ مِنْ ثِقَابِ الْبَابِ، لِأَعْرِفَ مَاذَا تَفْعَلُ أُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةَ عَذَارِي مَعَ الْأُسْتَاذِ طَارِقِ. وَذَاتَ يَوْمٍ رَأَيْتُ الْأُسْتَاذَ طَارِقِ، فَضَحِكْتُ وَطَلَبْتُ مِنِّي الدُّخُولَ فَدَخَلْتُ وَجَلَسْتُ بِهَدْوٍ، فَكَانَ يُعَلِّمُنِي وَيُدْرِبُنِي كَيْفَ تَطْلُبُ الْمَاءَ وَالطَّعَامَ.

وَبَعْدَ عِدَّةِ أَيَّامٍ بَدَأَ الْأُسْتَاذُ طَارِقُ بِالتَّحَدُّثِ مَعِي، فَسَأَلَنِي وَقَلَّتْ لِي: مَاذَا تَفْعَلُ مَعَهَا كُلَّ يَوْمٍ؟ وَلِمَاذَا أُمِّي لَا تَتَحَدَّثُ مَعِي؟ قَالَ الْأُسْتَاذُ طَارِقُ: أَنْتِ أُخْتُهَا الْكُبْرَى، وَيَجِبُ أَنْ تَفْهَمِي أَنَّهَا بِحَاجَةٍ إِلَيْكَ دَائِمًا، وَعَلَيْكَ أَنْ تَتَعَامَلِي مَعَهَا بِسُكُلٍ طَبِيعِيٍّ جَدًّا، وَلَكِنْ إِذَا بَدَأَتْ بِاللِّرْعَاجِ يَجِبُ أَنْ تُوقِفِي اللَّعِبَ مَعَهَا حَتَّى تَهْدَأَ.

بَعْدَ مُرُورِ شَهْوَرٍ وَشَهْوَرٍ بَدَأْتُ أُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةَ عَذَارِي بِالتَّحْسُنِ شَيْئًا فَشَيْئًا، فَأُضْبَحُنَا نَلْعَبُ وَنَلْهُوُ مَعًا، وَنَتَحَدَّثُ مَعًا، وَنَتَشَارِكُ الْأَلْعَابَ وَنَسْتَمْتِعُ بِوَقْتِنَا مَعَهَا.

وَبَعْدَ مُرُورِ سَنَتَيْنِ، أَدْرَكْتُ صُعُوبَةَ أَنْ يَكُونَ لِي مِثْلُ أَخٍ أَوْ أُخْتٍ يُعَانُونَ مِنَ التَّوَحُّدِ، أَوْ مِنَ اضْطِرَابِ النُّطْقِ؛ لِأَنَّهَا مَسْئُولِيَّةٌ مُشْتَرِكَةٌ لِجَمِيعِ أَفْرَادِ الْعَائِلَةِ، وَهِيَ الْيَوْمَ عَذَارِي تَتَحَدَّى الصُّعُوبَاتِ وَتَسْعَى دَائِمًا لِلتَّمَيُّزِ، وَأَنْ تَكُونَ فِي الْمَرْكَزِ الْأَوَّلِ دَائِمًا فِي سَنَةِ الْمَجَالِاتِ الْأَكَادِيمِيَّةِ، وَفِي رِحْلَتِهَا مَعَ الْحَيَاةِ، كَمَا أَنَا فُخْرَةٌ بِأُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةَ عَذَارِي.