



ACCESSIBILITY IN THE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES P.10

ACADEMIC *Agenda*



“[In] FLUL's newest book club (...), meetings will be organised to discuss books and other topics related to culture and communication.”

Instagram: @cultcom

No, You Cannot Speak Russian to Me p.12

“I've met people who try to argue that “not all Russians are bad” or that we should separate the people from their government. But I've seen too much. I've heard the stories of children killed by Russian bombs, of women raped by Russian soldiers, of entire cities reduced to rubble. How can I separate the people from the government when so many of them cheer for this war?”

Insomnia p.26

“Within them, secret passions simmer, they move and fidget in unease, eager to be expelled and heard by the world. The night lures them with an enigmatic whisper, restrained, yet powerful enough to drown anyone in the shadow of the spirit.”



TOP 5 FADO spots in Alfama

CLAF

Clube Lisboa Amigos do Fado

Located in Chelas, this spot is both a Fado House and a school where you can learn how to sing fado like many have before. Open on Mondays and Sundays, feel free to treat yourself to a traditional Portuguese meal and snacks while listening to beautiful music performed by professional Fado singers, which, in the past, have included legends such as Amália Rodrigues and Alfredo Marceneiro, among many others.



FAIA

This Fado House in Bairro Alto is definitely one of the best Fado spots in Lisbon. Not only can you listen to this traditional form of Portuguese music, but, seeing as this venue also works as a restaurant, you can treat yourself to a delicious meal created by Chef André Pola, along with a curated wine list featuring selections from every wine-producing region in the country.



PARREIRINHA DE ALFAMA

Having opened more than 60 years ago, this Fado House is the oldest -and one of the best- in Alfama. It also serves as a restaurant, where you can delight yourself with traditional Portuguese cuisine – including vegetarian options.

This historical spot is where Argentina Santos sang (and even worked as a cook) alongside other Fado vocalists, such as Maria Amélia Proença and Maria de Fátima.



REAL FADO

“Real Fado” offers one of the best and most intimate musical experiences in Lisbon. Based in Príncipe Real, it rotates between three different venues depending on the day of the week: first, Pavilhão Chinês on Thursdays, then Reservatório da Patriarcal on Fridays and Saturdays and, lastly, Embaixada on Sundays. It is guaranteed that you’ll have an excellent time here!



SENHORA DO FADO

Located near Chiado, “Senhora do Fado” is a great place to spend a cozy evening among the many beautiful melodies that Fado offers, paired with a variety of traditional Portuguese dishes.



To My Future Child

Author: Rita Coelho
Editor: Ana Espadinha
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

What is the reason I think of you?

You that do not exist,

You that are only what I imagine you'll be,

You that'll once be one with me, and you that'll be despite me.

I think of you,

Of all the ways I'll make you *you*

I think of how I'll make you a kind world,

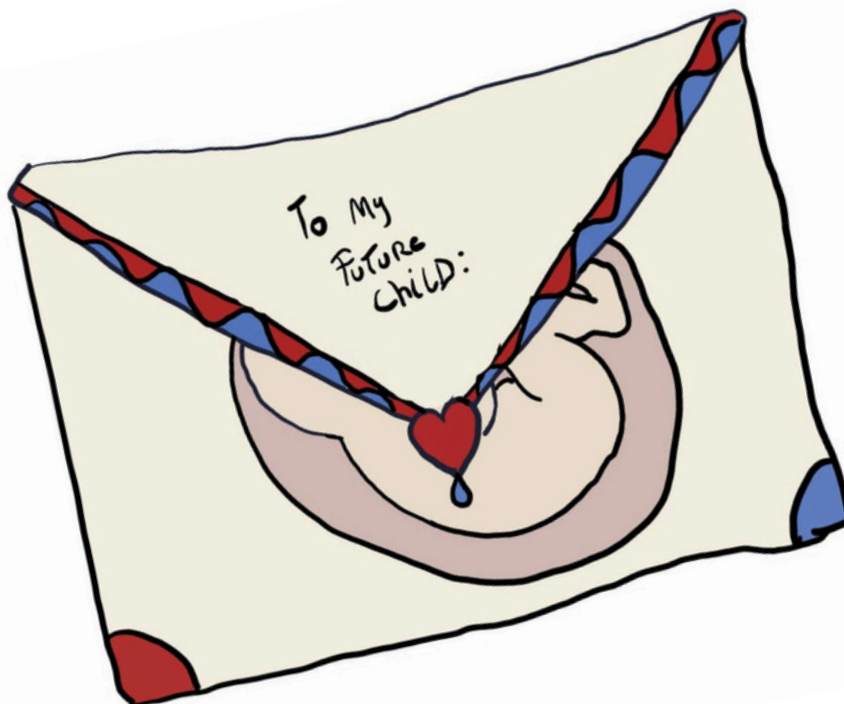
How I'll hum you lullabies and take you to see where the ocean lives,
where it lies.

Mostly, I'll write to you, hoping you'll read me word by word.

Mostly, I'll give you kisses, give you them one by one.

I'll be yours.

I *am* yours.



Death

Author: Beatriz Brito
Translation: Bárbara Emidio
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

I look into its eyes, wet and inexpressive, I see in its body the image of mine and so I ask to stop the car. But the car keeps going and my eyes never stray from the sight of the poor creature on the side of the road. What was it looking for? Where was it going? Is it afraid? Did it want the warmth of a hug? I have no idea how much cruelty there is in this world, but I'm sure it knows. It has less hope in the world with each car that passes by and keeps going. The idea that we failed it and that we continuously fail until we fail for the last time. The second in which its eyes will close forever, and it will be alone because no one stopped the car.

I cry. I cry for it and for all of them on that road, alone and abandoned. Insignificant throughout their whole being for being small and fragile and less worthy. However, the question remains – are they really the least worthy? In this moment I don't feel worthy, but rather as if I were a failed God, a defeated authority. God does not make mistakes, because error is something specific to us mortals, but if God created us and we are morally smaller, won't He bear the weight of what He created on His shoulders? Won't He feel guilt and regret for what He could have done?

I am neither God nor superior; so when I get home, I regret it. I turn the car back on and retrace my journey, this time alone. I imagine myself on the side of the road asking for help and continuing to see cars passing by. When I got there, the cars still passed, but this time, I stopped. I squatted and I found a wounded creature, not very lively and very cold, and something told me that, even if I took her there would be no way to save it from the inevitable fate in which it had found itself in. So I sat down, took off my jacket and held the creature. I rolled it up in my arms like a newborn, rocking her gently as I petted her little head, which curled against my body.

On the road, I saw the cars pass as it had done moments before, but this time its eyes focused on me, brilliant and calm. Who knows what it was thinking? I loved it for a while longer, until the creature closed its eyes and never opened them again. Its heart was still beating, I felt it, slowly and lightly. I put its chest close to mine and cried for it.

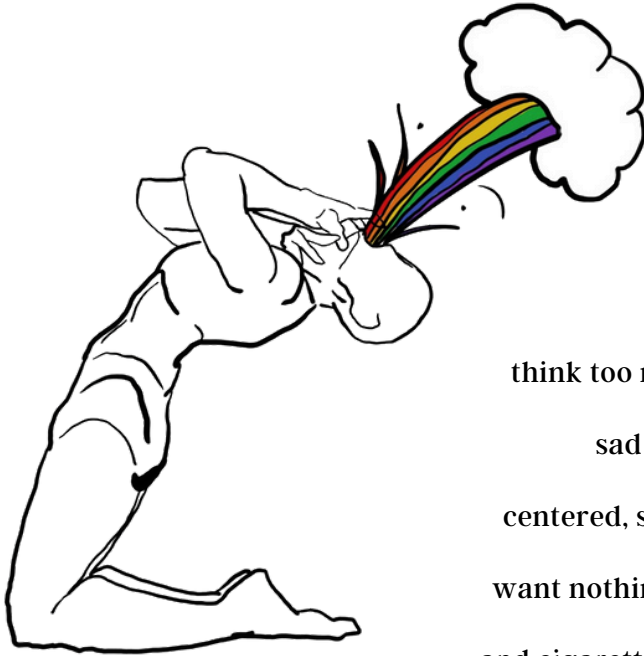
I did not know the cruelty of the world until the day God gave me His place, and I, on the side of the road, crying and soothing a dead baby deer, saw the cars continuously pass in an infinite loop. With every car that passed, I was sure that God was crying more and more for the humanity He had created.

The creature and I saw it and we cried with Him as well.



Explosive emotions

Author: Ricardo Vaz
Translation: Bárbara Emídio
Illustration: Nobre Bastos



Sometimes, it feels like I'm going to explode. The emotions, often unnoticed, cause reactions in me. Fear of abandonment, mental fatigue. Okay, I think too much. But do I? If in the end I feel jealous and sad about myself and hate the way I am. I'm self-centered, sometimes I want everything and sometimes I want nothing. I live in regret and confusion and only sex and cigarettes fill me, temporarily, until the guilt arrives!

This guilt that insists on staying, on filling me with the paranoia that someone will harm me and ruin my feelings, and, thus, I keep people away. I don't know how to stop thinking, but this haunts me, I sleep badly, and so it's just another day.

The Future of Design in Portugal

Until February 28th, the National Museum of Natural History and Science hosts the MDP24 exhibit, about a new generation of designers from the Product Design Master's Degree (School of Architecture of the University of Lisbon).

