



## Become the Wind

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about Blindness and the Blind. To begin with she paid it scant attention, but then a fresh item kicked in to advertise something called “Dark dining.”

Ripping her rubber gloves off and turning the volume up, Lindsay heard that a London-based organisation was seeking volunteers to come to a venue off Charlotte Street for an evening of dining in complete darkness to experience what it was like to be totally Blind. Reading between the lines she deduced that they were really looking for celebrities, though maybe, she thought, not exclusively. So she’d dashed down the contact details, and the following morning made a phone call. Might this, Lindsay, wondered, be that spark? There had, of course, been those childhood battles with her own eyes, now long since resolved; yet it was not as if she had had any real, any first-hand, connection with anyone truly and clinically blind.

There had been that one time when visiting Maggie, a friend from Lindsay’s home village in the Gower, then an undergrad at Nottingham. Touring the expansive campus together they had spotted in the far distance a lone figure navigating his way around the lakeside path. Maggie had no idea who the student was, so their conversation had gone on in different directions without reference to the man or his cane. At the time it had lit the faintest spark of an idea, but then life had moved on.

So now, she thought, I’m in uncharted territory.

And the territory was indeed as dark as it got. Their host introduced himself as “Henry, your compeer for this evening,” explaining that each table of four would, “Comprise a couple of celebs, one volunteer, plus one of us to help things along if needed.”

Seated with a little help, Lindsay reminded herself, “No, you are not claustrophobic,” and the urge to run away from this bizarre happening thankfully faded.

It turned out that her companions were a B-lister retired footballer who had played in goal for an English League First Division side; a television news reader wearing the strongest of strong perfume; and the quietest of the party, a youngish sounding man who presumably was the one with the sight loss.

The first major challenge of the evening arrived with the menu, and Lindsay with an itch of rebellion decided they could not have picked