

# A day in the life: Camila

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“Come on Camila, get up, you don’t want to be late to school,” my mother softly spoke shaking me awake.

“Just one more minute,” I grumbled rolling over.

“Camila!” my mother snapped. Now, I was awake and so, my day began.

*The lights are probably shining through the windows right now, aren’t they? Of course I personally cannot see them because I have cataract- cataract is the closing of the lenses - which means I am legally blind.* I hopped out of bed and felt my way to the kitchen table through brushing my hands against the old, peeling, mildew filled wall to find my way-ewe. I plopped down in my oh-so wobbly chair and held my food to try to figure out what it was. It felt like toast, which was a real treat. *Never mind,* I told myself, crying. The tears swelled up and rolled down my cheeks. it was stale and moldy no good bread- for the third time this week.

When I am done eating “breakfast” and getting dressed, I slam our front door closed and walk to my bus stop. It seemed like **FOREVER** until the bus arrived . The bus ride isn’t better either. The bus jerked every time we hit a pothole. Most of the drive was on a dirt road so it was very shaky with all the rocks. It takes over an hour to get to my school. My school is for children who are special. I don’t want to say disabled because as a ten year-old girl, I believe that one day I will be like all other children.

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The bus gets to school and our bell-ringer was to read a passage. I read the passage in braille since I can't see. Then, we wrote in our journal about the future and what it may hold. I wrote,

"I got home from school to see my mother crying. All she did was point to inside the shack. I was scared half to death. Then I was it. Boxes were everywhere. In it they held food, water, new clothes, and then I noticed something. It was the business card of the surgeon who had fixed my eyes. The people were fixing rest of my life. I sprinted to mother as fast as I could; I thought my heart would burst out.

'Oh mother, isn't this wonderful!' I screamed with joy.

'I can't believe people cared enough to make a difference in the rest of someone's life' she said. Tears of happiness were glistening in her eyes. 'That someone is you Camila.'" I sat in my seat dawning on if any one would ever care to make a difference in my life. *Well, they could if the had the heart to do it.*

The day had gone by so quick. Diner was the same as breakfast, except for one thing. I didn't cry. I had realized that maybe someday in time that I would be helped by an individual with a tender heart. I get in bed and am tucked in by mother.

"I love you Camila," my mom whispers tucking me into bed.

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“I love you to mom,” I said yawning. I don’t know if tomorrow I will be helped by an individual or in five years. I just know that someone besides my mom in this world cares about me.