

The bride-to-be tries hard to win the affection of the little blind girl, as she is anxious to take the place of Luzanne and become a good mother to the poor child, but the poor little thing cannot bear the thought of having a stranger in the house, and as she longs for her aunt, she decides to leave her father's house and join Luzanne.

She had always been sheltered but when she discovers her mutation, a new school gives her more than she ever knew. Meanwhile, a certain pyro is trying to rebuild his life and find a purpose in his old home. But, hopefully, this one should be different. Hopefully Megan will be a bit more real. Thanks for reading - reflect. All they knew was that it was a halfway point, a rest stop between wherever they were going. John had been there for two days, living either in the bar or on the streets. Right then, he examined a grimy glass filled with beer, seated at an unsteady wooden table, and wondered what on earth he was doing with his life. It had been five months since Alcatraz. Five months of living on stolen cash, sleeping wherever he happened to be at the time and waking up to a heavy hangover every morning. The old man had begun regrouping as soon as he discovered that the Cure was not as permanent as everyone thought. Personally, John thought it was a waste of time, and he had told Magneto so when the man had found him drunk in a pub somewhere in Michigan. Surprisingly, Magneto had accepted the news, but warned John against going back to his old school - as if they would take him back anyway. Mystique had been with him, blue skin regained; she had apparently forgiven Magneto for abandoning her. But Mystique knew no life away from Magneto, he reflected, then thought with a smile that at least she had that. He had thought he needed his own life, a free path for him to make his own. Now though, he thought with a sigh, he would give anything to have a cause to fight for. Maybe he should go back to the school. Immediately he shook his head, as if to clear away the ridiculous notion. Draining his glass, he signalled to the barman for another. The barman frowned but obliged, bringing another glass over. John ran a hand through his dirty hair and sighed, rubbing his eyes. He wanted to sleep so badly, but he had nowhere to go. A tap on his shoulder made him turn around. Three men stood behind him, all taller and tougher than he was. He had learnt from past experience that it paid to be prepared. He planned to be. The middle man sneered. Even he knew he was asking for trouble now. Everyone around him rapidly stood up, clearing out the bar. John winced as his body hit the ground, but got to his feet and turned to face them. He spat out the blood in his mouth onto the snow where it stood out against the white. Stay away from my girl. He gasped with pain, clenching his fists so tightly that blood seeped from under his nails. As the men closed in, their heavy boots impacting on every inch of his body, he repeated that over and over again, his hand moving down to his pocket, clutching at his lighter. The flame erupted, knocking the men backwards. He forced himself to stand up, forced himself to run, the bright flames surrounding him, keeping him upright. He fell onto the main road, scrambling up again to find himself facing a terrified young man, clutching his car wheel in horror at the strange sight before him. He chuckled the keys at John, who had put out the fire climbed into the car and drove away into the night. He knew where he was going now. Storm frowned, tapping her pencil against the desk as she read through yet another History essay. She had already seen eighteen, and was ready to die of boredom. Sighing, she pushed the essay away, vowing to finish it later. She had enough to do as it was. Until then she had unappreciated how difficult the role was. With three of the most important teachers dead, including the Professor, Storm had had severe staffing problems. Luckily Logan had agreed to remain, Kurt Wagner had come all the way from Germany to lend his assistance, and Hank occasionally dropped by to do what he could. Three months after Alcatraz, the Cure reached its expiration date and distraught mutants began pouring in from all over America, looking for shelter after their most crushing disappointment. To her credit, Rogue had taken it as well as she could, but even so everyone could see how much she suffered. It had taken Logan a week to coax the heartbroken girl out of her room, and when she emerged it was like all the life had been taken out of her. She had improved since then with the help of Bobby and Logan, who had shaken some of the life back into her. Even so, everyone could see how hard she struggled to hold herself together. She contemplated starting the essays again when Logan came flying into the

