

Being Good About It

by

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Rejoice, o young man, in thy youth . . . and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.
Ecclesiastes 11:9

Part I · Aspirations

1 · Orientation

The day I got home from Brown University, my mom made pork chops with canned cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes. She was coating a large pan with nonstick spray when I walked through the breezeway door with my older brother. He'd picked me up at the bus station in downtown Springfield. His eyes weak and soft from whatever he was taking or smoking or drinking. His skin drab.

"Beth," my mom called when she saw me. "It's so good to have you home, so good to see you." She wiped her hands with a dishtowel before hugging me, holding my shoulders for a second.

Gary snuck past and headed for his room. "I'm gonna take a nap," he said. "Let me know when dinner's ready." He'd dropped out of Westfield State after less than two years and moved back in with my parents. Now he split his time between friends' apartments and a job in the bakery department of a large grocery store.

"Okay," my mom said. "It'll be about an hour."

"I'm gonna put my bags away," I said and stepped toward my room. The house was a small ranch. Maroon. No second floor or attic. Three bedrooms in a cluster at the end of a short hall. "I wanna change out of these clothes after sitting on the bus." I had been up drinking until four in the morning, after everybody was done with finals. The three-hour bus ride from Providence had helped force the alcohol from my skin, assisting my body as it pushed out a constant film of boozy sweat.

“Alright, get comfortable. I know you have to get ready for the training tomorrow too, but I want to hear all about your finals,” she said, lifting the lid from a pot of boiling water. “So get yourself settled and come on out here. Did you see your father and I already went to Uncle Jerry’s and got the car?”

“Yeah, I saw it in the driveway.” My uncle always had a couple old cars on his back lot. Because he loved working on them and because he enjoyed offering them to people for different occasions—he was lending me a Ford Taurus for the summer. “Thanks, that helps a lot. Saves me some time tonight.”

I went to my room and dropped my old suitcase on the floor. I still didn’t want to acknowledge that I had to get up early to be at a nurse’s aide training by seven. During spring break a couple months earlier, while some of my college friends had flown to Florida or Colorado, I’d returned to Granfield to look for a summer job. And my friend Hilary had said she knew a girl from Springfield Technical Community College who worked as an aide and made two dollars above minimum wage—so I had filled out three nursing home applications the next day. I needed the money. Money for college rather than for milk and peanut butter and baby wipes. But Brown University was expensive, and financial aid only covered part of it.

Liberty Home had hired me before the spring break ended, and I requested the 3-to-11 shift. Marilyn, the nursing director, had said that was great but that I would have to attend the required training, which was only offered on 7-to-3. She had also said I could work during any of my breaks from college. Whenever I wanted. Because she was always looking for aides. I hadn’t understood what that meant about the job, about the conditions and staffing and turnover. I’d convinced myself that being a nurse’s aide was important work, it was taking care of people. And I had other, bigger considerations that took up most of my mind on a daily basis—like my boyfriend who lived in a tall gray house outside New York, and my plan to study abroad in London, and my expectations for a real career in law or advertising but probably not investment banking.

I put on a clean t-shirt and brushed my teeth before joining my mom in the kitchen. When my father got home from the warehouse, he patted my arm to say hello before continuing on with his routine: changing into jeans and knocking on Gary’s door to tell him to get up. I was mashing the potatoes, adding butter and milk, when Gary came into the kitchen rubbing his eyes—most likely trying to manufacture a decoy explanation for how red they were. His face looked more fleshy. Like all his blood was circulating again.

“Beth was just telling us about her history exam,” my father said. “Why don’t you have a seat.”

“Fascinating,” Gary said. “Let me guess. There were names and dates.”

“Just take a seat,” my father said and pointed to a chair on the opposite side of the laminate table.

“It’s not that big a deal,” I said. But I was gorged with information and ideas and stories. I had all my revelations. Discoveries really. I wanted to tell them everything, and I didn’t want to speak about it at all. “I also had a ten-page research paper for my culture and media class, with footnotes and all that.”

“Culture and media,” my father said as my mom set a large plate of pork chops on the table. I hadn’t consumed a single pork chop at Brown. I’d eaten stir-fry and curry rice and pasta without red sauce. Spiced french fries. But no pork chops or meatloaf. “We’re spending good money for a class called culture and media?”

No—we are not spending good money, I thought. But I didn’t say anything. My parents gave me \$2000 a year for school. An amount I tried not to belittle, although it left me feeling hungry because there were students whose parents sent \$2000 as a semester’s allowance.

After we ate dinner, I cleared the table and my mom washed the dishes. My father wrapped the pork chop bones in a paper towel, carrying them to the trash can in the garage. I said a quick goodbye to my mom and followed him out. Hilary had called to invite me over. She wanted to see pictures of my boyfriend Jeremy and hear stories about him and his family, plus she had her own basement bedroom where her parents never bothered her. Over the past three years, Hilary had covered the plain sheet-rock walls with Monet posters and a variety of collages. The carpeting was a remnant of the avocado-green her parents used to have in the living room. I took the borrowed Taurus and drove to her house, where we sat on her messy queen-size bed and drank diet soda and shared our stories.

She was impressed that Jeremy’s father drove a Mercedes and said I should get his parents to fly me to their condo in Vale—although she wasn’t sure where that was. I hadn’t known either, until I’d looked on a map. Hilary also showed me pictures of her friends from STCC and her recent weekend trip to UMass with Kevin, the boyfriend she’d been with since sophomore year of high school.

“You start at the nursing home tomorrow, don’t you?” Hilary asked.

“Yup. Seven in the morning for the first week, because that’s the only time they have training.”

“Aren’t you nervous?” she said. “I’d be nervous. You know you have to see old people naked and stuff. And like clean them and change their diapers. My friend said it was weird at first, but then she got used to it. I don’t think I could do it though.”

“I guess I’m a little nervous,” I said. “But it can’t be that bad. I mean, it’s taking care of patients. Patients who need help and everything.”

I probably felt uneasy when I said that to Hilary because somewhere deep down I knew I was deluding myself—people didn’t really care about nursing homes or the elderly. People didn’t want to know what happened there. We just pretended they did, because it was the decent thing to do. It made everybody feel better.

At the time, I was probably too young and unsure to have the compassion needed to really care for the patients. But I completed the five days of training, and it showed me that I was able to get the patients cleaned and out of bed or washed and back into bed. I could see their frail bodies without flinching. If the certification training didn't prepare me for much else, it showed me that.

The first two days of instructional videos weren't a complete waste of time—we watched how to use a kidney pan and rinse dirty diapers—but the plain images and scripted voices didn't give any real sense of what it was like to work in a nursing home. Then on Wednesday, the trainer announced that she'd made arrangements for us to get a resident up from his morning nap. The reaction in class was mixed. Most of the trainees said they hoped they weren't picked to do it, they wanted to see somebody else go first. We all wanted to see—there was that sideshow quality to the training, knowing strange sights were being held just out of reach.

