

GLEE

I feel so good this morning. I just keep going on and on, doing whatever it takes to disturb their lives. After all, what I do is good for me, and I do not stop to think of how it will affect anyone else. Why should I? My needs are satisfied. Does anything else matter? My work some days is more invasive than others; it depends how active I feel like being at a particular moment. Days when I am sluggish, I slow down a little bit. When I feel as well as I do this morning, I execute my tasks with a great vengeance, after all that is my job.

There are so many I have attacked, randomly, here and there. It makes me say, "Job well done." It makes them wonder just what is happening to them. They may never know. For example, when I attached myself to him, there was no real reason for it. I just felt like doing it. He was totally unaware he had forgotten something, while she was shocked. Standing in the shadows, I was quite pleased with myself, thinking, "If they only knew what was to come." Over the next few months, I'd cause a little more havoc, taking them again by surprise. I can't just focus on a single person all the time; I have to spread myself around, sharing my talents.

Back to him...I started my escapade slowly, causing him to forget one thing at a time, catching him completely unaware. Step by step, I took away a thing here, a thing there. They were familiar things to him, like his most favorite aria from an opera, the name of a T.V. program he watched every week, and I lessened his ability to read. He used to read a book a week. Now, if he is lucky, he can complete it in a month. Reading a newspaper article can now take a whole morning instead of twenty minutes or so. His frustration level fluctuates. He occasionally will give up and "rest," which usually means a two hour nap.

I don't really know the full extent of how the mind works, it is still puzzling to me. However, I manage to worm my way in and disrupt whatever I can. My latest deed was to systematically induce incontinence. I know it is demeaning for him to have to wear an adult diaper. I just don't care. I am not here to be nice. Each month, sometimes each day, I create a new road block. After I do, I rock back on my heels and watch the despair...I have fun!

I conceived enough bedlam for his family to be concerned enough to take him to a neurologist who ultimately diagnosed him with early dementia. Little did they know what the future would be like. Unlike me, they are not experts on the subject. I keep on going. While I take away bits and pieces, I also lull him (and her) into a false sense of improvement.

He will sit with company over brunch or lunch and talk with them quite easily. Often his guests remark that if they didn't know a problem existed, they wouldn't know. He's mostly clear and coherent, though he does repeat himself now and then. It gives him hope, as it does her, but, it is false hope. He'll take his nap, and wake up utterly confused, thinking it is morning. "Is anyone going to shower me?" He asks, believing it to be morning when it is late afternoon. He wants to know what's for breakfast. She explains she is making dinner. The whole scenario can be repeated numerous times before he finally understands. In the morning, upon waking, he is frequently grasping for words, and will then forget mid-sentence what he was saying. Thus ends a belief that all is well.

And what about her? She continues to grapple with all the aspects of it as I repeatedly invade her space. Last week, after she had three hours of answering the same question, attempting to explain certain events were a way off, two weeks to be exact, she lost it big time. Usually even keeled, she started ranting, while I stood off in the corner grinning. When she had calmed down, she went to him and apologized, explaining at certain moments it was all too much to bear. His reply was, "I understand, but how do you think it is for me?" It made her feel about two inches tall. Merrily, I went about my business.

I'm not sure what I will bring on in the next few days or months. Whatever it is, I will have fun doing it. How will it affect them? Who knows or cares for that matter. I am doing what I set out to do...I don't consider people's feelings. I am not nice, or caring, or loving. I am mean spirited and wring my hands with pleasure at a task well done. It fills me with glee. I did it!