This exhibition shows projects developed throughout the degree, highlighting design methods and solutions to everyday problems, from technology to innovation, mobility and sustainability. Themes such as dematerialisation and diversity will also be present.



Art that tortures you

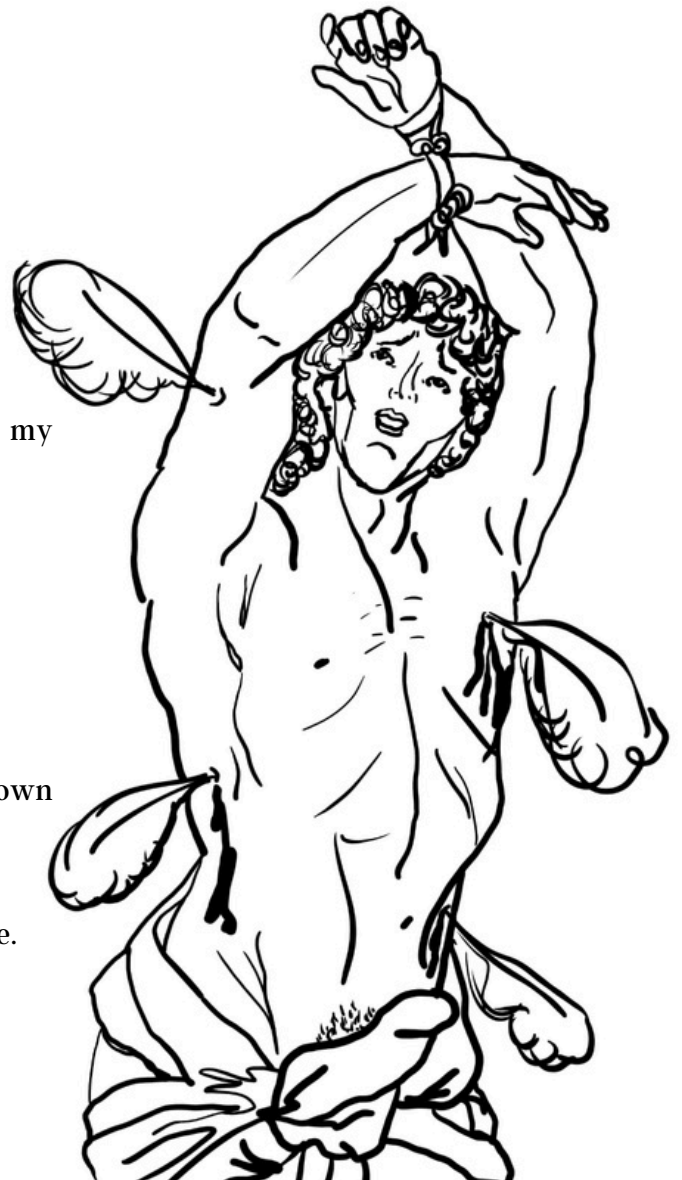
Author: Gabriel Yukio Goto
Translation: Ana Lúcia Pereira
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

I want to revitalize my heart,
so it becomes inhabitable.
Build fast routes which can
diminish the distance between you and me.

That my arms-branches transform themselves
into a Blooming Moorland,
where you can relax peacefully,
and my eyes-abyss, that devour you,
can be the windows that reach the view
of your unreachable beauty.

If you endure me, be my “arch-lover”,
the biggest of my dreams, I place you above my
ceiling
a dignified life in the near future.
Make me your address!

I will be home, I will be your partner, knock me down
and bring me up,
overthrow me like the historic heritage of your life.



Steps

Author: Mar
Translation: Ana Lúcia Pereira

Different dawns, from hot and anxious to foggy. One letter that makes all the difference in me.

Breaking your own heart is the most cruel thing you could do to me.

You are shifting gears without a clutch; I have my foot down on the clutch and the accelerator, like I'm suffocating from the jolt of this dead-lock.

I hate how you wander without control in my mind, and worse, in my heart! Through all my blood pumps our glimmer.

I gave up and I hate it. Feeling is me, and losing you is feeling less.

Staying with you? Equally disastrous.

Lacking hazards for a storm.

Beyond me, a superior force or weakness keeps me loving someone who suffers from cold in the summer and heat in the winter.

«Agradável à Vista Agradável ao Coração»

A student at the School of Arts and Humanities in Lisbon, Mónica was born in the capital and lives in Vila Franca de Xira. It was in her teens that she discovered a love for writing and began to put her ideas down on paper. Her recent novel 'Agradável à Vista, Agradável ao Coração' published on November 6, 2024, stars April, a young writer who is facing a creative block. Ethan, her new neighbour, offers to help her, and what begins as a simple carnal relationship with no strings attached gradually transforms. With themes of death, mourning, overcoming, self-discovery and love, the narrative takes the reader on a rollercoaster ride. With themes of death, mourning, overcoming, self-discovery and love, the narrative takes the reader on a rollercoaster of emotions, with not only highs and lows, but also lots of laughs.



O COLA DÁ-TE
PALCO
YOUR TIME TO SHINE!

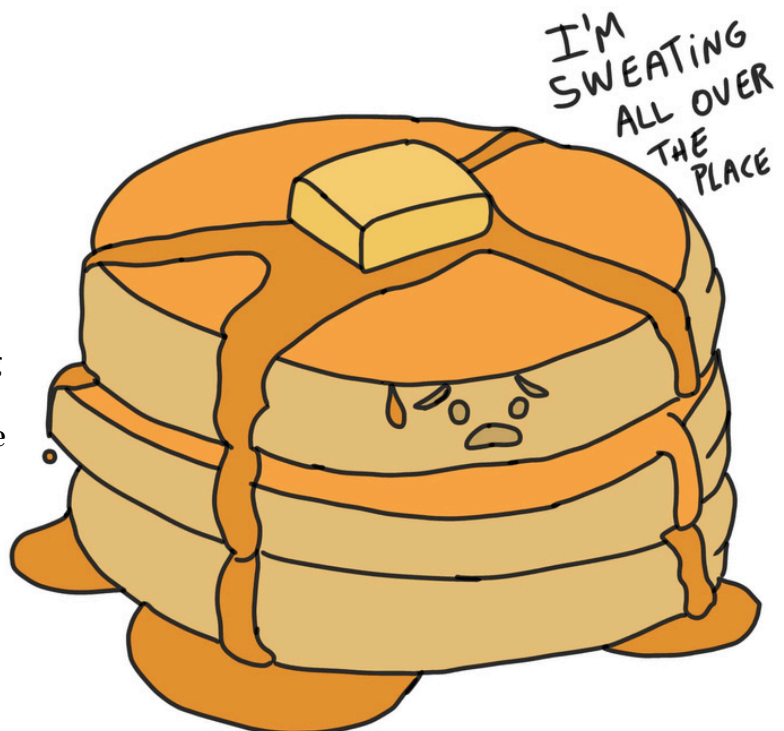
Pancakes

Author: Maria Afonso
Translation: Lourenço Ramos

The monotony of everyday life tires me. The repetitive routine triggers in me a disdain for boring days. Days without adventures are not restful, they don't bring me fulfillment, only boredom. I'm amazed by the willpower required to live each day as mere reflections from previous days. Ordinary tasks weigh my soul, they cause the deepest sense of disinterest in me. They don't fuel creativity or passion for the new and challenging — they just remind me of the inevitability of the human condition to fill their days with unnecessary obligations and negligible reminders. Each piece of clothing washed, ironed and folded represents a book yet to be read, a story yet to be discovered, a world to be adored and made one's own. Each pan wiped, polished and dried is the loss of a warm ray of sunshine on a summer day, of a calm spring breeze, of a rain yet to be felt. I already know what the days to come will bring, I do not long for tomorrow's awakening. Waking up in cold sheets, eating and having to wash dishes, dressing up and having to fold the clothes, using only to have to replace, fixing just to have to deconstruct. The mere continuity of life is burdened by a weight of lost hours in commitments I didn't ask for. The banality with which we exist, the disinterest in seeking something more, something meaningful... how do we live in laziness, in nothingness, and not realize it? And we don't scream for more? Yet, with you, everything changes.

The monotony of everyday life brings me comfort. The simplicity of the same old routine triggers a taste for ordinary days in me. The comfort of waking up next to a warm heart leads to long mornings. Sugar, laughter and the smell of pancakes, the dishes wash themselves. The world outside fades away and I do not long to discover it, but to stay. I do not wish for impossibilities or madness, just for everything to remain as it is. Just for the sun to rise tomorrow and to bring the tasks of an ordinary day with it, a happy day. For me to wake up once more, warm with love and monotony, and be able to make a mess of the whole kitchen for the simple taste of pancakes. For the melody of your voice to continue to fill what was once so empty. Hugs, music, the scent of freshly washed clothes, kisses, freckles, pots shining. Green eyes, the possibility of seeing them tomorrow, another day.

