

I have been feeling strange lately.

I figured it was due to the change of seasons, the beginning of winter always gets me down. But it was a bit more fundamental than that.

When I started crying over nothing and everything I figured I needed to take measures or I might fall into a depression. I went for walks but my legs were hurting pretty quickly into the walks, I just spent more time in the sun, but the light was hurting my eyes.

After a month feeling that way, mornings when I was having a hard time getting up, evenings when I was never in the mood of get some sleep, I took the last step and went to see a doctor.

I hate doctors.

They always want to know the smallest, most embarrassing details about your personal life, what do you eat, how do you defecate, how many lovers do you have.

It feels like they are judging you from the inside out and you can never tell them off because they are the ones holding your health in their power.

So I do not have a regular doctor, I just pick a new one in the phone book every time. It makes for longer sessions but they can not track my life and fit me in their books.

The new one was a little too young for my taste, I like the old ones better, they are ashamed to ask a certain kind of questions. The young ones will ask you the worst details without raising an eyebrow.

When I described my symptoms, he suggested some blood tests.

I am afraid of needles. So I refused.

He argued that this was the easiest way to understand what I had and treat it.

Still I refused.

Blood tests meant I had to face a needle, and a nurse then I would have to come back to that specific doctor to get explanations on the results of the tests.

This was not going to happen.

I asked him what kind of tests he could perform instead to know immediately what I had.

He did not know.

That's why I prefer older doctors too, they have enough experience to just guess.

Now I was sure he wanted me to get out of there as much as I wanted to be out.

He offered the little knowledge of Chinese medicine he had, checked the white of my eyes, my pulse.

The little Chinese medicine he had apparently was more than enough to realise something was not right with me.

He looked into two big books before he could even look me in the face again.

This was not good. What had he found, and why did he need the big dusty books to check that he was not misunderstanding something ? Suddenly I did not want to know more, and I got up to leave.

He stopped me with an hand move. I froze.

Still silent and looking unsure of himself, he put that hand on my shoulder, caressing my cheek on the way.

He murmured "it can't be true."

I was still frozen, his touch seemed so nice and alive but his gaze was unclear, and he still

hadn't said anything about my illness.

I moved just a little to remind him that I was not just a curiosity but also a patient and getting more worried by the minute.

With a jolt he saw me again. He started to talk quickly but his words made no sense at all.

I stopped him, asking for smaller words, things that I could understand.

He tried again, but it was not clearer, or maybe I was not thinking straight any more.

Maybe it was another symptom that my brain was not working properly anymore.

One thing was obvious, suddenly he was not in such a rush for me to get a blood exam or any other medical attention. Apparently my case was rare and he did want the benefit of my discovery.

But what was my case ?

From what I managed to understand it was some degenerative disease, one that would make my nerves mutate. It meant that I'd little by little lose any mastery I had on my body and limbs but I would be able to build new connections, which could lead to new possibilities. My legs might not be able to dance any more but maybe I would be able to jump a six meters high fence. That was what was happening to my eyes already, seeing by day was more and more difficult but I might end up with night vision.

He had no solution to offer, no remedy had ever been found but only a handful of persons had been affected that he knew of and most of them had turned into circus freaks.

He was hoping to use me as a case study to try to understand where the illness came from, how to help me cope with it and most of all, try to reproduce some of its effects.

Who would not like to increase his night vision by just taking a pill ?

We could make a fortune. He did not seem to realise that his big plan depended on one person, me, and that person did not want to see doctors, so she was not going to sign herself up as a medical specimen for life.

Suddenly I woke up, what was that guy talking about ? He had not been able to understand what I was suffering from without a blood test and from an eye exam he was able to discover a degenerative disease ? That made no sense at all.

I would have to go and find another doctor. Better yet, I could directly find a nice Chinese doctor who would not ask stupid questions and would not want blood samples.

I had to find a quick escape from that guy, he seemed normal but he was turning more weird than I felt.

I invented an urgent appointment. I would be back quickly. More exams if he wanted. We would talk about that publication of his on me, anything and everything to get away now. I gave him a wrong name and number as contact informations.

I got back home relieved not to have fallen into whatever he was planning for me. I did not notice if my symptoms were getting better or worsening, I was so full of energy from my narrow escape.

It was only the next morning that I realised that it was getting worst. I could not face the sunlight without sunglasses, everything was too bright and giving me a headache.

While looking for my glasses around the flat, I walked into table and chairs that had been in the same place for years and never a problem. When I found the glasses, my left hand could not catch it. It took me several attempts to understand that my hand was not

responding to the usual order with the usual movement, it could move correctly, but the grabbing reflex was gone. I had to use my right hand which did not seem to suffer from the same trouble yet.

The description of my disease by the young doctor came back to me. It seemed to hit the spot. But maybe that was just self conviction. My brain needed to have an explanation and was modifying my reflexes just to fit the only explanation that had been offered the day before.

I was not convinced by that reasoning. But the alternative was scarier. What if he was right ?

Could my body learn new tricks ? That would be the ultimate proof. If my left hand could change behaviour like that, the doctor was right. It did not mean I would go back to him and become a medical freak but at least I would know the diagnosis and maybe get advantages of it.

I managed to get to work. People were expecting my eccentricities now, so they were not shocked by the sunglasses inside the building and they knew better than to ask me about it.

I went into my office and spent the complete day trying to make my hand behave differently.

By lunch time, I had mastered a weird inverted move, all the fingers from my left hand would bend backward and I could grab something with the palm of my hand on the outside. It was not hard, but quite impressive.

By then I was not wondering any more if the doctor had been right, but how many of my

bodily functions could change so drastically, and what would I become.

I spent the rest of the afternoon thinking about this while I practised new tricks alone in my office.

My other limbs were starting to dysfunction too. At one point I walked to the window and closed the blinds and realised that I could see in the dark without any light on.

Only then did I try to remember how I had walked up to the window and could not figure out how I had done it.

When I tried to get up again, consciously that time, I could not.

My legs would not bend at the knees and hips as usual. All my articulations were locked. Experimenting with them a little more, I realised that they were not locked but that they were behaving differently. From then on, I tried new stuff, sending new ideas of movement to my legs and feet. They did respond readily to those new stimulations.

When I found myself able to crawl on the ceiling I wondered how I would be able to get out of my office again without people noticing me.

But I had the answer already. I was not going to walk out that door, but I could very well open the window and crawl down from the fourteenth floor to street level. Getting back home would not be easy but it was doable, as long as I waited for the night. Sunlight might not kill me but the brightness and the headache it caused might distract me from my new acquired moves and I would risk falling to my death.

It would be a shame to lose all that new potential just after finding out about them.

I was still not sure of what I had become, extra human or super human, but what I knew was that feeling strange was only the beginning and it would take more than a little doctor

to stop me from being a super new me now.

I only needed more practice. Probably a week or two from now, I would be able to do anything I wanted. I might even start showing the world my powers, they would have to worship me for them.

Then, only then, I might let a few chosen scientists examine me and try to understand my powers, after all, if it could help some poor sods walk again, why not ?

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