

# Ann and Terry

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Ann and Terry are deciding to do their Feeling-Healing. They are deciding to accept their bad feelings instead of deny them. All with the intention of speaking about all how they feel to each other. And all whilst longing to uncover the truth of why they feel such feelings. And especially their bad feelings.

The idea of this book is to give examples of what's involved in ones feeling-healing. It's to give something of an idea of what feeling acceptance, expression, and seeking the truth of ones feelings, involves.

Ann and Terry, and Jenny are figments of my imagination. Their feeling-healing experiences are loosely based on all I have experienced during my healing with Marion, but are nothing like Marion's and my experiences. So I am not Terry, nor is Marion - Ann.

I am writing Ann and Terry's Feeling-Healing experiences with a commentary to highlight the feeling-healing principles as I experience them.

Also: In an intimate relationship one doesn't usually keep calling ones partner by name. However in these feeling-expressing conversations between Ann and Terry, they call each other by their name occasionally so as to give the reader a helping hand as to who is saying what.

## Ann

Is in her early thirties, not currently working, and is trying to write her first novel. She and Terry have been together for five years, however their relationship has of late been kind of shaky.

## Terry

Is a salesman, often away for a few days at a time traveling a lot, which suits them both.

He tells himself he loves Ann, refusing to acknowledge that it all might be coming to an end, unless something happens... or changes.

## Jenny

Is a single mum; Aron is five, Clare is 3 (nearly 4!) Mark is her ex-husband. Ann and Jenny were at school together.

If you were loved truly by your parents then such love will always remain. And you will always feel loved and always be loving.

If you were not loved truly then you cannot and will not feel loved. Nor will you be loving. However once you have done your healing, then you will be true and perfect, therefore all-loving.

And if you were not loved truly yet were told and made to believe you were and that you do feel loved, then such 'false-love' will go through your healing, revealing the truth of how unloved you do really feel.

## 1. I deny bad feelings.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, I've been reading this website *FeelingBad? Express your bad feelings*, and I like what it says.

Yeah, what's it about?

It says we all deny many feelings, particularly our bad ones, and that by doing so is not good for us, that it hurts us, and even makes us sick. And it makes a lot of sense. I know I do, and you do -

No I don't, what are you talking about, I don't deny any feelings, I'm good at feeling them.

Terry, despite what you say, you do deny them. We all do, I've been thinking about it, and we do. And you can't say you don't, but you do. I know you do, for example, why won't you sit down and talk about our relationship with me. You know we're having some difficulties, and it's only by talking about them can we hope to resolve them, but every time I ask you, it's: not now love, later, I'm busy. So why is that?

Because I'm busy every time you ask me.

Okay then, what about now, let's talk about 'us', now.

No, I can't, I have to go out in a moment.

Out, where too?

I'm meeting Rod and we're going to the cricket.

You didn't tell me you were going out.

Oh, didn't I, sorry about that, it's not for long, he's got someone he wants me to meet, it might be good for business.

All right, so when you get back, will you then talk about it?

Yes. Over dinner, how's that; what say we get a pizza and DVD and we talk about it then.

How are we going to talk about it if you want to watch a video? No Terry, you're avoiding it as you always do, and unless we do speak about it, we're not going to last together, and do you want that, do you want us to end?

No Annie of course, I don't.

Then we've got to speak about it, all we feel, about US, YOU and ME, we've got to see what's wrong, why we're not so happy anymore.

But I'm happy, I love you - have always loved you.

Well if you do, then you'll want to speak about your bad feelings, because all of this

obviously makes you feel bad, and that's why you keep trying to avoid it. You want to put it off, you don't want to confront the actual reality in our relationship, that we're not getting on so well anymore. You do your thing and I do mine and we coast along, but we never really get anywhere, not anymore. So we've got to speak about it, so will you or won't you; and I would really like you to read this website, it's not big and it's not too much, even someone with your brain level will be able to understand it.

Gee, thanks very much.

Because Terry, my feeling is, if you don't want to face the truth of our relationship, then it's going to fail. And I don't want it to fail, not yet, I do still like you. And I think we've got a good foundation on which we can build. So how about it - will you read what's on this website about feelings?

Yes, I will.

When?

Oh I don't know, sometime -

No Terry, this is it I'm afraid, the more I talk about it the stronger I feel, it's now or never. You are going to read this and see if you like what it says, and if so, join me in trying to stop denying our bad feelings, or it will be the end of us. I will have to find someone else who is prepared to take their feelings more seriously, and who does want to stop denying them.

All right love, I hear what you're saying. And yes, I guess you are right, I do have to face the truth, you are right that we're not getting on as well as we used to, but I do still want to be with you, to share my life with you. So all right, I'll do it now, Rod is always late anyway. So what's its address and I'll read it.

## **2. I admit: I do deny bad feelings.**

## Ann and Terry

I do see what you mean Ann, it is easy to understand and it does all make sense; and yes, I don't want to deny any feelings, and you're right, I also admit that I do deny them. I have not wanted to face, or even admit that I do feel bad about us, that we're not sailing too well, I do have to come clean, and I do want to give this Feeling-Healing a go. We can begin and see what think, is that all right with you?

See what we feel more like Terry. Yes, it's what I want, too, and the more I read about it, the more convinced I feel that it's the way to go. And not just for us in our relationship, but for each of us personally in life. I don't want to live denying any part of myself, let alone lots of feelings. I want to fully express myself, bring it all out, bring ME all out, as it says. I want to get to know me, and I like the sound of that, and all through my feelings. And I no longer want to hurt myself by denying myself my own feelings. I mean, when you think about it, what a horrible thing to do to yourself - deny your own feelings. As the website says, they are you, they are a vital and valuable part of you, we wouldn't have them if they weren't. So why deny them. I can see to deny them is like it says, cutting off an arm or a leg, you need your arm and leg, and so I guess we need all our feelings too.

Yes Ann, I agree, it does make good sense. And I agree with you, yes, I want to be with you in it.

But Terry, you understand it's a big commitment you are making, to try and own and honour and speak about all your bad feelings; and like it says, all so you can find out the truth of why you are feeling bad.

I do... at least I think I do. But I'm willing to give it a try. If it gets too much for me, well we can talk about that.

Yes, I like that... Oh Terry, good on you! I was so much hoping you were going to say you'd give it ago. I feel very excited about it, just think, to stop treating myself badly by denying feelings, and to accept myself, it's like all that self-love stuff I read about and tried to do last year. You remember all that think positively and make loving affirmations, "I love myself, I am a worthy person, I am of great value to myself and the world, I am important, I am special" -

Yeah, all that rubbish you used to go on and on about that did you no good.

Yes, well this I feel is different. I'm not, as the website says, using my mind to try and convince myself that I'm all right and feeling good about myself, when I'm not feeling good about myself. I like the idea of going the other way, of going with my feelings rather than keeping on going against them, trying to avoid my bad ones, trying to convince myself that I don't even feel bad, when I do feel bad.

Oh Terry, I'm so much looking forward to beginning, when shall we start?

I don't know. Do we have to make some official announcement, have a party and tell all our friends or something?

No, nothing like that silly, this is between you and I.

I know, I was only joking. We begin when we want to, it's up to us.

Okay then, so let's begin now.

Okay...

Okay, so Terry what do we do now?

I don't know... um, how about we make a pact, that when we feel bad, we try to speak about our bad feelings, like we read, and not try and push them aside. Oh god, will you listen to me, am I really going to do this, all this feeling stuff. Am I really going to want to have to face and talk about all my bad feelings... oh I don't know Ann, what if it all gets very serious, very intense, and I feel very bad.

Ah HA! Terry, a bad feeling, you're feeling a bad feeling right now! So come on, speak about it.

I am, shit I am, aren't I. Shit I can actually feel that, I do feel bad.

So what bad feeling do you feel Terry?

I don't know... um... fear I guess, I feel scared. Yes, what if it's hard work, what if I feel too bad, I won't know what to do.

Keep going Terry, say more about your feeling scared.

No, that's it, there isn't anymore.

There must be more! You feel scared - why do you feel scared?

As I said, what if I feel lots of bad feelings.

Why do you feel bad about that, what's so scary about feeling lots of bad feelings?

They will be too much! I'll feel too bad, and I don't want to feel bad. No I don't... that's right, I don't Ann.

Why not?

Because it scares me, I mean, it really scares me, I feel very scared about feeling bad. Yes I do... You know Ann, that's something I've never really understood about myself before, but I am scared of feeling bad.

Terry! That's it!

What, what's it?

What you just said, that you've never understood that about yourself.

No I haven't, it's actually new to me, as I said, but it's right, you know, it makes sense, I can see that about myself. I never really thought I was scared of feeling, but ha, now I have to admit that I am.

Terry, don't you see what you've done!?

No, what... what have I done, what are you going on about?

You've done what that website said it's all about, when you decide to stop denying our feelings and instead speak about them. It's all so we can find out more about ourselves, the truth as it says, didn't you read that?

I did, but I guess I didn't understand what it meant. So you mean I've found out something about myself, as I said, and this is finding out some truth about myself.

YES!

Yes, I guess it is, isn't it. Ha!, well, what do you know. Shit that was easy, if that's what it's like it won't be too bad.

Early days yet Terry, you were just lucky, but what you did, for me, that's it, that shows it can be done, and that's what it's all about.

So how do you feel now?

Good. Yeah, pleased I did it, and happy you're excited about it. I like it when you're happy and excited about things.

And do you still feel scared about doing it, scared about what you might feel?

No, my fear doesn't seem to be there anymore. I feel good, as I said.

Good! So we've taken our first step together.

Then I suppose: we've begun!

**3. Terry feels good because he's told he feels good, not because he genuinely feels good.**

**Ann and Terry**

It's your turn now Ann, you speak about a bad feeling and see if you discover some truth about yourself.

But I don't feel bad Terry, I feel happy that you are with me in it - I can't just turn on a bad feeling.



All right then, what about talking more about your good feelings, like it says, we don't just have to focus on the bad feelings.

Yes, good idea, all right, I'll have a go... But I don't know what to say. Gee it's different when the focus is on you, when you are the one having to do it.

Do what you did to me, how you helped me.

How did I do that?

You ask me questions to encourage me, you asked me why I felt scared. So why do you feel happy?

Well, I feel happy because you're giving it a go, you're not saying it's a dumb idea. And you're not fighting me. So many things you resist me, and quite frankly, and I've never said this to you before Terry, it really gives me the shits about you, that you do. Actually, now that I'm thinking about it, it really pisses me off - ha!, now I've got a bad feeling I can talk about.

What happened to your good feeling, I liked that much better!

Of course you did Terry because I wasn't criticising you.

And how did it get around to me, it was you speaking about your good feeling that we were doing.

You can't control how you feel Terry, that's how it is, it's how it just happens.

How you do... and how do you know about this feeling thing anyway, you've only read what I've read, haven't you?

No, I've read more, there's more about it at other sites. But I don't know, when you say things I just seem to know, it feels right, or it feels wrong what you say. I don't think about it, I just react.

All right then, well at least that will help us, you knowing what we're meant to do. So what about your good feeling, are you going to speak more about that? Aren't you going to tell

me how good I was seeing that I was scared, aren't you going to say nice things about me?

Why Terry, is that what you want me to do, to keep saying you're nice, to keep telling you, you are good. It sounds like that's all you want, as long as I'm saying you're good and telling you you're good, then you're happy and everything is good, and that's it Terry, that's exactly how our relationship is. Shit, I've not seen it in that light before, but that is just what it is. I have to keep telling you you're good, and so you feel happy - I have to keep propping you up. And you do the same for me, by telling me you like or love me, telling me I look good, and how much you always want to have sex with me - how much you get turned on by me. God, and in saying that, I sound like I'm your mother, telling little Terry that he's a good boy... "That's good Terry, you're a good boy Terry".

Oh God, that's what she does say to me, and you're right, that's how it does seem... and oh shit, I have to admit it again, that you're right, I do want you to be how mum treats me always telling me I'm good.

So why do you think that is Terry, why do you need to always be told you're good?

I don't know... I think because then I will feel good. Yeah, that's it, because I will feel good. It's almost as if I need you to tell me that I'm good so I can feel good. Like I can't just feel good myself. Shit, it's the same at work. I'm always looking for the praise, from my customers, from Jim, yeah, shit, I can see it, it all makes sense.

And how do you feel about it Terry, about being that way?

Not good. No, I don't like it. I don't feel good at all. I feel bad in fact, very bad. I don't like it because it means I'm always reliant on them, on someone else to tell me I'm good, so I feel good. I don't have my own good feelings... so it would seem... na, it can't be like that... can it?

So it's all just words, and not really actual feelings.

I guess so. Yes, I think you're right. Yes, the words come first, I need the praise, I need to be told I'm good, and then I feel good. And so that means, I only feel good if I'm told I'm good. I don't, or can't even, just feel good by itself, I mean, without having been told I'm good. I can't just feel good. I can't feel good in its own - in my own - right. So fuck me, now I don't know if I've ever just felt good, just plain and simple good - good

feelings, feel good. Or whether I have over all these years only ever felt good because I'm told I feel good. Oh Jesus Ann, this is a big thing for me. Oh shit, I feel like it's turning my whole reality upside down. And oh god, I don't know if I like this. It's not good at all. I don't feel good. Quick, tell me I feel good, so I can stop feeling bad!

All right then, we'll see if what you say is right. Terry you are good, because you've just seen more truth about yourself, and as hard as it might be to see and accept about yourself, you have, you've not resisted or refused, you've not balked and closed off, shutting me out like you do so often. You've gone right with it, and look at what you've uncovered about yourself. And that gives me that happy feeling again, Terry, this feeling acceptance is simply amazing, look at how far we've come and we've only just started.