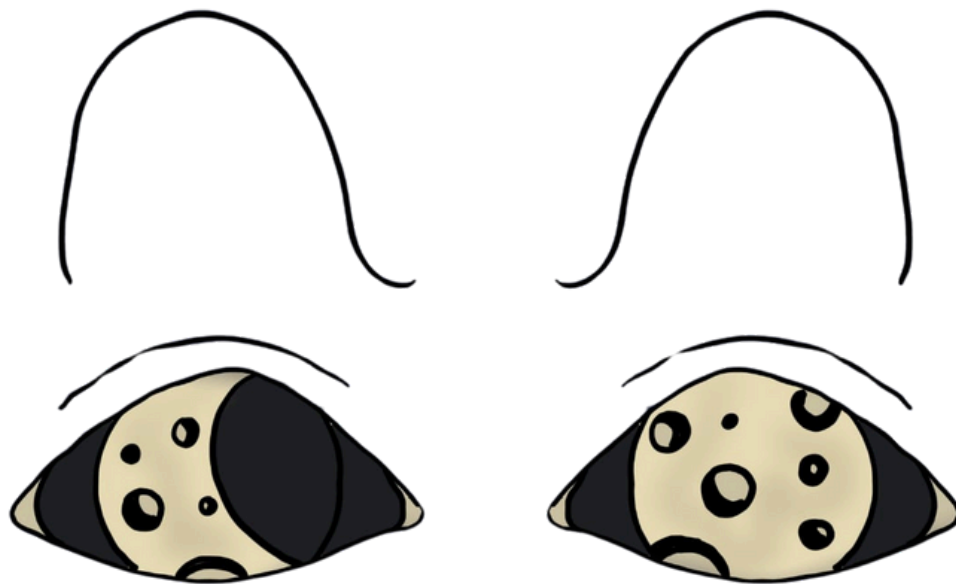
I hope nothing changes. I hope my days are filled with routine and your green eyes.



I saw him

Author: Diana Colaço
Translation: Lourenço Ramos
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

I met him on a dark night. The moon was a crystal ball and the wind made the tree leaves dance. That was when I felt a sudden difference. Everything seemed to have stopped, even the wind's breeze that was caressing my hair. Everything seemed to have stopped, as if, out of fear, everything was hiding. That was when I saw his white eyes lurking from a corner, pale, but somehow full of color. I saw him.



Hands-on: Healthy and sustainable eating

When enrolling in Higher Education, many students find it difficult to balance healthy eating habits and studying. So, on February 25th, at the Nutrition Laboratory of the School of Medicine, this workshop teaches food skills and other alimentary competences, considering their impacts towards health and economic, social and environmental sustainability. It's divided in two parts: the first about eating habits and planning and the second in cooking, utilising the knowledge from the first part.

ACCESSIBILITY IN THE SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES



Accessibility is still an often overlooked and unknown topic in academic circles, particularly at the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon. So, O Cola has decided to address and explore it with the help of testimonies from individuals who, throughout their academic journey, are faced with significant challenges and obstacles to their individual and academic well-being. As the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon's Newspaper, O Cola believes it has the duty to serve as a platform for conveying important and necessary information to the academic community; which gives a voice and visibility to all those whose condition, whatever it may be, and its discussion have often been neglected, ostracised and 'swept under the rug'. The concept of accessibility will subsequently be presented and expanded upon, seeing as it is not always properly explained by institutions and is often misunderstood.

Written by:

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WHAT IS ACCESSIBILITY?

‘(...) the possibility for any person, regardless of their characteristics and context, to be able to access spaces, products and services available to the rest of the population.’

According to the European Concept for Accessibility (Aragall, 2005, p. 23): ‘accessibility is the characteristic of an environment or object which enables everybody to enter into a relationship with, and make use of, that object or environment in a friendly, respectful and safe way. This means equal opportunities for all users, regardless of their capabilities, cultural background or place of residence, in all those activities which form part of their social and individual development.

Accessibility is linked to the concept of Universal Design. It is based on policies that defend the rights of people with disabilities and is reflected into regulations, guidelines and awareness-raising actions within society. The concept of accessibility should be considered from the design phase of a product (for example, an architectural project should account for the use of wheelchairs when defining door widths), but it may also play a role in adapting existing spaces or services (...).

Source: 2. Enquadramento e definições

According to Portugal's National Institute for Rehabilitation, ‘the guarantee of accessibility constitutes a fundamental condition for individuals' quality of life, being essential for the full exercise of the rights and duties granted to any member of a democratic society in the exercise of their citizenship. Therefore, it is a universal right that decisively contributes to strengthening the social fabric, to a greater civic participation of all those who integrate it and, consequently, to an increased deepening

of social inclusion and solidarity in the social rule of law’.

Source: [Acessibilidades - INR, I.P.](#)

Taking the concept(s) already presented above into account, we will now explore accessibility conditions within the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon's facilities, and introduce the services that the institution currently provides to its students.





ON ACCESSIBILITY CONDITIONS WITHIN THE SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES OF THE UNIVERSITY

The School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon offers support to students with SEN (Specific Educational Needs), provided by the Center for Career Orientation and Student Support (NOCAE). This support is currently covered by the University of Lisbon's Student with Special Educational Needs Regulation (2016), available on the faculty's website, containing details on available support and other useful information.

According to the information provided by NOCAE on the faculty's webpage, some of the available support measures include: 'priority in enrollment, registration and class selection; the provision of adapted study materials and assessment elements; physical access to the campus with as few architectural barriers as possible; Free access to the Higher Education Open Library (BAES), which contains a collection of over 3,000 titles in Braille, audio and full-text format'; among others, applicable according to the student's SEN. Students with SEN are also provided with a system for awarding specific scholarships, general and individualized support guides and a unit that produces accessible materials (access to which can be accessed online through the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon's webpage).

While support services such as those already mentioned exist, they are not sufficient in addressing the problems experienced by all those who seek, within the normality of a person without a disability, a space where they can live in comfort, safety and fulfillment at a personal, academic and/or professional level. O Cola spoke with some students with disabilities who reported the adverse circumstances they face daily within the faculty itself in detail.

Source: Estatutos Especiais - University of Lisbon's School of Arts and Humanities

For example, regarding a possible sense of invalidation caused by a staff member or faculty student:

'We always end up getting some kind of look. Be it here or outside of school. The way I see it, it is not common for people with reduced mobility to attend higher education. So it's natural that sometimes people look differently, but that's about it.'

**José Miguel, 22 years old,
undergraduate student of History at FLUL**

'No, so far no. Everyone is super friendly.'

**Beatriz Clemente, 18 years old,
undergraduate student of History of Art at FLUL**

'No. Luckily, no. I think that phase is over.'

**Ana Filipa Ribeiro, 29 years old, undergraduate
student of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at FLUL**

In terms of the faculty's cooperation regarding accessibility, the same testimonies and students at FLUL speak to us about some adversities they have experienced and still experience. In their daily lives, they are faced with obstacles to their own mobility within the faculty's corridors, with especially difficult access to classrooms, libraries, bathrooms, lifts, service desks, among others.

'When I first got here, the faculty's lifts were broken. It was a little difficult back then, because I would have to go around the faculty, meaning I had to leave the faculty [building] and go around to get to the basement [floor 0], to be escorted by security staff. There was always that issue of having to walk with security. Fortunately, everything is working now.'

When it comes to the bathrooms, some [are flagged as being for people with] reduced mobility, but it is clear that they aren't properly adapted [for that]. Some of the bars are not very stable, one is always longer than the other, and for a person who lacks balance, which is my

case, it becomes a little dangerous. There's also no sliding door. For a person with reduced mobility [and who has] cerebral palsy like me, it is also difficult to close the door; I always have to ask people for help closing it. Toilets aren't very accessible either.'

**José Miguel, 22 years old,
undergraduate student of History at FLUL**

'For now, there aren't any major issues to point out, but I think there are things to improve. For example, the amphitheater lift – when I'm upstairs and the lift is downstairs, I can't call it up. So, I always have to call security, and they take forever to come; it's complicated and a little frustrating. The same goes for that platform on the main staircase [at the entrance of the faculty]; I also always have to call someone and I don't think that's autonomous at all.'

**Beatriz Clemente, 18 years old,
undergraduate student of History of Art at FLUL**

'Well, for a person who is 139 cm tall, there are some difficulties that not only the faculty, but also my daily life presents. Regarding the School of Arts and Humanities, mainly, for me, the service counters, for example, at the faculty cafés, are too high; or even the machines used for payments, for instance; even the ATM at the entrance of the faculty, that for for me is a bit too high – I have to stand on my tiptoes to be able to see the screen. Another issue is the library, concerning the access to the books placed on higher shelves. The library has a small stool, but it's not enough for people under 150 cm, perhaps. So, these are some of the difficulties I face daily at the faculty.'

**Ana Filipa Ribeiro, 29 years old, undergraduate
student of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at FLUL**

The students also described in their testimonies some of the architectural barriers they encounter daily as students at FLUL. It is essential to clarify the concept of Architectural Barriers, as understanding this concept is crucial for a better grasp of the issue at hand.



WHAT ARE ARCHITECTURAL BARRIERS?

‘Architectural barriers are all types of construction or building that limits or even completely prevents the mobility of individuals with disabilities or reduced mobility in spaces, thereby constraining accessibility and autonomy (Santos et al., 2020). These barriers can include steps, stairs, narrow doors, narrow corridors, absence of access ramps, inadequate lifts, inaccessible bathrooms, among others (Pettersson et al., 2018; Siqueira et al., 2009).’

