

All The Worlds In One

By Raea Gragg

Stick out your thumb. Hold it up. Higher. Ok good, now look at it, now close your one of your eyes, then the other eye.

It's magic, your thumb moves back and forth. Weird right?

What if I told you I could see both thumbs at the same time, and that was my life for ten years?

Seems like it would be a very dizzying ten years and that's exactly what I'm going to be telling you about. But before I tell you that I want you to try and picture an affluent community, clean streets, nice cars, big houses and the prize possession of the community? Top notch schools with their stellar academic programs. A pretty picture till you add in those of us, who they didn't call stupid, or dumb, or even retarded because these are all politically incorrect.

No, we are labeled as special and I want you to *see* my special years.

Now, of course growing up I didn't know there was anything "special" about me. I was just being me, and being me meant running wild mud splattered through the dense forest of the protected watershed I named "the canyon" which fanned out from the gardens in my backyard.

The Canyon was both my sanctuary and my schoolyard. It was a place I felt safe. A place where it was ok to touch things and smell things and hear things. To learn about the world, not by seeing it of course, but by being apart of it.



Where as in my house and at school I found I was in a world that was very hostile and harsh. Unlike in the forest here I couldn't manage to get through daily life with touching, smelling and hearing things. At school and in the house I had to see things.

But nothing compared to what was expected of me in those places. The Canyon never expects anything of you. At school you had to pick up pencils and do something that I just thought was plain crazy. You, had, to, READ.

What was the point? I always used to wonder of this oat-mealish blob that condensed and moshed in front of my very eyes. I saw nothing there but unappetizing letter soup and I was a very picky eater.

That's when my mother learned I was special, she always suspected it in the way that I awkwardly and to everyone's great alarm, smelled and touched people, and to me it I was just a way of making sure that this, this thing, was in matter of fact, a human.

What followed was a traumatizing propaganda campaign of hospitals, cat scans, special teachers, ADHD and ADD meds, tutors and therapists, extra classes and private lessons. Doctors of all kinds, teachers of all kinds and parents of all kinds. No matter how hard my mother looked and no matter how longed she looked not a single one of them found out what made me so oh darn special and meanwhile the whole reading thing with these stories and

words just kept on getting harder and harder the older I got.

As hard as it was, I had one place I could go to get away. One place that I made up my own stories and played my own games. A place where, I learned how to be me, a place where, I learned how to see the worlds around me. To see them for what they really are, more beautiful, more alive, more doubled faced than anything I could even imagine.

But one day my special teacher, Miss Jane Jones recommended to my distraught mother a eye doctor who gave me something that made me view this world in a whole new way.

He gave me a pair of glasses and when I put them on I made the rather life altering

realization that I had, as a matter of fact, only one face, only one body instead of two. That to my shock for, every single thing there was there was only one, not two.

Now, I had a new label to go along with special, I was diagnosed with a seeing disorder called Convergence insufficiency a rather not so uncommon vision problem you and I better know as seeing double.

Considering the fact that I could now see that people weren't just these four-eyed monsters and school though still terrible and with a crippling ten-year late start on virtually every possible thing you could think of. Learning how to see the world as one, never stopped me from seeing the world as two.