Jeez Ann, if it's going to be like this all the time, shit... I don't know.

But don't you feel good about it now Terry, now that I've told you what a good boy you are?

No... not this time.

**4. Terry doubts he'll be able to keep going with having to face his bad feelings, it all being too much of a change and too hard to deal with.**

## **Ann and Terry**

Terry, if you don't mind, I want to talk more about what I was saying before you took over.

No, I don't mind, go ahead.

It's about you not resisting me. By you accepting all of this and going with me, I can't tell you how much it's affecting me. I feel so good. You have no idea, for you to just accept how you are - these bad things about yourself; and it is how you are, it all makes perfect sense, I can see it, it is you; but that doesn't make me feel bad about you, or even hate you

or anything, it does in fact make me like you more. You're open, and open to me, you're not your usual mostly closed-off self. And I hate it when you close off to me, you just sit there blocking me out watching the dam cricket or whatever it is. But now I feel you're letting me in, into you Terry, the real hidden Terry, and that Terry I want to know and be with.

So Annie, you like it when I'm like this, saying how bad a person I am?

No, I just like it when you're being more real. I don't care how bad you are, we're all bad, we've all got problems, and what's bad anyway; but I do like it when you are just saying it how it is, that's what I want, yes, I'm realising it more now, I want us both to be more real and true, and not putting on some false show or act, pretending that we like and love each other. I'd much rather that we just say it straight. If we don't like something about each other, then we say it, and we can talk about it, bring it all out, like you did more. So we can really get into the depths of ourselves, you know, find out how we really tick. Yes, that's what I want Terry, I'm sick of just having a superficial relationship with you, and that's what I now think we've been having all these years. It's what I have with everyone, how people are with each other, but as I can't do anything about them, I can do something about it when I'm with you.

Yes, well Ann, I do agree with you, I can see what you mean. And it is something I can see that I have to think more about, it's certainly a big change. But it has shown me there are other aspects to ourselves that we don't usually expose. It is something of a different approach to life, that's for sure. But I'll have to adjust to it. I hope you don't expect too much of me. I think I'll need a lot of time because it could make me see everything differently, and I don't know if I'm ready for that.

No Terry, I don't mind how long you take. I just think that if we want to do it, it will take its own course, we can just see what happens. I don't want to pressure you, or threaten you. Your doing what you've done has shown me at least that you're capable of it, and that there is something to what that Feeling Bad? website said. So I feel good about it all. I reckon we'll be able to work our way through all our bad stuff, all so long as we want to keep speaking about it and wanting to know what it's all about.

Yeah, maybe you're right.

Oh there's Rod. We'll talk more about it when I get back.

## 5. Ann and Terry no longer want their old relationship, looking excitedly to a new way of getting to know each other through their feelings.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, I do have another thing that makes me feel bad that you do. Do you mind if we talk about it now?

No, I'm feeling good, it looks like I have a new client, that friend of Rod's; so, okay, fire away, rip me apart, go on, tell me how bad I am, what a rotten shit I am.

Okay. It's just that when you left, you said when you get home "We'll talk about it more". And it's that part that makes me feel bad. But I don't quite know why.

What part, my saying we'll talk about it all more when I get back - yeah, I remember, I did say that; and so, well, we're talking about it, aren't we?

Yes, but I don't mean it that way, that we wouldn't talk about it, or you'd be resisting me or anything like that, it's the words "we'll talk about it", like, oh!, we will, will we. As if we will do what you say and I don't matter. Yes, that's it, that I don't matter, it's all up to you. You say we'll talk about it, but what if I don't want to talk about it.

But you do, don't you?

Yes, but still, it's more your attitude, do you see what I mean? That you just make a statement that we'll do something and then I am supposed to agree; or rather, that I don't even get a say, we'll just do; and that means, I will just do what you say we are to do. And that's such a typical thing of so many men I've know.

You see yourself as having all the power, that you're in control, you're the boss, and so what you say goes; and me, the woman, is just meant to follow you along and do as you say because you're the boss, and what the boss says goes.

Yes, that's it, see, what I mean is, you didn't consider me in it, you didn't say something like: and if you still want to talk about it, I'm happy to; or, let's talk about it more, shall we,

when I get home, which makes me feel like you want me to talk about it, but at the same time you are leaving the door open for me to say no, I don't want to talk about it. You're asking me if I want to join you, but you're not demanding, whereas when you say flatly "we'll talk about it when I get home", then that makes me feel like I'm not allowed to do anything else until you get home, waiting until you get home, so we will talk more about it. Do you see what I mean? It's hard to explain, I don't know if I understand it myself.

Yeah, I can see something about it. Yes, if I put myself in your position, I am being rather forceful. And yes, I suppose in that way, controlling, but it's what everyone says. I don't mean you have to do what I say, you're free to say no, and I'm not your boss.

I know, and I know you don't control and boss me that much, and that's what I like about you, you were not as controlling and telling me what to do and how to be as many of the men I've been with were, but still it rankles me, it makes feel bad. And it makes me angry. Yes, I feel very angry about it Terry. I feel now that you've no right to treat me like that, without fully respecting me. You sound just like my father, he was the boss in our house and he used to treat my mother that way, and I hated how he treated her sometimes, it was as if he didn't respect her at all. And she did everything for him, all the cooking and cleaning, looking after us kids, keeping the house, all how being he wanted it, and yet he still demanded she do all he wanted when he wanted it. It was all his way, all for him, and everyone else - mum and us kids, just had to fit in and go along. And if we didn't, he got angry, when I can see now that we had all rights to have been angry, we should have been the angry ones, not him, and we should have been angry with him!

Yes, but from how I see your parents, I think your mother likes it that way. She wants him to be the boss, she needs him to be, she relies on him. And too much I think.

Yes, but he's made her be that way. She might have already been that way, and you're probably right that she does like it, they seem to get on well enough together and they are still together; but still, there were times when I thought it wasn't right. And once when I was about twelve and I asked her about it, she said, what can you do, it's how it is, it's the way for her type of woman. And I remember thinking back then that I didn't know there were 'types' of women, and that I didn't want to be her type. But all the men I were attracted to were like dad I guess, that was until I met you. You have some of that controlling way in you, but not much, you don't demand I am submissive to you, and I can usually say what I feel and think, even though you usually block me out if I go too far. But it was just in the way you say that, like it was final and there was no room for me to

move in it. What you said goes, and that's that! Yes, that's what dad would say, "It's what I say, and that's final, and that's that! And I don't want to hear anymore about it!" And that was that, and there wasn't anymore about it. I'd talk with mum about it, but she'd not bring it up again with dad, that was it, he'd said we don't go there, and so no one did.

I can see what you mean, he does have that about him. And I can see why you feel bad if I treat you like that. I don't want to have power you, really I don't. I might have some of the men's ways, but please tell me Annie when I get out of line like that again, even if it is slight. I do want us to have an equal relationship, I don't want to be the boss, and I don't want you to be it either.

Thank you Terry for saying that, that makes me feel good, like you're on my side at least, and I'm not all alone having to battle all by myself, which is how I've felt with most men. And I am going to try and speak about it as such things come up, I like this speaking about all I feel, I'm stronger in it by the second, and I don't really care what you think, because if you're going to be like my father, you can go and get stuffed; I'll leave, I'm not going to stay in a relationship like that anymore. I don't wanted to be treated like a second class citizen, to be like my mother and just put it all aside, bury all her feelings, all her feelings of rage and all that hurt, shit I don't know who she's coped with it. What a shit life, and although she might pretend she enjoys it, I don't, and I don't want to have anything to do with it.

Gee Terry, the more I speak about it, with every word, it's like I've wanted to say these things forever, but I've never been allowed to, or I've never had anyone who has wanted me to. And because you're not telling me to shut up, like my father would, to shut up and that we're not having any more of that; because you're allowing me to say whatever I like - you've not stopped me once yet, and that makes me feel good Terry. Yes, really good, oh Terry I'm so pleased! I thought you would fight and resist me, and not even want to do any of this bad feeling expressing stuff, but so far you're surprising me.

I'm seeing the more you talk about it Ann, that it is vital, that it is good, and that really if we do want to get along, it's what has to happen. You saying all that about your parents, and I don't want to be just like your old man, having it all my way; and my wife can only be as I allow her to be, that sucks, it's what I like about you, you do speak what's on your mind. And although I know at times I shut down and block you out, now I can see that's wrong, that I too have to come out and at least meet you half way. I have to put in, don't I? I can't just sit back and let you do all the feeling expression, and do what, just pretend that it's a woman's thing and it wouldn't be any good for me, when I can see, as I've felt it

for myself, that it is good for me. It's life, I suppose is what I'm trying to say, only engaging in life fully, not just in some half-hearted way when you only let yourself feel your good feelings and do all you can to block out your bad ones. I mean, yes, I see it more clearly myself, what sort of relationship can you have if it's so limited, if you're not expressing all you feel to each all the time.

Yes Terry, that's it! That's it exactly! What sort of relationship can you have. You can have the sort of relationship we had before, but what is that, and I don't want it, it didn't make me feel good and I don't think it made you feel good. We'd got to the end of it, we couldn't go on just being how mum and dad are, playing their separate roles for their whole lives: I'm like this and you're like that; no, I can't do that, I don't want do that, that's what I hate about their relationship.

No, me either, I don't want to be like that. I can see my parents are like that too. I guess that's how you manage to remain to be together for so long, as you said, you both just do your own separate things, but do you really get to know each other. I can see I've not got to know you, I've not actually tried. Once I knew the basics: what you like and dislike, who your past boyfriends were, what school you went to, and all that stuff, that was it. And what was I going to do, just keep going working away trying to make us money so we can have a bigger and better house, and maybe we could have kids, and I go to the cricket on my days off, and we hardly see each other, only at night to have sex. I've never said all these things to anyone either, but they have been my thoughts. But I've not even allowed myself to have them. I mean, what else was there to do in life, there wasn't another alternative way to live, or at least not one that presented itself to me and appealed. But this is making me feel better about myself, even though I can see there will probably be masses of things you'll be pissed-off at me about, but still, if we can talk about them... well, who knows.

Yes, we don't know. We can take it one step at a time and see where it goes. Oh Terry I am so excited about it all. How about we finish up and go to bed and have a bit of you know what.

I'm finishing!

## 6. Ann and Terry driving together.



## Ann and Terry

Terry and Ann are in the car together, Terry is driving. There are road works, as a new road extension is being built. Drivers are diverted along a new part of road, crudely marked.

God, this is bad. How am I supposed to see where to go, where my lane is. It's so dangerous, you'd think they'd have marked it better, and with all these other lines all over the place, I can hardly see where I'm supposed to go. They're a lot of morons, don't they think about it from the drivers perspective, it's dangerous enough with all the new changes, let alone not even being able to make out which lane I'm meant to be in.

Feelings Terry, your bad feelings, what are they, you're not expressing them, you're just giving me information, and I can see that for myself, and it's been like this for three weeks now and you say the same thing each time. If you expressed your feelings, you'd be able to move on, and stop needing to give me a news report. So where are they, you must have them as you're wanting to say something, if you didn't have them, you'd just keep driving as you normally do. Speak your feelings Terry - FEELINGS!

Yes, yes, all right, what are my feelings. I'm angry that it's so difficult.

Express them Terry, don't just tell me, let your feelings speak, how are you really feeling, for surely you must be feeling scared, and angry about being made to feel scared.

Yes, I'm scared, I am, that's true. My feelings, all right, I'll try and start again. Shit it's difficult to see where I'm meant to go, it's so scary, I don't know where to go, I might have a crash, what if the other cars can't see either, they might crash into us. I'm scared all right, I don't want to do anything wrong, it's difficult to see and concentrate, it's hard enough as it is driving normally and having to concentrate on all that's going on.

I feel nervous, anxious, what if something bad happened, I feel all hot, scared, yeah, really scared, what if a car ran into us, I couldn't bear it, not here right here with all this going on around us.

And you could bear it... somewhere else? You mean it would be all right to be run into on a normal road?

No, of course not, but it's so closed in, with all the barriers and everyone getting squeezed

down into this little bit. It would be difficult... so... so...

What would you feel?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO GET AT, TO FEEL! Stop interrupting me, you put me off, oh god, now I've lost it!

Go back and put yourself back into it.

Yeah all right.

Okay, getting squeezed into it, it's a feeling of being confined, yeah that's it, that's what makes me really scared. With everyone being here all squashed in and everyone angry, yelling at each other for being in the way and holding everyone up. Yeah, holding everyone up, that's a thing, that's something I'm scared of doing - I don't want to hold anyone up.

Scared, shit I feel scared, really scared.

What would happen to you if you did hold everyone up?

I can't hold anyone up, I just can't.

Why not?

Because, because... it's the worst thing, it's the worst thing to do - that I could do. I would get into trouble, you know, yelled at.

Who'd yell at you - all the people in the other cars, the road workers - who?

Yeah, everyone, they'd all yell at me, everyone would yell at me for disrupting their lives, for making a nuisance of myself.

Everyone?

Yeah, you know, the family.

What, your mum and dad would yell at you?

Yeah, like all parents do.

But didn't that make you feel really bad, worse than you're feeling now?

Hmm, no, I don't think so, a little maybe, but it's just what happened, everyone got yelled at, didn't you get yelled at?

Yes, but I didn't like it. I hated it when my parents or anyone yelled at me, it made me feel very bad. But you didn't feel hurt, or rejected, scared, nothing like that?

Ahh, no. Not that I can remember. Sure I didn't like it, and I agree, I don't like to be yelled at, no one does, but it's what happened, it wasn't too bad, nothing really bad happened. They spanked me at times, but that was when I did really bad things, but just the normal everyday being yelled at... that was normal. We yelled at each other, mum and dad yelled at us, the teachers yelled at us, I'd yell at my friends, it's what you do when your angry with someone.