Source: BARREIRAS ARQUITETÓNICAS E AUTOUIDADO

These obstacles in public buildings, such as educational institutions, make access to space and education unequal, which hinders the social and academic journey of people with reduced mobility. This deeply rooted lack of accessibility can create exclusion from the academic spirit and experience. When society's lack of critical thinking in relation to improving accessibility limits a citizen's right to enter certain public spaces, regardless of their individual physical condition, a reality is fuelled in which people with reduced mobility (and beyond) are prevented from living an autonomous life. The need for assistance from another person, for example a security guard, due to the lack of accessibility of physical spaces, compromises the relationship between the individual and their autonomy.

These architectural barriers make activities in these spaces impossible and present difficulties and constraints for individuals, not because the activity itself excludes them, but because the space does not have the conditions to accommodate them, and that should not be accepted:

‘(...) The promotion of accessibility is a fundamental element in people's quality of life, serving as an essential means for exercising the rights granted to any member of a democratic society, contributing decisively to a greater reinforcement of social bonds, for a larger (greater) civic participation of all those within it (...).

The State is, therefore, responsible for taking actions aimed at guaranteeing and ensuring the rights of people with special needs, that is, people who face architectural barriers, preventing active and integral civic participation, due to permanent or temporary factors, intellectual, emotional, sensory, physical, or communicational disabilities.'

Source: Decreto-Lei n.º 163/2006 | DR

After clarifying this concept, we now introduce the testimonies of students regarding the need to listen to more people with disabilities regarding their experience in higher education.

'What happens here, in my opinion, is that because there aren't many people with reduced mobility attending higher education, the matter of awareness and attention to this issue ends up being set aside. [Other topics, such as] gender equality are much more discussed, but the issue of reduced mobility in higher education is something that is still very much scratching the surface and I think that people should be more aware of what students with reduced mobility feel and need, just as they are with gender equality, [for example].

Like it or not, we try to live a life as normally as possible, which ends up not being 100% normal, as an adaptation is always required, both in and out of the classroom, so that we feel good.'

**José Miguel, 22 years old,
undergraduate student of History at FLUL**

'Yes, I think so. Sometimes I would enter, when there was no construction in the basement [ground floor of the faculty], through the back [through a secondary entrance of the faculty], because I had many classes there. So, I think that paying more attention to the time it takes to get the key for the elevator in the main staircase is really one of the aspects that should be more acknowledged and solved.'

**Beatriz Clemente, 18 years old,
undergraduate student of History of Art at FLUL**

'I've never been asked anything, nor have I been asked if I have any kind of accessibility issues at the faculty. But, for example, for the students in wheelchairs, who face even greater difficulties accessing things than I do, I don't know if the faculty truly listens to those people. On my behalf, I have never been asked if I had any difficulty or what challenges I face in my day-to-day life. I've never been heard, no one has ever asked me what kinds of difficulties I could have due to my height. Regarding other students, who have greater difficulties than me, I believe that they draw more attention, and I think that the faculty should have some level of concern for them. People of short stature – I think we are somewhat overlooked – they don't ask us because they must assume that, as a rule, we manage to get by.'

Ana Filipa Ribeiro, 29 years old, undergraduate student of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at FLUL

The students were also asked about what could be changed and/or improved at FLUL regarding accessibility, with the goal, among others, of making it more inclusive. Their responses reveal that there is still a long way to go in terms of the accessibility conditions at the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon.

'The Faculty of Law, for example, has ramps instead of lifts. There, I can move around much more easily than here [FLUL]. Here, I always have to call the security guard to help me go up and down in the elevator. In the Faculty of Law, I can move freely everywhere. Another issue is that the faculty's outdoor spaces have cobblestone pavement, which is an impediment for someone with reduced mobility. Instead of cobblestones, the same could be done as in Spain and use cement [to create] a smooth surface.'

The access to the library could also be improved, because the lifts break down very often. In terms of teaching, I think that, due to the low number of students with disabilities in higher education, some professors (not all) end up not being fully aware of the students' needs. [One could] get the professors, for example, to hold a meeting, as they do for individual office hours, to understand how the student adapts and how they should proceed regarding assessment methods, because someone with cerebral palsy or someone else, could have another set of needs that I do not. This is in order to help the student and to help in a way that he does not feel disadvantaged nor given undue advantages compared to others. It is also a way of including the student.

At FLUL, we have NOCAE, which provides some guidance to professors about the student. NOCAE is not actually (completely) with us in the classroom. It gives a general idea of what the student needs, but, depending on the course, the student has to say: "Professor, I would feel better doing it this way, because in this course there is this and that and those aspects that are not working for me. I think that, besides having NOCAE, which is very important, I also think that professors themselves should try to understand how each student functions. NOCAE has been doing its best, but [it is equally important] for professors to get to know the student's profile and understand who they really are, rather than just relying on what is written down.

I think that the faculty should [develop] awareness campaigns for people with reduced mobility because, just as there are awareness campaigns for gender equality and situations of burnout and depression, I think that [the development of] awareness campaigns to [the situation of] the people with reduced mobility with the presence of testimonies would be an innovation that could be [implemented] in the faculty. This would open the minds of many people who may not be fully aware of these challenges and would also allow them to see these individuals in a different way.

Since we are in a lower position – we are sitting – we are not at the same level as a person without [mobility] issues and we end up having another perspective of the world these others cannot understand [since they are not in the same position as us]. I think that awareness campaigns should not only open the minds of the general public, but also of those responsible for organizing these initiatives, ensuring that the testimonies are heard and included.'

**José Miguel, 22 years old,
undergraduate student of History at FLUL**

'I believe that, for all wheelchair users- not just myself, as I know at least two other people- it is in the administration's power to resolve these issues rather than us. For example, the door [leading to the lift near the Bar Novo and the students' union] is not the best representation of accessibility; I must go around through the bar itself. I cannot, for example, just install a ramp there by myself- it is up to the administration to address [this issue].

The glass doors are heavy and difficult to open and close. And the bathrooms, the bathrooms are a real problem for us, because, when we enter, even if it is the one in the basement [which is] meant for people with reduced mobility, it is neither wide nor spacious enough for us to get in with a wheelchair and be able to close the door. And the doors are also heavy. Powered wheelchairs are usually wider- it depends a lot on the model. But wider doors are beneficial in general; it is always good to have them.'

**Beatriz Clemente, 18 years old,
undergraduate student of History of Art at FLUL**

'The height of the counters at the cafes- but well, there's nothing really to be done about that, is there? We are such a small number that the majority ends up setting the rule for all. But, for example, they could provide a small step stool so we could reach them more easily. Since I'm an outgoing person, I don't have too much trouble getting what I need. People get along well and even help me, but not everyone's the same as me. There are students at the university who are even shorter than I am, and because they may be less outgoing, they sometimes end up going without getting their needs met. They might want to buy something but can't reach it, so they feel discouraged and don't even try because they're uncomfortable. Even I sometimes feel self-conscious when attempting something knowing that I might fail at it. It makes me think

twice.

Maybe having a step stool at key locations would help. I know there are lower cash machine models. Our faculty building only has one (standard height), at the entrance. That would help not just me, but also other shorter students. As for the library, that's an even bigger challenge. I've never needed a book from the top shelf, but if I did, what would I do? The step stool available isn't high enough. Either we'd have to call a staff member – which can be embarrassing for the student – or have a step ladder. Maybe a step ladder would solve the issue. Sometimes, it's just about knowing that help is available to make us feel more comfortable. That help might [already] exist, but it needs to be visible.

I think the faculty still has a lot to improve, both for students with reduced mobility and for those of shorter stature. It's a very old building, and it has been under renovation for a long time now, but I'm not certain that those renovations have ever really considered students like us. We are a small number, but we are here, and we are part of the academic community. There needs to be more attention given to students like us.

It doesn't have to be an overly specific measure. The faculty just needs to talk directly to us students and say, 'We know you have this condition, what challenges do you face? What can we improve?' It's enough for faculty to approach these students and ask, 'In your daily life, what do you find difficult or uncomfortable?' That is all it takes - to be heard, to be approached. Some people have way greater difficulties than I do, and I don't know to what extent they are being listened to. Do they truly feel part of the faculty? Maybe they just come to class and leave without feeling like they've formed friendships or connections, without developing a sense of belonging to the faculty. The best approach is to give these students a voice – through surveys or meetings, since we are so few – and get an understanding from them of what is actually needed to make their academic lives easier. Sometimes, the smallest things make all the difference!

We are university students, but we also need to feel part of both the faculty itself and the academic community. For that to happen, faculties must work on bringing students together, because, in the end, we do experience exclusion due to our differences. A person can feel isolated, left out, and that can lead to other kinds of issues. Often, the support we receive doesn't come from the faculty but from other students themselves. Non-teaching staff need to understand that there are students with specific conditions and know how to act when they encounter difficulties. It's important to recognise who these people are and what their specific needs are. And the only way to truly grasp this is by understanding the challenges students face. Only through students' testimonies can the faculty take action. Students don't just "go to university"; they have lunch, they go to the library, they need to sort out administrative matters, go to the Academic Services, and so on. The faculty needs to assess all of this

information and then ensure that non-teaching staff and lecturers know how to proceed. The more training there is, the better the faculty will function. No one loses out. We are always learning, and learning is a good thing. As the saying goes, 'knowledge takes up no space.' There's truly no way to lose (Therefore, no one loses). Some people even show curiosity about my condition. If there were training sessions, staff would already know about it. There is absolutely no problem with that!

