

# THE LIGHT OF THE BLIND

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Black. Only black. Cecelia sat behind Summer, hugged Summer lightly, her hands were covering Summer's eyes.

Summer smiled, "Stop doing this, I can't see anything at all."

Cecelia didn't answer. Summer felt strange. Usually Cecelia would answer her, but this time, Cecelia seemed a bit weird. Nervous spread her body, Summer asked, "What's wrong? Can you put your hands down? Cecelia?"

"What..." Cecelia whispered in Summer's ears, "Can you see?"

Summer started to feel afraid, but she knew she needed to calm down. So she said, "I can't see anything. My eyes are covered."

"That's how I see the world." Cecelia's voice became louder, "Nothing. Only black. I have to walk slowly to avoid falling. People don't understand me. They think I'm strange and laugh at me. I don't want to be like this."

She softly touched Summer's eyes, "Summer, you know what, I always want to see the world again, eagerly."

"It's not the point." Summer knew she had to say something to distract Cecelia, "You don't have to be like everyone else. I mean, they can still understand you. Maybe there are some bad guys, but most people are kind. Like, like me." Summer spread a weak smile, "We are friends, right? We are friends."

"But we are going to different university." Cecelia mumbled, "We're going to separate."

"Doesn't matter. I can still come and see you. We can still play together, like we used to do. We are still friends, no matter where I am." Summer shook her head quickly. She didn't have to do what she had said, she only needed to make Cecelia believe. As long as Cecelia believed, she could walk away safely, and that would be their last meet. She couldn't put herself into risk.



“Really?” Cecelia seemed to be hesitated, and Summer quickly added, “Of course. I won’t lie to you. Everyday. I’ll come to see you everyday. Even if we are at different schools, we can still play together.” Cecelia slowly put down her hands. Summer was relieved. She continued, “We are friends, we are always friends. You don’t need to doubt about it.”

“No doubt?” Cecelia mumbled. She suddenly raised her hands and covered Summer’s eyes hardly, her voice was cold, “But I can’t believe.”

Summer didn’t know what had happened. Suddenly everything became black. She was afraid, so afraid that she said without thinking, “You have to believe.” Then she realized this wasn’t a good way to comfort Cecelia, so she quickly added, “I mean, I’m always your friend, I’m always with you, no matter what.”

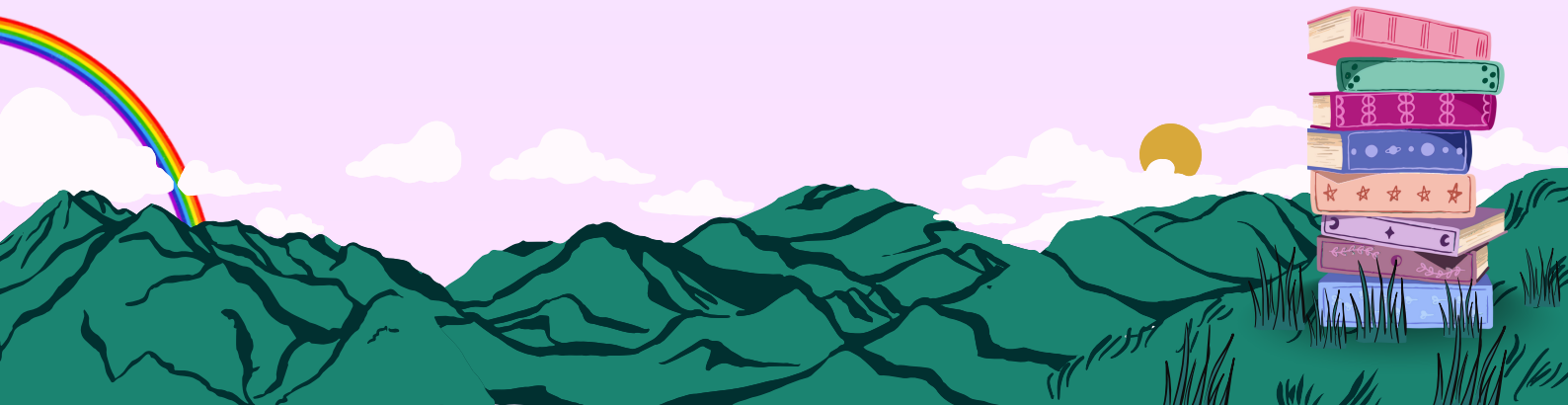
“Sounds good, but why?” Cecelia sneered, “Why do I have to trust you? Trust a tiny probability? I only trust truth, and the truth is that you are afraid.” Her voice suddenly lowed, but it seemed more frightened, “Afraid me. Yes. You are afraid of a blind girl, who may do something really bad, really unexpected.”