I assumed I wouldn't be chosen. There were other girls who took the training very seriously, like Sonia, Valerie, and Sheila. They were my age, but they didn't go to college. They were thinking about maybe becoming nurses, so they wore uniforms everyday, bought binders for their training manuals, and asked questions about everything from recording bowel movements to cleaning fingernails. I listened attentively, as I did in every class, but it sounded like common sense. I thought the nursing home couldn't possibly be a challenge—not after a year at an Ivy League college.

So I was composed as we walked back to class from our short morning break. Other people expressed various degrees of anticipation, one lady quietly glancing around with wide flickering eyes. When the trainer returned, she told us to leave our things on the conference tables and gather by the door, but my nerves remained bound and buried. “Ready everyone?” she asked, and paraded us out of the Conference Room-Chapel and down the main hallway of Liberty Home.

She stopped abruptly in front of a patient's room. “As you will see, John is an 83-year-old man with incontinence and dementia,” she said. “However, he is physically mobile and requires a belt restraint. We need to wake him, get him clean and dry, and lift him into his gerichair, just like we practiced this morning with the training mannequin. Beth and Valerie, why don't you set up by his bed.”

I was standing at the back of the group with my arms folded, waiting for the demonstration. The trainer said my name. *Beth*. My lips parted. I looked up from the plastic number plate by the door. *Not me*, I thought in her direction, *what the hell are you doing?*

“You'll need to get linens first,” she said in a jovial voice, like she was offering me the chance to fly to Paris if I could just get my hands on a passport. “But I have rubber gloves and a lift belt here for you.”

When Valerie and I returned with two diapers, a few washcloths, and three hand towels, the other trainees parted to allow us into the room. A man lay asleep on his back in the second bed. Only his face was visible, his mouth hanging open like a ghost's.

Valerie immediately moved between the two beds and pulled the hospital curtain with a flourish. "Very good, Valerie," the trainer said. "We have to be mindful of the residents' privacy." I rolled my eyes and got into position on the opposite side of the bed. I felt it necessary to direct all of my own self-consciousness into contempt for Valerie's toady behavior.

"Oh," Valerie said and waved the washcloths in her hand. "These need to be wet." She smiled and bounced toward the bathroom.

I stood watching John and hoped that we wouldn't find poop in his diaper. He was gaunt. His skin was like a shroud that had melted onto his skull. I hoped his penis wouldn't get hard or something when we washed him. I really didn't want to look at it in front of the other trainees. I tried not to imagine the men I'd seen naked—like my father once by accident, my friends Rob and Tommy during a game of truth-or-dare, a sick pervert who'd exposed himself outside the town library, and my boyfriends Dave and Jeremy.

"Now we can untie the restraint," Valerie announced upon her return.

A sticky yellow mucus was caught in the deep ridge along the side of John's mouth, but I knew from the training videos that we couldn't work on a patient, not even to wipe his cheek, until he was fully awake. Seeing the glob dragged a retch to the back of my mouth and I wondered if I could do the job, if I could endure such close contact with everything that came out of people. The space around me seemed to ripple, like time had missed a second and was trying to catch up. Then I leaned over John and rubbed his shoulder, and I felt the rush of facing the hideous and being good about it.

"Hello. We're here to get you up, okay?" I said loudly while holding my smile.

"Aahh oooh oh." John snapped up, his arms flailing. He almost slapped Valerie's arm and she recoiled. The mucus on his face vibrated.

"Oh, yes. Okay," the trainer said in quick snippets. "So John is *very* active, but remember what we worked on for soothing and lifting."

I could tell from her tone that she didn't know this patient. That she probably didn't even work at Liberty Home—she was probably an RN who did training at different places. And her authority immediately diminished. My stake in Liberty Home felt more legitimate than hers, even though she was the nurse and I was only there for the summer.

At the same time, I kept seeing the goo and felt amazed at my ability to calm John despite my revulsion. I thought I was incredible, like Mother Theresa or Audrey Hepburn. I hugged his shoulders and pressed him flat on the bed, my breasts inadvertently pushing against his arm.

Valerie fussed with the sheet, tucking it between his knees until it only covered John's left leg, the one in front of her. Then she paused with the washcloth draped in her hand like a silk scarf, a signal that it was my turn. I was to open his diaper. And expose his penis. She gave me a tight-lip smile like she was just doing her job, wasn't trying to set me up at all.

I folded the bottom of John's worn oxford over his stomach. The middle of his diaper felt dense and warm, even through the gloves. I pressed it down between his thighs with one fast jerk. The uncircumcised penis sat in his crotch like a bloated larva, white, damp, stretchy. I had never seen an uncircumcised penis. I almost pointed and said *he's not circumcised*.

It was a plain soft penis, lacking mystery or promise, no threat. I could have bobbed it in my hand. But the testicles were a bit worrisome. Long and purple-red, the scrotum seemed about to disintegrate and abandon the testes to the raw cooled air.

My eyes met Valerie's as I set both hands on the bedrail. Now it was her turn, she had to use that washcloth. The other trainees stayed completely silent. We all knew what Valerie was supposed to do. She set her face with a pleasant look, eyelids slightly raised, and ran her splayed hand around John's crotch.

When she was done, I rolled John away from me, onto his left side. He grabbed the far bedrail and clanged it back and forth. "I'll hold him over for you," Valerie said and handed me a washcloth. I wanted to tell her *fuck off, you finish washing him*, but the trainer didn't comment.

There was a watercolor stroke of brown on the diaper, and a soft smear of poop in the folds of his scrotum. My throat convulsed, and I had to stop thinking about what I was doing. I shook the washcloth open and lifted John's right butt cheek. It was an ordinary ingrained action from years of watching women and girls—mothers, babysitters, aunts, grandmothers, friends—wiping kids' butts. Somewhere under the baggy flesh, tiny strips of his muscles clenched.

"You're doing great, John," Valerie said. Her voice hung over us like a fuzzy pink ribbon as we lowered him onto the new diaper and slipped pants over his ankles. "That's it, we're just here to help you," she said. "Don't worry, you're clean and dry now, right?"

Her sweet voice continued as she walked to my side of the bed, where she dragged his legs off the mattress and I lifted him into a seated position. "There we go. Look at that, all ready to get in your chair. We're almost—" She stopped as soon as John whacked her in the cheek.

Pressing her hand against the side of her face, Valerie stood with her back to the other trainees, who didn't see the furious reaction flash over her. The whole thing was such an unexpected comeuppance, I almost laughed.

"It's okay Valerie, stay with it," the trainer encouraged.

But John grabbed in the air with his free hand and got a hold of Valerie's wrist. His face grew red as he jammed his teeth together. "Eeghhh errhh."

Valerie tried to pull her arm away but John lurched. I caught him against my chest and shoulder, and then we were all stuck, like three uncomfortable players in a hazardous game of Twister.

"Let me get my arm in there," the trainer said. "I got him."

I stepped out of her way, and she held John with two hands as I peeled his fingers from Valerie's wrist. Each one of his fingers looked delicate, as if the flesh had evaporated, leaving only dry bone and gray veins, but they were strong and clamped onto her arm. Valerie didn't say anything.

