



## *SISTERLY*

My sister is schizophrenic. That's the medical term. Most people would just say she's crazy. Whenever I complain about LeeAnne, my mother says, "You can't expect her to behave like other people, Eva. She has a mental illness." As if I could forget. These last three years, since I started high school, have been absolute hell with my sister moving in and out of the house, going on and off medications, and in and out of treatment centers. Her life is on permanent replay.

Sometimes she disappears for days on end only to reappear and insist she was with Jim Morrison, the rock star who's been dead some forty years. She says she and Jim sail in his crystal ship through galaxies not yet charted by the scientists. When I ask her if she got seasick, she thinks I'm being serious and explains that they sail through *time*, "from his past to my present." As bad as all that is, I could handle it and be sympathetic, agree with my mother that, yes, my sister can't be held responsible for her actions because she's sick, but it's the *way* she's sick that's so fucking embarrassing. She's so public about it. The whole world knows she's schizophrenic because of the crazy blog she writes, "LeeAnne On The Other Side," where she regularly announces to the world that she's "The Lizard King's wife." Not his widow, mind you, his *wife*. LeeAnne insists, "Death is no match for our love. Jim can break on through to me at any moment." Ain't no mountain high enough and ain't no paranormal dimension thick enough, I guess. She plays The Doors non-stop but it all sounds like Twilight Zone music to me.

You should never try to wrestle a delusion from a mentally ill person, so her doctors tell us over and over, but when LeeAnne holds forth on how she came to believe she was a dead rock star's wife, I want to turn down her volume. "*I live in Los Angeles. My name is LeeAnne, my initials are L and A. LA Woman!* Get it? He wrote that for me. For *me!*" she finishes, slapping her