

Da Loser

I find it almost impossible to believe. Here I am working as hard as I can to create chaos in various lives for no reason at all, and someone tries to stymie me. How dare they! I set out on most days to cause tension, wear and tear on the brain and souls of my victims. Most days it works beautifully. Alas, this time, it did not, despite all of my efforts.

As I explained in my last discussion, it all began about four years ago. I cannot tell you why I chose that day or him to begin my newest journey...it was purely random. He, actually was in pretty good condition then. With his wife in tow, he was driving to meet friends for dinner, listening to his favorite aria from his favorite opera. As the aria ended, I took an arrow from my quiver and hit the bullseye. When he asked his wife what opera the aria was from, she about fainted and he just kept on driving. Slowly, ever so slowly, I continued on my way, smiling with glee each time I hit the target.

"Honey," he'd call out, "Have you seen my glasses?" "Where are my keys?" "Damn, now I can't find my jacket." "Why did you put the gardening shears in the garbage?" Week by week, day by day, the arrows began to cluster. Tempers flared, frustrations rose, but somehow, she managed to quell them and soften the blows, that is, until she no longer could. It was time to face the music.

A trip to the neurologist's office led to the testing of his brain, as well as his mobility which I also managed to weaken. I stood in the shadows smirking as the doctor discussed the reports he had just read with his wife and daughter. "Mild cognitive impairment," he said. He went on to tell them it was early dementia, and over time it would increase, affecting many aspects of his life. It was a reason for his slow gait, his ability to read, and many other things. As the year progressed, so did his dementia. It made me so, so happy. I kept track of him, and whenever I chose to, another arrow left my quiver.

This year, I upped the pressure. His legs got weaker and weaker. His long distance walking was over. In fact, he needed a wheel chair to navigate the long hallways to see various doctors. Reading became almost obsolete. It no longer had meaning for him, as he found it too tiring. To add more to the mix, he needed help with almost everything he did. Showering,

dressing, and eating became an avenue for others to help him. While his wife and family were saddened by that, I was delighted. Oh, what a great job I did!

All of it came to an abrupt halt. Even though he had been cautioned not to wear socks when walking around, he continued to do so, and fell on the bathroom floor, breaking his hip. It was my downfall too. He had an operation while I sat in the shadows waiting to pounce again. Little did I know what was in store for both us. After a week of care in the hospital, things went downhill rapidly. He went home to hospice care where he would later succumb to renal failure.

Can you believe it? After all that work, my careful aim, my arrows hitting the mark, I ultimately failed. He had the nerve to die from something else! I could hear him chanting as he left, "I'm da winna, you da loser, I'm da winna, you da loser."