When she was free, she stumbled back. The trainer moved to where Valerie had been. "You get him on that side Beth, I'll get him on this one. We don't have time for the lift belt." I followed her lead and wedged my arm into John's armpit. "One, two three," the trainer counted.

John screeched when we lifted him, but I concentrated on keeping my arm firm. I felt strong. We were carrying his weight.

The trainer pulled up his pants and we sat him in the gerichair. I didn't look at Valerie. I didn't smile although I'd been better, I'd been able to do it all the way from start to finish. I wrapped the belt restraint around John's waist and tied it behind his maroon chair. I had a quick thought about Jeremy, how I was going to call him when I got home to talk about my first day. I felt like I wanted to tell him everything, yet I didn't want to share it at all.

"Valerie, why don't you slide the tray on," the trainer said.

When Valerie slid the tray over the arms of the chair, she leaned away from John. I plucked a tissue from the box on his nightstand and wiped the mucus from his jowl. Although my stomach contracted as the tissue smeared through his stubble, I folded it and wiped again.

"Good work ladies. Good first effort, right everyone?" The other trainees nodded, but a few looked queasy. Three of them wouldn't show up the next day. "Beth, why don't you get John into his slippers so we can bring him to the nurse's station." The trainer signaled for the group to head out, and I slid John's brown corduroy slippers over his narrow feet.

Valerie walked ahead of me as I pushed John's chair down the hall. She ran a hand along her forearm like it was sore, and the trainer patted her shoulder, said something close to her ear. I smiled to myself, straightening my arms against the handle of the gerichair. John's head bobbed with the vibrations from the wheels. *I took care of this patient*, I thought. *I did it*. Although John shredded that confidence a few days later on my first regular shift, at that moment in the hall, I was victorious.

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As I arrived for my first shift a little before three in the afternoon, I really thought I was ready for the summer. I'd completed five whole days of training and shown up for work, which in my mind meant

I was both prepared and committed. I found a parking spot, checked my face in the rearview mirror, and walked into the breakroom. But nobody said hello. None of the women at the three cafeteria tables spoke a word to me. They continued to chat with each other, eruptions of cigarette smoke bursting from their mouths. The small room, which had two sealed windows on one side and two snack machines on the other, was filled with the gray haze.

I hurried to the beige refrigerator at the back of the room, pushed my paper bag onto a shelf, and turned to leave. I glanced around but didn't recognize anybody. The women's faces and hair blurred above their white outfits. I could've joined them for a quick cigarette, but I didn't know where to sit and couldn't stop worrying about whether my underwear showed through my white pants. I didn't want them to notice I was nervous, so I just walked out of the room.

The service hall was a short bright area with a dingy staff bulletin board and the official timeclock. I scanned the timecards and quickly found mine—someone had used a thick blue marker to write my name and ID number on the top. It looked temporary and unusual next to all the ones with computer-printed labels.

Kiki came out of the breakroom as the digital clock pulled my timecard behind the dull silver screen. She had shiny curls and a round pretty face with thick eyebrows and cupid lips. She walked past me to get her card from the metal rack. I loosened my shoulders, slumped a little weight on my hip like I was relaxed, just punching-in as usual, not new or overwrought in the least. I noticed she was black but pretended that I didn't. I thought that was the best approach at the time, really tolerant. And I didn't want to react like my father, or even my mother, although she hid it better.

The clock emitted sounds like a dozen tiny metal feet tapping. When it stopped, the hum from the fluorescent bulbs reverberated off the painted concrete walls, making our silence even more palpable. I smiled as I stepped out of the way, but Kiki remained blank. Her lips, shaded with a glossy plum lipstick, didn't move. Two other women got in line behind her, but I didn't say anything. I knew from years of listening to my dad and the guys he worked with at the warehouse not to act like a regular on my first night. But I was sure the aides were happy to have me on staff. Marilyn, the nursing director, had said I would be a big help. I'd gone home to western Massachusetts, although most of my friends from Brown were traveling or doing internships, and signed up for the nurse's aide training so that I could help. And to make money for school.

None of the summer jobs around Granfield paid as much as the nursing home. \$6 an hour was a lot of money to me—two dollars above the minimum wage. That's what my cousin was making at the mall, just \$3.75 an hour. Although working as a nurse's aide wasn't related to my career plans, it was the best pay I found. So I was willing to do it, even if part of me wanted to be on the Cape or renting a sublet in Manhattan. Since I couldn't afford a summer like that, I let myself believe I was doing valued work, I

was taking care of people. And I was still under the impression that my ability to get John out of bed demonstrated some special aptitude for the job. I was gifted. Like I had always been.

I stuffed my timecard into the rack and walked out of the service hall. As I cut across the rear corner of the decorative lobby, I noticed the receptionist in the booth by the front entrance. She shook her long blonde hair while listening to a middle-aged couple wearing business clothes. An elderly man in a red windbreaker sat alone on one of the faux French couches, his hands wringing and wringing around each other.

I continued toward Lincoln, the wing Marilyn had assigned me to. It was the second wing on the first floor, and the one where John lived—I liked knowing that already. I walked past the Conference Room-Chapel, where we had watched the videos and taken notes, and stepped through the double doors. Heavy beige doors held open with industrial magnets. They marked the threshold onto the wings, where the colorful lobby carpet ended and beige linoleum spread down the hallway, into every room, like Ovaltine dumped from an enormous vat.

I immediately noticed Pat standing at Lincoln's nurse's station, but I didn't want her to see me, to catch me walking like I'd been dropped through a vent into the wrong place. It was my first night at Liberty Home, and the place felt different than it had during the previous week of day shifts. Fewer patients sat along the main hallway. The afternoon sun that drifted through the windows seemed worn—too weak to really intrude on the fluorescent glow. Visitors were heading out rather than coming in, like the building was being unloaded and those of us left behind were in for lockdown.

The further I moved past the threshold, the more I sensed the smell. It wasn't like a hospital. Hospitals smelled like the hydrogen peroxide and antibacterial ointment in my parents' medicine cabinet. Not the nursing home. It was stale despite the vapor of cleaning agents and bleach. The ammonia scent was bitter and heavy, and I felt like I was inhaling minuscule bits of dead skin.

I moved to the right side of the hallway, and my fingers grazed the wooden railing as I studied the cream wallpaper. I'd hoped to slip into Liberty Home, to fit like a raw egg poured in a cup, but the main hallway didn't offer any cover. Blank open doors staggered along both sides. Sounds came just within earshot and fell, dropping to the floor behind me as I passed.

“—said that we were having a barbecue next week but I'm not going out—”

“—come here, come here, come here, hey come here, come here, come here—”

“—try it and you'll see that no detergent powers out stains—”

“—daughter called on my birthday from Chicago. Chicago. Where she—”

Liberty Home clearly wasn't going to be a place I could just blend into. But sticking to the right side of the hallway allowed me to walk up behind Pat without being watched. I skimmed the wall like a cat, alert but impassive, and when I reached the intersection with Lincoln's north-south hall, I stopped

next to the linen cart. The bright lights gave the recessed nurse's station the look of a church sanctuary, a place of authority and deference.

