

TRAP

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I am slowly taking John. I started ten years ago. Slowly I crept into his left hand. He ignored me at first, the slight tremor that made it difficult for him to type emails to his children. After the tremor, I slowed his pace, forcing him to rock back and forth before throwing his first step. He tried to continue on with his hobbies. I saw how much he enjoyed flying model airplanes with his friends, so I took that away from him. As he stood out in the field with his friends, launching airplanes and watching them float through the air, I worked tirelessly inside him, gnawing away at his neurons.

To my delight, he cannot fly his airplane anymore. He looks at the tiny aircraft longingly as he gets into his car. His flying days are over. I have succeeded! But wait, why is he still heading to the airfield? As he steps out of the car, his friends immediately greet him with smiles. I feel the happiness well up inside him. I have not conquered him! He watches as his fellow pilots fly their planes. Joy radiates across his face. Has he foiled my plan? I stole the dexterity of his hands by giving him this terrible tremor, yet he found a way around me. I must continue my work. John will not escape me. I will conquer him.

Every day, without fail, he takes those blasted pills, subduing the tremors I worked so hard to create. He thinks he is winning. Little does he know that I continue to work, to destroy, to conquer. And it works! He can no longer drive. The rigidity I have imposed upon his body is too great for him to control. His independence is gone. I have forced him to rely on others. I will break him now.

But wait, what is this? He found crossword puzzles. He started bird watching. His wife continues to stand by him with each labored step he takes. He has indeed foiled my plan. With the support of his wife, William continues to dodge every obstacle I throw his way. No matter what I do, they still support each other. I fear they have discovered what I cannot take from them: their dignity, their love, the relationship they have built over the past sixty years. I cannot break him.