

High School Honorable Mention  
Sight  
Story by Troy Broadbent  
Grade 10

There I was, taking a long walk down a short pier. I kept walking as always, not bothering to care to look at the grace of the world. However, strangely enough, I noticed something that day. I saw a man, sitting alone on the wooden park bench, swaying to and fro as he causally watched. He peered through shady sunglasses that reflected every beam of light back into the atmosphere.

When I sat down next to him, he didn't move, change his position, or even acknowledge that I was there. He merely kept on with his business of observing the surroundings blandly. I then realized that he was blind.

Shockingly, he said, "why do you sit here? What has drawn you to me this very evening?"

I shuffled in my position and was about to answer when he interrupted me, "I already know why you're here. Now answer my simple question. What is it like?"

"To..." To see, to live normally, to what?

"The sunset, what is it like?"

I turned to face the ocean. I never really cared to look across the waves crashing against the shore. I never cared. This man might not have ever seen these waves and his wish was to see them, something I took for granted.

"The sun is...uh setting..."

"Stop," the blind man said. "Don't tell me, show me. Show me with your eyes."

I thought it through, and then I took a deep breath and restarted, "The sun...the brilliant goldenrod sun is gently whisking its way through the arbitrary clouds as if to pierce the water and heat the oceans for eternity. The undersides of the clouds are now turning a luminescent purple, which is reflected alongside the sun on the waves of the water below." When I paused, I looked at the man. He sat in glee. Twiddling his fingers and nodding with a big grin. I decided to kick it up a notch. "The seagulls gliding on the air dip into the white-caps to graze on the assortment of tiny fish for him to choose from. The fins of dolphins reveal themselves as they breach for air. The breaking waves lapse against the barnacle-covered supports of the pier, giving the bystanders walking its planks a gentle mist that sends them either scurrying away or coming back for more."

"Thank you," the blind man said. "I think I've seen enough for one day."

With those parting words, the man stood up and walked away, without conflicting paths of other pedestrians. For a moment, I almost believed the man wasn't blind. For once moment, I believed I had given him the power to see.

For every day afterward that I walked down the pier, I would sit on that very bench and watch the waves break and the animals react and the people dance around it. It felt good, I thought, to see.