room. She looked up in shock, half-rising from her desk. She had thought he was dead, just like the hundreds of others killed by the Phoenix at Alcatraz. What was he doing here? The doors to the medical room slid open, and she gasped as she saw who lay strapped to the table. John Allerdyce, also known as Pyro, was unconscious on the examination table. Hank McCoy looked up as the two came in, gesturing silently to the body beside him. The young man was bruised and bleeding, his bare skin filthy. Hank had removed his top, and his body was thin and emaciated. Every inch of him was covered in cuts or bruises, the few spaces of clear skin coated with grime. His blonde hair was filled with dust, dirt and blood. Storm came up to the table, feeling only pity for the boy in front of her. No words, he just collapsed. I thought I should bring him down here. I know that he deserted us, but everyone deserves a second chance. Where had that come from? They all looked exactly the same as the boy in front of her – well, maybe not quite so bad – and they had all made harsh mistakes which, in a lot of cases, had cost lives. Including the one in front of her. The two men turned to look at her in surprise. She tapped her foot. Storm was the only one who could remember the very first day John Allerdyce had arrived at the mansion, clutching a lighter and not much else. It was that John, not Pyro, which she felt the urge to help. You may see a terrorist, but all I see is a young, misguided boy who needs help. In it, he was running through a long tunnel that was lit up with all the colours of fire. Black, red and blinding yellow. The concrete was wet and the light was reflected in the water too. It was all around him, the fire, and he could feel it at his back like a wall of heat. So he kept running. But why was he running? He told himself it was a dream and nothing bad could happen, but that voice was still there and it scared him. The fire was bigger now, roaring behind him. Maybe that was the bad thing and if it was, he had nothing to fear. The bad thing is yet to come. From the school, except different. And, for some reason, Bobby was there. We forgive you, John. John was screaming because the fire was there and the bad thing was there behind it
XX At the same time as John Allerdyce was dreaming of running through a fiery tunnel, Megan Ruthie was opening a tub of ice cream in her home in Maine. At least she hoped it was ice cream – her only way of guessing was by the cold feel of the tub in her hands. Megan Ruthie was blind. She had been blind since birth, but even after seventeen years she still found herself in difficulty when it came to finding food. Her mum had made sure they never moved, so Megan could make her way around with ease. Even in the kitchen, she knew exactly where the freezer and the fridge were, where the cupboards that held pasta and bread respectively were. It was when it came to what was in the cupboards that she often got stuck. Anne Ruthie had told her daughter many times that if she wanted food, she could just ask. But at seventeen, Megan felt a twinge of embarrassment every time she had to go to her mum for help. And, in general, she could tell what was what.

Chapter 2 : The Little Blind Girl () - Plot Summary - IMDb

*The Little Blind Girl [Wharton Arabella Griffith] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages.*

Where are they now? The show ran from to , and it retains a huge fan base to this day. Hide Caption 1 of 13 Photos: Melissa Gilbert, the actress who played the feisty, kindhearted Laura Ingalls from ages , still knows how to drive a stagecoach. Gilbert, 51, married actor Timothy Busfield, and the couple resides in rural Michigan. She is currently running for a seat in Congress. Hide Caption 2 of 13 Photos: Born Eugene Maurice Orowitz in , Landon changed his name when he became an actor. Landon died of cancer in at age Hide Caption 3 of 13 Photos: Karen Grassle, now 73, played family matriarch Caroline "Ma" Ingalls. Hide Caption 4 of 13 Photos: Not an easy feat, considering the series tagline easily could have been: Today, Anderson, 53, lives in Montreal with her husband, son and daughter. Hide Caption 5 of 13 Photos: Twin sisters Lindsay and Sidney Greenbush were 4 years old when they began sharing the role of Carrie Ingalls. Lindsay is the one pictured here. The twins, now 45, retired from acting as preteens. Hide Caption 6 of 13 Photos: Arngrim, 54, turned her Nellie anecdotes into a stand-up routine and released her memoir, "Confessions of a Prairie Bitch: Hide Caption 7 of 13 Photos: Hide Caption 8 of 13 Photos: He died in February at the age of Hide Caption 9 of 13 Photos: She called him "Manly"; he called her "Beth. Boomer went on to create the TV series "Malcolm in the Middle. Boomer, 60, was also a consulting producer on "The Mindy Project. Matthew Labyorteaux played adopted son Albert Ingalls. Today, Labyorteaux, 49, does voice acting for commercials, video games and animated series. Hide Caption 12 of 13 Photos: Charlotte Stewart, who played impossibly lovely schoolmarm Miss Beadle, is also famous for her work with director David Lynch in the film "Eraserhead" and the TV series "Twin Peaks. Hide Caption 13 of 13 Story highlights In the "Little House" series, Mary Ingalls was said to have been blinded by scarlet fever Researchers found that the real Mary Ingalls might have had viral meningoencephalitis The original version of this story was published on CNN. The television show and popular book series -- and maybe even a "Little House" movie in the near future -- draw on the real-life experiences of Laura Ingalls Wilder. Beth Tarini, one of the co-authors of the paper, became intrigued by the question as a medical student. What they found was intriguing. She did have scarlet fever when she was much younger. She never says rash," Tarini said, pointing out that the rash is a telltale sign of scarlet fever. Digging deeper, when researchers looked at epidemiological data from the time, they saw that most cases of blindness attributed to scarlet fever were temporary. In severe cases, it can cause inflammation of the optic nerve that can result in a slow and progressive loss of sight. It may not be the biggest bombshell to hit the medical world, but to "Little House" fans, the question remains: The study authors believe it could be because Wilder and her editors thought scarlet fever would be more relatable to her readers. Scarlet fever is mentioned in other books from the period, including "Little Women" and "Frankenstein. It is easily treatable. But because the cultural reference to scarlet fever is so ingrained in our culture, people assume it is very dangerous.

