

This is stupid. My therapist even said I'm allowed to think it's stupid, so she knows it is, but I still have to do it. I didn't wanna make a whole thing of this. I didn't wanna be in the psych ward in the first place. And now this bitch thinks she's Freud.

Date: of the day before the night, don't bother with before/after midnight

Dream: retelling of dream, no "value judgements"

- Value judgement: a judgment assigning a value (such as good or bad) to something
- Retelling = details, don't just summarize

Interpretation: what I think the dream meant

- Decide what the major parts actually stand for
- "What is the dream saying to me?"

Notes: any changes to my thoughts after we talk about a dream together. (Guess as long as I'm here and have to see Miss Freud every day, this'll be all of them)

- What happens if I have a real sex dream?
- If I make something up, is she smart enough to know? (~~Probably not~~) ~~Yes, yes she is~~
Nevermind, sometimes she just ~decides~ I'm lying and sometimes she's right

If this works and we can make me stop having The Dream, I'll eat my shoes. Just without the shoelaces, because apparently! I'm not even allowed to have those.

Date: 9/25/24

Dream: Not The Dream yet, which is probably good so I can practice on something easy. So I don't really remember how it all went down, but then my house was full of water. The house I grew up in, though, not my real house. Water up to my waist, lilypads and everything, but then I saw that some of the lilypads were moving! and were actually alligators/crocodiles. And water just kept coming from upstairs so hard I couldn't even get up the steps. And then I was in the croc's mouth and everything was dark+warm.

Interpretation: I didn't think this part would be hard, except now I'm trying to do it and can't. Why that house? I don't even like that house. Mom painted it all kinds of weird colors in some sort of pregnancy panic. I guess she thought if every room was a different color I'd remember them better? Like kids' blocks? But then why's everything wet?

I bet the croc is Mom. That part's easy.

Notes: Miss Freud was not happy, but I don't think therapists are allowed to actually tell you that. Mostly I just know because she basically made me do the whole thing over again but out loud. She says the alligator (I'm pretty sure it was a crocodile) is actually a symbol of the self, and that the superimposition of the swamp on my house shows that I never felt at home there. And that I wasn't actually eaten but absorbed into a more complete self that acknowledges both where I'm from and my struggles now.

Bitch can say what she likes, that "gator" is my frigging Mom.

- superimposition: to place or lay over or above something
- Miss Ellen, I'm sorry if you're ever reading this that I swear at you+call you Miss Freud. If you think about it, though, I'm expressing my frustrations in a constructive and non-combative way. I definitely feel better after.

Date: 9/26/24

Dream: I was on a beach, like in that kid's moon book, shit what was the title? The sky was gray, and the water, and the sand, and it was lit weird so I couldn't tell if it was daytime. Then there was a girl on the beach with hair down to her toes and she waved at me to come over. Next to her was a big weird machine with lots of turning parts. It was turned off. I think she wanted to show me how the machine worked, so when I got close she turned it on, and when she leaned over to point at the parts inside, her hair got caught. So I grabbed her arm and pulled but the sand was too soft and I was gonna get dragged in. I let go. The machine bit her head and then bit everything else. Like a snake, but a snake that can chew.

- I remembered, the book is The Big Big Sea

Interpretation: I feel so bad. I didn't wanna let her go, but I already get eaten almost every night and I didn't wanna do it again. Maybe it was the girl's turn, but I can't stop feeling bad. And how am I supposed to know who she is, Miss Freud? Do you know all the people you dream about? Do you keep track of all the faces you see everyday like at Walmart+the DMV? Do you even remember all your patients?? If it was my hair stuck in the machine, I bet you'd let it crunch me up too. I bet you wouldn't even feel shitty after.

Notes: You're wrong. I'm tired of telling you because you don't listen but you are wrong. You think the beach was dead and boring because I said everything was gray, but have you even read The Big Big Sea? It's about a mom and a little girl who go to the beach at night and everything is beautiful+gray. Gray is just one step away from silver. Fairies are silver. Moon queens are silver. Have you ever seen an old lady with perfect silver hair? So pretty it turns everything else pretty, wrinkles and all.

And then you think it's an ironic juxtaposition that the beach comes alive with color (red) when someone dies. That's messed up. I didn't even dream that, you made it up. You know what I think? I think the machine is you, and the girl is all the girls who slept in my room here before me.

- juxtaposition: the act or an instance of placing two or more things side by side, often to compare or contrast or to create an interesting effect

Date: 9/27/24

Dream: The Dream

Interpretation: I dunno. I'm not ready for this. I don't have enough practice yet.

Notes:

Date: 9/28/24

Dream: I dreamed I was like, some kinda brain parasite or something. I lived in a pretty Asian lady's head, and I couldn't hear her thoughts but I could feel them somehow? Like when I'm sitting at home and I can hear the neighbor's TV through my ceiling. I can't see what's happening but I kinda know whether it's like a sex scene or a car race.