Pat was leaning on the counter, her wide oil-drum body propped on tip-toes. She was a white woman with ruddy arms and a few swollen veins wriggling down the back of her left knee. Her polished white nurse's shoes had thick marshmallow soles.

A woman who I couldn't see was sitting at the desk and calling out patient names like a military roll, so I turned my attention to the linen cart. Its plastic cover was swept over the top, revealing the four metal racks filled with linens I'd learned about in training. Shower and bed blankets. Pads, each one stiff from a plastic lining and stained with yellow shadows. Cloth diapers, large and thick and also discolored—the spots making our work seem shoddy, until I grew used to them. White sheets, pillowcases, towels, and washcloths sat next to several tight stacks of the blue hospital gowns we called johnnies.

Random items were strewn on the bottom. Belt restraints for around the waist, vest restraints for over the chest, and pelvic restraints for under the crotch. There was a large canvas seat with reinforced trim and metal bars for the Hoyer lift crane. In the far corner, three ankle braces lay with puffy heel pillows, synthetic lamb's wool, and a few elastic straps with velcro.

“. . . Edna and Louise, Frank and Carl, Beatrice and Helen. That's all of em.”

Pat nodded, plopping onto her heels. “Yup, that's the whole mess. Now we gotta keep these assignment lists in a drawer here or we'll lose em again. If this girl actually shows up, she's gonna need these for a while.”

Gail chuckled and stood up, placing four slips of paper on the counter. She was a young black woman with a narrow face and distinctive almond eyes. Her hair was combed into a short spiky ponytail. I hadn't expected many black women to work at the nursing home because Liberty Home was in Granfield, where I'd grown up. A small town with all white people. But it was a pleasant surprise, another opportunity for me to shine. “I don't even know why we bother,” Gail said. “But I guess some of us are crazy enough to stick around.”

Their doubt startled me, like the sudden sound of screeching tires with splintering glass. It wasn't the welcome I'd anticipated. The expectation of failure didn't fit with the view I had of myself, not when I was on-time and trained and gifted. So I took their doubt as a challenge. In that instant, I resolved to finish the summer and stay at Liberty Home no matter what happened. There was no way I was going to switch to some lame job at the mall with my cousin. Plus I wanted that \$6 an hour. The rest of the summer—the desolation and peculiar beauty, the friendship and humor, the accidents and investigation—all flowed from that decision, which had seemed so clearheaded and simple.

I stopped bouncing my heel and hooked a thumb under the strap of my bag as Gail noticed me by the linen cart. Jerking my face into a smile, I took three steps forward.

“Well I think this is her. You Beth?” she asked.

“Yeah.” I nodded. “The trainer told me I was working this wing.”

Pat turned around. Everything about her was an exaggeration. Her thick black eyeliner and mascara were applied so heavily, they left speckles on Pat’s powdered white cheeks. The fabric of her uniform plunged into crevices of flesh under her chest and around her waist. I didn’t see any sign of her skeleton, of her bones.

“Hey, how ya doin. Come on over, we don’t bite. I’m Pat and this’s Gail. Roberta should be here any minute, she’s the fourth aide tonight. And all of us have worked here a long time, so if you got any questions just ask.”

I nodded during her pause and pushed the strap of my bag further onto my right shoulder. I wasn’t able to speak. My brain was silent, like it had reached that blank groove at the end of a record album. They stared.

“Well. This is your first night, right?” Pat continued. “So you’ll do first rounds with me, then you’ll get list 3 for bedtime—that’s the easiest one. But we’ll do last rounds together so ya don’t feel like you’re in over your head. I gotta send you to do some-a the patients by yourself though, or we won’t finish on time. Promise to give ya the easy ones.”

Her words took a second to process. “But . . . the trainer said there’d be five aides on each wing during our first week,” I said. “That way we’d have like, an orientation period with shorter assignments or something.”

Gail and Pat both laughed. The trainer obviously hadn’t known what she was talking about—but I’d believed her. I looked down at my feet and tried to smile as if I didn’t mind their cackling. Their open mouths and squinty looks. My white leather sneakers, an old pair I’d worn in high school, looked flaky and dry compared to Pat’s polished shoes. I should’ve listened to my mom and bought new ones, but I’d wanted to save all my money for school. I ran my hand up and down the strap of my bag.

“That’s a good one,” Gail said. “Marilyn gettin five aides on a wing. Now Marilyn’s the nursing director you know, and she makes all them decisions. She don’t put five aides on a wing for 3-to-11.” Gail shrugged. “But the woman has no shame. I wouldn’t be surprised if she did tell your trainer she was gonna do that.” Gail wasn’t wearing makeup. Her dark skin was smooth and even, with a glow of orange under the surface.

“Liberty Home doesn’t spend money that way, you just gotta get used to it,” Pat said. “They’re always cryin broke while we’re down here making 6.25 an hour.”

“Shit. Those fuckers make us work short all the time just so they don’t have to break out the cash. Most they do is pay overtime for the extra shifts and doubles,” Gail said.

They didn’t talk like the trainer, who’d been upbeat and professional in class. They didn’t speak like Marilyn, who’d been congratulatory and formal when giving out the certificates. I figured Pat and Gail were testing me. They wanted to see if I could take their dose of reality, but I wasn’t going to let them rattle me. The only thing that really bothered me, because it sounded like such an annoyance, was the mention of double shifts. I wanted the job, but I didn’t want to be at the nursing home for sixteen hours—I didn’t need the money that bad.

“Well, we should put our bags in the kitchenette. Here let me show ya.” Pat stepped around the counter and I followed her to a door behind the desk. “This’s where we keep all the stuff for the patients’ snacks, but I put my pocketbook in here too since the door is locked. There’s too many busy hands around the coat closet. That’s an interesting bag you got. Looks like it’s from the army.”

“Oh, yeah.” I almost said thanks. “It’s from an army-navy store.” I grabbed the gray canvas bag with one hand and slipped the strap off my shoulder.

“My husband Bud was in the army,” Pat said.

“Really?” I didn’t have anything else to say. In my mind, the army was napalm and families who moved a lot and screaming sergeants. I didn’t understand why anybody would join.

The kitchenette was a narrow room squeezed behind the desk, next to the coat closet and med room. It was rather dismal—an ancient microwave and a toaster surrounded by crumbs. A battered mini-refrigerator on the floor. Near the metal sink sat a tray heaped with brown plastic coffee cups, two plastic bowls of mush, and a sectional plate of half-eaten food.

“What the hell is this. Gail, Gail check this out,” Pat spun and shouted into my face. “They left a full tray in here again.” I stepped back as Gail appeared in the doorway. “We’re gonna have to get room-to-room checks if they keep pullin this shit. There better not be any crap anywhere else. Sorry Beth. Here put your bag in this cabinet. That one in front has bread, tea, Sweet’n Low, some animal crackers, saltines, and jelly packets. There’s usually butter packets in the refrigerator with the milk’n juice. The nurses keep apple sauce in there too, but that’s for meds. And none of the patients are ever supposed to be in here.” Pat ended the tour there. “Just look at this shit from lunch. I am sick of pickin up after them, like we don’t have anything better to do.”

