

makeup, I struggle to ~~put makeup~~ ^{concentrate} on a blurry image. ~~So~~ ^{was} "refreshing" ~~is~~ hardly the word to use when describing how ~~clear~~ ^{shockingly} the image of me ~~was~~ ^{appeared} in the mirror without my glasses.

"Do you like them?" the doctor and my mother said in unison, breaking me out of my trance.

"Yes, yes of course!"

A broad smile spread across my face, and I realized I was free. I could see everything so sharply that it made me dizzy. The colors were so vivid that I lost myself in the beauty of the world, unleashed on me for the first time. The clear glass windows that surrounded the office reflected the intense sunlight into the room, sparkled like crystal, and made everything glow. I could see the fibers in the furniture jumping out at me, daring me to count how many ~~there were~~ ^{lay there}.

I stared at the people in the office and noticed little details about them. Their eyes were so different, and I noticed the distinctness of each and how it seemed to match their personality. The blue eyes were so strikingly blue they looked like lasers had been shot through them, making them dance with excitement. Green eyes were pale and brilliant at the same time. The brown eyes looked more like liquid gold as they sparked with liveliness and threatened to explode in a fiery display. How did I not notice this when I was constricted behind my glasses? I looked closer in the mirror and scrutinized my own eyes. It almost took my breath away as I noticed they were a mix of all three: green, blue, and brown. I was a little like every person in that office, and I had not noticed until now.

After I left the office, I continued to notice how ^{unbelievably} different people looked, especially ~~how~~ ^{the way} their eyes were accentuated, ~~and gave~~ ^{giving} insight on their personality and ~~how~~ ^{the way} they acted. ~~It was like~~ ^{how} my whole life had been revived with this new sense of sight.