Yes, but Terry, what I don't understand is why didn't it make you feel bad, I mean, really bad. I hated being yelled at, oh I felt so scared, and so bad, that they didn't like me, that they didn't want me, even that they hated me. And you didn't feel those feelings?

No.

Oh you must have, how can you not. You must have been switched off to them, that's all. But you must have felt them, it's normal, it's what we all feel, or what I think we all feel. I've not known anyone who didn't feel bad when they were being yelled at.

I did feel bad, as I said, but not too bad. It wasn't like it was the end of the world, it wasn't that bad. So you just took it, and shrugged it off, I don't even think I listen to them half the time. It was just a part of life, what everyone did.

But there's something wrong in that. Are we meant to go around being able to just shrug off the bad stuff and not have such feelings, it doesn't sound right to me. You must have just blocked those bad feelings out, denied them; and I bet Terry, they are still all inside you.

Well you might be right, but I don't feel them.

But you said you feel scared and angry and bad about being a nuisance, so you must have felt them, those are the same feelings, that's what you're feeling now. You're scared of holding up traffic, people you don't even know, and when you have the accident, when you're the poor one, everyone should stop and look after you, not all yell at you for having an accident. You're the one that needs the attention, that needs to be made to feel better, it's not like they all lay the boots into you when you're down, when your broken lying there covered in blood and with your arms and legs all smashed they all come around and yell at you and hit you.

Yeah, you're right, it doesn't make sense.

So you must feel bad, hurt and rejected and unwanted, and pretty much so far you have such a distorted picture of yourself. It shows me just how much you've put yourself aside, so that when you are all smashed up needing the most help, love and care, all you expect to get is beaten up even more, yelled at for being in everyones way and making a nuisance of yourself.

Yes, I can see what you mean Ann, it is rather extreme, isn't it.

It is, I don't drive along being scared I'm going to have a crash and that everyone will abuse me for doing so, for disrupting their lives, for making an inconvenience of myself for them.

Inconvenience...hmm, now that words rings something of a bell. Inconvenience, inconvenience, it's bad to be a inconvenience. There's something about me being an inconvenience, now what is that...

Long for the truth of it Terry, long for the truth of these feelings, of all the feelings you been expressing and speaking about.

Yeah all right.

Long out loud, I find it helps me.

Okay. I want to know the truth of what I'm feeling, I'm longing to know... I really want to

know... what is it all about it. What is it? I want to know why I do feel like I'm an inconvenience, and why I should get yelled at in a situation like that. It doesn't make any sense.

All I can think of is a memory, at a time when I was on my bike and dad was backing into the driveway, and I rode behind him, and he came flying out of the car yelling and screaming at me. I don't how this relates.

It doesn't matter, keep going, tell me about it, you've never told me about it before.

No, I'd forgotten about it myself, it's just come into my mind.

He went totally off the handle, I didn't understand what he was going on about, I was just riding my bike. I must have been about five or six and he was yelling at me and so angry, I remember how red his face looked, and he came over to me, grabbed me, half pulling me off the bike, shaking me, yelling at me: 'DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR ME, DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN!', and he just went on like that. Do what, I asked. And that made him go even more berserk, 'NEVER RIDE BEHIND THE CAR WHEN I'M BACKING, I MIGHT HAVE RUN YOU OVER, I COULD HAVE HIT YOU'. But there was no way, I wasn't going to be hit by the car, and from what I remember, I was well clear anyway, he'd not to have be looking to hit me, and you had to look in our driveway because it wasn't that wide.

And how did his yelling at you like that make you feel?

I was shocked, I think. I didn't know what I'd done wrong. What was so bad? I was... I was... scared, yes very scared, why was dad so angry, so upset about such a thing when I hadn't done a bad thing.

You might have fallen off your bike or something like that, and he might have run into you.

Naaa... well, I might have, but naaa, I was a good rider. And even if I did, still I think his reaction was over the top.

Did he hit you, smack you, or punish you or anything?

No, he just kept yelling, and yelling at me not to be so dam foolish as he dragged me inside. Then I can't remember what happened. I just remember his eyes, they were so

wide, like dragons eyes, and that was scary, bloody scary. I thought he would do something bad to me, I don't know what, but really give it to me. Yes, I was scared of him then, terrified. Yes, shit I feel all shaky now, hot and scared again, a little like how I felt when I was saying how scared I felt imagining that we might have a crash back there.

*This is a good example of how my healing went, with my feelings leading me all over the place. I needed Marion, as Ann was doing for Terry, to keep prompting me, and to keep telling me her experiences, because having been so shut off to my feelings, I had little normal life experience to draw from.*

*And over the years we'd cycle back over and through often the same memories from our early lives, each time seeing more to them. Terry is only just now scratching the surface, he's only just having to face the truth that in fact his parents treated him unlovingly, very badly, and all that he called normal yelling and being yelled at, is actually very traumatic to a little forming person. And that his parents would have thought nothing of yelling and hitting him at times right through his forming years, causing him huge amounts of pain and hurt. And all those bad feelings, bad feelings from every time, are all still in him waiting for him to reconnect with them through experiences such as this. And it's through our ongoing life, just all the normal every day stuff, like this road traffic alteration and the impact it has on Terry, that helps us reconnect to our buried forgotten and rejected feelings, through feelings we're feeling now. The feelings now being the same ones as back then, so we can use our current feeling-experiences to move back and reconnect with our past feeling-experiences, as Terry was doing through the memory of the bike incident coming up. And it came up, all because he longed for the truth, because he really wanted to know what his feelings were trying to show him.*

## 7. So what's it all about, this Feeling-Healing?

### Ann and Terry

Ann, I'm understanding more what we're doing, having read the first free book on the Feeling Bad? Express your bad feelings website: Feeling Bad? Bad feelings are GOOD!. So really what we're doing is setting out to heal our childhood repression, to bring up all the bad stuff that happened to us during our forming years, all so we can see what did happen to us.

I think Terry it's more about expressing all those bad feelings we felt during our early life but weren't allowed to express.

Yes, but I can see how the most important part of it is to understand what happened to us and why - the truth, as it says.

Yes, well that would happen as you reconnect with all those bad feelings. I mean, they've got to come from somewhere; I mean, we have been made to feel bad, we don't just feel bad for the fun of it. So what happened to us to make us feel bad. How were we treated and how did that make us feel; and I mean, really feel, that's what I see as what's important. Because it's how we were treated back then that's made us be how we are now, how we feel now, and so I guess, that means that if we feel bad now, it's because we were made to feel bad back then.

Gee, do you think that's how it really is... that we only feel bad now because we felt bad back then?

I don't know. Possibly. It's a lot to grasp. I mean, what if it is like that, that is awesome now I've said it, that we only feel bad because we only felt bad back then, so if we only felt good back then, we'd only feel good now, yeah, gee, I wonder if that is how it is. And maybe the good feelings I have now, and my bad ones, are all only because that's how I felt back then. But na, I feel good and bad because of what's happening to me now-

Yes, but maybe the two are connected. Like it said in that book, we can use what we're feeling now, as those feelings are the same feelings we felt back when we were children but weren't allowed to express, to help us reconnect with them. And that's what we've done a bit of, isn't it? As we've spoken about what we've felt, and longed for the truth of those feelings, they have made us feel like we're connecting back to our past, and helping us see what our relationship with our parents is really like. Like me riding my bike with dad in the driveway.

Yes, that's what I find the most important part Terry. That it helps us to, through our feelings, relate to each other properly, and I'm coming to understand that we don't just naturally do it, because we didn't do it naturally with our parents when we were growing up. And that's what I want to do, be able to relate in the right ways with you. I want us to be able to connect with each other properly, and that somehow our speaking about all our feelings can help us do that. It's already helping us do that, that much we've seen for ourselves already.

Yes I agree, that is the good part of it, and that's what I want too. And as I'm having to

accept that I'm not perfect, and that I do have things wrong with me, then-

You're not perfect Terry?

Yes, well it is difficult to have to admit it. Maybe not as perfect as I thought I was. Look, all right, I admit it, I was a right prick to you Ann, some of the time. I was very stuck-up and believing that I was right and good, and that there was even nothing wrong with me. It was all a put-on front mind you, that much I can now accept and admit about myself.

You're right about that. But at least you're big enough to be able to admit that you're not god.

Yes, I can say that. A minor god perhaps, one of the lesser gods of humanity, but-

But one day you'll give that rubbish up too Terry. Is that what you were going to say too love?

Oh god, all right, yes, that one day I'll be able to give it all up. I am a nothing person, not a god, not anything - just me.

Good boy, and you have to say it all. It's what we're to do, say all we think and feel.

The speaking about, owning up to it, and then saying it, sure does have profound effects on you, doesn't it, at least that much I've experienced. I can feel or sense these things or parts in me when we talk, they are sort of just back there in the shadows of my mind, and I can easily brush them aside, like I've mostly done all my life. But when I actually stop and focus on them, and then speak them, I feel like me, the whole of me, in some way is moving, sort of like I'm embracing a new me, or new part of me, and I'm able to see myself a bit better - what I'm made of, how I am. And as hard as it is to do often, still it does make me feel good when I do it. It's as if I can actually feel myself changing or growing, or something. And I know now that if I don't speak about it, then I just go on the same way as I've always been.

It's you expressing yourself Terry, and not keeping those parts of yourself hidden, like we mostly all do. And I'm sure that our longing and wanting the truth of ourselves, that's what makes all the difference, because I know people who talk all day long about how they feel, even complaining about all the bad and negative stuff, but they don't seem to grow or



change, in fact, I wish they'd shut up.

Yeah, I know the type. It flows effortlessly out of them, a continual stream of verbage. And I know what you mean that they don't grow or change, because mostly from my experiences they say the same things over and over, never really moving on. I agree with you, as it was stressed in that book, it's wanting to see the truth, to want to know what you're really like, how you tick, that's the big difference in all of this, and doing it all through your feelings. I mean to say, it all sounds so easy. So many people go on about wanting to see what makes them tick, doing all that psychology, going to university, and when all you need to do is just speak, how we all do, but also wanting to uncover the truth of what you're speaking about - why you are speaking, why you are wanting to say what you do, what's really going on deeper within you. And that's what I like about it, you don't have to go and do any courses or workshops, learn some technique that you've then got to apply yourself to. It all seems so natural, something we all should just be doing. But I can now see why we don't just do it naturally, because we were prevented from doing it when we were growing up. All that shit parenting, all that stopped us from freely expressing ourselves, it's caused us all, we'll me anyway, so much damage, that I'm beginning to see.

Me too. I feel very damaged, all screwed around, and like half the time I don't really know who I am. What am I Terry? I am a person called Ann, but what really is that - what really is Ann. And that's what I want to find out. And I understand now that I can do that through bringing out and speaking about all my feelings. And I'm beginning to see how we are all so much mind orientated, with our minds we control everything, even some of what we feel. So to get my mind out of the way and just stay focused on my feelings - that's what I want to do.

I'm seeing that too, just how much our minds are in control of us. I know people have said that forever, but so many other people talk about the mind being the be-all to end-all. And that our minds are in a way god, and that we should use our minds to take complete control.

Of our feelings.

Yes, and then what happens? Do they think we're not to have any feelings at all. It is certainly very appealing not having any bad feelings, but like it said in that book, when you look at your bad feelings as assets, something that are very valuable and important, something to help you know - feel - whether you are on the right track in life or not, then

to want to cancel them all out, how would you ever know you were living the right way.

And that's what I like about you Terry, you do want to live the right way.

Well, yes I do. I've never really thought about it before, I've just lived how I do, but with all of this, I am feeling that I do want to live the right way, and what's more, that there actually is a right way! And so also a wrong way, and I don't want to be wrong. I want to heal or get all the wrongness out of me, I want to make myself be all right.

So what do you think is all the wrongness in you Terry?

Well I'm not so sure about that either as yet, but from what I read, all that is not right so far as how I'm naturally meant to be. I don't know about all that soul stuff, that we're controlled or guided by our soul, but for me now, I just want to be a natural person, someone who is expressing themselves, their personality I guess, naturally and freely, and not using my mind to apply any learnt ways to behave. Yes, I want to know that I'm free in myself as I am, and not all fucked up because of how I was treated when I was young.

So what you're really saying Terry is, you want to be true, to live true to yourself, that's something I got from the book.

Yes, that's right: True to myself. And so how do I do that, how do I become that?

By expressing all your feelings and seeking the truth of them, that's what it said, and that's all I see we can do.

Yes, that is what it said. See, there again is another example of what I was saying. You can read all this stuff, all about it, but it's not until you actually start to speak about it yourself, our discussing it like this, that it all starts to make sense for you.

I know. I hated that about school, you had to just sit there and take all that stuff into your mind, and at our school you never had anyone to talk about it with, and the last thing you wanted to do was talk to your friends about school work, and mum and dad weren't interested, so it just went in one ear and out the other. Some people must have got it, and maybe they can learn things that way, retain all that mental stuff, but I couldn't, and now I can see it was because I didn't have anyone to talk about it all with. I needed someone to go over it all with, so I can see how it made me feel, and how I make sense of it by putting

it in my own words.

Yes, I'm like that to. Just get on with it, rather than sitting there beforehand learning about it. So that's what I like about this, it's all very straightforward, provided you can easily express your feelings. But that's where we can help each other.

Yes, and that's what I like about it. In wanting to uncover the truth of yourself through your feelings we are having a good relationship, in that we're actively connecting and sharing and so relating to each other. And about worthwhile things, not just trivia, not the latest news or updating each other on what we've been doing while we've been away from each other. Terry, our relationship has already changed so much - are you aware of that?