I tried to muster some exasperation about the tray, but it didn’t upset me at the time. It seemed easy enough to take the tray to the kitchen or add it to the dinner carts later. I hadn’t felt the weight of those simple tasks, I didn’t understand their cumulative power.

“I even asked em if they got everything.” Gail pointed at the main hallway with her hand high above her head. “That bitch Diane walked outta here with her nose in the air like she’s all that. The

kitchen staff needs to hear about this right now too, cuz they get heated if the breakfast stuff ain't put away before dinner, and I don't feel like hearin it."

Pat herded us from the kitchenette as she stomped toward the desk.

I heard voices coming from the med room. "28, 29, 30 31, 32 digoxin. And there are the three packs that came in the delivery. Ready for . . ." The day and evening nurse had wheeled the med cart to the doorway, blocking themselves in with the pills and liquids, capsules and ointments. The cart was beige plastic. A small lamp rose from the top on a bendable coil.

"I'm leavin a note for 7-to-3 right now. And we should say something to the day nurse since she's still here." Pat snatched a piece of scratch paper and leaned over the desk. She pressed her weight onto her left hand and I saw a wedding band embedded in her ring finger. "What's the date? Yeah and we should both sign it. Oh, you too Beth, if you wanna."

"That's okay." I walked toward the front of the nurse's station. "They wouldn't know who I am anyway."

Pat didn't say anything else. I told myself I didn't care—the whole thing seemed rather petty. Who cared about a tray of dishes. There were bigger concerns in the world, I had bigger concerns. About graduation requirements and study abroad and glasnost and apartheid in South Africa. I didn't want it to matter so much that they weren't asking me to sign a stupid note about dirty dishes.

"Alright," Pat continued, "so Gail, I'm gonna say that we found a lunch tray . . ."

I grabbed the scrunchy from my pocket and pulled my wavy brown hair into a ponytail. Neither Pat nor Gail said anything to me, so I focused on the main hallway and struggled not to itch at the elastic band of my pants, an old pair with a wide waistband and front pockets stitched to the outside. I didn't want to admit the pants made me look like a hobo because I refused to spend any money on a uniform.

Running my hand along the counter, I stole a few glimpses of Pat and Gail to compare what they were wearing. Pat had on a uniform, a one-piece dress with luminescent buttons, a rounded collar, and empty belt loops. Faint coasters of stain showed at the armpits.

Although Gail wasn't wearing a uniform, her white pants were thick and ironed flat. Her shirt was a nurse's top with front snaps, little metal donuts around white centers, and her bulky white socks were puckered above spotless leather sneakers. She was also wearing a lot of jewelry. Rings with heavy edges, glittering bits of diamonds.

I moved one of my simple silver hoops in my ear like it wasn't hanging right and eyed the bracelet on Gail's wrist. It flashed her name in a swirl of gold. Another broad stream wriggled across her collarbone. Gail's necklace was three times as wide as the big gold chain I'd bought in tenth grade with money from babysitting and cleaning offices. I didn't wear my gold chains anymore though, or my sapphire ring. People at Brown didn't wear gold like that. They mostly wore silver and big earthy stones

and etched toe rings with expensive brown sandals. Although I felt a vague longing when I saw Gail's jewelry, I reminded myself that it was really brash and tacky.

I paced to the linen cart and glanced down the main hallway for the fourth time. A patient with purple scabs all over her nose was scooting her wheelchair toward the dining room, one hand on the railing and both feet inching along the floor.

"You're here for the summer right, now til the enda August," Pat said from behind me. "That's what we heard."

I returned to the counter and rested my forearm on top. "Yeah, for the summer. Plus I'm gonna work at Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"You a college girl then," Pat noted.

"Yeah."

"You go for nursing?" Gail asked.

"No." I assumed they'd respect me more for planning to do something else as my real job—I didn't see the insult in thinking that other work was better as a career. "I'm probably gonna major in political science."

"What the hell ya do with that?" Pat said. It was the same question my father asked every time we talked about my major.

"I'll probably go to law school. I wanna be a lawyer and work with people who're having problems." My father told me I was full of pie-in-the-sky baloney and warned me that some people couldn't be helped. They were just bad, like the people my brother hung around with. But not my brother, although he was the one buying the drugs. "I wanna defend people and their civil rights, make sure they get fair treatment and stuff," I said. I expected Pat and Gail to really admire that.

"Bud thinks you can't change a criminal. He says we should just lock em up and throw away the key," Pat said. "I don't always agree with him, but sometimes it's true."

"Lawyer is good money though. Real good," Gail nodded. "Why you workin here then?"

Their lack of enthusiasm was disappointing. "This seemed like a good job for the summer. You know, helping older people. It's a good thing to do, more than other jobs." I thought for sure Gail and Pat would respect me for that.

Gail laughed. "That's the shit right there. Ooh my, tell me who'd wanna be up in here if they didn't have to?" She held Pat's arm for a second. Her body swayed with a cynical amusement I didn't understand. But it strengthened my resolve. I wanted to see what was so hard about Liberty Home.

"If you wanna know the truth," Pat said, "I don't think I could do another job after this one. I'd probably get too bored. Plus I do love the patients. They can drive me crazy, but God bless em, I love

them. And they need us, we're family to them. I just don't know about it bein a good thing. It has to get done though."

Nobody said anything for a couple seconds. "How old're you?" Gail asked.

"Nineteen."

"You got a boyfriend at college?" she asked.

"No, no. I'm not seeing—" The answer had come fast, but I stopped. It was a lie. I had a boyfriend. And his father worked for an investment bank in Manhattan and his mother was an art dealer and they drove up to visit Jeremy in a convertible Mercedes. But I didn't want to take it back, I didn't want to explain. They didn't need to know. I couldn't have explained my denial anyway. I hadn't moved past the contradiction of being both proud and ashamed of Jeremy at the same time. Proud and ashamed of a lot of things.

"Here comes Roberta," Pat announced. "Now we can get started."

"Hello ladies," Roberta called. "We got four tonight?"

"Sure do." Gail pointed at me. "This is Beth, one-a the new ones."

Roberta glanced to the ceiling and smiled. "Praise God," she said in a soft voice. She was a tall black woman with round cheeks and heavy arms. Dark circles held her eyes deep in her light brown face, and her wide feet sloped to the sides of her nursing shoes, which looked like they were going to split from the pressure. A hard bulky textbook rested in the crook of her arm and a plastic-wrapped plate of cookies sat on top. "So, Marilyn gave us one of the new certified girls. Good to meet you Beth, I'm Roberta. Here ladies. I brought some cookies from the party we had at school today."

"Ah jeez Roberta. Just what I need." Pat peeled open the plastic wrap and picked out two cookies. I thought she was going to hand one to me. "Help yourself Beth, then come over to the linen cart and I'll help you load up."

