

Violet O'Neil was only 4 years old when doctors determined she had the Charles Bonnet syndrome, an unusual condition where patients experience vivid hallucinations, most likely because of their weak sight. Her parents noticed her weird behavior the first year she started talking, considering her first words, besides mom and dad, were not common for such a young child. In what world would it be normal for a baby to start pronouncing words such as mauve, plum or lilac? As you can see, the words little Violet spoke were usually related to colors, which was what she usually visualized, a broad gamma of colorful clouds. They never really knew why she had acquired the syndrome, for no one in her family carried the genes, and it was highly uncommon for a kid to be born with it; this syndrome usually affects elders with lack of sight.

If it isn't easy for a girl with natural flaws to enter society, then imagine what it was like for Violet. Little 4 year old Violet could never dominate her abc's, letters always dripped off the papers of her notebook, and no teacher wanted her to speak in presentations because she ended up talking about something completely opposite of what she was asked to say, but though teachers always lost their nerves trying to teach her, kinder garden was most likely the period of her life she enjoyed the most. A kid doesn't have restrictions, and the only responsibility children carry is obeying, which is quite relative when it comes to consequences, for we all know a cute face can undo any type of misbehavior committed.

Violet made the playground her own land of fantasies; her friends where the tall evergreen trees who became trustworthy listeners of her fantastic tales, the long and shaggy grass served as the bed where she took short naps after jumping back and forth in between the lovely cascades, the swings were the shuttles she used to use to travel to the space and

momentarily salute the lustrous starts, and Violet 6-12 p.2
lastly the only thing that scared her where the
tall multicolored slides; she was convinced that they
submerged you into a misty whole with no return whatsoever.
Let's just say she had the life many children dreamt of. It
was a shame she couldn't share it with anyone else, because
even though a child's mind can go far away into fantasy, not
one kid could unravel and relate with fantasy as vividly and
as real as Violet could.

Human kind consider a young person a 'child' or a 'kid'
until they reach the age of thirteen, but we all know now a
days kids are actually kids until about the age of 10 or 11.
Till this age, they are considered to be children because
there's still innocence left in their minds and hearts, their
imagination is yet vulnerable and untouched by the corruption
of the real world, and if they are lucky enough, their beliefs
in Santa, the tooth fairy, and many other legends, haven't
been washed away by reality. These are the reasons why
Violet's infancy was the apogee of her short happiness; she
remained untouched, pure and innocent, making her thoughts and
visions bright and pleasant.

The years went by and Elementary school became Middle
school. A new school, a new ideology, new friends... Changes
were not Violet's best aspect, a change meant a new treatment,
and a new treatment meant more hours at Dr. Zundelli's office.
Dr. Zundelli's office was the cleanest place she knew, Violet
could feel the clarity in the particles of the air as they
went into her nostrils, how each immaculate furniture and each
chair was cleaned to it's neatest point, and how every time a
patient entered the spacy room the automatic air freshener
dispersed the fancy smell of plumeria and wild roses, she
hated it. Violet's best friend was madness; she needed certain

madness in her life in order to feel balanced. But of course too much madness is never good, and that was exactly what she faced the first day of middle school. The place was like a zoo, everybody ran from hall to hall, the bells were simply too loud for her ears to conceal the unpleasant sound, the cafeteria was a complete mess; and the bathrooms... oh the bathrooms aren't even worth mentioning... Little Violet felt the need to hid herself beside a huge pile of smelly old books in the library on her first day. While she laid in the warm rug at the end of the classic's section, she couldn't stop asking herself why no one in her family warned her about the zoo-like school she was going to attend, why they hadn't told her she'd had to go along with the jungle rules, and why they simply didn't home teach her. Violet knew she was special, but she also knew, despite her young age, that her parents could not afford the specific education she was recommended to have, so she used to lie about how often her visions would come, though that certain day she felt like screaming for help.

Dealing with middle school took her a little too long... It wasn't until 8th grade when she realized the worst thing she was doing was lying about her state of mind, which was actually her state of health. What was once a land of fantasies became a land of terror and monstrosity, and the madness she once loved developed into a visual disorganization she couldn't stand. At this point of her life the thought of making friends blew by her head, it wasn't something she could consider, and it was not like she was bullied, little Violet was simply misunderstood. Girls pitied her, some even felt afraid when they had her near them, and the few fearless, reckless ones envied her condition, claiming reality didn't full fill them, but no one ever spoke to her, for they knew Violet was easily startled.

High school was her redemption. It didn't take her long to step into the adolescent world and realize life would never get any easier, and her visions were going to turn darker and gloomier as the years went by, just like the world itself would. Violet 9-12 p.4

Live shows, the news, magazines, newspapers... they were all contributors to her decision. Little Violet would never find herself in the 20th century, the only solution was going back to her infancy, but she couldn't live based on memories from the past. Though she wasn't considered normal, just as normal people she wanted to make memories in the present that would become precious gifts in the future. The fact was that she would never accomplish something she'd look back to and be pleased about it if she stayed where she was.

On a Tuesday morning Violet's body was found near the Crook's riverside. People from all of the town were gathered around it. Whispers were heard, like any other neighborhood every housewife wanted to know exactly what had happened. "I saw that coming," "she had too many issues," "her parents must be devastated," etc... Little Violet died as she followed the endless wings of a bright turquoise butterfly down the watercourse with a smile on her face, knowing she'd be going home.