Not Death but Decrepitude by Gary Hardaway

terrifies me. The sudden stroke, the massive heart attack, that leaves me incapable of acquiring and raising a pistol to my head. A bedridden ward of the state, warehoused in a nursing home, unable to drive to the liquor store for whiskey and cigarettes, is the end game that permeates recurrent nightmares nowall dreams of flight banished by a condition of utter dependency.

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