

THE NIGHTMARE CYCLE

My breath hitches and my body spasms awake, violently shaking in fear. The dream had felt so real this time. I sit up straight and pull off the blanket, now drenched in my sweat and tears, and try to breathe properly. It happened again.

I hold my left arm against my chest and begin to chew hard into my right hand. It's my coping mechanism that distracts my brain for a short while, at least until the damage of the recent nightmare flushes out of my system.

It felt so real. It was real. Wasn't it? I still can feel the stabs of fingers piercing the skin of my forearm. The nails cutting deeper and deeper towards my veins that were blanketed by a single colour. Red. Dark, crimson, thick, gross, disgusting, sickening, vile, horrible, red blood.

Waking up at 3 in the morning crying and being in complete fear has become routine for me. Since I was a kid, I have these unsettling nightmares that always manage to sneak into my mind and create a world of destruction and fear within the confinements of my mind.

Being used to the darkness, I shakily grab towards where my bedside table should be. I need pills, not anything specific, just something that can put me to sleep for a few hours, maybe today forever. Feeling around, my hand brushes against the wild array of medication containers. The doctor told me to only take two before bed, but by this point I just consume the whole container and rock myself back and forward in bed until I pass out.

At first, the dreams hadn't been too bad. Waking up in a cold sweat and crying loud enough for my parents to hear was common during my childhood, and most times they comforted me by rubbing my back and telling me that everything will be alright, that I'm safe. But I'm not, I tried to believe it I really did, but the older I got the worse the nightmares became and the less sleep I got.

Every time that I fell into a seemingly calm and peaceful sleep, my brain would conjure up some sadistic ritual and paralyse me in a room with my worst fears. This got to the point where a few months ago without my parents' acknowledgement, I tried to stop myself from sleeping by consuming numerous cups of coffee and energy drinks.

I've also been purposely disregarding any invitation to look at anything on the internet. Nowadays I don't even watch TV because I know that anything can create nightmare fuel for my brain.

Anything can be used as source material for the masterpiece horror film that my brain will formulate for its own sick satisfaction.

It's horrible, the constant feeling of dread and fear that follows you everywhere you go. Not only have the nightmares taken a toll on me emotionally and physically, but socially as well. I've stopped talking to the people around me. I've attacked my parents on numerous occasions and even broke my classmate's arm when they woke me up in class without warning. They tried to make me feel better, they think they're helping but they're not.

My parents don't know what's good for me, they want to see me suffer and watch me bleed until I have no more blood left in me. They made me this way, and I'll never be able to escape the darkness. I keep running, but I always end up where I started. Alone, scared for my life and angry.

Angry because if my brain was normal, I wouldn't be saying all this stuff I don't really believe. But once I fall asleep again and spiral into my personal hell, I'll forget my epiphany and fall back into square one. With my pills, problems, and personal trauma.

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