Chapter 3 : The Little Blind Girl (Roud)

Rosie Hood sang The Little Blind Girl on her RootBeat CD, The Beautiful & the Actual. She commented in her liner notes: She commented in her liner notes: From a collection of Alfred Williams' folk songs.

Thats a nice question!! Tears have nothing to do with sightness! The blind can see now and the other lost his eyesight. Did he discuss his intention with her first before he made the donation? Does he have the right to put the life of the girl in the way he wants to without telling her his intention? What he wants is to make the girl his wife, not to make her happy to spend her life with a blind man. The eyesight is only a symbol of our abilities. You can give someone the eyes, the legs, the money, but not the ability to use them well. And can you really blame her? Who wants to be with someone who is always giving them the eye? I wanted to cry! I feel sorry for the boy. I understand how he feels.. Really, people nowadays easily forget the assistance received. But according to this time situation we cannot trust on girls specially. I was just so sad about the boy who gave his eyes to her. He should have told her in the first place. Communication is really very important in any relationship. Ladies, see what some of us have to live with! utter tools; whilst they crawl about earth, waging war on each other, practise corruption. R April 29, at 9: You have unfairly labelled the entire male species on the basis that you have had! my estimate is four bad relationships with men. Have you ever thought the problem may lay with you and not mankind? You will never be truly free from these small ideas that you expect until you learn not to expect them. The story itself leaves a fair bit to be desired although I hope that it does cause people to think about the things they do as needless hurt occurs seemingly everywhere these days! 18 Lilly May 15, at 3: I just feel kind of sorry for him, was this a true story? Well that was true love, he wanted to have her love forever, he wanted to try to make her life better, but instead he got rejected just because he was blind. Take care, Lilly 19 Hamed June 6, at 4: I spend every thing only cuz of her and now she got new job and she has money and car she doesnt need me so she broke my heart. I just wanna tell her take care of my soul cuz its gonna be w her forever. I congratulate the thoughts of the author. Before we could commend on the story let us place ourselves in the place of these two characters. My tears r falling for the boy. Thanks 4 the story. Really 10x touching my heart. Wuahhhh I wanna cry! I think the girl should be in hell.. It really touches my heart! Manivannan November 6, at 4: Any ways its a beautiful moral where we should learn that not to forget the person from where you got love affection and care, this is costless!.. There should always consequences in everything we do! 29 Ayesha November 29, at 5: Live it, Enjoy it, Celebrate it, and Fulfill it. The boy should send the bomb with letter. Love in other words, stand for sacrifice.. She hated everyone, except her loving boyfriend. She said that if she could only see the world, she would marry her boyfriend. One day, someone donated a pair of eyes to her and then she can see everything, including her boyfriend. Her boyfriend walked away in tears, and later wrote a letter to her saying. He delegated it, out-sourced or remembered how to write it. Remember he could see before. Anyhow, enough with trivialities. It just a story. So we should appreciate our near and dear ones. But why are the people on here fighting about men and women? Honestly you all have get over this fight. The point of this story is to love life and not blame it on different genders and cultures and countries. Also people talking about blind people being unlovable. So please stop fighting about nothing. I January 22, at 4: I request everyone not to fight upon gender, instead be kind and like each other. Human relations are full of paradigm shifts and blessed are those who elicit unconditional love. The man lost eyes but gained loss of fake girl. My personal experience proves it cos, I never had good relation with girls with cold, ignorant hearts. This point of view only show undeveloped personality between years in ages: If u met someone like this just run away ASAP. He will not change ever! It was really touching.