“No, I’m not.” Summer wanted to protest, but Cecelia didn’t listen to her. She touched Summer’s eyes softly, her voice was as soft as marshmallows, “It’s okay. It’s okay to be afraid. After all, even myself don’t know what I’ll do to you. Maybe, cut your eyes out?”

She smiled, and whispered in Summer’s ears, “Do you know how I become blind?”

Summer knew Cecelia wasn’t born blind. It was Cecelia’s secret, but she told Summer. At that time Cecelia said she was hit, but now it seemed like it wasn’t the truth. Summer wondered the truth, but something told her the truth was not good.

Cecelia didn’t give her the chance, “When I was at primary school, I met a blind girl. She was pitiful, born blind, and she had no friends. I felt sad for her, so I became her friend.”



It all seemed normal here, but Summer knew it wouldn't be this easy. Cecelia stopped for a second, then asked, "Do you believe magic is real?"

Summer hesitated, and Cecelia continued, "On the last day, she told me she has a magic. A terrible magic."

"It was called swap."

Cecelia smiled, she smiled so hardly that tears started to run down from her cheek, "Yes. SWAP. She swapped her eyes with mine. From that day on, my world become black. I can't see, can't read, can't write. I'm blind. While she, having my eyes, having my world, having my LIFE!" She roared at the last sentence.

Surprised. And pitiful. That were all Summer could think about. It was hard to believe. Somehow Summer felt sad for Cecelia. She had done nothing wrong, she just at the wrong time, the wrong place, had a wrong friend. Summer wanted to comfort, but she knew it was useless. No one could comfort Cecelia. Her pain was deep inside, where no one could reach. Summer didn't think she could.

Cecelia closed her eyes, "I always want my eyes back, but I can't. That betrayer, she ran away once she had my eyes. I can't find her. It was okay. I can still have eyes, if I want."

She slowly grabbed Summer's eyes.

"Don't!" Summer knew she needed to calm down, but she couldn't. Cecelia wanted her eyes. Her brain worked quickly, and Summer quickly said, "You can't have my eyes. You don't have magic."

"No." Cecelia slowly shook her head, "No, I do."

Suddenly, Summer could feel it. The power. The power Cecelia was always hiding. Cecelia was right, she had magic, and she could have Summer's eyes once she used her magic. Summer bit her lips. She was going to become blind, but before that, she had a question, "May I have a question?"

"Ask." Cecelia touched Summer's eyes lightly.

"What," Summer hesitated a bit, she was scared, but she was really wondered, so she used all her courage to ask, "What's your magic?"



“Want to know?” Cecelia smiled, again, she flipped Summer’s eyes.

“It’s called Copy.”

Cecelia whispered, in Summer’s eyes, “Copy a magic that I’ve seen or experienced. And, coincidentally, I had experienced a magic. It’s just the effect is not as good as the original magic. If I copy SWAP and swap our eyes,” Her fingernails scratched Summer’s eyes lightly, “I’ll be mild myopia. But it’s enough to see the world.”

“Summer, I know you’re mad at me.” She suddenly stopped scratching, her voice was gentle and kind, but Summer only felt cold, “How do you feel when you know the truth? Angry? Sad? Unbelievable? Or even hatred? Doesn’t matter. Feel free to hate me. I don’t care.”

“Why do you want your eyes so eager?” Summer couldn’t depress her emotions anymore, she yelled, “That’s my eyes, not yours. You have no rights to do it. I...” Her eyes slowly became red, “I always thought that we are friends!”

Cecelia could easily use her magic and stopped this farce, and Summer couldn’t beat her. She didn’t. Instead, she said, softly, calmly, “I know.”

“And you are still going to do this? To betray me?” Summer mumbled, “Or maybe you never betrays, you never think that I’m your friend, you just want my eyes.”

“Whatever you thinks, I’m not going to change my mind.” Cecelia slowly shook her head. She seemed to calm down and became a bit normal, but she was still scary, no matter for her action or her words.

“It’s my last chance.”

Summer ran.

She had to run. If not, Cecelia would use her magic and have Summer’s eyes. She didn’t want to give her eyes to others. Summer ran as fast as she could, but then she realized something weird. She didn’t hear footsteps. Summer slowed down and looked back. Cecelia didn’t run. She just stood there, her eyes fixed at Summer, as if she was looking at her. She was calm. Not crazy. Not angry. She just stood there silently, like a child that was abandoned by the world.



Summer bit her lips and continued running. She couldn't trust Cecelia anymore. Safety was the most important thing. When she went back home, she would delete all the things that related to Cecelia, and pretended Cecelia was not her friend, not alive, never been to the world.

It was raining. Cecelia looked down. Her last chance was gone, but she wasn't angry. In fact, she wanted to smile, to sing, to dance, to show the world that she was not beaten down. And she smiled. Heavy raindrops hit her body, but she didn't fall. She just stood there, her smile was the most ironic thing to the world, the world that had let her down.