I didn't want a cookie. I didn't like oatmeal raisin, which was all that was left since Pat had taken the two chocolate chip. But Roberta was watching and Gail had already taken a bite of hers.

"Don't forget to grab some rubber gloves, Beth." Roberta took a box from the desk and set it on the counter. "Fill your pockets now and you'll be happy later."

"Mmhm," I nodded, my lips closed over a mouthful of the dry cookie.

"Roberta's goin to school too, gettin her LPN," Pat said. I smiled and widened my eyes, but I thought Pat was a little confused. An LPN program wasn't really college, it wasn't a four-year degree. "How does it feel, Roberta?" Pat asked as we gathered around the line cart. "You're almost done now."

"I am too tired to know. All these years have come down to this, God willing. I am in His hands. But Jamal can't stop talking about it. The poor man. He thinks I'm going to go back to cooking and

cleaning like I used to. I'm happy though, real happy. And I couldn't have done it without him. I am truly blessed."

"You're lucky that he—" Pat snatched my hand away from the washcloths. "Don't bother takin any-a those. I'm gonna show you a better way."

"Okay. Then I just need a lift belt." It was my attempt to sound like a regular.

"Sure," Pat sighed.

Roberta laughed. "Give her a break. It's her first night, and a lift belt isn't going to hurt anybody."

"Not gonna finish eleven or twelve patients at bedtime with a lift belt. But there might be some on the bottom there."

I didn't want to take a belt, not if they thought it was stupid, but I couldn't get out of it without looking pathetic. They all watched as I rummaged through the bottom shelf and found a single belt sitting under a piece of foam eggcrate. I decided against wearing it around my waist like the trainer and the women on 7-to-3 had done.

"You lift without the belts?" I asked.

"Yeah, we just hug the patients under their armpits. Here, gimme those." Pat laid her diapers and pads on the large plastic hamper and yanked mine out of my hands. Without a word, she reached under my armpits, hooked her elbows in, and clasped her forearms across my shoulder blades. Her bosom enveloped my narrow chest and buoyed me up as she squeezed and lifted. "Then pivot and put em where they gotta go. Jeez, you're light as a feather."

She dropped me back on my feet. I felt small and floppy.

"Take the lift belt, Beth. You might have the time to use it," Roberta said before turning to follow Gail down the south hall.

Pat handed me my stack of linens. "Sure, if ya want to. Go ahead." I reeled in the belt's metal clasp as Pat tromped into the north hall. "I like to start at the far end and work my way back. It makes me feel like I'm getting somewhere. So we'll go down here and do Beatrice and Helen first."

I pushed the wheeled hamper and followed Pat to the last room. I did my best to ignore the pulse that was throbbing out of my ribcage and into my neck and fingertips. I told myself I was ready to do the job, I was ready—but I just wanted to watch Pat do everything.

Pat walked to the far bed without stopping in the bathroom to wash her hands like the trainer had told us to do. So I walked with her. There were no lights on. No television, no radio. Just the standard issue: two hospital beds, two hospital tables, two nightstands, two dressers. Stepping past the bathroom, I was surprised by a woman sitting in a chair with her knees together and her feet flat on the floor.

"Oh. Hello, hi there." I brought my face down in front of hers. Only her pupils moved.

“Come over here first,” Pat called. “Beatrice won’t say anything to you anyway. Nothin personal, she’s just out-of-it. And this is Helen.” The bed in front of Pat was almost flat, just a mound of blanket. “Hi Helen. How are ya? Helen’s out-of-it too. Totally out-of-it. Let’s get these off and see what you got.” Pat swept the sheet and blanket into the air and flung them to the foot of the bed.

It was not a person. It was a pile of weathered branches bent into the fetal position, with a dried apple head stuck on top. I stared. I felt oddly thrilled and didn’t know what to do about it. We hadn’t worked on anybody like that in training. One patient might’ve been that contorted, but Sonia had merely cranked the bed up and held a straw so the woman could sip a strawberry protein shake.

“Should I pull the curtain?” I asked.

“Nah. Nobody comes down here.” With one flick Pat had Helen’s johnny up by her neck.

I bit my lip. The trainer had instructed us to never expose a patient, to always keep a sheet covering part of the body. I glanced at Pat’s face, but she was focused on Helen.

“Makes you wanna drink your milk huh,” Pat said. “The ones like this are in a lotta pain too, on a lotta meds. Hah honey?” She ran her hand over the strings of Helen’s milkweed hair, which were pulled into a red elastic. “Helen’s good to start with cuz I can show you a few things.”

“Okay,” I said, but seeing Helen so exposed, I felt a twinge of pity. A feeling that I still confused with actual caring. I brushed the johnny away from her chin and pulled it over her chest.

“Oops, yeah. Don’t wanna cover your face, right Helen?” Pat said.

Helen was lying on her right side with her rounded back close to the bedrail in front of me. Each of her hands was clamped on a nubby washcloth and there was a pillow beneath her clenched knees. Her body curved toward her stomach as if her bones were being pulled into her belly button with fishing line. Although her muscles and tissue were almost gone, I noticed a scar that looked like it came from a c-section.

Pat pulled the unsnapped diaper away from Helen’s belly. Sparse white hair didn’t hide the stretched mauve edges of her vagina. “Well, Helen’s only wet but I’ll show ya how to wash with a towel anyway.” Leaving the sheets down, Pat walked to the bathroom. “Get the water warm, not too hot. They have sensitive skin and you’ll burn em with water you think is just fine.” Pat wet one end of the towel and pumped out two squirts of pink soap from the wall dispenser.

Trying not to let any thoughts show on my face, I followed Pat to the bed. She rolled Helen toward my side and pulled out the damp diaper. “She’s light enough so I can do this by myself, but watch. You wash the patient with the wet end of the towel.” Pat spread the towel over the palm of her hand and rubbed it along Helen’s crotch. “Then you dry em with the other end. No washcloths, less to carry.”

My hips tilted away from the bed, away from the rough work of Pat's diligent hands. Helen's face didn't change. No flinch, no acknowledgment. "Throw it or roll it up in the wet pads," Pat said. "You know the rest, right?"

"I thought we weren't supposed to put stuff on the floor?" I pushed my voice high and soft, into a question. "The trainer said we're supposed to set it on the bed." I should have kept my suggestion to myself, where it was pleasantly entwined with the idea that I was going to do everything the right way.

"Nobody does that. It's gross, and as long as we don't throw the dirty diapers open on the floor, there's nothin unsanitary," Pat said. "There we go Helen. She needs to be turned too, but she's light." Pat reached one arm under Helen's shoulders, the other under her knees.

"I can help. I can lift on this side."

"Nah. Look how light she is." With a short sigh, Pat lifted Helen a couple inches, drew her closer, and put her down. "Pull the diaper up and we're done. She doesn't move so you don't have to snap it—it'd just dig into her skin. Try pickin her up, see how light she is."