Yes, and I like it. I like we're it's heading, not that I know where it's heading, but I prefer it now to how it was, that's for sure. And I like feeling like I'm getting to know parts of myself, and you - getting to know you better; yes, I'm very happy with it so far. But as I said, I'm still a bit worried about it getting much more difficult, feeling bad more and having to keep speaking about all the bad stuff. And I'm also beginning to worry a bit about what it might do to my relationship with mum and dad.

What do you mean?

Well, what if what it said in that book starts to happen to me. That I start to realise that my relationship with mum and dad isn't as good as I have thought it is.

But if it's good Terry, then it's good, there's nothing you can do about that, nothing will change or interfere with that.

Yes I know, but what if it's not actually that good.

You mean that you've been making it up, and that it might not be as good as you want to believe and think it is.

Yes. That's just it, what if I am making all or some of the good up, and that really it's bad. What if it all turns bad. I mean, what if I don't actually want to see or be with them anymore, even turning my back on them. Oh god, I can hardly even say those words.

Say more Terry.

What if it ALL is bad. I mean, what if it turns out that my whole relationship with them is false.

Then it's false.

Yes, but what will that mean.

Like, will you get into trouble or something? Like it will mean that if you no longer want to have anything to do with them because it's all wrong and you've come to realise that it's all a lie, that something bad is going to happen to you, other than you're just not wanting to have a relationship with them anymore.

Yes. Just to consider it, not actually wanting to have a relationship with them Ann, now..

But Terry, don't you see what you're saying. You wouldn't even be saying any of this, there wouldn't be any doubt or question in you as to how good and real and true your relationship with them is, if you didn't have some doubts and reservations about it already.

I know, and that's the problem. I have always thought it was a good relationship I've had with them, but now, with all of this, having you talking about it all, our reading what it said in that book; now I'm beginning to have other thoughts. You know, they seem to be creeping in, little by little, and I don't know if I want them.

Well you know what you should do about them - speak about them all to me. And want to see the truth of them.

Yes, I know, and I'll try, but I don't think I'm ready for it yet.

If you're not ready, then you don't have to force yourself, there's no point in doing that. And when you are ready, then you'll be ready to talk about them. And for the time being, I'm not going anywhere, not that I know of at least, so I'll be here when you do want to talk.

Ann that makes me feel better, you saying you'll be here, because at least I won't have to go through it all alone.

No Terry, we've got each other, that's what we're together for. Look, my understanding from reading that book and all I've read so far about Feeling-Healing and Childhood Repression, is that it could mean that all we have thought was right turns out to be wrong, so our whole lives, all we've thought and believed about everything - ourselves, each other, the world, our parents, all our relationships, God, it all might turn out to be wrong, and we might have to give it all up.

So Ann, would you be prepared to give up your relationship with your parents, not see them ever again.

Yes, if that's what I feel, if that's where my feeling-expression takes me. If that's all part of the truth I'm to see about myself, that all my relationships are crap, and even with you Terry, and I'm to give the whole dam lot up, then I will. I feel determined and committed to this thing Terry, and I want to go the whole way. I don't want to just dabble in it, I want to see where it will take me.

You'd even give me up, even though we're doing this together!?

Yes. Everything. And I know it's easy for me to say it, it might be different if it comes to it, but that's how I feel about it now. I have to look after myself Terry. I've grown up being told it was right for the woman to look after everyone else, well I've got news for everyone else, they can now look after themselves, because I'm going to only look after myself. And I don't mean, stuff you, I don't give a shit about you Terry, and being a completely selfish asshole. But what I mean is looking after myself in my feelings, to try and only do what I feel to do, and to keep speaking and seeking the truth of them. And see what happens... Are you all right Terry - you're looking a bit pale?

No, I'm not all right! When you say that, that you'd be prepared to give me up too, oh shit that hurts, that's like a knife going right through me. I don't want you to give me up, I feel so scared, what will I do? I need you in this, I don't think I can do it by myself. I...

Keep going Terry.

I feel like you're just going to throw me out, abandon me, and I can't bear that. Oh shit I feel bad, so bad, I don't know that I've ever felt this bad before. Throw me out into the street or something bad like that - cast me aside. I know it doesn't make any sense, but-

It doesn't have to make any sense, keep speaking about all you feel.

All right. I'm so scared that you'll walk away from me, shit this is hard to say, I can hardly speak... Turn your back on me, just dump me. Shit I feel like I'm going to shit my pants with fear, I feel so scared, so bloody scared, I don't know if I've ever felt this scared before. I don't know what to do, I feel so awful, so scared...

Just keep speaking about your fears, saying how scared you feel. It's okay, it's good that you're feeling this way, it's obviously deep stuff coming up in you.

Yes, it sure feels like it because why else would I feel so scared. Oh I feel all faint, and like I'm going to be sick. I want to lie down... on the floor, I don't think I could make it to the bed. I feel all weak, shaky-

Like you've had a shock?

Yes, a shock, that's it... I have had a shock. What you said is shocking, that you might throw me out, just dump me if I don't do what you do, if I don't keep going expressing my feelings and trying to see what's causing them.

I didn't say I'd throw you out, and you know we'd talk more about it all before that happened, it's not as if I'm just going to suddenly announce that I've had it with you and you're out. Shit I rely on you to keep me, you're the one making money, and I don't feel like I'd want to move back in with dad and mum, not that they'd have me anyway.

I know, but that's what it feels like. Oh shit I feel bad, and like I'll never feel good again. I feel so terrible, my head feels like it's going to explode, and yes I know we would talk about it, but what you said about suddenly turning your back on me, that's what it feels like you'd do, that's what I'm the most scared about. And it's as if you will have plotted and planned, schemed about it all behind my back, and then suddenly just make an announcement and move out with Jenny or something.

Yes, I feel like that, that you're scheming behind my back and you're keeping me in the dark, you're not going to let me know your plans, you're just going to spring them on me. Ah I'm so scared of you doing that, promise me Ann you're not scheming now behind my back.

I'm not.

I can't believe that you would be, but I can't throw this feeling off that you are. I feel like I want to run around and search the whole place, you know, looking for some sort of evidence that you are.

What sort of evidence?

Umm... look at your diary - do you still keep your diary? Look in your side of the wardrobe, I don't know... look in your handbag, look for some clue, some hidden letters - yes, perhaps you're having a secret affair. Oh shit Ann, this just feels like it will never end.

That you're having an affair behind my back. And soon, any moment now you're going to announce that you're going to run off with him, and leave me, and I feel so hurt, so despairing, so miserable, because what would I do, what would become of me. And I'd be left all alone, and not able to work on myself with you anymore, just when we've begun. You haven't met someone who's better at expressing all their bad feelings have you?

No Terry, there is no one, I assure you of that. And I'd tell you anyway.

You would?

Of course I would, I wouldn't go behind your back. If I feel I need to be with someone else other than you in a personal way, if I were to suddenly meet a stranger on the bus and fall madly in love, I'd tell you, I wouldn't keep that from you. And I hope you wouldn't keep such a think secret from me if you were to meet someone you felt you wanted to be with more than me.

Oh God, how did we get into this. I don't want to be talking about all of this.

Why not, why not Terry, are you hiding something from me? Are you, because if you are, you'd better come clean.

Well... oh shit, it's all so difficult. And I know you're right. I have been meaning to tell you for a long time, but I don't know, it's too hard.

How about saying: 'Ann, I'm having an affair, and...'

All right, but I'm not having an affair. In was a while ago, I slept with one of my clients a

few times, that was all.

Karen you mean?

Yes... how did you know?

It was obvious Terry, you were infatuated by her, all that show she put on for you, all that gushing all over you; and how wonderful you were 'My Terry'. My Terry does this, and my Terry does that, it was enough to make you puke. So I knew something was probably going on, and I'd wait and see. And then she was no longer around so I figured you'd got rid of her, you at least must have still preferred me.

Oh I did Ann, that's right, I did get rid of her. She kept ringing me every five minutes, and asking me to do things for her. She wanted me to move in with her, and oh god, I couldn't bear it. It was such a relief coming back to being with you, you were - are! - so undemanding. And all that Terry darling stuff, no, it was too much and I got well and truly sucked into having my ego pampered, but it was only for a few weeks, I think we slept together about five times, and then that was enough, I had to get away.

Oh Ann, I'm so sorry, to disrespect you like that, to go behind your back. I feel so bad, so, so bad, I feel like you should reject me, tell me to fuck off, and I would understand.

Ah Terry, no need to worry about that. You'd have to be serious with another woman before I'd do that to you. I could read Little Miss Karen like a book and I didn't think you'd stay with her for very long.

So you don't hate me?

No, and actually I feel good, happy that you've brought it out, as it's just another thing that has been preventing us from having a true relationship.

God I can't believe how relaxed you are about it Ann.

Accepting is what I'd say Terry.

And to think that I'm the one who is so scared of you doing that to me, going behind my back, and yet I'm the one who went behind your back.



Yes, now there must be something in that. It's like you're projecting onto me or something. It's as if you're me, and you're untrustworthy, having an affair behind your back. Or something... I don't know. But I read in that book that you can only be with another person how you are with yourself, which I mean is that you think everyone else is how you are, unless you've grown up properly so as to know that you're not everyone else and that we're all different. And I know you would probably say you know I'm different to you, but it's interesting that you think I'm the bad one, and going to do to you, what in fact you've done to me and you're the bad one. I'm the innocent one in this.

Yes, it's all very confusing.

So Terry, how do you feel now?

That terrible pressure, and all the fear has eased off. I still feel very bad for what I did to you, going behind your back like that. I've never had an affair with anyone before in any of my relationships, I've usually been very faithful, but I don't know... I think I was feeling bored with everything and needed some entertainment in my life - something new.

Yes well I can understand that. That's why I had to pull you up and make you face how our relationship was going. I could see that next time it would be someone more important to you, and I wasn't prepared to wait until that time.

But Ann, don't you feel that perhaps we are not right for each other, and that you'd be better off with someone else.

I admit I do think about that times, but I can't live that way Terry, I like being with you, and liking it more lately now we're working on expressing our feelings to see the truth of what they are making us feel. So I want to keep going with you. And sure, you might not be my perfect Mr Right, but what am I to do, throw you out and hope he walks into my life. Na, I've done that before and he never appeared, now I'm happy being able to express my feelings to you, and so far you've not stopped me, you've even encouraged me. And that makes me feel good. So I'm happy with how it is.

Have you had an affair or anything whilst we've been together?

No, nothing that serious. However I have had a thought or two at one time or another when I've met or seen a man I've fancied. But nothing that has gone that far. And I

don't want to jump into bed with a man just because he butters up my ego. I've done all of that Terry, and it's never done anything for me. Sure it was fun, but now I want to get on and be serious in my life. I want to understand myself. And so for that to happen, I can be with you, but if you were stop wanting to come along with me, or I with you, then we'd stop, having talked about it all, and I would guess, having come to an agreement about it, as things wouldn't be working anymore. So I don't have to think about it. I only have to keep staying focused on my feelings, and you're either with me or not.

*We have to come clean, it's all got to come out, all the hidden secrets, that being a commitment to yourself to stop hiding anything in the closet; be it a secret affair, a fantasy, or a bad feeling or thought you're not expressing. To open yourself up to everything that you are, to confess and tell your friend, tell someone who wants to listen to it all, and listen unconditionally and non-judgementally - to bring it out and tell the world who is your friend. And to hear yourself say all the bad things about yourself. And to speak about all the bad feelings associated with them: what you're afraid of, scared of, what punishment you fear might await you. And when it's time for you to come clean, the bad feelings push up, and as with them all, you can either choose to deny them, put the lid back on them all, or take it right off and speak and express and emote them all. And it's harrowing stuff, however it certainly clears the air making for a truer relationship with yourself and your partner or friend. And we have to accept and feel the pain of all our wrongdoings. And they will come to light. And we've got to want them to, even the ones we don't even know we're doing that are wrong. It's all part of wanting to live true, to be honest with yourself, and with your friend - to live true to yourself. It's all a part of stopping the lie, of stopping lying, of stopping being false - of uncovering the whole truth of yourself. And all through your feelings.*

## 8. Terry - do you really care about me?

### Ann and Terry

OW, OW, OW, OW, OW, OW, OW!

You all right love?

*Ann was lifting a heavy box of books. He lower back suddenly went sproing - a muscle pulling. Terry was watching the television. When he heard Ann, he looked at her, concerned, but as she stood up seeming to be all right and not saying anything more other than rubbing her lower back, he resumed watching the*

*cricket.*

*After a few minutes, Ann, having gone in to the kitchen and then come back out and sitting gingerly on one the couch, said to Terry:*

Don't you care?

What?

Don't you care?

Care?

Yes, care about me. Don't you care about me?

Yes, of course I do.

Well, if you do, then why are you still watching the television, you know I've just strained my back, so why don't you care?

I do care, I asked you if you were all right. And you nodded, so you're all right.

But I'm not all right Terry. I am very not all right, and I need you to pay attention to me. I need you to be there for me, to see if I am really all right, and to see if I need any help. But all you do is keep watching the cricket. I don't feel loved by you, I don't feel supported - that you care about me.

I do care about you. You should have said you needed my attention. But as you didn't say anything and you seemed to be all right, I didn't think there was anything wrong.

