



Dizziness, eye pain, throbbing in my temples... My pupils constrict and dilate, I feel like I'm about to lose my balance. Disoriented, I lean against the wall.

"It's normal. It's a process, you'll get used to it... The brain has to readjust."

I look around me. Suddenly my hands have texture, pores... golden hair covers their phalanges. Startled, I turn them up to my face. Behind them, my mother looks *twenty* years older. The walls bulge, the colours fade into each other... perfectly defined lines emerge everywhere. "But there are no straight lines in nature! — I reflect in confusion — Or so my art teacher says..."

My dog ceases to be a brown blob and gains expression and sharpness. "He's happy! Now confused by my scrutinising gaze." He looks at my mother, she smiles: two *old men* in sync.

"What a change! From five dioptries of hypermetropic astigmatism to zero is a world of difference," says the optician. "Now you won't lose any detail."

My eyesight in *4K*: two lenses that turn my eyes into buttons make it possible. My nose bridge supports its full weight.

"The *Bartolo* of the class, the *eye-lens* of the second row... I can see it coming," I think ruefully as I scratch my arm compulsively: my anxiety burrowing until it gushes 'human oil'.

"It's €890 for glass, plus the frame... €1980"

My mother's face tightens, deforms. Her jaw drops, her dark circles under her eyes spread and fine purplish veins emerge between the cracked make-up. "I want to be aware of *everything* around me? my previous 'cloud' was more satisfying. At least it gave room for imagination..."

"Would you like to pay by cash or card? We also accept Bizum."

Suddenly, *twenty* years more are added to her: side effects of belonging to the lower-middle class. Bruno's nose — our *shar pei* — looks like a completely smooth canvas in comparison.

"But weren't the glasses on sale?" asks my mother hesitantly as she unfolds the advertising leaflet hidden in her pocket. "It says here. It says..."

Her expression changes completely as she takes a quick glance at the small print. A cold sweat breaks out on her forehead, the leaf slips from her hands... She delights us with a flesh-and-blood recreation of the protagonist of Munch's painting *The Scream* after being scalded by the optician.

I am a witness. "Blessed ultra high definition!"

"Darling," he says in a voice that betrays his regret, "give the glasses back to the gentleman, maybe later..."

I take two steps back. Fear takes hold of me. "Would anyone refuse such a superpower once it has been given to them?"

I look at her in terror. Her eyes, glazed over, break my soul. Tears stream down her face: my *kryptonite*.

I take off my glasses. The tears disappear, her face rejuvenates, the brown spot barks at me.

"I guess, sometimes, not seeing with our eyes allows us to see with our hearts," the optician tells me when, on the third attempt, I manage to hand over the glasses.

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