

ing wasn't silky like something that would gently massage my scars. The material felt more like canvas that would tear my scars. I was still by no means disillusioned. I wanted to feel how it would be to be immersed completely in the suit.

After a few minutes it became apparent that I had gained some weight since the time when the measurements were taken (they used to feed me 7,000 calories and 30 eggs a day to help my body heal). The Jobst suit didn't fit very well. Still, I had waited a long time for it. Finally, with some stretching and a lot of patience on everyone's part, I was eventually completely dressed. The shirt with the long sleeves put great pressure on my chest, shoulders, and arms. The mask pressed hard all the time. The long trousers began at my toes and went all the way up to my belly button. And there were the gloves. The only visible parts of me were the ends of my toes, my eyes, my ears, and my mouth. Everything else was covered by the brown Jobst.

The pressure seemed to become stronger every minute. The heat inside was intense. My scars had a poor blood supply, and the heat made the blood rush to them, making them red and much more itchy. Even the sign warning people that I was not a bank robber was a failure. The sign was in English, not Hebrew, and so was quite worthless. My lovely dream had failed me. I struggled out of the suit. New measurements were taken and sent to Ireland so that I could get a better-fitting Jobst.

The next suit provided a more comfortable fit, but otherwise it was not much better. I suffered with this treatment for months—itching, aching, struggling to wear it, and tearing my delicate new skin while trying to put it on (and when this new thin skin tears, it takes a long while to heal). At the end I learned that this suit had no real benefits, at least not for