My hand ran along Helen's back. I grimaced as her skin slid over her sharp spine and a crunchy age spot rubbed my forearm. I tried to put my weight into my legs before tensing my arms. But all the pull went into my back. My neck locked and the air huffed out of my lungs as I picked her off the bed. There was a crinkling sound from Helen's body, like a smashing of potato chips. I let her down.

"Her back cracked, that's all," Pat said. "Now we lean her on her side. There ya go, and use this pillow to prop her knees. They told you this is all for bed sores, right?"

"Yeah, we had a whole thing on that." Deep wrinkled indentations from the wet diaper covered the skin on Helen's right side. The red spot on her hip was the size of a tea saucer.

"You check Beatrice while I throw this stuff in the laundry. She stands so just lift her skirt to see if the diaper's wet," Pat said and walked into the hall.

Beatrice stood when I touched her elbow, but she didn't look at me or say a word. I reached under her skirt and unsnapped the diaper. She was dry. She sat down as soon as I touched her shoulder.

"We're supposed to take her to the toilet but we don't have time tonight," Pat said. "So you can go do John now, get him into his gerichair. He's in the room next door and he's also really light. Just sit him up and lift under the armpits like I showed you. Or with that lift belt. He's mostly out-of-it but he might fight a little, so be quick. I'll be across the hall with Viola if you need anything."

"Okay. So I'll go . . . there." My experience with John and Valerie made me question whether I'd be able to get him up by myself, and the adrenaline from starting my first shift had already dissolved, leaving my legs feeling slightly elastic. I didn't want to get him out of bed alone.

But I wanted to prove I could get through the summer and for Pat to think I was a good aide.

“You’ll probably need a wet towel,” Pat said, walking across the hall. Her permed hair bunched against her neck as she shouted, “Viola dear, how ya doin today?”

No light or sound came from John’s room. He was lying in the same position as the first time I saw him, with his mouth open. I was not ready to wake him up. He was going to yell. He was going to need me to touch him with nobody watching.

I clutched the stack of linens to my chest. The room seemed bigger without the huddle of trainees, and in the quiet open space I noticed frames hanging on John’s side. They were simple, yet they seemed extravagant. All the other items in the room were functional: sleep or storage or sitting or serving. But not the picture frames. I liked that someone had hung them. They seemed charming even if John didn’t know they were there. I liked the chance to look at the pictures, to see into his past. Into his real life.

I walked to the three frames hanging above the dresser. One showed a young man with a large oval face, full lips, and narrow shoulders. He was wearing a cap and gown, but the black and white had faded. The diploma had yellowed in his long smooth fingers. I easily recognized John in the second one, a wedding photograph with the name DeCaro’s stamped in gold in the lower right corner. John was sitting in a chair and his wife stood beside him with a hand on his shoulder. They were next to a large fern, in front of a curtain. His suit was dark and linear, her dress was plain. But the bouquet brimmed with many different flowers, curving and delicate.

In the third frame, I saw John. He was holding a rudder at the back of a sailboat. He had a jaunty smile and a baseball cap, but the lines alongside his mouth were deep and the skin drooped under his chin. A wedge of muscle still cut along his right arm. The image was a little ridiculous, a little too much like the Kennedys or something, but he was happy.

The two frames near John’s bed displayed diplomas, an Amherst College BA and a Harvard JD—a Harvard fucking JD. Heavy calligraphy with swoops and sharp edges sliced over the paper. **John William Leggett**. It was impressive. It was fucking huge. I nodded in appreciation of the hard work, the prestige. But I looked to the bed and saw John. *This was it?* I thought. The hours, the studying, the late nights and six-figure paychecks, the long meetings with hushed secretaries, the belts and suspenders and wing tips.

I didn’t get it. He should’ve had someone to take care of him, or the money for someone to take care of him. What was he doing at Liberty Home? He didn’t even have his own furniture. I forced my mind back to the boy in the cap and gown, the man in the wedding suit, and the baseball cap. I tried to hold onto those pieces of his existence—John was a Harvard lawyer, the top of the legal field. Ever since my junior-high counselor met with my parents, my dad had talked about Harvard. His tone had been full of hope and suspicion and revenge and pride. I’d have to tell him that the first patient . . . the first patient

whose balls I washed went to Harvard. I smiled. Wrinkled old Harvard balls, my initial brush with greatness.

There was no more avoiding it, I had to get John into his gerichair. Pat expected me to do it. But the thought of pinching his nose, like my brother used to do to me when I was sleeping, flashed through my head. Only once—for less than a second.

No one had shaved John's face that morning or washed the large crumbs of sleep from his eyelashes. I remembered the poop smear and pulled on a pair of gloves. Waiting in the bathroom for the water to grow warm, I gazed in the mirror. I turned my head to the side. My bangs had grown a little too long, the freckles on my nose had already come out for the summer. My collarbone showed at the base of my neck like a slender tree root.

On the way to John's bed, I thought about how I'd be able get him up. I realized that I couldn't use the method from training, because doing it myself meant I had to start without waking him. I would have to rush through as much as possible before he was alert.

I squeezed the small lever and released the bedrail. With my hand as a guide, the brown metal gate quietly swung to the right. John was still asleep. His breathing made no noise, but his chest moved slightly. Sneaking my fingers under the sheet by John's neck, I kept my eyes on his face. Still asleep. Still breathing. He didn't give me any reason to get Pat.

The sheet and blanket flew off his body in one ripple, and before John opened his eyes I had the wet diaper unsnapped. Just as he started to moan, I pushed to roll him. He tilted a little but stopped hard.

I'd forgotten the belt restraint. It was holding him and cinching his waist, which caved under the pressure like a tube of clay.

"Oh shit," I said. "Shit, shit, shit." I squatted and pecked at the knot, but my push had yanked it tight. And the rubber gloves were getting in the way, sticking to the canvas strap as my fingers fumbled inside the numb membrane. "Just a second here."

John grabbed onto the far bedrail and cranked it back and forth. "Eeeough, oow. Oohh."

By the time I removed my gloves, untied the knot on each side of the bed, and grabbed the wet towel, he was sitting up. His whole body was a rigid zigzag, from his tense neck down his back, up from his hips, to his unmoving ankles.

I was afraid Pat might hear him. "Shhh, come on. Everything's okay," I whispered as I shook open the wet towel. "You're fine."

There was a cranberry stain on the front of John's striped Izod shirt. I knew I should change it. But I had no time. He was only getting up for a couple hours, and who was there to impress? The trainer had emphasized dignity and respect, but this was just once. Just my first night because I didn't have enough time.

His shiny hairless legs slid along the mattress as he wailed. I pressed his shoulder toward the pillow to lay him down. John rocked back on his tailbone and his feet flew into the air, giving me a chance to push under his hips again. I shoved him toward the far side with all my anxious strength, and his right arm smacked the bedrail.

His voice grew louder. “Eeeoogh. Oh ooh.”

“Sorry, I’m sorry. Come on. You know how this goes right? You’re a smart man,” I said. There was the expected poop smudged on his scrotum.

