

### HIS ONE EYE:-

Vignesh was late to the class again. It was the third time in the last three days. He was under the influence of Marijuana again. He was taken to the principal and warned again. It is not the justification of his actions, but he started using drugs after his father murdered his mother and went to prison. No one was there to offer support or console him. Everyone hated him as he was the son of a murderer. Only he knew, he wasn't his father.

Later that day, he bought a pack of cigarettes from the roadside shop. His eyes moved towards the newspaper and his heart skipped a beat. He remembered the accident he had caused that morning. He hadn't been driving carefully. He wished he had looked behind. The bike behind him lost control because of his sudden turn. Vignesh read the news and tears started flowing down his cheeks. He had killed a man in an accident. The man was none other than Dr. Bharath. He wasn't a renowned man but Vignesh knew him. Dr. Bharath was the person who helped Vignesh enroll in the college he was currently studying. Vignesh read the full article and came to know that Dr. Bharath was terminally ill of cancer and was going to donate his eyes to his beloved student from the blind school where he taught. Vignesh regretted everything; the way he rode the bike; the way he ignored the traffic police; the way he ignored the accident and finally he hated himself for using marijuana. He went to the blind school and visited the staff. During the conversation he got to know that they wished they had someone to teach them a skill. Vignesh who had been a great admirer of his mother's tailoring skill, had always watched his mother while she worked and had learned some of it himself. He offered to teach them what he knew. Hundred and twenty days later, he was late again.

But this time he was smiling and his teacher smiled back at him. He was holding a paper which had an article about three visually challenged students whose names were documented in South Indian books of records. That was the last time he was ever late. He never smoked again. His face was always bright. The only thing different in his eyes was he had only one. Not because of the accident but because he donated it to his student Dr. Bharath. This is the biography of social activist Mr. Vignesh within one eye.

**C.SARANYA DEVI**

**22BP20**