Chapter 4 : Nineteenth-Century Disability: Cultures & Contexts | The Blind Girl

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A blind little girl sat on the steps of a building with a hat by her feet, and a doll in her hands. She held up a sign which say: A man was walking by. He took a few coins from his pocket and dropped them into the hat. Soon, the hat began to fill up. That afternoon the man who had changed the sign came to see how things were. The girl recognised his footsteps and asked, "Were you the one who changed my sign this morning? What did you write? I said what you said but in a different way. Today is a beautiful day; but I cannot see it. But the first sign simply said the girl was blind. The second sign reminded people how fortunate they were to have their sight. Should we be surprised that the second sign was more effective? Be thankful for what you have. Think differently and positively. If Satan remind you of your past, you too remind him of his future. When life gives you a reasons to cry, show life that you have uncountable reasons to smile. Face your past without regret. Handle your present with confidence. Prepare for the future without fear. Been remembered that faith is not about everything turning out okay. Faith is about being okay no matter how things turn out. But even more beautiful if you are the reason for the smile.

Chapter 5 : The Blind Girl - Wikipedia

Excerpt from The Little Blind Girl Her little hand would clasp I] b 8 And lead her In the way; Up to the busy village near; Where having sold her braid Her palm, with all its little' gains.

Stephen King About three hours after Flight 29 took off, a little girl named Dinah Bellman woke up and asked her Aunt Vicky if she could have a drink of water. Aunt Vicky did not answer, so Dinah asked again. She knew it was true. If Aunt Vicky, who had the window seat, had brushed by her to get to the aisle in the last two or three minutes, Dinah should have felt her. So she went sooner, she told herself. Or maybe she stopped to talk with somebody on her way back. Her feeling of disquiet grew. The voice of Miss Lee, her therapist except Dinah always thought of her as her blind teacher, spoke up in her head: That goes double for children who are blind. Believe me, I know. And Dinah did believe her, because, like Dinah herself, Miss Lee had been blind since birth. Sit still and try to reason things out. Especially in situations that are new to them. Well, that certainly fits; this was the first time Dinah had ever flown in anything, let alone coast to coast in a huge transcontinental jetliner. Try to reason it out. Well, she had awakened in a strange place to find her Sighted Person gone. As for the strange silence in the cabin The other passengers were probably sleeping. ALL of them are sleeping? Then the answer came to her: The ones who were awake were watching the in-flight movie. A sense of almost palpable relief swept over her. Her fingers touched a paperback book instead. A moment later she felt a zipper, and a moment after that she felt the strap. Would Aunt Vicky go off to the bathroom and leave her purse on the seat? Would she do that when her travelling companion was not only ten, not only asleep, but blind? An animal, one with extremely sharp teeth and claws, awakened and started to snarl inside of her head. This was undoubtedly true, but it was absolutely no help to her right now. Dinah suddenly remembered that, after they sat down, Aunt Vicky had taken her hand, folded all the fingers but the pointer under, and then guided that one finger to the side of her seat. The controls were there - only a few of them, simple, easy to remember. There were two little wheels you could use once you put on the headphones - one switched around to the different audio channels; the other controlled the volume. The small rectangular switch controlled the light over her seat. At least, not yet. The last one was a square button - when you pushed that one, a flight attendant came. Do you really want to do this? She pushed the button and heard the soft chime. There was only the soft, seemingly eternal whisper of the jet engines. Only the steady soft drone of the jet engines. The panic animal was yammering louder than ever. To combat it, Dinah concentrated on focussing that radar gadget, making it into a kind of invisible cane she could jab out from her seat here in the middle of the main cabin. She was good at that; at times, when she concentrated very hard, she almost believed she could see through the eyes of others. If she thought about it hard enough, wanted to hard enough. Particularly of blind children. But now she was afraid and so she felt for others, sensed for others, and did not find them. Now the terror was very large in her, the yammering of the panic animal very loud. She felt a cry building up in her throat and clamped her teeth against it. Because it would not come out as a cry, or a yell; if she let it out, it would exit her mouth as a firebell scream. But now that radar sense - that part of her which evaluated all sorts of vague sensory input and which sometimes did seem to see through the eyes of others no matter what Miss Lee said - was adding to her fear rather than alleviating it. Because that sense was telling her there was nobody within its circle of effectiveness. Forty rows and two partitions forward, Captain Brian Engle was dreaming that his navigator was weeping and eating a Danish pastry. There was only the continuing drone of the jet engines. The panic overshadowed her mind again, and Dinah did the only thing she could think of to stave it off: Dinah began to cry. She held onto herself grimly, nonetheless, and began walking forward slowly along the portside aisle. Keep count, though, part of her mind warned frantically. She stopped at the row of portside seats just ahead of the row in which she and Aunt Vicky had been sitting and bent, arms outstretched, fingers splayed. She knew there was a man here, because Aunt Vicky had spoken to him only a minute or so before the plane took off. She knew that; marking the locations of voices was part of her life, an ordinary fact of existence like breathing. The sleeping man would jump when her outstretched fingers touched him, but Dinah was beyond caring. Except the seat was empty. Dinah straightened up again, her cheeks wet, her head