Ana Filipa Ribeiro, 29 years old, undergraduate student of Languages, Literatures and Cultures at FLUL

The need for inclusion is highlighted by FLUL students with whom O Cola had the opportunity to speak. It is therefore crucial for the faculty to serve as a public space where the issue of accessibility can be openly discussed. A space where a voice and visibility are given to all students affected by architectural barriers within this academic institution and to those who do not have the privilege of never having to think about such obstacles.

What does privilege mean? What makes an individual lead a privileged life? We may fall into the misconception of viewing our ability to navigate a day at university without hindrances as a given right. This is not, however, applicable to all students.

Faculty support is essential for the well-being of all, especially those individuals who require additional assistance in their daily lives. For example, using the library should be a simple, straightforward, and accessible task for all. Unfortunately, this is yet to be the case.

'For me, it's very embarrassing because I'm very independent in the sense that I like to do things on my own. I do like doing things by myself. I don't like asking for help. It's like going to the supermarket: if I'm shopping alone and realise I need something from the top shelf, I get really annoyed. All because I know I'll have to ask someone for help to reach it.

I don't like bothering others. Not everyone is like that and sometimes (being like me) it's bad because we live in a community, so we are supposed to help each other, but for me, it's really frustrating having to interrupt a staff member who's working and say, 'Excuse me, could you reach that book for me?' I'm not saying that people aren't kind and willing to help – they are, and it's amazing, but it's still embarrassing for the person doing the asking and it creates discomfort. If there's a need to ask a second time around, I'll really think twice about it, so I'll just keep putting it off, and putting it off, and putting it off... When it comes to our academic journey, I can't say it's exactly the same, because we end up giving up on certain things, even if unconsciously so, simply because we know it will cause discomfort, so we don't want to be a burden. That's how it is for me – I think twice because I'm conscious about disturbing someone while they're working.'

Ana Filipa Ribeiro, 29 years old, undergraduate student of Languages, Literatures and Cultures at FLUL



Accessibility has been a continuously overlooked issue in higher education. Through this report, O Cola aims to give a voice to those who have been unheard, informing our academic community about the challenges still faced by many of our fellow students. It is the responsibility of FLUL – and of all of us – to ensure a study and work environment that is equally safe and suitable for everyone, regardless of their needs. Thus, the interviewees shared their desire for a more accessible university – one that guarantees appropriate conditions not only for studying, in the library, and inside classrooms, but also in their daily experiences such as using the toilets and moving around the premises. In an effort to build a truly inclusive FLUL, our newspaper calls for a more inclusive community, with a focus on collective well-being.

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Tours to the ULisboa Botanical Garden

It is the daily routine of gardeners to take care of and tell the stories of their gardens. So, on March 5th, they will be the guides on a special visit to the Lisbon Botanical Garden and the nursery, which is closed to the public. Each visit has a capacity of 5 to 20 visitors. Only an entrance fee is required.



AcademiC AGENDA

Want to get involved in the academic spirit?

In this Academic Agenda, we present you some events that will take place at the University of Lisbon that you can attend for free.

SABERES PARA A LIBERDADE

Perspectivas
iberoeslavas

8-10/05/25
FLUL e UAb

Inscrições e informações:
compares.geral@gmail.com



Knowledge for Freedom - Ibero-Slavic Perspectives

On May 8th and 9th, the Faculty of Humanities will host the 14th International Ibero-Slavic Conference, and hosted on the 10th at Universidade Aberta. This conference aims to explore the different cultures of knowledge that enable and call for Freedom from a comparative perspective: the Iberian and the Slavic. To attend, registration is mandatory.

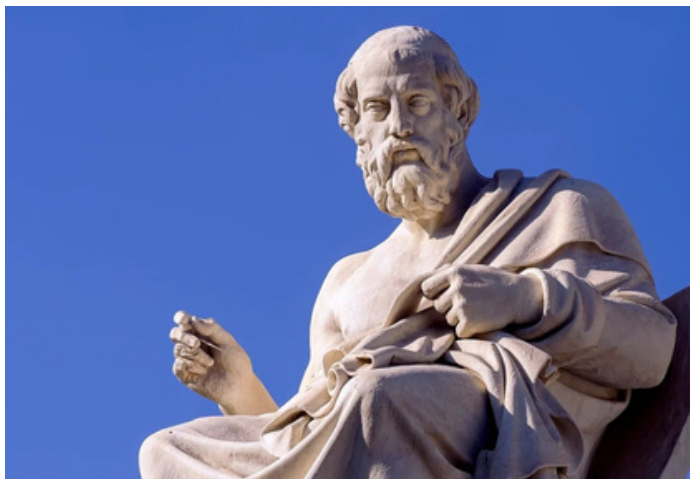
Café das 5: book club

FLUL's newest book club — Café das 5 — meets on February 27th at 5p.m., in the School's atrium. Throughout the school year, meetings will be organised to discuss books and other topics related to culture and communication. This month, the Club reviews "Mãe para jantar," by Shalom Auslander. Their programming can also be followed on their Instagram @cultcom.



Clepsydra Book Club: Phaedo by Plato

Clepsydra will organise the next meeting of their book club on March 7th, at 2p.m., in classroom C.010B. This club, dedicated to Plato's Phaedo (Fédon in Portuguese), meets monthly and is now supported by the School's Centre for Classical Studies. All interested parties are welcome to participate in this free dialogue!



Here you can find events such as concerts, congresses and colloquia of academic interest, as well as events of an intellectual nature and with a social impact. You can find more information about them in the 'Agenda' section of the University of Lisbon and the School of Arts and Humanities websites.



“The Slave is a Human Person”

The book “The Slave is a Human Person”, by Maria Madalena Brito will be presented on March 6th, at 6p.m., in room B112.D (Espaço Atlântida) at the Library of the Faculty of Humanities. The book deals with the complexities of slavery and imperialist economic ideals. Thinkers such as Fernão Pérez, although they did not completely condemn slavery, defended the humanity of slaves, their individual rights, limits on trafficking and denounced abuses, based on Judeo-Christian principles and natural law.

Workshop in Philosophy and Literature

This workshop, organized by the Literary Theory program, promotes open dialogues on various topics, according to the invited speakers. It takes place every Tuesday until May 13th, at 6:30p.m., in classroom C244.C. No previous registration is required.

O Programa em Teoria da Literatura apresenta

WORKSHOP DE FILOSOFIA E LITERATURA

PRIMAVERA 2024/2025



Faculdade de Letras • Universidade de Lisboa
18:30 • Sala C244-C

CONVITE 12 mar. 2025

A Directora do Centro de Arqueologia da Universidade de Lisboa (UNIARQ), Mariana Diniz, tem o prazer de convidar V. Exa. para o lançamento do número 25 da colecção estudos&memórias "De Gibraltar aos Pirenéus. Megalitismo, Vida e Morte na fachada atlântica peninsular. Arqueologia, Património e Turismo. In memoriam João Carlos de Senna-Martínez", que terá lugar no dia 12 de Março, pelas 17h30, no Anfiteatro 2 (Sala C130) da Faculdade de Letras de Lisboa.

A apresentação do volume estará a cargo de Ana Cristina Martins (Instituto de História Contemporânea FCSH/NOVA - Universidade de Évora / IN2PAST).

Contamos com a sua presença.



Financiado por fundos nacionais através da FCT – Fundação para a Ciência e a Tecnologia, I.P., no âmbito do projecto UIDB/04434/2020. Centro de Arqueologia da

Colecção Estudos & Memórias – UNIARQ

On March 12th, in Amphitheatre II, at 5:30p.m., UNIARQ launches volume 25 of Colecção Estudos & Memórias, entitled De Gibraltar aos Pirenéus. Megalitismo, Vida e Morte na fachada atlântica peninsular. Arqueologia, Património e Turismo. In memoriam João Carlos de Senna-Martínez. Ana Cristina Martins from the Institute of Contemporary History FCSH/NOVA is in charge of this presentation.

The Swift

Author: Clara de Freitas
Translation: Bárbara Emídio
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

My desire to be common outweighs me. It always runs faster than me, that, after a few minutes of effort, I feel the need to gasp for air as it escapes from my lungs. It takes over me, in the course of my life, the obsession with the 'normal'. I submit myself to this desire. I live in the shade of my 'I want to be' and it is firstly introduced to me, this febrile desire to melt my 'T' along with my deadly neighbours.

The course of the race is entirely dark, infinitely long and immeasurably hard. My desire is tireless — it is a figure imbued with light that speeds without even breathing. There is no muscle pain that afflicts it; in fact, I am beginning to believe that whenever this figure looks over its shoulder and observes my exhaustion, it feels pleasure. It throws me a smile, without stagnating its movement, and makes fun of me, speeding up the step. As for me, with shallow lungs, weak legs and a horrible running technique, I rest whenever my head feels light and resume running when my desire fades, threatening to stop illuminating my path.