The rain became bigger. Cecelia closed her eyes, then opened it again. She said, "You're here."

"I'm always here." A voice said. It was a man, stood beside Cecelia. Strange. Last second he was still not there. Now he was looking at Cecelia, and a bit confused, "I wonder why you give up your chance."

"I didn't give up." Cecelia said, "As you see, she ran away, and I'm blind. I can't catch her."

"You don't have to say that much to her. You can just use your magic and tell her later. You're giving chance to her." The man was not silly, but he was still confused, "Why?"

"She's my friend." Cecelia said softly, "Always."

"Kaiya is your friend, but she swap her eyes with yours. She was blind, and now you are blind too. Why didn't you do that to your friend?"

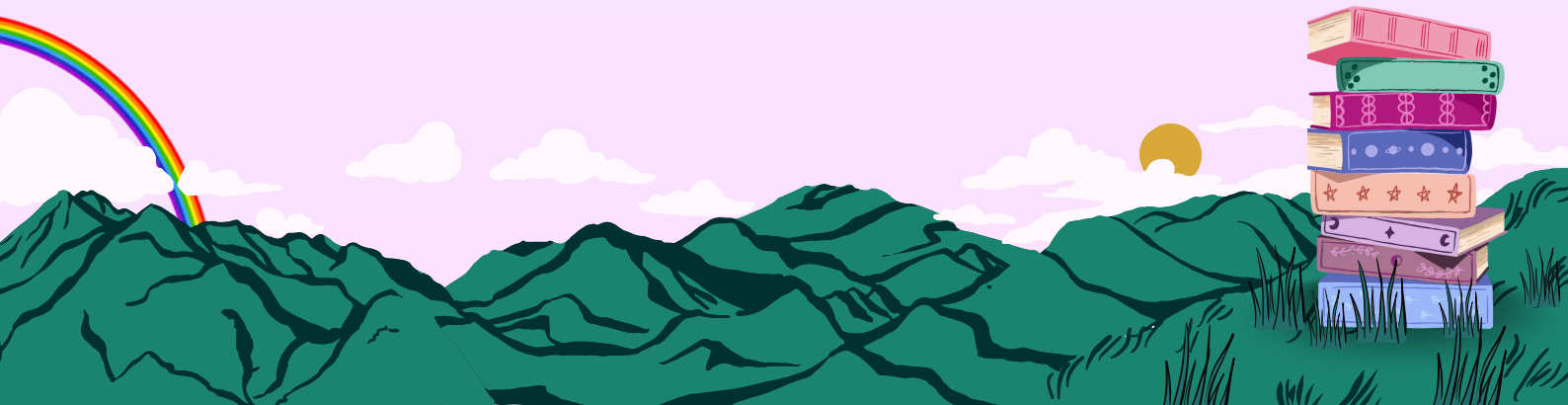
Cecelia smiled, "You know what, we've met before, when I finished my first year in intermediate school, and she asked the same question."

Six years ago, Cecelia stood there, her eyes were gray.

"Kaiya." She said slowly, "Nice to meet you."

Kaiya looked at Cecelia. Her eyes were a bit strange, as if it was seamed to the face. After a long time of silence, Kaiya mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"You are born blind, you want to see the world, I can understand." Cecelia slowly said, "But why? Why do you swap my eyes with yours? I help you. I walk you home. I didn't do anything wrong. Why do I have to bear all these things?"





Kaiya was sorry, but she didn't understand, "You don't have to be blind. You can swap your eyes with that girl. I can help you with it if you want to. This may be your last chance."

"That's how we are different." Cecelia turned body, "I'm not going to make others blind just because I'm blind. I've seen the world, I know how beautiful it is, so I want others to see it, and I don't want others to have the same pain like me. You are different. You don't know what the world is like, you want to see it so eagerly that you swap eyes with me. I can understand, but I can't forgive."

"And I don't need the betrayer's help." She said coldly, "Get away."

Back to now, Cecelia looked at the man, she slowly smiled, "You're there on that day, you've heard what I've said, and I don't want to repeat it."

"The world doesn't treat you good, but you still love it?" The man asked.

"Ever heard Rabindranath Tagore? He has a famous quote that I like."

Cecelia said slowly, "The world has kissed my soul with its pain, asking for its return in songs."

"Of course you don't know." Cecelia sneered, "After all, you're only a devil. You won't, and never will, truly understand us humans."

"I'm not devil." The devil said coldly, "I'm the god."

"God won't give us the evil magic." Cecelia shook her head, "They won't even look down their throne."

"Whatever you thinks." The devil turned body, and disappeared. Cecelia still stood there, raindrops washed her completely.

At last, no one was left. Kaiya, Summer, the devil. They all left.

It was okay. She still had parents, neighbors, herself, and the world.

Cecelia opened the door, and walked inside the house.

Her life had no light.

Didn't matter.

She was light herself.

