

[Instructions for the full (in)Accessibility Scavenger Hunt are at [this](#) link and the map of all locations is [here](#).]

Mission Dorm Building

A common phenomenon at Williams: disabled student lives in Mission.

Disabled student realizes how much this campus hurts them. There are two accessible entrances at Mission. One is at the bottom of a large hill (avoiding it remains inaccessible due to the increased distance). The other is tucked away next to the loading dock and leads to a twisting hallway (that's sometimes locked). The elevator to the dining hall is not integrated into the line during crowded dining hours.

and Campus Accessibility

During my first week as a Williams first year, I fell down this hill. It was late at night, after an event with my orientation group, and a few of us, along with our leader, were heading back to Mission. I was using a knee scooter due to my disability, and it quickly picked up speed.

When I tried to brake, nothing happened.

The wheels hit a bump in the path, and the scooter flew out from under me.

In the air, I brought my arms up as brackets to protect my head.

I hit the ground,

and skidded to a stop

at least 30 ft. from my scooter.

It was my first week at Williams, and it was 11 at night, and I was sitting on the bathroom sink picking gravel out of my skin. I was in a dorm that wasn't yet my room, discovering that I didn't have a bandaid big enough.

It was my first week at Williams, and it was the middle of the day, and I was following my pod on a campus tour. I was left behind with one of the JAs because I was moving too slowly.

It was my first week at Williams, and it was the afternoon, and I was trying to get to an orientation event in Science Quad. I asked an advisor where the elevator was. He said he didn't know, shrugged, and turned away. I looked at him, and I realized, *this person does not care about me*. And I looked at all the other students walking up the stairs, and I thought, *these people do not care about me*.

The loneliness and fear and pain of being a new freshman is multiplied for your disabled peers. We're trying to live on a campus that is actively hostile to us.

In your first week at Williams, did you know how to get around campus? Did you have people to show you the way from building to building?

Or did you have to figure it out yourself? Through months of falls and dead ends and dragging yourself up and down stairs.

The paths you walk today were not marked for me. I found them. I made them. Because I didn't have another choice.