The Asian lady was riding her bike. Excited about something waiting for her at home. And out of nowhere! a car hit her. She hit her head and it was like a spilled pot of spaghetti. But she didn't die right away. She just laid there scared. She knew she was gonna die and didn't want it. And I couldn't do anything but listen to her not wanting it.

Interpretation: Well, I'm not pretty or Asian, so the lady probably isn't me. But I know how she felt. Me, I didn't think I was dying until it suddenly hit all at once, oh shit this is it? Except that I'm the one who did it. If this was a dream about me, I would have to somehow hit myself with my own car and be the one dying but then also be the parasite watching me die and doing nothing to stop it. But I was scared, too. That, I get the most.

Notes: Okay, maybe I don't get it. Why is the crocodile supposed to be me and not Mom, but now the driver of the car is supposed to be Mom? Just because she's a woman and the driver was a woman? That's not even the most important thing about Mom. The most important thing is that she hatched a bunch of us kids and then kept us warm and safe. Think about it, we put people we love into our mouths. You probably thought I meant something different when I said Mom was a croc, right? Something something cold+blood+teeth, etc.? Maybe this is why you should ask me before you assume things. And guess what? I even had a good dad too! My parents are not what is wrong with me.

- projection: ~~like in a movie theater, I guess?~~ a systematic presentation of intersecting coordinate lines on a flat surface upon which features from a curved surface (as of the earth or the celestial sphere) may be mapped

Date: 9/29/24

Dream: none

Interpretation: no dream = no interpretation

Notes: If I just pretend to not hear anything I don't like, can I be a therapist too?

I'm not lying though. I didn't dream last night. And Miss Freud, if you had dreams like me, you'd be relieved to have a night off, too.

Date: 9/30/24

Dream: The Dream, but cut short by my neighbor in room 606 screaming because she had a nightmare that actually counts as a nightmare (she said in group this happens sometimes)

The Dream is always the same. Mike's sweaty face. Ceiling behind it. The baby blue walls made his pink skin look weird. His eyes were puffy and kinda dull. The lines on his neck stood out like he was lifting something heavy. It was hard to focus my eyes.

Interpretation: Mike is Mike. People don't stand for anything. Maybe it seems like it when you first meet them. Like "Mike is cool," "Mike is cute," "Mike is tough." But I think when you really know someone, when you find out they're a little bit of everything, they stop meaning anything. That's why I don't mean anything either. And the baby blue and whatever don't mean anything because that's just how it looked.

Notes: Why do I keep having to tell the same story over and over and over. Everyone's always like "did Mike rape you" and the answer is no. I went over to his house because I thought he was cute and wanted to sleep with him, and then I did. Now I know him better and I don't. I just wanna stop dreaming about it. This has to be the easiest thing a patient has ever asked you for. And you can't do it? Some expert.

- denial: assertion that an allegation is false (which this one is)

Date: 10/1/24

Dream: The dinosaur dream. I think this time it was some sort of raptor? because it wasn't all that heavy when it jumped on me but its claws hurt like a mother (and no, this does not mean my actual mom, thank you). The scary part isn't the part where I get eaten. I dream about being eaten all the time. Come to think on it, do other people hurt in their dreams? I do. So I guess the getting eaten did suck, but two other parts are scarier:

1. The part where I can't stand+can't open my eyes, but can still hear everything.
2. The part where even getting killed doesn't stop the dream, it just starts over.

It starts being like, Mr. Dinosaur, just find me and eat me already. But even that isn't enough. Somehow, even though I have a lot of dreams like this, every time it feels like I'll never ever get out.

Interpretation: The dinosaur is stress. I know this because every time I have a lot of projects due or my friends are being extra, I dream about dinosaurs. I thought about how a dinosaur is like a lizard, and so is a croc, so maybe both are my mom, but I don't think so. I don't know what the place stands for because I never know where I am in the dream. No eyes. And maybe I'm me, but because I'm missing eyeballs, the me in the dream only stands for part of the real me. I dunno which part. What parts do I have to pick from?

Notes: Is Mike the dinosaur? No, I don't think. If Mike was a dinosaur, it'd have to be one of those ones with frills that make them look bigger than they are. Aren't there snakes that look a lot like super poisonous ones so they don't have to deal with the poison but no one messes with them?

There is something there in that moment I keep dreaming about that makes me hate myself and him. Like, was I raped? No. Did he hurt me? No. Am I hurt? Yes. Why?