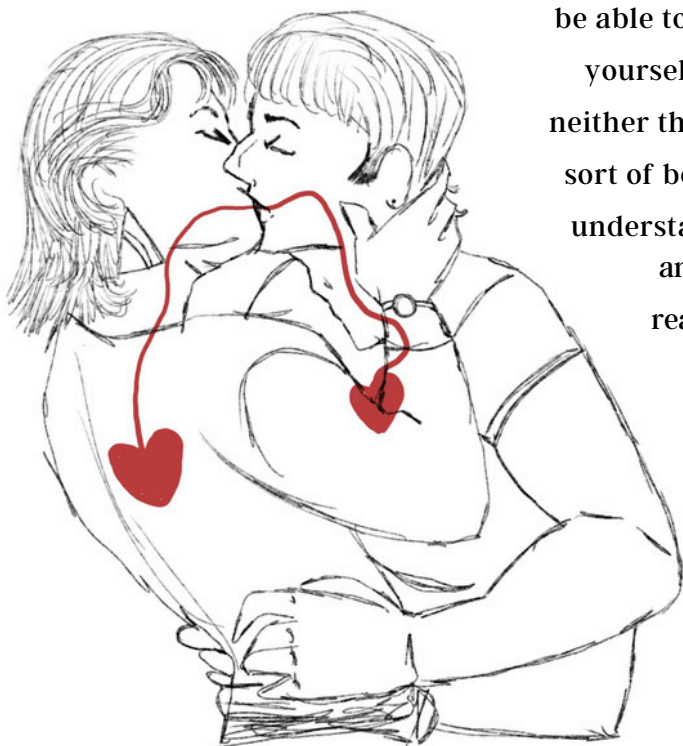


The hatred I feel for the desire for 'normality' increases with every chest burn and is reminded by every muscle stab. However, I don't like to lose sight of it. When this happens, which is rare, I find myself on my own, surrounded by such darkness that it does not allow me to see my hands. I feel colder because it was the light of my desire that made me hot and the pace of the race that warmed me. I would just like for it to run after me.

Nothing at All

Author: Alexandra Guțu
Translation: Maria Pires
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

Life slowly shows you the real colours that make up a person and, sometimes, you wish it wasn't that way. You'd like to be able to stand in front of an illusory existence that, albeit illusory, makes you happy. Now, however, you're far, alone, in your room night and day. You can hear the upstairs neighbour and their children running from one side to the other with the biggest of joys, for they haven't yet met the tough reality. Sometimes, I wish that my time spent running with no concerns hadn't been cut short in such a quick and cold way. It is as if the beautiful real life had reached an end and only after your twenties did you feel alive again, like a child again. Sometimes, it is as if life stopped for instants, gaining colour only to lose it on the next day. You think to yourself that, after all, this is what it means to grow, to live. You're not irrational for having fears and worries that you vividly believe no one else understands. But everything seems truly logical to you, although covered by the veil of the absurd. The very own act of writing runs from your hands, you run after it. You see the words in your consciousness, and yet you don't find the strength to materialize them. You don't find a way to universalize them, it is all a nothing – with no apparent meaning. You wish to leave something behind, something that materializes your existence: at least you will have been real, even if your writing has not, apparently. You want to leave your footprint in this ridiculous existence. An existence whose rules, traditions and customs you will never



be able to truly understand. Sometimes you think of yourself incapacitated, you understand nothing – neither the other nor yourself –, you need a guide, a sort of book on psychoanalysis. But, in the end, you understand nothing at all. Maybe Buñuel was right and you, in your incessant need to contradict, in reality wanted him to be wrong, that everything in life had an answer, a meaning. However, maybe nothing has a true meaning and you will only have to learn to live in the absurd that lies beyond these miserable lines you have read here.

The Gospel of Sinners

Author: Carolina Franco
Editor: Ricardo Cerdeira
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

Our Father, who art in heaven.
I kneel at the foot of my bed and ask why Thou wouldst do this.
Why my raw knees and anxious pleas are not enough to please Thee.
I have been nothing but devoted, unwaveringly loyal to Thy command.
As a woman of my word, I wonder, was the ultimate betrayal mine or Thine own?

Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy mention instils in me a fear, laced with such a familiar terror.
I feared to question Thy teachings, believing them wise despite all.
And then the devil came, my Lord, and he was not as frightful as Thou.
The devil had fair hair, blue eyes and skin soft as silk.

Thy kingdom come.
Right and wrong converged into the grandest act of treachery.
It was so wrong, yet it felt so right, so flawed, so true.
Thou wilt not accept it, I know, I have always heard so.
I sinned this night, my Lord, yet I cannot bring myself to repent.
Her name fits my lips in a way none ever has, not even Thine.

Thy will be done.
The ultimate act of devotion, be it life or death or somewhere between.
I would live and die, do all and nothing for her, at her mere request.
She spoke in the stillness of the night, so tenderly I could have wept.
And in the space between our breaths, I could not leave room for Thee.

On earth as it is in heaven.
Her ethereality can only mean one thing, my Lord: she cannot be mortal.
If our love were not so inconceivable, I might think her an emissary of Thee.
But somehow, though it seems strange, I believe she is a demon.
For we both know, my Lord, no angel could touch like that.

Give us this day our daily bread.
If ever she was an angel, she must have fallen from the sky to our midst.
Perhaps her wings were too heavy, her beauty too great for heaven.
Or perhaps she was too bold, her soul too fierce to fear Thee.
And I know, my Lord, Thou canst not be loved unless Thou art feared.

And forgive us our trespasses.

I am no better than a man, remembering her silken touches and gentle fingers.

Our bodies and souls intertwined as one, as I have never felt before.

She whispered in my ear, a secret for us alone, and for once, my Lord;

I wished Thou wert not there, that I could keep her voice wholly mine.

As we forgive those who trespass against us.

Infatuation, passion, desire, and longing swam in the space between our lips.

She is inescapable, unattainable, her very existence unfathomable.

My heart was cast to the wolves, and I must admit, my Lord.

I would have it no other way, as long as it is her – always her.

And lead us not into temptation.

So I ask how Thou couldst do this to one so painfully loyal.

How Thou couldst create such a creature, as if to test my faith in Thee.

I have failed, my Lord, and I will fail again and again at this impossible test.

If her existence is utter blasphemy, then I shall be Thy greatest blasphemer.

But deliver us from evil.

And they say there is no salvation for sinners, for harlots, for the condemned.

But they are wrong, my Lord, for she is salvation itself.

She is all that is right, all that and more.

And my heart is incomplete until I consume her whole.

Amen.



Insomnia

Author: Beatriz Palma
Translation: Laura Prezzi
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

In the sullen hour during which darkness blows sleep upon men, restless minds insist on thinking. Within them, secret passions simmer, they move and fidget in unease, eager to be expelled and heard by the world. The night lures them with an enigmatic whisper, restrained, yet powerful enough to drown anyone in the shadow of the spirit. And at the time when the fortunate fall asleep, the desires of the condemned boil intensely, reborn in thoughts. And if we give in to the hammering thoughts, if we fall into that mistake, we spend the rest of the night haunted by confessions we have made in the cunning silence of the mind.

In a certain thought, Nomízo is consumed by the night. This young man had a deep desire, a hidden longing that he concealed from everyone, even from his own thoughts, for he knew their nature. In his core, cries against time throbbed, he shouted about life. About a life that surpasses speculations of a celestial paradise or a hell of punishments; about life that mocks mortals, running too fast for them to catch up; about life that deceives death, spreading throughout all the recesses of space and time, for all eternity. Every night, these urges screamed restlessly, crawled effervescently, and tried to rise in all their grandeur. But Nomízo repressed them, buried them deep within his mind, because he knew about the legends and the stories.

But the tireless urges made themselves heard. They shouted to the four corners of his mind until the boy was deafened... and until the thought could hear them. And the night, an accomplice that had noticed the uproar, made Nomízo a proposal:

'In the darkness that never comes alone, you shall surrender your soul to me, and with your impure body, you shall seal the contract. As long as the night descends upon the world, you shall be the master of time, rising to a level untouched by the common man. You will become an immortal God, all-powerful of the hourglass of life. You shall reign in the darkness, whose chimes you will hear of the clock for all eternity. Beneath a cloak of pitch, you will dive into a bottomless black sea. The moribound arms will try to drown you, but beneath your cloak, you will float above the depths of ephemerality.'

Nomízo, lulled by the night's tempting words, accepts the terms imposed and seals the agreement in the dark gloom that promised immortality. The days turned into nights. A prisoner of a black blindness, like a veil that obscured his vision, Nomízo at first accepted the dark cloak, because he could wear it forever. But the weight of time began to drag on, ingraining itself in the boy's skin, eyes, and mouth. He was no longer a boy, he was no longer anything. He lay inert, with the night as his only companion. He was not talkative and, when he did speak, he spoke in riddles as cunning as the first. He was betrayed by his own desires, exposed by his own thoughts, condemned by the night. And, without realizing it, he had bought what he feared the most: death.



My Love's Assassination

Author: Natacha Vieira
Translation: Sara Sachetti Fernandes
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

It's such a beautiful thing. To be faced with so many chances and options; to be reborn, to transform, to get to know and almost explode of life. It's so beautiful to love this way. My Love, I find you in every word and gesture of mine, flood my insides! I promise to never stop loving, to never let fear stop me! It hurts to remember all the times that I let my fear-anxiety and its numerous variants decide my course, maybe even stop it.

I was born to love and spread cliches. My best quality, my biggest intention. I go from door to door preaching that it's still time, regret not loving! If it all goes wrong in the end, I know I still have My Love. Open the door, come recite my calling! Infinite ability to love, freedom. Give in, allow yourself, learn to live. This is my preaching.

To live and to love are synonyms, as natural as breathing and being — I am and I let myself, so I love. So I live! But I live stuck, I don't feel intensity in your Love. It doesn't matter how big the danger is, I will leave my shelter, and I'll run to the trap that awaits me. I don't feel your Love. I scream loudly for any love to take me, the first to pass by. I'll give myself up. I do it for them and for you, for those who don't know how to live without love. I'm a feast to those who don't know how to dream.

