

Sylvia and Billy

Sylvia: I haven't 'met' anyone, Billy! You're like your mother, putting all the clues in afterwards!

Billy: *(signed vehemently) [Then why? Why did you stop going to your lip-reading classes?]*

Sylvia: Because it was *depressing*. It was a self-help group full of miserable people losing a massive part of their lives and I was one of them, getting that deaf frown on my face, that my brother got, my brain just hurting because you *never* get time off from it—

Billy: *(signed) [I know what it's like being deaf!]*

Sylvia: But you don't know what it's like *going* deaf! You don't!
(Sylvia starts to simultaneously sign and speak.)
I just keep thinking, 'Am I different? Am I different? Am I different? Am I turning into somebody different?' I'm becoming a miserable person. I feel like I'm losing my personality...can't even be ironic any more...I love being ironic...I feel *stupid*... when I lose something in the house I have to put my hearing aids in to *look* for it...
I have these dreams...when I'm talking on the phone again. And I can hear perfectly. It's all so clear...
I don't know who I am any more...I'm going deaf.