I swiped the towel once, but he wasn’t completely clean. When I ran the towel over his raw skin the second time, John let go of the far bedrail and swung at me. His bony forearm caught me on the nose and pain sparked across my face. My eyes clenched and I dropped the towel on the bed. I didn’t want to touch my face with the gloves, so I hopped from foot to foot with my hands flicking at my sides.

When I got my eyelids to relax, I saw that John was resettled in the dirty diaper. “Now look what you did. See. I’m trying to help you here. Now I gotta wash you all over again.” I snatched the cold soiled towel. Heat rushed into my arms and hands as they lunged underneath John and heaved him onto his face. His forehead and knee hit the bedrail. I had him under control—an immediate satisfaction moved through me so quickly all I sensed was the residue and immunity. I locked one elbow against his weight and kept going. I told myself I had to.

After wiping his butt again, I threw the towel into the diaper, rolled them together, and yanked them from under his hip. I wasn’t thinking about any tissue tear. My rigid left arm had his whole body jammed on its side. I let him go, and John tumbled backwards and glared at me. He tried to spit, but the spray ended up all over his chin.

I smirked at him. “Good one.” The sound broke the momentum of my frustration. I could suddenly see all the details of the room.

John’s face was red with a small white line on his forehead where he’d hit the bedrail, and he was naked except for the dirty Izod shirt bunched at his flat bony chest. Drooping from his thin tuft of white pubic hair, his penis had the squashy appearance of something which had not been dry in weeks. His thin fingernails were clipped in uneven scraggly lines.

I dropped my hands and shoulders. John was staring at me and muttering fierce incomprehensible sounds. I saw the texture of the hospital curtain, the bumpy white vase on his roommate’s nightstand, the spoon on the floor by the dresser. As if a thick mist had evaporated, the whole room seemed full of straight hard lines—the walls, the doors, the trim, the dresser drawers.

I couldn’t believe I had shoved an old man, pushed his face into a bedrail. I didn’t want to believe it. I pulled his shirt over his stomach and straightened the collar.

Someone appeared at the door. “You need help finishing him up?” Pat asked. Her bulk and the flash of hair and makeup were magnificent after John’s ashen wispliness. She was like a giant Faberge egg.

“Yes. I don’t think I should lift him on my own yet.” My stomach squeezed when Pat stepped closer to the bed, but I waved my hands over John like everything was breezy and normal. “I mean, I’ll be able to and stuff, but he’s pretty upset right now. Probably cuz I’m new or something.”

Pat’s face didn’t change when she looked at him, she didn’t notice the line in his forehead. “John has his moods, huh John?” She smiled and sweetly jostled his shoulder. I saw caring and understanding in her touch. “Let’s get this diaper snapped, forget about the pants. We’ll throw a shower blanket over his legs. The nurse won’t care cuz it’s your first night.”

After we lifted John into the gerichair, Pat headed toward the hall. “I’ll be next door. Botha those guys need a lift, so come in there when you’re done. John just needs the blanket and his slippers, and then he sits at the nurse’s station. You doin alright, Beth?”

“Okay. Yeah I’m doing . . . thanks . . . for the help.”

I tied the restraint around the back of John’s chair—making absolutely sure two of my fingers fit comfortably between the belt and his waist like the trainer had advised. I got his tray from beside the dresser and crouched to slip it over the metal arms. I felt something like a pat. Like petting. It was John’s hand. He closed his fingers around my hair and I waited for him to pull. I closed my eyes, letting my muscles settle like silt. *Pull my hair*, I thought, *pull it. I deserve it.* The drama of it caught me for a second, and I felt repentant and inspired. Almost a saint.

His tugging jostled the scrunchy and some static built up. Opening my eyes, I saw his bulbous knees and the swath of diaper, like thick cake frosting in his crotch. He held my hair and I rested my forehead against the rubberized edge of the tray. I smelled urine and grease and window cleaner. I prayed to whatever was out there, *Please don’t let me end up like this, please god don’t.*

When I raised my head and peered through the tangle of hair, I saw that John’s lips were compressed in a tense line of exertion. It was both morose and laughable. “That’s the best you got?” I said. “You do better when you’re swinging.”

I pulled his hand away and stood up. As I fixed my ponytail, John reached his hands over the edge of the tray to jiggle it back and forth. He was humming loudly. I needed to get a blanket for his legs, and I needed to hurry because I had to walk to the linen cart in the main hallway, then back to John, then wheel him down to the nurse’s station, and then return to join Pat in the next room.

I pushed John to the door and peeked out. The north hall was empty, and the nurse’s med cart sat deserted in the south hall. I figured nobody would see if I pushed John to the nurse’s station to get the

blanket. He'd only be exposed for a few seconds. But I decided not to do it, not that first night. That night I walked to the linen cart and returned with a clean blanket.

"Here you go." I opened the aqua-green blanket and refolded it to a size that would cover his legs without dragging on the floor. "It's not the fanciest, but you'll be nice'n warm," I said, reaching under the tray and wrapping the blanket around John's waist, tucking the edges under his legs.

John didn't look at me. I gently ran my hand over his forehead and rubbed his back, but he just gripped the edge of his tray and rattled it back and forth.

John

the motion to dismiss on the Prudential case will require final approval from Mr. Riley as well as myself so we will expect

stand up my dear you need to take a moment to to to pull yourself together before you leave my office what on earth are you doing these sort of antics are beneath both of us and they won't do anything to change the I assumed this matter was closed when you received my gift yes the money it was more than generous more than enough to help with any decision it is time for you to stop behaving this way and get yourself off the floor

you nasty girl you nasty awful girl I don't want you to touch me what are you doing what are you doing there find Genevieve Genevieve will take care of this mess I'm not supposed to be here in this this this so don't you touch me again not again this will be taken care of and you will

the motion to dismiss on the Prudential case will require final approval from Mr. Riley as well as myself so we will expect a draft by noon tomorrow I trust you understand the importance of this particular motion considering Judge Wilson's ruling on

where is Genevieve what have you done to me how did you get me here get me out of this thing get me out of this dreadful thing right now you are just terrible just like all the other girls you are all terrible for what purpose do you have me here for what purpose have you strapped me into this I hate this chair I hate it

don't threaten me you will not get anything from telling my wife and that is the end of it get yourself together get up off the floor this display is unnecessary and humiliating that's it straighten yourself out and

what are you doing to me where is Genevieve where is my wife I need to get home to her people are expecting me at home she's probably planned a party or cocktails or some she's always planning something and I have to make sure she's alright let me out of this thing let me out damn it where are you taking me goddamn you goddamn you

I trust you understand the importance of this particular motion considering Judge Wilson's ruling on our previous effort to suppress the financial records from the regional office in Hartford

you know Judge Wilson is coming over with his wife for no no wait a minute not Judge Wilson his nephew Ronald Ronald with his wife and Genevieve planned the supper a supper like the one we had aren't you supposed to be with her aren't you supposed to help while Genevieve picks up flowers and vegetables from the

market Genevieve can't be out alone you know that you know what happened
aren't you the girl who is
goddamn you where is Genevieve just leave me alone leave me alone don't move me anywhere in
this wretched place how will she find me