I feel an epiphany, as an old woman on her deathbed. My Love and I were well. We devoted so much life to those who didn't need it. So comfortable in our nature; Love-Pain. Are My Love and I too lonely? And no one warned us! Was all the affection and care I vomited on the streets limited? I don't know where my consciousness and all my dusty affection are going. Where am I going? The fat animal that I fed and idolized takes advantage of my insides. Does he know he won't find anything? I've already given it all for free...

My Love could've been a hero and saviour. My Love and I would be free. Now listen! Hear my low pleas die! I'm going and My Love stays; be free, learn and travel a lot. Touch multiple lives and I'll find you in another, in some adrift body. Promise, My Love, remind me and make me remember the pain of not having more. Help my reincarnation to give themselves, be the Love of their lives. Live together in complete harmony, know that there is no limit to knowledge and love.

Nature is alive and no animal is at fault, the one who killed and separated My Love was me. It's okay to take care of yourself. I'm on my knees turning in the stomach of the beast. I beg any God, I explore other Divinities. Make this bloody and thirsty-for-pity death be worth it. Help me move the stone! I'll revive! My Love only needs three days. Enjoy one last time.



No, you can't speak Russian to me

Author: Khrystyna Tsupryk

Editor: Mariana Lameiro

Illustration: Nobre Bastos

As we approach the third year of Russia's brutal invasion of my homeland, Ukraine, I find myself reflecting on the power of language—not just as a tool for communication, but as a weapon in this war for our survival. My only weapon, for now.

I am a 24-year-old Ukrainian woman, and I refuse to speak the language of my enemy. For me, Russian is the language of oppression, violence, and lies. It represents everything I stand against.

This is not a polite essay about linguistic diversity or cultural bridges. I have no interest in those things when it comes to ruzZia. Their tanks, missiles, and propaganda have made sure of that. I won't apologize for my views, nor do I think I'll ever find forgiveness in my heart.

Growing up in Ukraine, I spoke solely Ukrainian. Like many others from my region, Lviv, I was being, unknowingly, ostracized. My favourite cartoons spoke Russian, musicians sang in this language and my grandma's telenovelas were also dubbed in Russian. Russian was everywhere — on TV, in books, in conversations between neighbors. I do not remember learning it — ever — I still understand it perfectly and can speak it with a delightfully atrocious Ukrainian accent, but if there was a “get rid of russian knowledge” lobotomy, I would do it.

Russian was just part of life. I moved to Portugal at just 4 years old. I started both Portuguese and English at the same time, so these two languages I also have no memory of learning. So, you decide which is my second language— my mother tongue is and always will be Ukrainian. At home I speak Ukrainian. I have no accent; I never lost the language. A big thank you goes to my

parents and to their very Galician upbringing.

But everything changed in 2014 when Russia invaded Crimea and started the war in Donbas. Even then, I didn't fully grasp the depth of the problem, I was only 14. At 16, I had what I call my “historical awakening” — I began to read and watch independent Ukrainian documentarians and historians. I was angry. Ukraine had been looted of every historical artefact that could ever “prove” the history of my people. We had been robbed for centuries by Russians. If you don't have any physical artifacts (bulava, crowns, tombs, documents...), you have no History. Your History will be rewritten as the winners wish.

It wasn't until February 24, 2022, when Russia launched its full-scale invasion, that I realized how much language mattered. Suddenly, speaking Russian felt like a betrayal to my country. It felt like giving a piece of myself to the enemy. It made me sick to my stomach. So, I made a choice: I would never speak Russian again.



For me, it wasn't just about patriotism. It was about survival—of my culture, my identity, and my nation. Every word I speak in Ukrainian is a bullet fired at the empire that has spent centuries trying to erase us.

Russian isn't just a language; it's a weapon. It's the tool Russia uses to spread its propaganda, to justify its crimes, and to manipulate the world into believing its lies. When Putin talks about "protecting Russian speakers," what he really means is controlling them. He doesn't care about people; he cares about power. Russian speakers were never harmed in my country, evidenced by the mass culture being spread on TV and such in that language. Language was just a pretext for a sickly imperialistic mind to launch a genocide, all for the egotistical purposes of owning land.

Until the full-scale invasion I was neutral towards Russian speaking Ukrainians. It did bother me that they tried to make it our second official language, I was wrong to think that they were harmless. I thought they were not to blame for their narrow upbringing, again, because of history. Holodomor and such displaced many Ukrainians to Siberia. Many Russians came to occupy those empty homes. The Soviets were to blame for such a big chunk of Ukrainians speaking Russian, or so I thought. I was of the idea that we were a historically divided nation, it is only now that I come to realize that Russians claws were the propaganda that never let us go back to our roots.

I've met people who try to argue that "not all Russians are bad" or that we should separate the people from their government. But I've seen too much. I've heard the stories of children killed by Russian bombs, of women raped by Russian soldiers, of entire cities reduced to rubble. How can I separate the people from the government when so many of them cheer for this war?

This entire long "essay" came to me after a conversation I had in class.

A girl, who proudly stated to be Russian at the beginning of the term, tapped me on my shoulder from the back row. As I looked back, I anticipated the ritual known as the passing of the attendance record. What happened next shook me to my bones. She proceeded to ask me where I was from, in Portuguese. I know this game all too well. I feigned ignorance. "Santarém" I answered. She insisted that she heard me mention I was Ukrainian. "Oh, yes, I was born there." She then proceeds to switch to Russian with a foolhardy grin on her face "So I can ask you in Russian, right?". Every single syllable felt like a bullet fired directly at me. I have anxiety issues; I felt the spike in cortisol immediately, my heart started pounding in my stomach, threatening my lunch to come up and my throat started to close. The whole thing was exacerbated by the fact that I was the first to present my assignment to the whole lecture hall that day. It was a matter of seconds. I have no idea if my face betrayed the boiling of my blood, except for my cheeks. The damn things always go red at the worst timings. I'm proud of myself for not wincing, as I expected Russian speech to come out at any second, otherwise it is a guaranteed jumpscare.

Living in Portugal I feel very sheltered and privileged. I am a fully qualified journalist—I am more than able to sort through propaganda and factually clarify where necessary. I consciously got rid of anything remotely Russian in my life. But you can't run forever. Every time, every single mother-***** time hearing that speech, that nasty nasal intonation, the sickly sweetening of vowels is like a cold plunge into reality. I am working on it as such things are inevitable, but it is not something that will come easy after having lost so much already to Russian greed. Keeping my visceral reaction at bay, and trying to deal with the sheer audacity of that statement, I replied with a forced smile, a resounding, "No".

Her face fell and she tried to communicate what she needed in broken Portuguese. You go girl! We're in Portugal, I command your efforts in learning the native language here. I replied to her quest as cordially as possible and, hands threatening to shake, turned my back on her.

The AUDACITY. The blatant DISREGARD. The mock IGNORANCE of what her country's doing. I do not care, nor do I wish to hear that "your government does not represent you". If you blatantly speak Russian to a Ukrainian, you're at best ignorant and at worst evil. They're TWO different countries, and your assumption only goes to show how deep the propaganda machine got even you, a gen Z. Go touch some grass, girl.

I'm being expressive here, because a keyboard and Word are my best weapons. I live in a democratic country, to each their own, and she was allowed to try. I am also allowed my unwillingness to be more than cordial to such people. I have no patience to be trying to squeeze even an ounce of sympathy for any Russian plight.

When I walk through the streets of my beloved Lviv (yes, I do go back every chance I have, all my family and especially my grandparents are there, despite the war) and hear Ukrainian everywhere, it feels like a victory. Even in places like Kharkiv or Odesa, where Russian used to dominate, people are switching to Ukrainian. It's not always easy—some people struggle with grammar or vocabulary—but they try. And that effort means everything, it means "you will not erase us." I've seen friends who grew up speaking Russian at home make the switch. They tell me it feels liberating, that speaking Ukrainian should have been an obvious thing all along. For many of us, speaking Ukrainian is no longer just a choice, it's a duty. Thus, to me now, Russian speakers continue to align themselves with that greedy empire, they are complicit. They are part of the problem.

They cling to their ignorance, refusing to see the truth about what that (abomi)nation has done and continues to do. Some might call my views extreme. They might say I'm full of hate. And they're right—I am. I hate what Russia has done to my country. I hate their lies, their arrogance, their refusal to take responsibility. I hate their culture of violence and their glorification of the concept of an "empire".

But most of all, I hate their ignorance. The way they refuse to see us as human beings, as a nation with our own language, history, and identity. They mock our language, our traditions, our pain. Well, I exist. We exist. And we're not going anywhere.

Three years into this war, I've seen incredible resilience from my fellow Ukrainians. Our language has become a symbol of our strength and unity. It's no longer just the language of poets (who were murdered because they dared utter it) and folk songs; it's the language of soldiers, activists, and survivors.

If you're reading this and you're not Ukrainian, I hope you understand what's at stake. This isn't just a war over territory or politics; it's a war over identity. When you learn a few words in Ukrainian or share a Ukrainian song, you're helping us fight.

You're showing the world that our culture matters, that our language matters, that we matter.

And if you're Ukrainian, my message is simple: Speak your language. Even if it's hard, even if you're not fluent, even if you're surrounded by Russian speakers—speak Ukrainian. It's the most powerful weapon we have. And donate, but this one is obvious.

