

darkest shade of each color, and laid it out in front of me. I read the print out as I went through the shades. The words started to dance. The greens gave me tonal vision, and the purples made pictures show up between the spaces on the page. The most fun had to be blue hue that made the floor alternate between being too close and too far away from my foot, as I marched around the paper room. Eventually, I was able to stumble back to my seat. The one that affected my vision the least were the sets of red and white. When I looked at the page, everything went quiet; even more than it had when the lenses were off. There was a Seeing Eye Chart across the room that was still moving but putting the whiter lenses on over top of the yellow made it disappear.

A few weeks later, my mom stopped by my class for lunch. She gave me the glasses and the classroom was clear for the first time. Even the

Nancy Drew novel was easier to understand. "It was just a color overlay" my mom explained to my teacher, as she rolled her eyes. School got easier after that. There were still struggles ahead of me, but now I could see a way to get to the top.

In the latter years of my life, I am grateful for the label of idiot. Without that motivation I would have never become an A student. The glasses were no miracle cure. I was still reading at a level below my peers, but at least now I'm not an "idiot." The teachers still ruled me out as hopeless, but there was still a chance to prove myself to everyone else. All I had to do was look through my rose colored glasses.

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