pounding with fright. Perhaps there were two bathrooms. In a plane this big there must be two bathrooms. Dinah was sure of it. She began to walk slowly forward, stopping at each row of seats, reaching into the two closest her first on the port side and then on the starboard. She felt another purse in one, what felt like a briefcase in another, a pen and a pad of paper in a third. In two others she felt headphones. She touched something sticky on an earpiece of the second set. She rubbed her fingers together, then grimaced and wiped them on the mat which covered the headrest of the seat. That had been earwax. She was sure of it. It had its own unmistakable, yucky texture. Dinah Bellman felt her slow way up the aisle, no longer taking pains to be gentle in her investigations. She poked no eye, pinched no cheek, pulled no hair. Every seat she investigated was empty. They were all around us when we got on! Where have they all gone? At some point, while she slept, her aunt and everyone else on Flight 29 had disappeared. The rational part of her mind clamored in the voice of Miss Lee. She began to move forward faster now, hands gripping the edges of the seats, her blind eyes wide open behind her dark glasses, the hem of her pink travelling dress fluttering. She had lost count, but in her greater distress over the continuing silence, this did not matter much to her. She stopped again, and reached her groping hands into the seat on her right. This time she touched hair The hair was on the seat - how could that be? Her hands closed around it Realization, sudden and terrible, came to her. That was when Dinah Bellman opened her mouth and began to give voice to the shrieks which pulled Brian Engle from his dream.

Chapter 6 : THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL - Topics - The World News Media

The bride-to-be tries hard to win the affection of the little blind girl, as she is anxious to take the place of Luzanne and become a good mother to the poor child, but the poor little thing cannot bear the thought of having a stranger in the house, and as she longs for her aunt, she decides to.

