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Be Careful What You Wish For

By: Jaida Dusel

You're not living if you can't experience the dazzling colors of life, it's a necessity, that you can't live without. My name is Isabelle-Rose. I have a medical condition called Achromatopsia, that's where all you can see are only black, white, and in some cases, gray. This makes life incredibly boring, because, well, it's hard to explain, just think about this, if you were a bird limited to one yard of screaming pasture, would you want to break into the forest? I overthink everything. I love to think. If you give me a piece of paper, I can pour my soul out into twenty paragraphs, and still need to write. I can't be a fiction author, because I don't make up stories, I tell everything that is true, and try to explain it. I tell you my deepest thoughts. My eyes are locked to the paper, and I forget about everything else on the planet. All I need is my brain, and my deep soul. When it feels like I've been writing for hours, I glance at the clock, two minutes. I take a deep, harsh breath of reality.

Tomorrow is my first day of sixth grade and I think I'm going to wear this shirt with the ruffles and...

"Isabelle! Are you picking out your clothes yet?" my mother boomed.

"Yes, Mother!" I replied.

I look at the picture of the rainbow on my ceiling, wishing that even if it was just a dream, I could see those colors I longed for; a warm, salty tear dove down my cheek onto my gray shirt (at

least I thought it was gray). *I wish, more than anything, even if it was a dream, I could see color.* I looked around at my room, each wall was a slightly different shade of gray, sometimes I inquire, what are colors? I lock my eyes on a dark tree outside, as I think about things, things you don't think about. Things like, why do citizens choose to trap themselves though the whole time expanding your vocabulary, burgeoning your brain? Language is endless. Why limit yourself to only outputting a shivering sentence once? We only have so long on this wonderful earth, why do we follow rules, or try to impress someone?

Tonight my mom demanded that I be in bed before 9:00, because I almost forgot, the first day of school is tomorrow! I climbed into bed a few minutes early because I wanted to read my favorite book. It doesn't have pictures because I hate books with color pictures. When I was a kid, I would stare in envy at the gray, black and white illustration. *I know you always want what you don't have, but, I'm an exception, well, not really. I love all my senses equally, but then again I do because I cherish every sense.*

"Time to get up sweetie!"

"Are you sure mom, already?" I should've gone to bed at 8:00! I curled my (black?) hair in momma's curling iron, I pulled on my ruffy shirt and black, stretchy yoga pants. My mother brushed my hair and put it up into a (light gray?) scrunchie. "Plop plop plop..." my feet felt heavy on the dark gray floor, like an elephant, with feet heavier than its graceful reflection. The girl as slow as a sloth, feeling no reason implied to hurry, stomped to the room humdrum to most activity seekers.. I sat down in my white, fluffy chair as the bright sun touched my forehead and black and white images flash underneath my eyelids, a pain split down my

back as I tried to imagine color. It was impossible. *I can't describe the feeling to need to do something, but you can't. You have probably felt this feeling, but this feeling, you don't remember feeling. It's like trying to imagine a new color, or dreaming that you're going to heaven. You can't think of something you don't know. It's impossible.*

And it hurts me like a knife down through my skull to say, this that would never in my hopefully many years left to the time of a great passing, will color fill my eyes. It is as if a thirsting mouth to the purest water known to the great Niagara Falls, but you could just taste its mist.

"Let's go Isabelle!" mom belted.

"I'm coming!" I boomed.

Then, I thought about what my first day would be like, what if they laugh at me? In a blink of an eye I was at my new school, my teacher greeted me. I even half smiled back. But I'm not sure about this school, I see a lot of kids who I'm pretty sure are very loud in class.

The day started moving along fine, but at recess, something unpredictable happened. *It felt like the whole world was moving in slow motion, and I remember seeing my body dropping to the ground, like a dead leaf that couldn't control it's fall.* Although, I don't remember what it felt like. I looked around at all the black and white faces around me going blurry, as it all went dark. I gathered my strength to peel open my eyes, as I looked around, but I wasn't at school anymore, I was somewhere, somewhere that felt like I was in a dream. But I was aware of myself, so, I was sure I wasn't dreaming. I found myself in a field, on a bench but wait, there was a letter.

The letter said, "Dear Isabelle-Rose, I have arranged a quest for you to prove, that you are worthy of color. Go through the door next to you, and your wish may be granted.

"Huh? I wonder what they mean." But surely, there was a three foot tall door next to me. It was some sort of wood, it was dark, but not black. I was so desperate, "Gulp!" I crawled through. I looked around, all I saw were beautiful, gray trees. I walked around before I plopped my exhausted head onto my newly manicured hands for what I think was just a few minutes. At that moment, I knew that this was the start of an adventure that would change my life forever.

Then, suddenly, I found another note, it was plastered to one of the five foot wide trees. The letter spoke, "Dear Isabelle-Rose, find the green gem hidden in these trees. You have two days to find it. Sincerely, anonymous." So, I looked and looked as it felt like time wasn't passing, but this time, that was excellent. It was the weirdest thing, it felt like I could breathe, but my chest wasn't moving, I had only a speck of encouraging hope, filling my overwhelmed body, I missed my family, I wondered if I would ever return to the life I had come to love.

"Why? Why do I have to go through torture to be truly happy? Everybody else receives it for free!" I scream at the trees.

"Maybe, you are not like everybody else? Maybe you are special. Maybe you are something everyone else is not," murmured the wind.

I devoured the gross, salty sweat that had formed on my lips.

As I found a small sparkle hidden in the dirt, my fingertips froze with excitement. I finally found it, with only one hour to

spare. There in the jungle, I waited until the time was up. When it was, a voice exclaimed, "Please trust me, put the gem on your head and you will see color." Hearing those words felt like eating the creamiest, richest chocolate I had ever tasted; was there really hope that I could see color? I placed the crystal on my head. Finally, my eyes peeled open as I saw my mother in front of me, I saw something, something I had dreamed of for years, and something that would stay with me my whole life, something called color. She was wearing an olive shirt and jeans as blue as the ocean. I could not express what I was feeling. My eyes were plastered open and tears of joy dripped onto my purple shirt. I jumped two feet high out of the hospital bed and gave my mom a giant hug like a grizzly bear. I smiled and...

"It's time to get up, honey," my mom spoke.

I opened my eyes and saw nothing but gray, black and white. I felt like I hadn't eaten in five years. I felt my heart drop to my feet and ooze out of my toes. It was the worst disappointment of my life. Be careful what you wish for.