But Terry, you didn't even look around to see if I was all right when I came back into the room. I've been sitting here for a few minutes not all right. I need to speak about all I went through, and not even that, I need to know you are just there, you know, that someone is there for me, someone who cares more about me than the cricket. You are always so self-absorbed, you don't care about me, you don't care about anyone other than yourself, you're always the same. And I have to look after myself. It was a shocking experience, it hurt a lot, but because I'm not lying on the ground half-dead or something,

I'm all right in your eyes and you can carry on watching the TV. But I'm not all right. Physically I'm sore but okay, I can still walk and do things, and my back still hurts; but emotionally and psychologically I'm not all right. I need you to attend to me, to just be there for me, to keep an eye on me at least, just to check with me that I am still all right. I need to know that someone - you - are at least somewhat concerned that I'm all right, that someone cares about me. I can feel it, it's a new feeling, but it's what I want now. I want to be with someone who cares about me, who genuinely cares about me, not someone who gives me a passing glance, sums it all up for themselves and then decides that I am all right. You don't have to do anything, just see if I do have something I might want to say, to express some bad feelings. It was shocking, I was in shock, not much, but some, and it would have been really good had you been there for me, just with me, to comfort me. You could have at least got up and seen if I was all right, to help me if I needed a hand with the box, but you didn't move, you just called at me over the noise of the television; and quite frankly, I don't like you putting the television before me, I want to be with someone who cares more about me than about the bloody cricket.

But you're all right, nothing bad happened, and I do care about you. I really do care, that's why I'm with you, I love you Annie, you know that, that's why we're still together, and so I do care about you.

But it's not good enough Terry, because that's not love. It might be love in your world, but not in mine. I want someone who genuinely cares about me and shows me and makes me feel cared about; and you don't, your actions make me feel unwanted, uncared about and rejected, like you actually hate me.

I don't hate you, I love you!

But Terry, how can you say that when you didn't even check to see if I was all right. You haven't said anything, you didn't even give me another look. You didn't ask me, or show any concern when I came back into the room, you have I bet, forgotten already that I did it.

I... I... oh all right, FUCK, I HATE YOU GOING ABOUT HOW UNLOVING I AM. I DO LOVE YOU. I DO CARE ABOUT YOU. I JUST WANT TO WATCH THE BLOODY CRICKET. I HAVE HARDLY ANY FREE TIME. I HAVE TO GO TO BLOODY WORK ALL DAY LONG AND ALL I WANT TO DO IS COME HOME AND RELAX. BUT I CAN'T, I HAVE TO LOOK AFTER YOU, SEE IF YOU'RE

ALL RIGHT BECAUSE YOU HURT YOUR BACK.

Yeah, well, what's wrong with that, you should care about me, isn't that what having a loving relationship is about?

I DO CARE AND LOVE YOU, I DO, BUT... BUT I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE INTERRUPTED, I DON'T WANT TO BE INTERFERED WITH. NOW I HAVE TO STOP WATCHING THE CRICKET BECAUSE YOU FOOLISHLY CARRIED A BOX THAT WAS TOO HEAVY WHEN YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED ME TO CARRY IT FOR YOU.

Oh I see, so it's all my fault now is it? That makes me feel even less loved and cared about by you. Terry, it's not going work, we are not right for each other. Increasingly I want someone who cares about me, someone who wants to be with me, be with me in all I'm doing. I'm not interested in the cricket, you need someone who is, we're not matched correctly, we never have been. It's all been just a fantasy, and I've had these feelings about us right from the beginning, but I've not said anything because I thought it was good with you and that we could make a go of it. But now that I've started to express more of how I truly feel; now I'm feeling more of my feelings and being more true to them; now I can feel and see that we're not right together it's not going to work, and I don't know what to do.

Look Ann, you are right, I admit it. I can see what you're saying. I have to admit that I am more interested in the bloody television than I am in you. I am, it's very hard for me to have to admit it, but it's true. And okay, fuck, I am not loving. FUCK, FUCK, FUCK - I AM A SHIT AND A HORRIBLE PEICE OF WORK; AN ARSEHOLE, AND FUCKER WHO DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THE ONE PERSON IN MY LIFE THAT I THINK I LOVE. I AM FULL OF CRAP, FULL OF BULLSHIT, AND YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE I SHOULD HAVE CARED MORE ABOUT YOU, OF COURSE I SHOULD PUT YOU FIRST AND NOT THE TELEVISION. I'M SORRY, I REALLY AM; I'M SORRY FOR BEING SUCH AN INSENSITIVE PRICK.

That's all right Terry, that's all I need. For you to keep expressing all you feel. I know it's how you are, and that's okay with me so long as you keep saying what you feel and seeing the truth of it. And for you to admit this about yourself, I can see that's a huge thing, it is, and it must take a lot for you to see it. But it's progress and so I forgive you, and it's all right, and my back should be all right - thank you very much for caring about me.

*There's a fine line as to how one can be helpful supportive and indeed loving. My mother and grandmother were too controlling. They would just ask me if I were all right, and so long as I said yes, they'd get back to what they were doing. If I said no, they'd take me to the doctor and he could look after me. They weren't there just for me, so I am not there for Marion as she has accused me of being unloving pointing out like Ann did to Terry, how I am only self-interested and all my so-called loving is false and meaningless - nothing more than a waste of time and something for my own ego to believe is good about itself.*

*My mother would have felt too vulnerable had she genuinely given herself to me, had she come over to me and sat with me, checked if I was all right, and just been there in case I had stuff to speak about, in case I had bad feelings to express. And then if I said I was okay, and she didn't have to be with me, for her to still keep one eye on me, would have been too much. She felt too threatened, she was more like Terry who just wanted to get on with her thing uninterrupted, only the problem was she had young children. But the sad truth is, she didn't want to be with them - with me. She only wanted to be with herself, which is understandable as her parents weren't there for her.*

*So to hide her powerlessness and stop herself from feeling exposed and vulnerable, she would take over, control everything, "oh you're all right, that's just a slight strain, you'll be sore in the morning, but nothing to worry about, and if it's not right in a few days, I'll take you to the doctor." So I was all 'patched up' by her, I had nothing to worry about, no bad feelings even though I was in a semi-state of shock, so there was nothing further to do. So it was time to make a few more phone calls, she could get out of there just in case she was needed.*

*She wasn't there for me, and so I learnt that I couldn't rely on her, and buried all my pain. Through my healing I've come to understand that in many ways I've remained in my states of shock, never having actually being helped out of them. And I've had to keep all my bad feelings in, never expressing any of them, and pretending over the top of it all that I am always all right, that I never need anyone; and at the same time, that I am an all-loving and a caring person. But how can you be caring and loving if you're all closed up and only looking after your own interests.*

*So I reject myself, as Terry was made to reject himself - his bad feelings, having to grow up to be a 'tough man' and not let such little botherations interfere. The cricket is far more important in a 'real mans' life, not all those horrible bad feelings, and certainly not caring openly and with love about his partner.*

*I also want to add that some people are too controlling, coming in and demanding the person does as they say, "now sit down Ann, you must rest, you've given yourself a nasty shock", taking over too much, not allowing Ann to lead the way. It's better to allow the other person to lead, the one who feels bad, and to just be there for them, all of which would of course come naturally to you if you are a naturally caring and concerned and person-focused person. Increasingly it's become apparent to me, just how non-person*

*focused I am. I am that way, and so I've had to admit it through my healing: that I don't actually give a shit about the other person, that all my care and love is false and crap. And in fact I actually hate the other person, as I've also had to admit that I hate mum, dad and Gran, because they didn't actually love and care about me. They didn't allow me to put myself first, so that's what I think the other person is doing to me, taking over and stopping me from being myself. I am a direct product of them, I am a result of them, I am in so many ways, them. And I didn't have other people who were different to them in my early years to show me there were other ways, and that there was real caring and loving people.*

*And although a lot of what I might write you might already be aware of, and it's obvious and wonder where I've been all this time, I am writing this to demonstrate that I was parented in such a way as to keep me hidden under my rock, and that's where I've been, shut-off to all my feelings. And through this blog and all I write about my feelings and healing, I only want to give something of an idea and perhaps an appreciation of what my and Marion's healing has been like for us.*

## 9. Being a comforter for each other.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, I've been feeling this new feeling. It's sort of new, we touched on it the other day, but in fact it's one I've had a lot, but now I can see what it's really about - it's a lot stronger.

Yes, tell me about it, what is it? Hang on, I'll just turn this off.

And by you saying that Terry, that's what it is about. You have no idea how good you saying just those few words makes me feel. But it's not so much the words than your intention, because you make me feel like you're really interested in me, that you do actually want to know what I'm talking about. So you want to know me - all who I am, all what I'm feeling and thinking. And you don't just sit there like a good boy waiting for me to tell you, as if it's your duty, being the dutiful boyfriend; and you don't keep on watching the television paying only half attention to me, you have even turned it off! Terry, do you realise, you are a changed man!

There was nothing good on anyway.

But Terry, you do feel you do want to know what I am about to say; you do actually want

to hear me, and even put me first in your life... don't you, my feelings are right, aren't they, or am I just making it up, hoping you are?

No Annie, I want to hear what you've got to say. I do. So far as I can tell, I'm genuine in my feelings of wanting to hear what you're going to say, even if it ends up making me feel bad. I've been thinking more about our trying to express all our bad feelings together to see what they are all about and why we have them, and I'm liking it more and more. Although 'liking' is probably not the right word... valuing it, seeing there is value in it... and it's important, yeah, that it is important, for me, and you, but something that is good for me to do. But Ann, you go on, tell me about what you're feeling, what you wanted to speak about, don't let me take over.

And you saying that Terry, that too is all part of it. That you keep me in mind, that you still recognise that I want to tell you something I'm feeling. And that you're not just now going on with all your thoughts and feelings and I'm pushed aside, left out and forgotten about.

Terry, you make me feel that you do care about me, that you do value me, that I am important, and that it's not all just about you, you being the only person always taking centre stage.

I do, I do care about you, like I've said all the way along.

Yes I know you've said such things, but it's actions, in these little ways, that's what is far more important than a few words. In your actions you are showing me that you care about me, that you're putting me first, wanting me to come and be with you and for me to share myself with you. And that you want us to be together, to be equals; and as I have something to say about myself now, that you're there, right there for me, giving me your full attention.

Yes, and that's very important to me, that I feel you are giving me your full attention. Attention, yes, that's the word, that's what I need, and I think we all need it, to know that the other person is giving us their full attention; and they only want us, and they want all of us, and right now, and not, oh don't bother me now I'm busy, come back later and tell me; or, hang on I'll be there when this show is over. It's all right now. I want to tell you something now, I want to share with you some part of myself, I want to bring myself out to you, and now, right now, not when the television show is over in half an hour's time. Because by that time, it's gone, the moment has passed, I've moved on, and if I hadn't brought that part of myself out then, it's lost, or perhaps it will have to wait for another



time.

And I want to live right in the moment with myself, with my feelings. But of course we can't always just drop everything and pay undivided attention to each other, but when we can, I'd like us to, yes, that's what I want.

Yeah well it sounds good to me. I'd like that too.

Good. Which brings me to talking about what it was that I wanted to talk about.

Oh God, finally, I was wondering when you'd get around to it, there's a show I want to watch starting in ten minutes time and...

Oh Terry, shut up, stop stirring me. This is all very serious to me.

Sorry love, it was meant to be a joke, please continue.

Terry, what it is that I'm feeling is that I want, and need, someone, that person now being you, to be there for me when I feel bad, so I know that I can come to you and tell you how I'm feeling. I want to know, need to know, that you are there for me, any time, wanting me to come and tell you all how I feel. And to know that you are... oh that gives me, would give me, such a good feelings. A feeling of being comforted, that I can come and unburden myself to you, and that you are there waiting and willing to accept me, and wanting to listen to all I have to say. And you will not try to take over and try to control me to make me feel better, but to just accept me as I am; yes, that's what I want, just to know that you fully accept me as I am. And that I can trust you on that. And that I can come and be in any state and tell you all how bad I feel... Oh gee Terry, I just longed for the truth of why I was feeling this feeling, and instantly a feeling of that's how I would have wanted dad to be came up in me. And now I think about it, both dad and mum. I could go to mum more, but not dad, dad was always stand-offish, he was never just there for me, I couldn't just go to him and tell him all my bad stuff.

Why not?

He didn't want to know it. I was scared of him. He was just this big figure, always over there, and sort of out of reach, while mum and the rest of us sort of got on and lived our lives together.

So I want a new father, or a real father I guess, and I want that person in you Terry.

You have always mostly listened to me, and that's why I was attracted to you-

And not because of my good looks?

Serious Terry, this is very important to me, and you're only putting me off my chain of thought.

Sorry.

So I want you to be there for me, but more importantly, because that's what everyone says, you read it all the time in all the books, "I want you to be there for me and I'll be there for you", all so American, but it's more than that. I want you to *really* be there for me, so I know that I can come and tell you all how bad I'm feeling and you don't judge me, don't criticise me, you don't push me away and reject me. You welcome me, you want me more than anything else in the world to tell you all about myself, that it's your number one priority in your life. And you are my nice loving always-there-for-me daddy, and I can come and jump into your arms and you will hold me tight, and I can tell you all that I'm feeling. And especially how bad I am feeling. And you don't get angry with me, you don't make me feel bad for being how I am, and you love me. And I can feel you loving me, I can feel it deep inside me, right through all my bones; and gee Terry, that's what I want... Oh I'm going to cry, I feel that's it, that's what I really want, I'm desperate for it, but I feel very sad, and that's what's making me cry; sad that I didn't get that from my father. I couldn't run and jump into his arms of love. He wasn't there always welcoming me so I could tell him all my bad stuff. He always pushed me away, telling me not to behave like that. I could cry at times, he tolerated some of that, but that's what I always felt, it was just him tolerating it, and really he'd have rathered that I didn't cry.

So he wanted you all to just be all right all the time, and never feel bad or upset or anything like that.

