

In the Dark

By: McKinna Barnes

5/9/17

I'm laying in bed, and I look over at the clock. It's 11:42 PM, yet I'm not surprised. It can normally take about five hours of tossing and turning for me to get even slightly sleepy. But I hate sleep. It scares me. All I remember are my nightmares, most likely because I don't have much happiness or anything good in my life. They can be so violent, but I am normally happy when life tries to drag me down. The worst nightmare I remember having was when I was drowning my best friend, Catherine. At least I think I did it - it was from a perspective of a girl at least - although I really hope it wasn't. I woke up before I could see if she was hurt more. I hate when my dreams are unfinished.

I wish I could imagine something happier before I sleep, and that would occupy my dreams. Or to not remember them at all. Oh well, I just hope this "insomnia" passes soon.

5/10/17

Well, I'm still awake, once again, at 1:27 AM. My thoughts consume me, as always. Luckily I don't have to go to my monotonous and wasteful job tomorrow, so maybe I can sleep during the day. Am I afraid of the dark? Am I okay? Do I need

medical attention, or just help at all? I don't have answers to any of these questions and I don't exactly know what is wrong with me, but I'm not sure I want to know.

My brother had this problem not too long ago. He was with his wife and apparently something bad really happened, but we stopped contacting each other long before that. I wish I could find out what happened so I knew if it is anything related to what I might have, if I have anything at all.

When it's pitch black and my eyes can't take the lights anymore, I like to play with my dog, Brody. There's something special about our connection because of my "insomnia". It's like he knows that there is something wrong, so he tries his hardest to comfort me. He can hear me cry when it's 3 AM and I've had it with moving around my room and am unable to close my eyes for more than a few seconds. I hope I never have a nightmare involving him, he's too precious.

5/11/17

I just woke up from a six hour nap. I had no nightmares from what I can remember. Before this nap, I hadn't slept for 48 hours, and it was insanely rough. My thoughts and emotions consumed everything I did and took over my brain, more than they ever have before. I thought about doing things I never thought I would, yet I had weird flashbacks to actions I supposedly had done, yet they seemed like nightmares. I don't know what's happening. Maybe I should see a doctor...

5/13/17

I woke up an hour ago, and I'm wearing my work clothes, which I didn't wear to bed. I actually fell asleep as soon as my head hit my pillow, but I must have had a pretty bad nightmare because my house is a mess. My bookcase is broken and it shattered my coffee table, all of my pillows have been ripped open and torn to shreds, and my dog is missing. I'm wondering if he could have done this, although it doesn't seem feasible. How could a year old dog knock down a bookcase?

5/13/17

I still haven't found my dog yet, and I'm starting to get very worried. Brody normally runs off when I open my front door, but I went to check if he was in the yard and the lock on the door is broken. I went to check to see if he was under my car, because he likes to hide there for some reason, and my car is missing! I don't know what happened last night, but I need to figure it out, and soon.

5/14/17

I don't know how, but I cleaned up my house. The "missing dog" signs are all around my neighborhood and town. I hope someone found him... he can get pretty anxious when he is around strangers.

Anyways, to forget about the stress of my missing dog I decided to see a therapist. I don't know what doctor I will see yet, but I want to get the best. I need to know what happened the other night, and if I need to spend a fortune figuring it out, I will.

I know that "flashbacks" of memories are weird, but I keep having them. They will get triggered when I look at my broken bookcase that is sitting in my yard, waiting for the garbage truck to come. They even happen when I look at my car, that I found just outside my neighborhood, with all the doors open and the lights on. The "flashbacks" are normally of what I do during the night, and every time I have one it uncovers something I never thought I did. I walk, talk, and eat in my sleep, which explains bowls of cereal and milk awaiting me on the kitchen counter most mornings. I never thought it was a big deal, because a lot of people walk in their sleep. But recently, in my few hours of sleep, I've woken up with migraines, bruises, scratches, and even a bloody hand that I'm assuming made the hole in the wall.

These flashbacks scare me, because I wonder if I did something I saw in my recent dreams. Like drown or injure my friend Catherine. I haven't talked to her in a few weeks and I figured that was because I've felt insane. But maybe she isn't talking to me because I hurt her. She's been my best friend since high school, and I couldn't live with myself and bare with what I did to her if my flashbacks are real.