She had always been sheltered but when she discovers her mutation, a new school gives her more than she ever knew. Meanwhile, a certain pyro is trying to rebuild his life and find a purpose in his old home. I hope I got Rogue right. Oh, and could any of you tell me what happened at the end of the third movie during the credits? Certh, Small-Fri, Cath, Ashley, xdanishxpastryx. Megan had never been on a public plane before and she found the experience disconcerting “so many people all around her, waiting in queues, banging her with their suitcases and talking loudly over one another in a babble of foreign languages. They were the ones that told her one day she would be able to see again, because she could feel the light. She could always feel the light, like heat in her head. Now Megan was in a taxi, to Westchester presumably. Her mother seemed unusually tense and stressed “she had barely said a word the entire ride. Megan bit her lip and folded her hands in her lap, wondering what the landscape was. Still, she felt panic stir in her brain and suppressed it, counting to ten silently. Megan continued the counting, going over the circumstances with logic to soothe her nerves. He was like that about aeroplanes. Which meant her mother was hiding something from him. What was in New York? Was that the city or the state? Wherever they were going, it took time to get there. None of that gave her much reassurance “in fact, it made the fear worse. Megan had to clench her fists to stop the panic. She just nodded and let her mother help her out of the taxi. While her mother paid the man, she tapped her foot on the gravel and shivered. Megan resisted the urge to pull free “where would she go? They were walking on patio now; Megan could feel the difference through her shoes. Her mother pressed the bell and Megan instinctively shrank back as it opened. She had been taught to trust those with a teacher-voice because it meant they were in authority, even though she knew better than to rely on that instinct. Megan had never heard her sound so prim and uptight. Megan could hear the tension and it made her nervous too. She was to be left alone, in this strange place? Not here, where she knew where nothing was. She felt her mother leave and go into the office with Miss Munroe. Now she was alone. Megan wondered what where she was. She wondered what the place looked like, what sort of place it was. Megan took a deep breath to calm herself, sitting back on the bench. She could feel the panic inside her, threatening to come out like a trapped animal in an almost broken cage. She was alone and her Sighted person was gone. Surely those were mitigating circumstances? At any rate, she was seventeen and old enough to choose what course of action to take. But she needed to hurry. A cry was building up inside her but she held it back. She would not do something that would embarrass herself or her mum. No, she would find out this for herself. Are you sure you want to do this? A voice inside her head asked. Yeah, I am, Megan told herself firmly. She took a deep breath and held herself completely, utterly still. Her ears, used to doing double-duty, tuned in on the low murmurs coming from the rooms around her. In some there was one person talking, in others there were many people talking. The second seemed more likely. Now, for the harder part. Megan focused on that Feeling, the feeling inside her like a miniature radar, and swept it out through the air, covering every inch of space. There were no people within about ten metres of her, but she broadened the range just in case. No, wherever she was, it was empty. So she focused on the objects instead. A corridor because it Feels narrow, going down into a wider room. Stairs in the wider room, pillars too and more corridors leading off from thereDoors leading off from the corridor. And someone there, in the wide roomComing. After all, she sounded friendly enough and there was nothing about her that felt particularly wrong or malicious. And yeah, I should be in class but I got sent out for talking. I mean, how ridiculous is that? She wondered what Kitty looked like, whether she was surprised or unsure, smiling or planning an escape. I kind of suspected that, because of the sunglasses. Still, Megan had never really bothered about them; to her, they were just something that her dad occasionally got angry about, something that never came anywhere into her life. Why had her mum brought her here? Well, if I am I never noticed it before. The only thing different about her was that she was blind, unless that was her mutation.

Maybe your mum got mixed up and came to the wrong place. You see, most of the kids here come as runaways after their families reject them and such. There are kids here who came here with nothing other than a change of clothes and some brought even less. They barely knew each other. She was about to ask about the sort of lessons they had when the door opened beside her. Megan wondered what sort of teacher Miss Munroe was and what sort of punishment Kitty would get. If it happens again, detention for a week. Now, hurry off back to class. Megan could feel her mother beside her, even more nervous than before. That worried her but she was determined to be strong, and so held her chin up and straightened her back proudly. She would handle it. Her mother gave out a slight hiss that seemed to Megan both annoyed and fearful. Most of the students here are runaways, unaccepted by their hometowns, sometimes even by their families. They come here as a refuge. It seemed to be the only appropriate thing to say. After a pause, she hesitantly asked, "Why am I here, then?" There was a long silence before she began, sounding more delicate and fragile than Megan had ever heard her sound. Rogue spent a lot of her time that way, watching the other students go about their business or, if it was a cold day, simply watching the wind in the trees and the movement of the clouds. The other students may have named Jubilee as Gossip Queen but only because they had no idea how much Rogue saw. It gave her a bizarre interest to watch other people live normally, able to hold hands, hug, kiss and simply touch. She found it amusing that once she had been just like that, like what she now saw as a privilege. For a short time "three months to be precise" she had been privileged enough to touch again, but three months was too short. Far too short to do what she wanted to do. Her kisses with Bobby became more desperate while he became more distant and she could tell he was scared, scared for himself. And it made her furious. She had shouted at him, shouted at the world, shouted into her pillow for all the good it did her. She refused to believe that God would be that cruel. It had been an accident, when it came back. She had been in Maths, queuing up for a homework sheet, when the kid in front of her tripped. Rogue grabbed his arm to stop him falling and that was when she felt it. The feeling that she hated more than anything. And she gave up denying it.

Chapter 7 : The story of a blind girl

the little, blind girl. She smiled and laughed, her face filled with joy. With wonder in her eyes, she was serene, yet coy. She felt her world beneath her tiny fingers.

Chapter 8 : little blind girl? | Yahoo Answers

Megan is blind. She had always been sheltered but when she discovers her mutation, a new school gives her more than she ever knew. Meanwhile, a certain pyro is trying to rebuild his life and find a purpose in his old home.

Chapter 9 : The real reason Mary Ingalls went blind - CNN

Kind Christians, pray list to me, And I'll relate a sad story, Concerning a little blind girl, only nine years of age, Who lived with her father in a lonely cottage.