Yes. I've never really seen it as clearly as that, but yes, that's exactly how he wanted it. He didn't like any of us crying or being upset, and I never saw him upset or crying or anything like that. God no, that would have been the end of the world. He never caved in, he never buckled, he was always there unchanging, which I used to admire in him, but I don't anymore.

You used to think he was good being like that, that it was the right way?

Yes, particularly in a man. That the man was the stoic one, that he could take it all and never buckled; he was always the same, the one you could rely and count on, the backbone of the family. But now I don't see it as a good thing at all. Now I see it completely around the other way. Gee, how about that Terry, I'd have never seen it like that had I not spoken about all of this with you.

It's because we're both longing and wanting to see the truth of our feelings Ann. I think that what is happening, that's why you're seeing it in a new light. And I can feel, I agree with you, so I think it's in the right light - the truth. So many men are meant to be the strong ones, never show any bad emotion, have everything - their feelings - under control as you know, but it sucks; really, the more I go with this feeling acceptance stuff, the more I can see it really sucks. It's sort of acceptable that women speak about their feelings - but only to the degree tolerated by the man, and mostly they can cry whereas men aren't supposed to. And yet why shouldn't we men speak about all we're feeling too. It's not as if we don't have feelings. But we're forced to keep them all buried, never let them out or you're seen as being weak, and that all that emotional stuff is really for women.

I like all of what you've said Ann, and it's what I want too. I too want to know that you are there for me, so I can come anytime I'm feeling bad and tell you all about it. However, I don't know if I'll be able to do it as easily as you seem to be able to, I've got so much of the male programming to deal with. I don't know if I will be as all-accepting as you are.

Well Terry, at least we know we both want it. It's something we can work towards.

Yes, so if you feel I'm not opening up or not giving you my full attention, can you please tell me, like you did the other day, even if you have to hit me.

I certainly will Terry, you can count on that. And again, just you saying that, you're saying all the right things Terry.

I'm on a role, I'd better make the most of it while it lasts.

Well you are, and it's all what I'm saying, you're showing me that you want what I want, and I think that's very important. I want to know that we're in this together, not the same, but that we are "there for each other". Right there, and that we are most important things for each other. Ooo Terry, it gives me nice warm feelings deep inside me. To think that we could have our own special relationship, just the two of us together working on

ourselves, trying to stop our feeling-denial and seeing what comes as a result of it.

Yes, I like the idea of that. Like our being in our own little world, living this way of life as we want to. I'm still getting used to the idea, that it is a new way to live, but every time I think more about it, I like it - it makes me feel good. It's sort of like an adventure we're on. Not out there bush-bashing our way through the jungle, but an... what would you call it... and inner journey. Yes, I like that, we're on an inner journey of self-discovering, and all through our feelings.

We are Terry, yes I like that too. And inner journey of self-discovery. And you know something Terry, that's what I'm going to write about, my inner journey of self-discovery with you, and all through looking to our feelings and uncovering the truth they want us to see.

*It's living a true spiritual life: uncovering the truth of yourself through your ongoing feeling acceptance.*

## 10. In the supermarket.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, I feel so bad, so upset.

Why?

Don't you? That little boy, his crying, oh it's bothering me so much. Isn't it bothering you, making you feel bad?

No, it's giving me the shits, I wish he'd shut up.

But he can't help it, it's not his fault. Look at him there, he's harnessed into the trolley, he can't do anything.

Yeah, I know, that part I don't agree with, but it's the noise I can't stand, why doesn't his mother do something.

She is doing something Terry, can't you see, she's totally ignoring him, she's the one who's harnessed him to the trolley. Oh I feel so sad for him, look at him, sitting there feeling so bad, so uncomfortable, he can't do anything, he can't get down... look at the anguish on his little red and scrunched up face... it's heartbreaking.

Yeah it is.

Put yourself in his place Terry, how would you like it if you were like him, trapped there and with a horrible mother like that. She doesn't give a shit about him, women like her shouldn't have children, and all those other women fussing about him, trying to cheer him up, but can't they see they are only making him feel worse. Look how he turns away from them, he's feeling so awful Terry, so humiliated, I bet he just wants to disappear, to be anywhere else but there, I would. And his stupid mother, look how she just carries on oblivious to his crying. Oh I want to go over and pick him up, set him free of his prison, give him lots of love and cuddles, that's probably all he needs, he's crying his eyes out because she's not loving him... oh it's dreadful Terry. Do you still feel the same way about him making all the noise?

No, not now that you've said all that. No, I too feel sorry for him now, I see what you mean, but I feel very scared. I imagine being him, and oh shit that is scary, that puts the wind right up me. I feel like he is me, that I'm him, that I'm the one strapped in there like that unable to move. And now I feel angry with her, I feel like going over to her and taking him away from her, taking him away and out, outside somewhere, not somewhere like this horrible supermarket, out into a park, or to the zoo, or something fun where he can be free and run around and do what he likes... see all the animals, something like that. Come on Ann, let's go, I can't stand it anymore.

*In the car.*

Ann that was horrible, I'm still shaking, look at me, I still feel so scared. Shit I've been with children crying like that before, but it's never made me feel scared. I've always been angry with them, with the child for making such a noise, but you've helped me see, as you said, that it's not the little child's fault, they can't help it, that little boy had no say in it, it's his mother's fault.

That's right Terry. And why do you think you've always blamed the child?

I don't know... children are... are... children like that are a nuisance, they should be quiet, they should be kept under control. That's how I've always thought about it.

And do you think that's right, that's how children should be treated?

I don't know, I've not really thought about it.

But what if you were to have children, what if we did Terry, is that how you'd treat them?

God I don't know. No, I mean, no, I'd be nice to them, not like she was.

But how do you know Terry. What if you were the mother, what if you had to do all the looking after, day in day out, and couldn't get away from them. And what if they just cried all the time, like now out in public, and you can't deal with it, and you had no one to help you, your husband or partner was always at work, or you didn't have one; what if you had to do it all, all the looking after and with no one to help you, all alone, just you and a little person you couldn't relate to.

Ah, I see what you mean. Yeah, I don't know, I don't think I could do it. Shit I've never looked at it like that before.

No, because your mother did her duty, she never complained, she was left alone with you kids, she probably treated you like that in the supermarket at times being unable to cope. And you don't know, he might have been sick, he might have a problem, something that makes it even more difficult. Or he might not, and his mother just doesn't care about him.

But she would care about him.

How do you know, it certainly didn't seem like it.

No, I know, it didn't when you pointed it out like that. But she's his mother, she would love him, he's her child.

And what Terry, just because he's her child that means she loves him.

Well... yes.

Terry, where have you been?

What do you mean?

Is that seriously what you think, that all mother's love their children?

Well yes... don't they?

Do you think that mother loves that little boy.

Well no... not in that situation, but I'm sure she must love him, you know, like when they are back home and she can be with him, when she's not having to be out shopping with him.

And you think that how she is now will change when she gets home, that she will turn back into the good angel mother person loving her child so much, adoring him, being with him, letting him be free. And then when they go out into the world together, she turns into the horrible, evil mother person from hell.

Yeah, well, I see what you mean. Ah, that makes me feel very bad Ann, I don't want to know about it.

Why Terry, because your fantasy mother picture is being threatened.

I suppose so.

Anyway, you should speak more about your bad feelings. Express them more, how are you feeling now?

I don't know, sort of stunned I think, that shocked feeling. I don't know what to say, what I'm feeling. It's all too much for me. I feel scared, I feel angry, confused, anxious, nervous, I don't know, all those things, too much.

What do you feel like doing, is there anything you feel like you want to do?

Run. Running away, yeah, running and running as fast as I can. Escaping, getting out of

there. I don't want to be there, I don't, no, don't make me be there, don't force me to stay there... oh I feel so scared, like I'm going to be sick, afraid, scared, as if something really bad is going to happen to me... Run away Terry! That's what I feel like shouting, and I'm off, I'm running, running as fast as I can. You're not going to catch me staying there, no way, not in your life. No, No, no, I don't want to do it, I'm not going to do it, I'm not, no, NO, you can't make me, NOOOOOOOOOOOO - that's what I feel like screaming. No, and then running away. I want get down out of that trolley, screaming no and run away, and as far away as I can.

Where do you want to run away to?

...I don't know. Just run away... oh wait, on... no, I do think I know where, that's funny... to Grandma's house, yes, to her house, to go and play with her dog - Albert. I want to be with Albert, to go and play with him. I loved playing with him. We didn't have a dog, we didn't have any pet when I was young; we had a dog, Oscar when I was older, but now all I want to do is run away and escape and be with Albert at Granny's. Oh Ann, I don't think I've told you... I don't think I've ever told anyone before, but I loved Albert, I loved being with him. He was a black Labrador, and he was my friend, yes, my special friend. Oh shit, now I feel like I'm going to cry; oh Ann, I've never said this to anyone before, but I loved him, and I know he loved me. I loved being with him, and I'd play with him in the back garden, he loved chasing the balls and sticks, and I'd throw them and he'd bring them back to me, and we'd roll around together on the grass. And we'd sit together looking at the sky, the clouds, and the birds that would come and eat the bread Granny would put out for them. It was so good being with him, I can't tell you. Gee, you know, I haven't thought about him in years.

What happened to him?

He died of old age. And not long after that so too did Granny.

You first called her Grandma, then Granny, do you know why you did that?

No. We used to call her Granny, that's what I called her. But it was talked about that I would go or we'd all go to Grandma's house. Yes, I've never thought of that, but when mum and dad said it, it was always Grandma's house, Granny lived at Grandma's house. I think I even have them as two separate people.

You know, since we've started doing this feeling thing, haven't so many weird things like



that come up?

Yes.

And you'd never know, I mean I've not thought about it or Granny for years. But I guess that's what it's all about, our uncovering the truth of it all.

Yes, and all the weird bits, all the bits that don't make sense, that don't add up, are all coming to light for us to see. I read that in one of the books. We are meant to see it all, all what our life was about, every little bit. And all based around and focused on the relationships we have with everyone in it, and especially when we were young. And even as you said with Albert, relationships with our pets if they were influential. And from what you said, you obviously felt a lot of love for and from Albert.

I did. And right now feeling it all again, I feel like Albert was the only one who really loved me in my early life. I know mum and dad loved me and I love them, but not how it was with Albert. I can't quite tell you the difference, but with Albert it was all just him and me, there wasn't anyone else, it was all just so good being with him. Oh I want to cry again... I loved Albert Ann, you know, I really did. Shit I've never felt this way before. But I loved that old dog, and he was so good to me, as if he knew exactly how to be with me, how I wanted and needed things and him to be. And he never got angry with me, never bit me or anything like that, he was always so good. Yes, I loved - I love him! Oh I wish he were here now and I could tell him how much I loved him. I feel like I want to thank him, to thank him for being there for me, for giving all of himself to me. Gee Ann, I even feel like he *is* right here now with us, here in front of me somehow, here with his head on my hand like he used to do, so I can pat it, rubbing his ears - he loved having behind his ears rubbed. And you know Ann, I don't think I've loved anyone or anything as much as I loved him. I mean, and this too is hard for me to say, as I love you, but when I think of him, I don't know, it's a different love, and it's so strong, and I've never felt anything like it. I even feel rather guilty saying that to you, that I love a dog more than I love you.

That's okay Terry, I understand. And you were young, and he made you feel very special.

Yes, special, that's the word, he did, and I felt very special.

Don't stop yourself crying Terry, it's all right, I don't mind, and it's right. You're feeling

very deep feelings, let them all come out.

I loved that old dog, and he loved me... He Annie, he loved me... god I feel like no one ever loved me, other than him. He loved me... he loved me... he was so nice, and I loved him...

Keep going, keep saying all you can whilst you're crying... I know it's hard, but it's good, let it all come out.

Albert loved me, he loved me, oh Annie I can feel the love, real love, I feel like he loved just me - me... and I don't know if I feel anyone has loved just me. I don't even know what I'm saying, but I feel good and bad, so really good that he did love me so much, and so bad that I don't feel like I've been loved as much by anyone else - even mum and dad. And that worries me.

Why?

Because... well, because... because how can I feel more loved by a dog than by my own mum and dad. I don't know what to make of it. I don't know if it's right.

Don't try to work it out in your mind Terry, remember, feelings, your feelings are saying it's right, that you felt more loved by Albert than your parents, so stay with that. So how does that make you feel, feeling more loved by a dog and by your parents?

Bad, very bad... why didn't my own parents love me, love me as much as I feel Albert loved me. Why Ann, I don't get it! I feel angry now - WHY DIDN'T THEY! Why didn't they love me as much, why was the only real love, as that's how it feels, that I got come from a dog, and not from them. They are my parents, they are the ones who love me the most... but that's not how I feel, I don't feel like I got any love from them, and yet... all my life I've felt I did. But what if it's true, what if I didn't feel as loved by them as I did by Albert... that's terrible Ann, what am I going to do... I don't know what to do...

Why do you think you should do anything, why don't you just accept that that is how you're feeling now. You might not always feel like it, but now you do, and so accept it, that's what we're doing this for, to see where our feelings lead us, and to accept without judgement and without letting our mind get in the way, what they are making us feel, and what they are showing us.

Yes, but I don't want to accept it... I don't want it to be true... but what if it is... Oh Ann, this is no good, what if it's true... I mean, it means, it means nothing is as it was, that what if all that I thought was being loved my mum and dad wasn't love at all, then what happens, what do I do, I don't know what to do.

Do you feel you should do something?

Yes, yes I do. I should... I don't know... do something.

What Terry, what do you feel you should do?

Oh I don't know Ann, don't ask me, I don't know. If I knew I'd say... oh leave me alone, this is too bad, I don't know what to do... it's as if I should go over there, and then, or something, ask them, oh I don't know... ask them if they do love me... but of course they will say yes, and tell them, but I feel more loved by Albert than I do by you... and what would they do, oh I can't do that Ann, that would make them feel very bad... and I don't want to upset them, things are hard enough as it is, what with all dad's problems, and mum not being what she was after she had that turn... no, Ann, I'm not going over there! I'm NOT!

