

CHAPTER 11

Camille grabbed the thick burgundy terry robe from the back of the bathroom door and wrapped the belt tight around her waist. Tonight she didn't feel like her normal ritual of putting on lotion while her pores were still open. When she used a hand towel to wipe the moisture from the vanity mirror, she saw a weary woman. Her hair was wet hanging across her shoulders and she wondered where the young, vibrant and happy woman she once knew had gone. The water drops at the tips of her hair quickly disappeared into the thirsty robe, but her sadness remained. She took the same towel and in one quick swoop, wrapped her hair on top of her head. Earlier, she had been tense and the hot shower helped her to relax a bit, but she wasn't quite where she needed to be to fall asleep.

One of her patients, a twenty-three year old young man diagnosed with Paranoid Personality Disorder had a relapse today. He's convinced that someone is coming to take him away. He doesn't know who they are or where they're going to take him, but he is sure they're coming for him. If any changes occur in his every day routine, he sinks back into an uncontrollable state that can only be stabilized with drugs. On top of his paranoia; he becomes suicidal in an attempt to circumvent his imaginary abductor's plans to take him away. His parents are growing more desperate and disheartened everyday as they pray and wait for Camille to fix him.

Camille walked over to the fully-stocked bar and poured a glass of scotch, neat. The Glenlivet 12 year old, single malt scotch was her brand of choice. She finished it quickly and then poured herself another as she clicked on the television. She sat down on the sofa, tucking her legs under the warmth of the robe. Channel after channel, more of the same: infomercials, reality shows, political news and stupid sitcoms. She quickly flipped back to the Disney channel because the teenager on the screen reminded her of Ebony. The young actress was being sassy, swinging her hair as she talked while toting a major attitude. Camille never took her eyes off the flat screen as she took another sip and her mind became fixated on the odd behavior of Ebony and Parris. The empty scotch glass made a loud clinking sound as it abruptly met the smoke colored glass on the end table. She sat for several minutes pondering how she would address Ebony in their next session and then refilled her glass. Finally, she was on her way to where she needed to be.