

If dreams are seen through the human eye, then I have lost my sight. I am afraid that I am nearsighted and have a stigmatism...the doctors will say I just "can't focus." What do the doctors know anyway...eye doctors, lung doctors, shrinks, they are all the same. People who think they have a logical reason for everything. An answer. And it seems to me every thing they think of is the closest to a lie...the first conclusion. "She has a disease. That must be it!" "her mother died when she was just a baby, that's the reason she needs a man to hold her so tight," or "she watched her older sister cry after the 'perfect man' hurt her, that's why she can't trust." My favorites are the ones, the lost ones that the scientific geniuses cannot explain. The ones that hide so well nothing seem to fit them, even their freckles on their skin seem to slide off their faces, and even the hair from their eyelashes mislead. They sprout long to take attention away from the eye. Look too closely in the eye, and they would be "discovered." Doctors never look in your eye anyway. They look in your mouth, frown at your tongue ring, and then tell you to say ah.

"AAAAAAAAAAH"

"You seem to be doing well, so... tell me how you like college?"

"Its okay I guess. It took a lot of getting used to."

"Oh well the first year is always the toughest...you have all that adjusting to do, you know?"

Oh, I adjusted alright, I adjusted to boys that only want sex, girls that can drink alcohol like it is water, and weeks that consist of classes, classes, classes, no spirit weeks.

"Yeah, I learned a lot."

I learned that you can just walk out of Wal-Mart without paying for a thing, I learned how to stand up straight even after I had passed my maximum limit of alcohol intake, and I learned how to make a cramp in my leg a perfectly legitimate reason to skip class.

"Well, good. I am glad you are doing all right for yourself."

"Yeah me too, I like it."

I hate it.

"So how about those grades...how ya think you did? Finished out okay I hope?"

"Yeah... I did okay."

I failed three courses, dropped one, and got one C.

"Good, good. You have any questions for me? You seem to be in good health, all we need from you today is a sample of blood and you can get that and go."

"Well, it really isn't a question, but I was wondering if I could talk about maybe, I mean the possibility of getting this removed. I mean I have been thinking, and I think, I mean I KNOW I am really well...and I feel good. So I am guessing that's a good thing right?"

I watched my doctor sort of frown at me like he was angry and disappointed in me that I would even ask the question. He saw over five hundred patients, but yet I always felt like he was a second father for me. Maybe I am wrong, but when I was diagnosed, he came to my rescue and I mean, I feel like he loves me. When I was little I always wanted to make him proud. I sat on the check-up bed and sort of moved around on the crinkled paper because I felt ashamed that he was now frowning at me.

"Now, Victoria, why would you want to do that? You know what a safety net it is. What happens when you get sick?"

"If I get sick I would just do what I did when I was little. I promise."

"We'll see, I'll send Amy so you can talk about it with her. How about that?"

I talked to Amy about it three months ago.

“Okay, that’s fine.”

“Keep up the good work, Victoria, see you in three months.”

I left before I could talk to Amy; I knew all she would promise were empty and fake. She put me on this meal plan last time. It was supposed to help me keep the weight on, so I could maybe stay at one hundred and six instead of ninety-nine, the number I could never escape from. I weighed in today at one hundred three. Now I think this to be a huge success. It is recorded in my medical chart as a ‘nice try, but no cigar.’ Well not technically recorded as that, but basically that’s what they think as they gather in their medical room and sit around examining my medical chart. I mean I just think if they would just looked in my eyes, if they just do that, well then they would know and talking about it would seem stupid cause they would know I have healthy eyes.

“Mile... Victoria Mile?”

I stand up as I hear my name. I hate getting blood drawn. Needles scare me, which is quite an embarrassment for me to admit now. When I was around eight years old my mom told me that I had never once cried while getting an IV in, blood drawn, or a shot. I secretly told myself that story over and over again. I was one month old when I received my first IV. Now I am nineteen years old and my palms are sweating as I start to visualize the “butterfly needle.” I am desperately wishing I was a coward when I was younger so i could at least get away with a little whimper now. But no, I have a record to uphold.

“Which arm you like it in Hon?”

“Uh, the left one...”

I always say the left one. When I was little I said left because I am left handed and I used to get out of writing and doing work because I “couldn’t move my left arm/hand.” It worked well for me. I got out of a lot of pointless busy work that could have done more damage to my brain then any real good in the long run. Now, it’s not about getting out of shit, it’s more like I just don’t want to bruise my right arm in anyway. It’s so beautiful, like its perfect somehow.

The needle pricks through my skin making a silent sound of the breaking skin and my hand grows slightly numb and I see it turn a shade of purple as my blood flows down the narrow tube into three perfectly smoothed, rounded test tubes. I always look right at the needle, even when it pricks through my skin. My mom always tells me that is wrong to do and looking away is so much more comforting. I awkwardly move around in the metal chair, no positions seems to work right for me so I end up just sitting up straight as can be, my hair is flying in my face but I cant move my hand because I am trying to make my veins more visible while the blood woman flicks and pecks at my skin to pop my veins out so she can find a good one to prick. So I don’t understand what my mother is talking about. I am not comfortable.

When it is all over with the lady looks at me. Now I should tell you, the people who draw your blood, not the doctors, but the ones that you can tell got this job on whim and have huge families to support back home, yeah those blood people. They look you in the eye. They look you in the eye as they put the band-aid on. But its only when they put the band-aid on and it lasts merely a second. But still it is a rare moment I treasure in life.

“Want a band aid Hon?”

“Yes, please.”

So where was I? Ah yes, the band-aid. I do not really remember the day I first started being sad. Thinking back it seems like I must have went to bed happy and then woken up sad. There is no real reason, although right before I sleep I close my eyes and secretly blame people and things for my depression. My doctors seem to think it's the disease. Which is typical. I think though, and I could be wrong, but I think it is more than that. When I get so sad I never think about how ill I am, and how unfair this is or whatever. I think about the past. I think about the past a lot. In the very beginning it was a past to be the “happy girl” I once was. But now it's to just be where I was.