

Caught In the Net
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EXCERPT

We should be grateful, I know. It wasn't cancer or MS or a crippling stroke. It was nothing more than the Disease of the Decade, catching yet another fish in its wide, deep net and dragging it slowly under the water, down into a vast and mysterious world of plaques and tangles, where one becomes easily lost until spat out on some distant shore, unrecognized and unrecognizable. A peculiar washing up, replete with soothing sounds from the mouths of caregivers, who say quite amazing things like, "She wasn't a bit belligerent, you know. She just got sweeter and sweeter. See? Isn't she a darling?"

To me she looks frozen and far from sweet. In fact, to me she looks downright dazed and if I peer at her long enough, I will guess at little shards of horror glinting in the far recesses of what was once her mind. The caregivers and certain others smile as she accepts the spoonful of mashed egg; they laugh out loud when she smacks her lips and puts her napkin over her head.