

"Help! HELP!" I scream, waking up to darkness. I thought that maybe it was still dark out when I woke up, but I cannot see even an outline of the couch I slept on that night. My aunt who is the closest thing I have to a mother comes rushing in to see if I was hurt, but when she touches my face I *know* that something is wrong.

"Oh, Camila..." She weeps as she holds me against her, and says that we must hurry and get a doctor to fix my eyes.

At the doctor's house, he comes in to tell my aunt that he can't fix blindness. *Wait*, I thought, *did he just say...blind? Like the creepy old man that hold a cup and begs at the corner of my school building?* I was saddened to think of not being able to be normal. Now, everywhere I went I would be stared at for being different. I would be stared at for not being able to stare back. I would probably lose all my friends and have to go to another school.

"Aunt Kaey?" I reached for her, and her hand held mine. Another down side to being blind: you don't ever know where you are. "I'm sorry for being blind." She giggled at me and I felt worse.

"My sweet child, Camila, this is not your fault," she squeezed my hand delicately. "Tomorrow you will wake up and all of this will be much bet--"

I interrupted her, "I don't want to lose you; I don't wanna be lost in the market or at home," I sobbed into her chest until we were outside and walking home.

She held me tight as we made our way home from the doctor's house, telling me how much better I would be the next morning, but I sadly believed her. After we got home, I went to sleep hoping that my sight was just a horrible nightmare and I knew that is I woke up everything would be just a terrible joke my sleeping brain played.

Alas, the next time I awoke(I don't know if it was night or evening or whatever it time it was), I came to face my fate. I was going to be stuck like this forever. I would never get to see my aunt age or know what it looked like when I kissed my husband on the day of our wedding. I was lost, completely shattered from how my lie was now just a shadow of what it had once been. But I don't regret how sorry I felt when I lost my sight, because I had also lost a part of who I was and my newly found anti-sight was shaping me new. Call it Camila Recycling.

The strange thing about being blind is you get to see more than the person that can see. I know that is very confusing but it makes complete sense to me. My blindness led me to discover what I wanted to do with my life now, and it gave me plans for the future. Don't you wanna be blind too?