Chaucer's Tale

by

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CHAUCER is interviewing a man around the same age as him in that man's home.

INTERVIEWEE

My mom had Huntington's my whole life. I only knew her like that. Despite her being that way, I never really thought too seriously about my Chances of getting it until she died during my first year of college. Most hereditary diseases are horrible enough to stress about but with Huntington's, you have a 50-50 chance. Casinos don't even have games with odds that high. So when she passed away, this weight started building on my shoulders. It just got heavier and heavier. I finally decided I needed to know my status. I needed to get tested. I had to do a bunch of psychological evaluations first but eventually I got to that final meeting with the doctor. My wife and I were in the room with the doc. With little prologue, he nonchalantly said, "The test results are positive." For a split second, the weight flew from my shoulders as my thought process went, "Positive equals good. Good! It good news—" then my wife grabbed my arm quickly and I noticed her sobering face. "Shit," I thought, "Positive means I have it; I tested positive for the gene." And then the weight slammed back down onto my shoulders.