

I had been in the hospital for two long months when my occupational therapist came to me with exciting news. There was a technological garment for people like me called the Jobst suit. It was skinlike, and it would add pressure to what little skin I had left, so that my skin would heal better. She told me that it was made at one factory in America, and one in Ireland, from where I would get such a suit, tailored exactly to my size. She told me I would need to wear trousers, a shirt, gloves, and a mask on my face. Since the suit fit exactly, they would press against my skin all the time, and when I moved, the Jobst suit would slightly massage my skin, causing the redness and the hypergrowth of the scars to decrease.

How excited I was! Shula, the physiotherapist, would tell me about how wonderful the Jobst was. She told me that it was made in different colors, and immediately I imagined myself covered from head to toe in a tight blue skin, like Spider-Man; but Shula cautioned me that the colors were only brown for white people and black for black people. She told me that people used to call the police when a person wearing the Jobst mask went into a bank, because they thought it was a bank robber. Now when you get the mask from the factory, there is a sign you have to put on your chest, explaining the situation.

Rather than deterring me, this new information made the suit seem even better. It made me smile. I thought it would be nice to walk in the streets and actually be invisible. No one would be able to see any part of me except my mouth and my eyes. And no one would be able to see my scars.

As I imagined this silky cover, I felt I could endure any pain until my Jobst suit arrived. Weeks went by. And then it did arrive. Shula came to help me put it on for the first time. We started with the trousers: She opened them, in all their brownish glory, and started to put them on my legs. The feel-