

The Most Beautiful Eyes

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The greatest gift he ever recieved was a pair of the most beautiful eyes in the world...

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~*~The Most Beautiful Eyes~*~

Mark lay awake in bed, the smell of the hospital room was constantly invading his senses and the unfamiliar scent made it hard for him to sleep.

It had already been two weeks since he first came to the hospital for his transplant, and the doctors still could not find a donor. Mark had no choice but to stay at the hospital until they found one. There was no way he would be able to get around with his condition anyway. Because, he was going blind.

It did not surprise him at all about how long it might take to find a donor. After all, hardly anyone is willing to give up their own sight for someone else, even if they were dead and wouldn't need them anyway.

'People are not that caring. They are not that generous.' Mark thought to himself.

Mark rolled onto his side, and was just about to drift off to sleep, when he felt someone tugging on the sleeve of his shirt. He was about to ignore it, when he heard the voice of a little girl.

"Mister? Are you awake?" she asked.

Mark had been sharing a room with a seven year old girl named Nina, who he believed was recovering from some sort of illness. Nina had been at the hospital for about four weeks now, but seemed to be getting better and getting around fine as well.

"Mister?" Nina asked again and tugged on his sleeve a little more. Mark shrugged her hand off, and tried his best to ignore her. 'What a nuisance.', he thought.

Mark then suddenly found himself wondering about what the little girl looked like. Wondering what he looked like at the moment, and what it looked like outside the window of the hospital room. He also found himself wondering if he would ever be able to see again, or if he was going to remain sightless for the rest of his life.

A few tears began to stream from beneath the bandages that covered his eyes, and his body began to slightly shake while trying to keep his emotions in check.

Once again, he felt a small hand on his shoulder.

"Mister, do not cry." said Nina. "My mother says you cannot get better if you cry."

Instead of ignoring her, Mark rolled over to face her and gave her a small smile. 'She's still bothersome,' he thought, 'but I suppose she only wants me to feel better.'

Another week had past, and Mark and Nina actually became pretty good friends. Nina would often bring him pictures that she had drawn herself. When she had given him her first picture, Mark had reminded

her that he could not see, but she just simply replied, "Do not worry. I know you will be able to see them soon someday."

All Mark could really do was smile.

One day, when Nina had brought him flowers she had picked, she leaned onto the edge of the bed and looked up at him.

"You know what, Mister?" Nina asked him.

Mark slightly tilted his head towards her and asked, "What?"

Nina smiled brightly and said, "When I get older, I'm going to marry you!"

Mark could not help but give a light laugh. "Is that so? Well, then I am very lucky now, aren't I?", he said with a chuckle, and patted her head softly.

About three days had past when Mark found out that the doctors had finally found a donor for his transplant. The operation would be tomorrow, and Mark was more than thrilled to hear the news.

Mark had told Nina the news after he had found out, and that he would be leaving the hospital to go to a different one for his operation.

"Will you promise to visit me, when I get to leave too?", she asked him.

Mark smiled and held her small hand in his. "Yes, I will visit.", he promised her, "I will also bring flowers for you too."

"Promise?", she asked looking up at him.

"I promise.", he said.

Almost a three weeks had past since Mark's operation, and he was finally ready to remove the bandages from his eyes. Tears threatened to spill as the doctor unwrapped the bandages, and he was finally able to see again. Mark was just about to gather his things and visit Nina, when the doctor handed him a letter from the donor.

Mark unfolded the letter and, even though it was very short, what he read tore at his heart.

Dear, Mister.

I guess I can never be your wife. So, instead, I will be your eyes.

Love,

Nina

The most wonderful gift Mark had ever received in his life, was a pair of the most beautiful eyes in the world.