James stretched his eyes along the fields, looking at the furthest point of view he can see. There. Once again, the huge body of water was spotted, blurred because of the distance between them. Hoping to finally take a photo and present it to his parents, he fumbled out a camera, glancing at the river again. It was gone.

This often happened this year, for James’ sight was getting worse and worse. His doctor said that he had a rare type of disease, which allowed his vision to start worsening until he dies or goes completely blind. He was very ‘fortunate’ that he was blind, as the doctor had said. How? Fortunate?

James groaned, his patience slowly wearing out bit by bit. The sky shook, and he could spot approaching storm clouds coming. He tried again to focus his already worsening sight on the clouds once again, only to find his vision dim yet again. Straining his eyes, he set out for a hike around the fields, so that he could see them one last time, before he loses his eyesight completely.

Wandering the fields aimlessly, James felt like a ghost that forgot everything, even how to see. After what seemed like forever, James heard the sound of rushing water. He had absent-mindedly followed the path to the river he spotted, not knowing what he did. From a distance, the river looked nothing like what it is. Sparkling blue liquid filled the river o its brim, reflecting the azure blue sky with its surface. Beneath the surface, fish and other animals swam along the rocks at the bottom. Knowing that this was likely the last time he would ever see this view, or anything at all, he inspected every detail, so he could remember it.