You don't have to go Terry, why do you feel you do?

I have to, I have to go and confront them, because that's what you do, when bad things happen you have to go and confront the person doing it, you have to have it out with them; yes, I have to tell them, and sort it out once and for all. Yes, I have to go over right now and have it out with them, just as dad went over to the neighbours and had it out with them when their two boys kept jumping over the fence when we weren't home and taking all the apples off the tree. And mum said, yes Harold, you go over there and give them a piece of your mind, you go over there right now and tell them it's not good enough, and they have to keep their boys in order. And dad said he agreed, and he went and he told them not to let their two boys climb our fence and take all the apples. He said, if they want some apples they can come and ask us, and if we've got too many they can have some. So I think I should over there and talk to them about it. Sort it out with them, see if it's true.

And do you think they will tell you they didn't love you, and that you're right, and that

Albert did love you more than them?

No.

Oh Annie I feel so bad. So, so bad, I mean, what if my feelings are right, that means my whole world is shattered, nothing is as it was, nothing will be the same ever again. How will I be able to go and see them, how will I be able to look them in the eye knowing what I feel about them now. Oh this is what I was dreading, that perhaps the love that I believed we had and they felt for me wasn't what it I think it is.

Do you feel you love them Terry?

Oh god Ann, that's just it... I don't know any longer, not after feeling so loved by Albert and feeling how much I loved him and loved being with him. I don't even have any of those loving feelings for mum and dad. I can't actually remember feeling really good being with them, I've been searching my feeling memories, but I can't find any. It's as if they should be there, of course they should, I had lots of good times with them, and we all got on well together, and we never really had many arguments, but... it's as if something is missing, the memories of feeling loved by them and love for them. I mean, I do love them... but as soon as I say that, well, I don't know any longer, because the feeling of being with Albert is now so strong. He and I had a special thing, a special love, and I never felt that special with mum and dad. No, I never did, and I don't know if I want to accept that.

But Ann, what can I do, I have to accept it, I do, like you said, it's what my feelings are telling me.

Yes Terry, I think you do. At least accept it and then see how you feel about later. See how you feel tomorrow, you know, after you've given yourself some time to think about it.

Yes, but I can tell you this much. I will never be the same again. It's as if a major wedge of doubt has suddenly been put in me. And all I have to do is think of being with Albert and I want to cry and the feelings are so good and so strong, and I don't have those same feelings when I think about mum and dad.

*Terry has begun to wake up to the truth of his relationships with his parents. And the truth of his relationship with Albert. Nature is true and perfect, and so unconditionally gives all of itself to us when we are open and able to accept it. All how we wanted our parents to be, but they being of a conditional mind and love, didn't and couldn't give all of themselves to us, and that's the hurt and pain we feel,*

*irrespective of how much love there might have been with them, because, it was just never enough.*

## 11. Ann is worried about her book.

### Ann and Terry

I'm worried they won't like my book Terry, I feel so nervous, so anxious, what if they don't like my book.

But you've not even finished writing it.

I know, but I'm worried they won't like it, that it won't be any good.

Why don't you at least finish it first, then worry about it.

I know, that's what I tell myself, but I can't, I'm worried now about it-

But you'll only get yourself all worked up over nothing. Finish it, then I'll read it and see what I think. I like what you've written so far, and then we can think about where to send it, who might be interested in it.

But what if they don't like it, what will I do?

But they might like it, and you'd have worried all for nothing.

Terry, have you forgotten what we're trying to do? We're trying to express our bad feelings. I'm trying to talk to you about my feeling worried. I can't help it if I'm feeling worried now, it's what I'm feeling. And I might or might not feel worried when I've finished the book, but the important thing is that I feel worried now, and so I've got to talk about these feelings.

I know love, but still I don't see why you're so worried when you're not even half way through it. I think you should at least finish it, see if you can finish it, and not worry about trying to get it published or anything like that, not until you have something fully

completed, something real, a full product you can sell to them.

Terry that's all your business talk, and I'm not interested in that. You can do all that if I ever finish it. I'm worried now, and that's what's important, not whether or not I finish the book. So would you shut up and let me talk about my worries.

Yeah, yeah, okay, sure go on talk about it.

Now you don't sound like you want me to talk about it. Do you want me to talk about it or not?

Yes, I do! So talk about it would you.

What's wrong with you Terry, why are angry with me, I haven't done anything wrong. What's your problem Terry, I don't want to talk about my worries if you're not there really wanting to listen to me.

Yeah, yeah, I am angry, but you talk about your worries, I'll listen.

But you don't really want to, do you, so I don't want to tell you. I need you to be open to me, willing to listen to me. And now I'm getting angry, because you should talk about your anger, and I feel I now I have to put my worries aside because you're angry. And it's not fair, as soon as I feel bad, you then feel bad and you take over, and I have to listen to you.

I'm not angry, just talk about your bloody worries would you. I'm here aren't I, and I'm listening, so talk!

You're not listening, you can't listen when you're angry. I know I can't, and I don't think you can. You need to talk about why you're angry, and it seems to me that you're miffed that I didn't agree with you about what you said, that I should not worry... it seems like you're feeling rejected by me for not agreeing with you, am I right?

I don't know. Yeah, you're probably right, you always seem to be about such things. But you talk about your worries, I feel better about it now, I don't want to take over as you said, you talk and I'll talk about my stuff after.

All right. I'm worried about my book not being any good. What if they don't like it, what if it's rejected and no one wants it, what will I do?

Why don't you wait until then.

Terry will you shut up and let me express my bad feelings! I'm not actually asking you a question, I don't want you to answer it, I'm just saying that as part of my feeling expression. I want to see what's causing my worry, and it's nothing about the actual book, that's just keying unconsciously into something in my past - remember? And I want to use these worry feelings now to take me back to when I was worried, when I had the same feelings when I was young - remember? So would you let me! So stop trying to stop me, you're trying to solve my problem, remember how we read that's such a big temptation, to solve the problem so you no longer have any reason to feel bad. But I want to feel bad, I want my worry feelings and you have no right trying to take them from me, as that's what it feels like you're trying to do, take them away from me to stop me feeling worried. Well I want to worry and worry as much as I feel to, and I want to uncover the truth of my worry feelings, see what they are wanting me to see about myself and my relationship with mum and dad or whomever it is. So do you mind just allowing me to get on with it, is that all right with you?

Oh all right then, go on, talk about it.

I'm scared, scared, I feel so scared, so anxious, I'm so nervous, worried, worried, worried, so worried, I feel sick from the worry, and I've felt like this so many times before. It's when something is expected of me, they are expecting a good book, one they will want to publish; but what if it's not good, and they get angry with me for wasting their time. I don't want to waste their time, be a bother and a nuisance to them, put them out, make them have to go to a lot of trouble for me; and what if they don't like it, and all the time and money and effort they put into it is wasted. I'm scared they will then not want to have anything to do with me. They won't want me to show them anything else. If they don't like it the first time, then they will not want me again, that's what I'm really scared about. I have to make a good first impression, I have to get it right, make it so they like me, and then they'll want me, and then I'll feel good. I need them to accept me, and what if they don't, what if they don't want me, and I don't want to feel rejected. I hate feeling rejected, they will say they don't like me, and they won't want me. Oh I feel so terribly scared, and I don't know what to do. I always get to this point whenever I'm doing anything new and it depends on the other person liking it, when I'm doing it for them. I feel such a pressure

on me, such a responsibility, and what if I'm no good, what if I'm a failure, if I'm a no-good writer. Being a writer is something I've always dreamed of, but I've never been able to go past this point, because what if they say no, and they don't like how I write or my story or they don't like me, then what will I do. Then I won't have anything in life, I won't know what to do, I won't be anyone, you know, I won't be able to say I'm a writer-

And why is it so important that you have to say you're a writer?

Because that then means I am someone, you know, someone important, someone that people can say, wow, she's a writer, and that's what I want them to say. I've never felt like I am someone, like I am important, and if I'm a writer, then I will be someone, I'll be important.

And being important is so important - why?

Because you have to be important, you have to be someone, if you're not... well, if you're not important, then you're no one, and you've got to be someone.

Why?

Good Terry! Now I feel like you're with me again in it, these are good questions, I can feel they are helping me go further and deeper into myself. I've never talked about any of this stuff with anyone, but I've wanted to, it's always been there.

I've got to be someone, that's what mum and dad always said, that you've got to make something of yourself in life, you've got to be someone, you can't just be no one, nothing good happens for no ones. So I've got to be someone, be important so I'll be successful. You know Terry, I've always had this secret dream, I've never told anyone about it, but I dream of being very successful, a top writer, someone everyone will love, and I'll be famous, you know, a huge best seller and having my work translated into every language-

Yes, but that's what every writer dreams of, you wouldn't do it if you didn't think you were going to be successful at it.

No, you don't understand, it's more than that Terry, it's as if I am already that, only I'm just sort of waiting to be discovered. I'm already a best seller-

But you've never even had anything published before.



Yes I know, but that's my dream, a fantasy, yes, it's only a fantasy, but I secretly think that I'm already 'discovered' and published and all the critics love me, and... and I know it's all childish Terry, but I've always thought that. I used to write stories for school and mum, and she said she loved them, and that I was really very talented, and that I would be a best selling author when I grew up, and I think that's where all of this comes from. I think I believed her and in a way it's as if I already am that person, only of course I'm not, and I'm too scared to find out if I might or could become that dream person. So do you see what I mean, why I feel so anxious, why I feel so scared, this the truth of it I reckon, I have been longing to see the truth and this feels right. That it's all because of what mum said, and that coupled with them saying I've got to be someone in life, well I think I already are someone, yes, and all because mum said she loved what I wrote... But what if other people, the publisher, isn't like mum, and doesn't like what I write... And yes, I can see now that's what I want, I want him to be like mum was, and say, 'Yes Ann that's wonderful, you are such a good writer, we will publish everything you write and you'll be an instant success.' That's what I want, and I'm scared it's not going to happen.

It would be a long shot if it did. That hardly ever happens to anyone from what I've heard, it's very difficult to get your work accepted; and with everyone putting there stuff on the Internet, there's just so much around, everyone has a book they've written.

Yes I know, and I don't care about any of that, I'm only interested in my feelings Terry. I don't actually even care if I am accepted by a publisher or not, I mean it would be a dream come true, but realistically I don't think I'm much good-

I think what you write is great, I think you've got a lot of potential, it's always gripping what I read of yours.

Thank you Terry, and that's nice of you, but... anyway, I won't be holding my breath about it.

How do you feel now, you're worries, do you still feel worried?

Yes a little.

Then do you think you should keep talking about them, there might be more you can uncover about yourself.

Terry, I can't tell you how much I like you when you are like this. This is the Terry I like, when you're so supportive, encouraging me to talk more about what I feel knowing that's what is important and what we're wanting to do for each other. That other Terry that doesn't want to listen, that makes me feel unwanted, I hate you when you're like that. I so much need you to be going along with me, open to me, supporting and encouraging me to talk, because if you don't, then I don't feel like talking, then I feel more alone, and that no one wants me to talk. Then I feel you're like my father telling me to be quiet, that he's had enough of me, that he doesn't want to hear the sound of my voice.

He said those things to you?

Yes, I remember when I was young. He didn't like us children making a lot of noise, he'd be very stern and angry with us, and I felt so scared of him when he was like that, and I hated him. I liked and loved him when he was kind and gentle with us, when he enjoyed us talking, which thankfully was more than the other from what I remember.

Yes, well I can understand that then when I am like him - why it makes you feel bad.

Yes, it does, I feel very bad, very scared and very alone. And I hate feeling like I don't have anyone in the world, that I'm all alone, and no one wants to be with me, no one wants to listen to me, no one wants me to speak. I think I hate that more than anything, feeling like I can't speak, that I can't just be how I want to be, talk when I want to talk. That makes me feel so bad, so bad, and so scared, because then I worry that what if no one ever wants to hear me talk, what if there is never anyone there for me; yes, that's what it amounts to, what if no one is there for me, no one cares about and wants and loves me, that is very scary Terry - you know, feeling like what if no one loves you, that you are all alone in the world, all by yourself. When dad had been mean to me and I was sent to my room, that's how I felt, that I was all alone, lying there on my bed, and no one liked me, no one loved me, so utterly alone, and so scared being so alone. Because what would happen to me, what would I do, what would I do if no one loved me or wanted me or liked me or wanted me to be there with them and talk to them. I think we all need to talk and to feel the other person is wanting us to talk. It's no good if you just talk but no one is there wanting you to talk, if they don't want to listen. Then you're just talking to the wall, to no one, they may as well not be there, so we all need someone to be there for us, to listen to us, so we can share ourselves, so we can tell them all we are feeling and thinking; and so we do feel like we're wanted, needed, yes, that the other person, mum and dad to begin

with, do want and need you. Yes, Terry, I think feeling needed, really feeling like you're needed is so important, because then you feel important, and I think that's what I want, what I really want from the publisher, for them to need me, to really show me they want me, so they make me feel wanted and that I'm important to them in their life. And I want that from you too Terry, and that's how you make me feel when you are truly listening and wanting me to tell you all I'm feeling. You make me feel like you want me, that I am important to you, that you need me, and that makes me feel good, because then I don't feel alone.

I think we all need to feel we're wanted and needed like you're saying.

Yes, but how many people feel that way, and so many people from what I can see think they are showing they want the other person but they are only using them for their own ends, they don't genuinely want them. And so many people say they feel so loved and needed by their partner, but do they? That I wonder about because it sure doesn't seem like it when they are with their partner, how their partner treats them and how they relate to their partner, sometimes I wonder if they are actually not worlds apart and for some strange reason just living together in their fantasies.

