

## Edge Pieces

By Rachel Loveday

Every day is a constant routine for me and *has* to be for Jeremy.

My box is taken out of his cupboard at 11 am, 1 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm and 7 pm. It is now one.

He opens my box and once again I am shaken out, piece-by-piece onto the kitchen table. You get used to the pain of being put together and pulled apart over and over again after a while. Just like the frustration which comes with trying to find my edge pieces and putting me together and also the joy of finally completing me.

I'm usually designed to be used for rainy afternoons, the elderly and even kids. But for Jeremy, I was given to him as a part of his therapy, to give him a sense of control and keep his OCD at bay.

I have seen him take some sort of medication, I assume it's supposed to help him too, but it doesn't look like it's helping him. He's only fifteen; he's too young to be having such problems.

His parents love him dearly and are trying their best, but they are getting restless and they are having their own problems. I've been with Jeremy for a while, so long that it only takes him ten minutes to put all my edge pieces together. For most, it takes maybe an hour or two.

I'm starting to fray and get weaker from overuse, and because of this I am starting to worry that Jeremy will worsen once I am gone and I am no longer his reliable fix.

By 1.30, I am half-together. As my pieces are coming together, the pieces of Jeremy's face I can see are coming together also. His eyes are bloodshot, he has a little bit of sweat running down his cheek, he's anxious and fidgety-He's having a bad day. Looks like I'll be working overtime.

I am almost complete by 1.45; I should be complete by two. His mother comes over and gives him a kiss on the cheek and reminds him about his appointment with the psychologist at four. Its in-between his "appointments" with me. It won't be good if he comes home late. She also comments that he's putting me together in good time. There's no sign of his father around, which hasn't been unusual lately.

Jeremy joins my final piece with the others and completes me by 1.55 pm, five minutes earlier than usual; he *is* picking up his pace.

He admires me for about five minutes before he takes me apart and places me back in my box gently and then back on my rightful place on the cupboard shelf. I can rest for another hour until he needs me again, and I will always be here for him, ready, waiting.