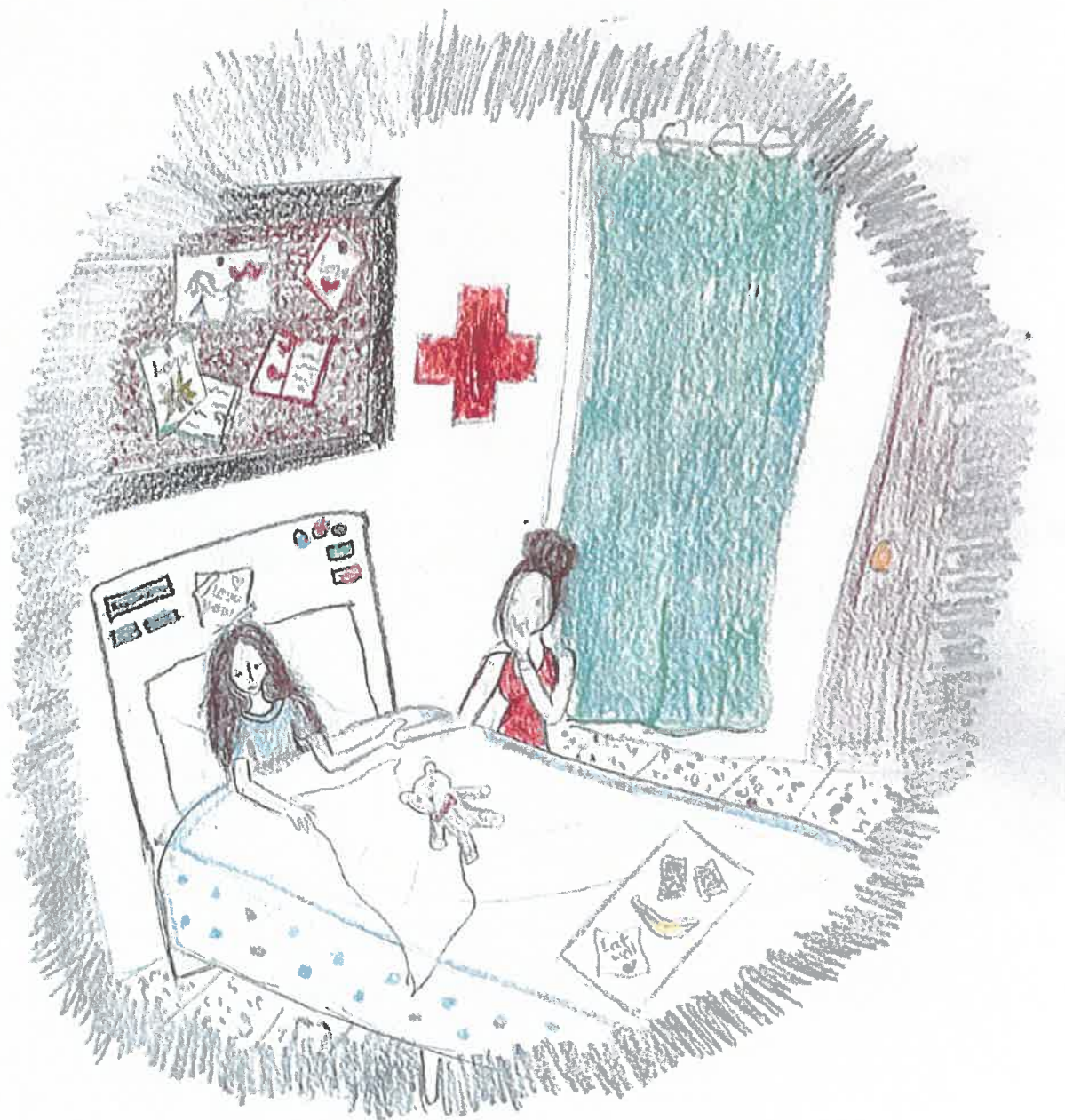


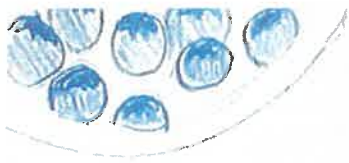
# One in a Million

By Ivy Ware

Hi, my name is Heidi, and I am blind. On the day I turned six years old, my world went black. Why? All I did was blow out my candles, and that's how it started.



It's been a couple years, but my mom still carries a frown on her face. Now I'm stuck in bed with my head turned towards the ceiling. "Heidi! Come eat!" my dad shouted. I got up and felt around on the soft padding and sponge covering the railing. As I made my way down slowly, I breathed in the faint smell of vegetable soup. I hated soup, but I didn't want to put another hole in my parents' heart where there already was one.



My mom helped me into my “special” seat. I felt like a baby when I was in it, but it was for my own safety. I slouched into the seat’s cushion and scooped up a slight amount of steamy broth. It’s hard remembering what Mom looks like since it’s been almost six years since I’ve seen my parents, but she helps me more than anyone. I reached out to grab my glass of milk and... Crack! Small shards of glass scatter on my leg as cold liquid follows. I sit there helpless. How am I going to make it through my first day of school tomorrow?



My fingers press against the rusted braille telling me where homeroom is. I crack the door open as a crinkled-up paper ball hits me right in the eyes. I feel around on my fresh paper cut slicing right across my nose. A soft giggle comes from the far end of the room. I wade through the desks bumping into someone. "Watch it!" they yell. My face turns as red as a cherry. I run out of the room and sit down in the corner of a bathroom stall. I feel around for the lock and something to dry my face with. I ball up some toilet paper and press it where there is blood and tears. "Why do I have to be blind," I mumble as a shaky sound comes from my mouth. "Why can't I just be normal!" I can hear soft clicking noises get louder as they reach the bathroom door. "Heidi, are you in there?" says the principal in a

sweet voice. I can tell who she is by her tone. She pushes open the door. "It's okay, I'm calling your mom right now."



I wait outside on a bench for Mom when I hear the wheels halt by the sidewalk. I get in  
gloomily, then we head to the park. I stepped onto the soggy grass topped with dew and  
breath in fresh air. We walk and she wipes a tear away. Then, she lifts my hand to a leafy  
tree. "You are just like a tree. They can't see, but each leaf accepts each other's differences,"  
My mom says. "Do you need to talk?" I tap her lightly on the shoulder and point to the car.  
I wanted to go back. A couple minutes later, we arrive at school. I get to class and hear a  
soft voice. "Hi, I'm Lyla. Nice to meet you." I smiled faintly. "Nice to meet you too."

