

Once, i was sharp; now i am forgetful

[Experience](#), [Personal Experience](#)



Once, I was sharp. My mother would often joke about my steely resolve, saying I almost scared the doctor away at birth with my intense gaze. Growing up, I was a perceptive child, always wanting to know the ‘ why’ behind everything. Unsurprisingly, science was my favorite subject, as it was where my keen mind was truly able to flourish. I could recall long formulas and complex diagrams effortlessly, as if they were truly embedded in my head. I remember spending hours poring over biology books; fascinated, but also unsatisfied with all the diseases not yet cured. By the time I had reached adulthood, this feeling of had intensified, and given me a new sense of purpose. I was determined to change the world using my God gifted abilities. At the tender age of 24, I started my own company. BioCare was the accumulation of blood, sweat, and tears as well as a lifetime of passionate research. Our newest product was a true breakthrough in the world of science, and my team and I headed to Germany to attend an official launch. Designed to stop the growth of cancerous cells in minutes, this new solution had the potential to save thousands of lives and revolutionize the healthcare industry. My team did a phenomenal job presenting the research, and we were now one step closer to achieving our vision. Parties were held, speeches were given, and contracts were signed- I had finally attained all that I wanted for BioCare- but at a cost.

I began to forget things. It started with not knowing where I kept my wallet. As usual, I ignored it. Then came problems with vision, and confusion over certain ideas that used to be second nature. Soon, it escalated to failing to remember names, places, memories, hobbies.

Not knowing something as simple as the car I drove had not been just an aftereffect of overworking, but the emergence of something very real. Something I had seen in distant relatives, sad movies, but never imagined would happen to me. Alzheimer's ended up taking away my commandeering personality and forced me into someone who needed help to do the smallest of things. It affected both my personal and professional life, slowly making me a shell of the person I once was. I held on to BioCare for as long as I could. For a while, I would attend meetings, pretending as if I was still the brilliant person who started this company. I started studying every night, only to forget why I had been doing so in the morning. Against my will, BioCare went from being my pride and joy to a faint memory.

Once, I was sharp; now I am forgetful. That is the reality of my life, and I must now learn to accept it. Adjusting to my lost capabilities is not easy, but I know now not to take anything for granted. Although distinctly more difficult, life is now peaceful in a way. Maybe this is the universe's way of giving me a rest.