Date: 10/2/24

Dream: I had another dream about Mike. Not The Dream, just another one that had him in it. I'm in a crowd, maybe a concert, maybe not. But I'm short and everyone's hands are up so from my view I'm actually just in a forest of elbows. Smacking me in the head and the ear and everything. Sharp little bitches. And with all those big bodies and the hot sun on top, it feels like I'm drowning in people. I wrap my arms around my head like a cage.

But every once in a while I'd feel a hand soft and sweet around my back and there Mike was beside me, and then gone again, over and over. Me protecting my head and face and his hands being sweet to the body I didn't have enough hands left to protect.

Interpretation: I dunno. It's kinda like how I thought of him when I first met him. ~~I remember thinking~~ Well now it sounds stupid, I don't wanna say. Teenage girls think stupid stupid things. I guess I'm not that much older now and I'm still a teenager but I like to think I'm not that dumb anymore. I like to think if I met him now I'd think nothing and just move on with my day. So he's him and hands are hands. Nothing else.

Notes: Fine. The thing I thought was, "This man knows how to touch a woman." Which was so frigging stupid because he was nineteen and I was sixteen and what did either one of us know about anything anyway? Every sixteen year old girl thinks she's a woman, but they aren't. Specially when they're making decisions only a woman should.

Date: 10/3/24

Dream: Well ~apparently~ I'm not even doing the dream diary that I DIDN'T WANT TO DO right because Miss Freud is all like blahblahblah your notes don't make any sense. So you know what? Frig you, Miss Freud. I don't wanna be in this stupid hospital anyway. I don't even belong here. I just wrote the note because pretending like I was gonna do something to stop The Dream made me feel better about having it. Got that? And yes, I drank some nail polish remover, but I didn't think it would kill me. If pretending was helping, I figured, maybe pretending even harder would help even more. The throwing up and the blood and everything was real, I guess. But I didn't know that would happen.

Interpretation: What's all that mean, then? Since you seem to have all the answers, how about this time you just tell me what you want me to write. We'd save everyone's time that way. So I agree that:

- the beach is sad and gray like my life and I only feel alive when I hurt
- my mom drives a car and mows down Asian ladies
- I am somehow the Asian lady+the girl with the hair+a crocodile
- ~~Mike is a symbol of my dad and also my sexual~~ ew not that one
- Dinosaurs are my past coming to haunt me like dino ghosts

Whatever you say, fine. I just wanna go home to my real Mom. I'm sorry I drank nail polish remover. The nail polish remover can mean anything you say it does.

Notes: If the only person who can figure out what everything means is me, then what is the point of you? Either the crocodile and the blood and the car all mean something only I can know, which means I can't be wrong, or they mean whatever you say. But you can't have it both ways, which brings us to my main argument:

- How do you think you know what things mean to me without knowing me first?

Date: 10/4/24

Dream: If we just do The Dream now, can we be done with this? I have it so often I don't need to see it again. Here is how it goes:

Mike and I are both very drunk+stoned. I get on the bed and it's hard to move. He slides my leggings off and we're doing it and he's against that blue ceiling, pink skin and puffy pink weed eyes and everything. He tries to kiss me but his mouth was sticky and I don't like it. And my dumbass, trying to make up for it or be sexy or something, says, "Wow, you are so big." I heard that once on Pornhub. I don't actually remember if he was or not. It was hard to tell without looking.

Then he says, "No, I'm not. Liar." And looks at me like I spit in his cornflakes. I think maybe he's gonna quit, but he just keeps going, and underneath him I feel somehow nakeder than before. Probably if I asked him to stop he woulda but I didn't and I dunno why. So when Mike finishes, he stands up, kinda swaying, puts on his boxers, sits down at his computer, and starts playing Runescape. I lay on his dirty bare mattress on the floor, leggings wadded up by my feet. Looking at the blue ceiling as if his head is still bobbing in front of it.

Interpretation: See what I mean? It's not rape. Things just went a little weird. Nothing happened, except that The Dream keeps happening. I have it like once a week and it's been almost a year. A year! Of the same, stupid dream. I've had it so often I can tell you the color of every notebook on Mike's desk. But the problem is that it doesn't mean anything! Like the crocodile we can talk about, maybe it's this, maybe it's that. But me laying alone on the mattress doesn't mean anything because in life, what you see is what you get. Mike isn't my dad. The mattress isn't my mom. Maybe I'm myself but I certainly didn't feel like it.

Maybe if it did (mean something) I would stop dreaming about it. It's the looking for meaning and not finding anything part that drives me insane.

And I am so so lucky to have a good mom and dad and a smart head and everything, but in a way that makes it worse too, because there's no reason for me to be messed up. The Dream just keeps replaying, like how you're just SO SICK of Christmas songs by the end of the year you could puke. You would drink nail polish remover just to make it stop. At least with the Christmas music you know why it's playing and when it will stop.

Notes: