

## A STRANGE GIFT FOR DR. GLAZER

“The 75 thousand dollars will be provided to you as agreed. Please give me your time and place as soon as possible. “Thank you. Edward.”

Doctor Glazer, a former dentist of some renown, now retired for four years, padded thoughtfully to the kitchen where he prepared two eggs on the boil, and gave over to the thought of the peculiar letter. It didn't take him much time to conclude that he knew nothing of the money, nor did he know any “Edward”. He also put the question to his cat, who looked disdainfully at him as a man who would never receive the great riches given only to superior men.

Ordinarily, that would be the end of it, but the Doctor was now in his first stage of Alzheimer's disease, and he could no longer be certain of his memory. So he texted a message to his assistant, Kraus, a twelve year old boy of rare abilities, who said he didn't recall any such name or the gift of any such money during his tenure working for Dr. Glazer.

But ten days later, another letter arrived, this time the writer's message shook with impatience, saying that “I cannot wait much longer! Please be prepared to accept these funds or consider yourself a traitor!” There was no signature.

Although Glazer had forgotten the prior letter and thus treated this event as something new, he nonetheless went again to Krauss, who filled him in on the situation, and who warned him that he must be careful.

Nine days later, on a windy night in a heavy rain, the phone call came to the Doctor: “I wait for you outside in my car. Come to accept your award. Please!”

He immediately decided to go outside and put things to rest. He was not afraid; there was something in Edward's urgency that struck deep in Glazer's heart. And so he threw on his Auburn Football jersey given to him by his son and law and left his condo, unheeding the frantic hissing of the cat.

It was a limousine at the curbstone. The door swung open and a great hand drew Dr. Glazer inside. "This is a great moment, Dr. Glazer! I am Edward – I can say no more about myself. But you, my friend, are spectacular! Congratulations!" He seized Dr. Glazer in his great hand, and shook it until his teeth rattled. "Will you have the honor of drinking schnapps with me, Dr. Glazer, eh? In celebration of this historic meeting." With a voice in what seemed to be that of a Germanic origin, he directed the driver to pour out two large glasses, one for Edward, and the other to Glazer, who accepted it readily, deciding that it would not only be prudent to accept Edward's colossal whims, but also because schnapps was a drink he always favored.

"I am an Alzheimer, do you know that?" continued Edward, gulping down the liquor. "I often don't remember anything. But when I do! I am immensely powerful and wise. No doubt this is true for you, is it not?" Glazer grinned, nodding desperately.

"Do you know the Alzheimer's marching song? No? I have composed it, and it is taking root. Listen, Glazer!" He snapped his fingers, muttered something to the driver, who then inserted the CD. A blast of military music, accompanied by what sounded like some truck drivers arguing with each other, filled the car, accompanied by enthusiastic singing by Edward. "They laugh at us, the fools!" he said as the song died away. "That is why I am here. Among my recent studies of those who have been cruelly abused just because they were Alzheimer's, I learned about your outrage. They fired you from your

dental practice, because you were lying down and eating ice cream in the treatment chair while your patient was standing up waiting for your instructions.” He paused, panting with anger. “What is wrong with that? Nothing! It makes perfect sense. But no! You are an Alzheimer, and so they kick you out! “Filthy Schweine”!

It was, alas, true how he was expelled from his office, yet Edward’s conception of it gave the doctor a new and pleasant point of view that looked upon him as heroic, which no one, including himself, had ever looked at it in that way. The moment warranted a deep draft of his Schnaps, which he quickly knocked off.

“And so, my friend Glazer,” continued Edward, “you are among the martyrs. So we must give you at least some reparation for your pain.” With tears beginning to flow from his cheeks, he reached down to grasp a large briefcase and place it on his knees. “For you,” he whispered. Then the locks snapped open to Glazer’s stunned vision, where deep stacks of hundred dollar bills seemed infinite below, multiplied by eight long rows to further dazzle the astonished doctor. For a moment he thought he must decline; but he was hampered by the fact that the car seemed to be swimming around him, and to refuse so much money required iron willpower which he didn’t have while drinking.

Then, the car door was opened and Glazer stumbled out, fiercely gripping the briefcase in one hand, and a CD in the other.

“Farewell!” cried Edward.

Glazer responded with an uncontrollable arm. But he also wanted to thank his new friend verbally, especially because, even more important than the largesse, he had been given by Edward a redeeming interpretation of the day he had been fired. But in

trying to do so, he spun about on the curb and sat down dizzily. Before he rose up again, Edward and his car had disappeared into the night.

Bob Greenspan.

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