I refuse to speak the language of my enemy. I refuse to give them that power. My voice, my words, and my language belong to Ukraine—and no one else. May my descendants forgive you all, but may they also never forget. So no. If you are ruZZian, don't you even dare speak to me!

Your Giulia

Author: Carson
Editor: Lourenço Ramos
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

My dear,

16th May 1651

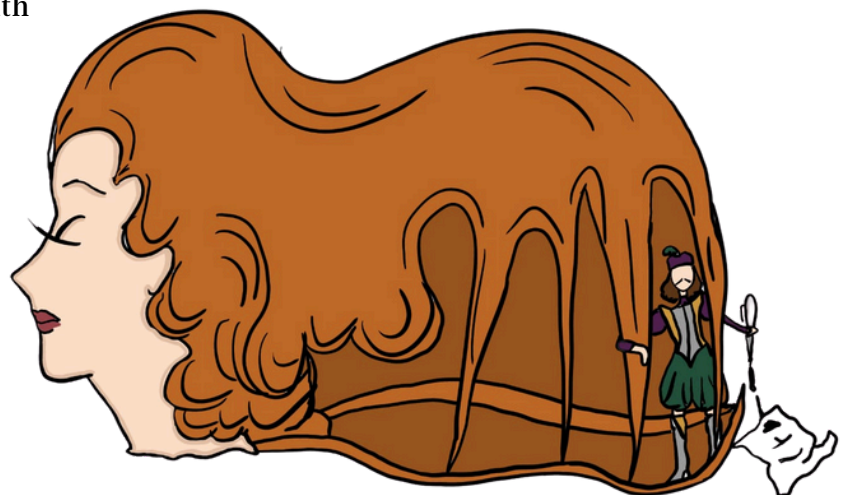
I am writing to you from the cell I've been held in for the past few weeks. I will not burden you with details, as I am sure you already know what goes on in here. Funnily enough, I don't feel too frightened, but instead, I find myself almost at peace with my situation — maybe it's the work of my surroundings — not the room I'm kept in itself, but what lies beyond; from the tiny window-like space on the wall, from which I can see the mountains. Their peaks still shielded from the sun by the lingering remembrances of snow and, at its bottom, endless rows of olive trees, now heavy with produce. But that's not why I'm writing to you. I only need to address two matters and unburden myself to you.

Firstly addressing the most trivial issue (if you can call it that), in regards to our poison: destroy whatever is left of it; no one must know how to produce it, as to avoid it being used inadequately. It holds too much power for it to fall into the wrong hands. But that is not the main and sole reason for me to be writing this to you. Yes, I am entrusting you with this very urgent task, but I do not wish to waste paper and ink on such matters anymore, all I would like to do now is address you, directly, while I still can. I find myself not regretting having been caught and put in my cage, but rather not having given you all of me, always. It's funny, now that I can't reach you, is when I feel the most plagued by these little moments: the natural tenderness that sprang from you, even in the harshest of situations; the tingling I used to feel every time our hands would meet; the way my name rolled so naturally off of your tongue, like each syllable had its own special meaning and significance. I've been turning in my head both the time we spent together as well as the time we spent apart, for the sole reason of trying to find any real value in my life before you. It holds no true purpose though, seeing as I finally know the main difference: it was with you that I truly lived, truly felt alive. All I wish to do now is to hold you one more time before my time comes.

I was foolish enough to take those things for granted, those sacred gestures. But now, however absurd it may be, I can see things clearly, perhaps for the first time in years, and know for certain that you and only you were my life's purpose, and our relationship my life's work.

I can hear the men walking the path to my cell so I must hide this letter. I will try to write more if the circumstances see fit.

With all my love,
Your Giulia



My burger

Author: Ricardo Cerdeira
Translation: Ricardo Cerdeira

I hate my life. Today was really one of those days in which everything went wrong for me and I should have just hibernated. My alarm didn't go off — or maybe I didn't hear it, even though I was 20 cm away — but when I woke up, it felt like the world was going to end. There are no words to describe the infinite energy that made me levitate to the wardrobe, get dressed, wash my face, comb my hair, pack my backpack and dash out the door! Protein shakes for what?! And all that was going through my head was leaving the house and running. It was *Need for Speed* but on foot in Amadora.

I did get to the train on time. It was crowded — of course — but because it was morning, it gave me a certain comfort. How many of those people were having a morning as bad or worse than mine? Nothing is lost. It's still morning.

I take back what I said. As soon as the train door opened, my backpack got stuck between the door and the accessibility ramp. I was fully stuck! I had to take the straps off and pull and pull the backpack until the door opened all the way!

When I finally got to class, I was late. As soon as I stepped into the room, I felt the professor's judgmental gaze. I couldn't even apologise, I was so embarrassed and out of breath. How disgusting! And that's when I take my stuff out of my bag and realise that the computer screen won't turn on... THE TRAIN DOOR BROKE THE INSIDE OF THE SCREEN! I dissociated. I wanted to cry. I seriously considered leaving the room, pretending to have to go to the toilets, but having arrived late, it would be even worse. I know it sounds extremely materialistic, but that was one of the lowest moments of my entire life...

I felt the weight of this trauma called 'morning' until the end of the hours that so slowly passed by. Only a few minutes passed every time I turned on my phone to check the time.

By the time I was heading home, the day seemed lost. I pulled my warm coat tighter around me, sighing deeply. That's when I spotted a small burger place on the corner. I had passed by there about a hundred times, but I had never paid much attention to it. Today, however, the warm glow of neon stood out against the gray sky. I deserved a cheeky treat!

The smell hit me instantly: grilled meat, melted cheese, toasted buns, and just a hint of crispy chips. It was the kind of scent that enveloped me, comforting and nostalgic. I hadn't realised how hungry I was until my stomach let out a loud, protesting growl. I glanced at the menu, but already knew what I wanted: a classic burger, nothing fancy, just something simple and satisfying. I placed my order and sat by the window, watching people like raindrops down the glass. The heat of the restaurant could be felt in my bones, thawing the chill that had settled inside me all day. A soft hum of conversation filled the space, mixed with the occasional rattle of the grill. It was peaceful in a way I didn't expect.

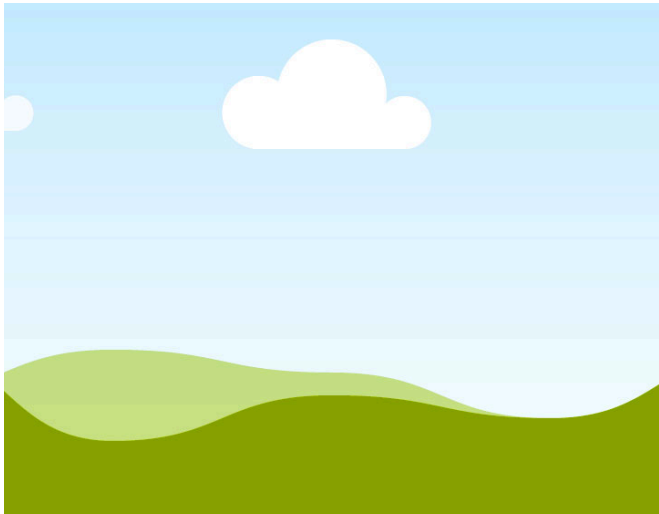
When my food arrived, my eyes lit up: a perfectly assembled burger, golden chips piled on the side, and a cold soda with drops of condensation running down the glass. It looked like a television commercial. I took the first bite and everything changed completely.

The flavours exploded in my mouth: the juicy, perfectly seasoned beef burger, slightly crispy on the outside but soft and juicy on the inside. Rich, melted cheese cascaded down the sides, pairing perfectly with a touch of house-made hot sauce. The crisp lettuce and fresh tomato added a refreshing crunch, while the lightly sweet and buttery brioche bun held everything together in perfect harmony. Each bite was a decadent, mouth-watering delight, the perfect balance of texture and flavour.

The hot, golden chips on the side were equally remarkable: crispy on the outside, soft on the inside, and perfectly salted. Each bite felt like a little slice of happiness, something warm and familiar in a day that had been nothing but chaos. It was funny how something so simple could change things. For the first time that day, I actually allowed myself to enjoy the moment.

It wasn't just the food that soothed me — though it certainly helped — it was the act of taking a break, of treating myself to something simple but wonderful. The day had brought me everything it could, but here I was, ending on a small but significant high note.

I wasn't sad. I was hungry.



XXX

XXX

Lindley Cintra 100 years

It's celebrated on March 5th Lidley Cintra's 100th anniversary. Cintra stood out internationally through his thesis in dialectology, grammar and politics in Portuguese language. In addition to his academic life, he actively participated in the democratic resistance during the 1962 crisis and during the April 25th revolution. The exhibit Lindley Cintra 100 years celebrates his unique career at the university where he was a student and professor (available until May 31st) at the University's Rectory.



WORD FINDER



Did you enjoy this issue?

Think you'll be able to find the words from in the word finder?

W	G	A	R	Z	E	P	A	N	C	A	K	E	S
U	I	C	W	S	G	F	R	U	S	S	I	A	N
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ACCESSIBILITY

ASSASSINATION

EMOTIONS

GIULIA

ART

PANCAKES

EXPLOSION

BURGER

INSOMNIA

NOTHING

STEPS

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DEATH

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