I really need to get to the bottom of this. Now, it's become a matter of life and death, and I don't want to be the one to decide that.

5/18/17

Today I saw a "Found Dog" poster, with no picture. I decided to call the number just in case, but they never picked up. I hope it's my dog because he's the only thing I truly care about.

I've found a therapist. I'm going to therapy because I need to talk about what happened - whether I remember it or not. I need to know the truth. And I need to know what happened. Some closure would be greatly appreciated at this point.

5/22/17

The "Found Dog" owner called me back, and I have so much hope that it's my dog. It needs to be. I don't know how long I can go without him.

Today was my first session with the therapist. She suggested that I try to write down my dreams if I remember them, which is rare nowadays. When I told her about my flashbacks, she told me to try and remember and write those down too. Hopefully those will give me the most answers. We'll see how this goes.

5/24/17

It was my dog! I'm so happy that I've found him. Two crises down, two to go. I need to know what is going on with me, but more importantly, how Catherine is.

5/25/17

Today I had another confusing flashback. In the flashback, my friend Catherine was running with me, but she was hurt so she was running slow. I remember looking over to her, and she yelled, "Why did you hurt me?" And I can't remember anything else, but how I wanted so badly to know if she was okay. I am writing this down for my therapist so hopefully she can explain what is going on.

5/27/17

My therapist asked if I could be watched for 24 hours while being kept in a quarantined room. I said that is okay, but I didn't mention that I was scared. What if she sees me do something illegal, or to myself? It's going to be recorded on video so I'm hoping it will help figure out why I'm having flashbacks of memories I can't remember. I'll write when we find out more.

5/30/17

It ended up taking a whole 36 hours for her to diagnose me with nothing. I feel empty, because they didn't feed me very well and I didn't sleep very well. I guess the search continues, but not in a good way.

6/2/17

My therapist wants to watch me in my own home for 48 hours, but my work won't allow it. They aren't exactly the most forgiving when you end up "missing" without a diagnosis or doctor's note. I might just have to take my vacation time off now, instead of visiting my brother, who I thought would give me some answers.

6/4/17

My work has decided to allow me to visit my brother to get some answers, but will not allow me to be watched. So, I've asked my therapist to join me, to make two in one. She said it probably wouldn't work because I wouldn't be in my most comfortable state. Which, isn't the best news to hear, but hopefully I can get better news from my brother.

6/5/17

I finally made it to my brother, but he told me to stay away. I don't exactly know why, but his wife (that left him) told me that he has problems with his sleep. I wonder if I have that as well, but most importantly, if he is okay.

6/9/17

I'm back home now, and I have a lot of news.

My brother said he has some sort of sleeping disorder, one I don't remember, but it causes him to blackout during the day and stay awake during the night. It sounds like insomnia, but I don't think it is. I know I don't have that, because I'm not up all night and I don't blackout during the day, but I am starting to think I have a sleeping disorder.

I'm going to my therapist in a few days to update her and see if she knows anything about sleep disorders.

6/10/17

I've reached out to Catherine numerous times and I don't know where she's been but she's read my texts. I think I am going to visit her today, and hopefully she will be alright. I want an explanation for why she hasn't returned any of my messages. I want an explanation for my flashback of her drowning. I want an explanation for everything. I just want to know.

6/11/17

Catherine is okay, but she suffered a lot of trauma, apparently from me. I can't believe she said I tried to drown her. Supposedly, we were watching a movie at my house, and I fell asleep. But when she thought I was awake, I went to grab water. I

returned with a cloth and held her down and poured the water over her mouth. She said it was like I was a completely different person. I didn't even have my eyes fully open. I wasn't aware of anything. I don't know what to believe anymore. I don't know what to do with myself.

6/13/17

I saw my therapist today, and she thinks I have REM Sleep Disorder. It's where people act out violent dreams, and unfortunately, it makes a lot of sense. All of my flashbacks take place at night, everything bad that has happened to me has taken place during the night time, and everything I've done has happened overnight. I can't believe I could have done some and possibly even all of these things. But I have to live with the truth somehow, but I can't seem to deal with that. I just want it all to end. Maybe I have to end it all.