I'm sure you right, I think a lot of people live in their fantasies in their relationships together. I think I do too to some degree. You're helping me wake up to that, making me have to face the truth that I live a lot of my life in fantasy-land. And I think that was why I was angry with you earlier, why I did feel like you were rejecting me, because I did feel you were rejecting me, and it's like what you've been saying, that you didn't make me feel important by accepting what I was saying, and agreeing with me, and saying yes Terry you're right, I should complete the book first and then I'll have something tangible to deal with, something real to offer the publisher. I know some authors submit only the first few chapters and if the publisher likes it then write the rest, but I don't know, you'd have to be pretty good to do that or just be so full of yourself that you could pull it off. Or just see if you've got any talent before you spend all your time writing the whole thing, yeah, I could understand that.

Terry, who are talking too?

You, what do you mean, I'm talking to you.

No you're not Terry, you've gone off like you often do, off on your own little journey, but

you've left me behind, you're not taking me along with you. You're just talking to yourself about how you see it all, talking merrily away about how you think it all is, and I'm not interested in that, in what other people do and why they do it. So I feel you've left me Terry, and then I start to feel alone again and those horrible feelings I was just talking about.

Oh, sorry love, I didn't meant too... I was only thinking, yeah, thinking out loud I guess. Ha, off in my own little fantasy-world. God I can't believe I was just saying that's what I do and then did it!

Yes well if that's the case then you should think to yourself, I don't need to know all of that stuff.

But aren't we meant to talk about all we feel and all we think?

Yes, but together Terry, you've got to include me, bring me along with you, if you want to say all you think and feel. I am not just a listener, someone who is under contract to you and so someone who is always readily available for you to talk all you think and feel to. It's about us being together in our relationship together, and it's two way: I speak to you and you want to listen to me. And we're in it together, you are really listening to what I am saying and you show that by what you say; and I can see you are paying attention to all I'm saying, and then I do the same for you. But when you go off like that talking about your business ideas of what people might do, you've left me and are only using me as a listening machine, for you're not really talking to anyone, you're talking with yourself, not including me. You are not reaching out and connecting with me, joining up with me, or wanting me to join with you. You are keeping me out, you don't want me with you, you are off in your little dream-world trying to work out what other people are doing. Can you see what I mean? Do you understand what I'm trying to get at? And like this now, I'm reaching out to you asking you these questions, I want to you understand and be with me in what I'm saying to you, so I ask you, you didn't do that to me when you were talking about why someone might only write part of their book and submit it before they write the rest, you were just talking to yourself not wanting us to stay connected. Can you see it?

Yeah, sort of, I think I know what you're saying. It's certainly knew for me and I do know that I tend to go off down my own track thinking about things, getting sidetracked with other thoughts, but I've not seen it in that light before.

So Terry, why do you think you do that?

Oh god Ann, I don't know, I just do it. I'm interested in it, mostly from a business point of view, that's why. I like working out the business side of it, how people think and do things.

Why? What do you hope to get out of it?

Well, I don't know... Hmm, business ideas I think, you know, it helps me to understand how other people do business and then I think that will help me.

And does it?

Hmm... Jeez Ann, when you ask me these questions, I think I have the answer, that it's obvious, but as soon as I try and talk about it, I can't, I go blank. No one has ever asked me such things before, not even myself!

So does it help me, help me what...? - do better business, be a better business man, I don't honestly know... no, I don't think so actually. But I like to know how things work, you know, why people do things they way they do.

But you don't actually know why they do them the way they do, you're only making it up, you're not them, or there asking them why they are doing it that way, so you can't really know.

No, you're right, I'm not, and yes I do just make it all up for myself.

It sounds like that's one of your fantasies Terry, you're off in your mind dreaming away about how everyone else does their business.

Yes, I think you're right, and I have to admit it. And you know, that reminds me of dad, he was always telling me about this business deals and... and you know, shit I think I've picked it up from him; yes, he was always talking about what everyone else was doing and saying why they were doing it. And I could see what he meant and thought he was right. But shit Ann, now I can see that he was only doing what I do, he didn't know, because as you said, how could he, you can't know what someone else is thinking and feeling unless possibly you know them very well, and even then...

Gee fancy that, how amazing, yes the more I think about it, the more I can see I do

what dad did, and he was just making it all up like I am, I've just taken it on from him. Gee, yes, I can see it so clearly, you just never know what is going to come up in this feeling expression stuff, do you?

And see Terry, you're asking me, 'Do you?', that is you coming back to me, you were in yourself thinking about all that to do with your dad, but now you've come back and joined up with me, that which I was talking about before, and that makes me feel really good, because you've not just carried on again all by yourself off in your own mind, you're back with me and we're together again, as you're wanting me to join back in with you. And it just happens naturally when you feel you want it to happen, that much I'm beginning to see. And yes, I agree with what you're saying that you don't know, and that's what I find is so exciting about it, it's certainly never dull, that's for sure.

No, and you know what else Annie?

What?

I didn't long for the truth, I didn't stop and long, but the truth still came up in me.

I know, I've been experiencing that myself, and I think that's because we just want it, we're committed to it. I still think we should keep longing as often as we can though, when we feel like it, but it's good to know that if you are determined to uncover the truth, then it comes if you do keep expressing all you feel. I guess it's more your intention, what you desire in life is that drives it, and so as we both want to live this way, so our lives support us in it. And that makes me feel good, as if there is something else, some other part of me that is on my side and helping me.

It's the 'Universe' Annie, you know, like all that self-help stuff you went through. You know, 'you put it out there' and it comes back to you how you want it to.

You mean all that stuff about positive thinking, and putting out positive thoughts attracts good things to you.

Yeah, that sort of stuff.

Yes but Terry, that's all to help you stop feeling bad, and I don't want to do that.

Yeah, but there must be something to it...

Well Terry, you can think about in your own time, because I'm not interested in it. You can go away and apply that great business mind of yours when you're driving around visiting your clients.

Yeah, good idea, a new theory I can work out and come up with!

Yes, something for you to present at your annual meeting with all your board of directors.

Yeah right, with Rod you mean down the pub. At least he is always willing to listen to my bright ideas!

## 12. Terry doesn't watch TV anymore.

### Ann and Terry

Terry?

Yes love?

Do you like talking with me, I mean, this sort of talking, you know, about all our feelings and what we think about everything.

Sure, more and more. It's hard work at times, when I move into some part of myself I'm not familiar with; and I don't like seeing all the things that are wrong with me, but I do want to see them all the same, because I don't want to do them anymore, or be that way. More and more I want to heal all of myself, and really, do whatever that takes.

So you enjoy us sitting around like this talking about whatever comes up, and mostly it's to do with our feelings.

Yes, yes I do - why?

Well, haven't you noticed something about yourself that's changed lately, a very big change in fact.

No... not really. What sort of change? What do you mean?

Well, what time is it?

Um... 8.30.

Yes, and what day is it?

Ah, Monday.

So don't think you're behaving a bit strange, it being 8.30 Monday night and you're sitting here talking to me like this?

Strange, no, why, what are you going on about? What's so strange about our talking about all our stuff, that's what we do all the time when we're together these days.

Yes, I know, and I too am loving it. Our whole relationship has changed so much, and daily I'm enjoying being with you more Terry.

Even as you see how wrong I am in so many things and ways and beliefs I have?

Yes. I don't care about all of that, because I know you're intent on working on yourself, to live true to yourself, and that's all that matters to me. You can't help how fucked up you are, it was all done to you, but you trying to heal yourself is what I like the most, for in time, I know you'll work through it all, and then you won't be wrong.

Yeah, I sure do hope so. It will probably take me a million years to do it though.

So Terry, let me ask you again: Don't you think it's strange, your sitting here like this at 8.30 Monday night?

No, why, shouldn't I be... should I be somewhere else... have I forgotten something... should be... no, it's not your birthday, or... I should be taking you out for dinner or something, should I?



No, nothing like that, it's more obvious.

What? What is it you're going on about. If you don't tell me, I'll start to get angry, and then we'll have to sit around while I try and express all of that.

Okay. What have you done religiously for the past two years at 8.30 on a Monday night?

Hmm... Monday night... I don't know.

Yes you do, come on - THINK!

HA! Yes, shit you're right. Watch the Gravy Train. Oh my god, yes, I can't believe it! Yes you're right Ann, jeez I hadn't even thought about it - ha, not one thought!

Terry, you're a healed man. I never thought I'd see the day. It has been your favourite show on TV, what you have lived for.

Yes I know, but ha, I feel nothing for it.

You don't feel bad that you're missing it?

Nup... no, not one bad feeling. I don't even care that I'm missing it. And actually I feel, I can't even see what I saw in it for all those years.

Really?

Yes. I feel nothing for it. How I feel now is that I don't care if I never watch it again. And as far as watching the TV goes, right now I don't care if I never watch it again at all.

Seriously... what about the cricket in summer?

Ah, the cricket. Well, yes, I don't know about that, we'll have to wait and see, and it's not for a long time, and if I keep working on myself, I might not even need to watch it when it comes around again.

Terry, you are a changed man! If this is for real, and not just for now, if you've given up

your need for the television, then shit, that's a huge change in you. I would never have thought you'd ever be able to do it.

Yeah well, if I have, it certainly is amazing. But right now, I feel like I couldn't care less if you gave it away. I don't feel like I'll ever want to watch it again, and besides, it only makes me feel bad, always such bad news and doom and gloom all over the world. I think I'd rather spend my time speaking with and just being with you Ann.

Music to my ears Terry Arnold, music to my ears!

*When the need has gone for the things that one needs to do to keep denying ones bad feelings, so one no longer needs such things. And as the relationship becomes of more importance as one seeks to uncover the truth of oneself and helping the other person to so do for themselves, then all anti-relationship things go too. The television being one main culprit, not that it's the tele's fault, it being what so many of us have been brought up on as a substitute relationship for our parents not wanting to have true relationships with us. I spent more time with the television that I did with mum and dad, more time just watching it, not expressing myself, passive - dead, suppressing all my feelings. Once Marion and I felt we no longer needed our TV, and out it went, then we moved deeper into just wanting to be together all the time, without such separating devices, all so we could focus more on expressing our feelings to each other. But don't think you should get rid of it before you really no longer want it anymore, it's not a mental thing doing our healing. The TV goes when you feel wholeheartedly that you no longer need it, when it's been sitting there for a time just gathering dust.*

### 13. Terry leaves his coffee spoon in the sink for Ann to wash up.

#### Ann and Terry

Terry, you know, another thing you do that really annoys me, and is annoying me even more lately, is you leaving your teaspoon in the sink after you've made a coffee for me to clean up. I don't want to clean up after you. If I make you a coffee, fair enough, I will wash that, it all being part of my doing it for you, but I'm sick and tired of finding another dirty spoon in the sink.

*There's various ways Ann and Terry can go with this. Ann is angry with Terry for doing such a thing, so*

*she has bad feelings she will need to express and uncover the truth of. And when she does, she might even find that she no longer feels angry about Terry leaving his spoon for her to wash up; and as he does so many things for her, she might feel fair is fair, it no longer bothering her, it even possibly making her feel good that she can do something for him.*

*And on Terry's side, he can either say, yeah well, that's how I am, I hate washing my spoon, and too bad, lump it or leave it. Or he can want to try and find out why he does such a thing, and if indeed it is wrong to behave that way. Is it right to expect Ann to wash up after him, for after all, he does so many things for her; are we meant to have our lives all how we want them to be, and if the other person doesn't like us how we are, then too bad, they can shove off, leaving you to get on with it.*

*And what Marion and I have found is as we're setting out to uncover the whole truth of ourselves, this means as part of that, to find out the truth of whether or not all we do in our relationships is right and true. So basically, what is the right, correct and perfect way to live, how are we meant to conduct ourselves, all according to God and so in harmony with God's Laws. And as we've only got our feelings to go by, Marion and I have spent endless amounts of time discussing such little things as this: why do we do what we do, why do I leave the spoon for her to wash. And like Terry, I do. If I make myself a cup of Nature's Cuppa, having long since given up coffee as part of my healing, I leave the spoon, I never wash it up. And yet if I come back some time later doing other things in the sink, I'm quite happy to wash it up then. And if I make Marion's tea for her, I will wash up the spoon, all these strange little behavioural quirks that come to light the closer you are together, and all as you go along expressing your feelings.*

*Mum would have a fit every now and then because we'd have left dirty dishes in the sink, and yet at other times not complain at all. All the patterns go in, and the patterns relating to different ages and time frames through ones forming years, all making things become at times very confusing. And as we've discovered, it all has to be worked through. And at times one part might come up, and you work through that, then at another time, another bit, then the first bit might come back but under different circumstances. So you go this way and that, back over the same old ground endless times, all the while expressing all you think and feel. And the one thing we can all be sure about, is our soul will bring up all the bits that are not right within us, all our behaviour and beliefs, all our negative truth-denying patterns.*

Do I?

Yes you do Terry, and it really gives me the shits. I hate it, you don't take responsibility for your actions, and you make me feel like I'm your mother always having to pick up after you.

Well, you're a fine one to talk, if you're going to pick on me for this minor thing, what about you leaving your dirty underwear all over the place - all the time!

What are you talking about, you love my knickers!

I do, when they are on you, not when they are all yukky lying about the bedroom floor.

And if you don't like seeing them so much, why haven't you said anything about it before?

Because it's how you want to be, and mostly I think you should be however you want to be. And they don't really do anything to me-

Well why are you saying you don't like them lying around then? And it's only at best a couple of pairs, it's not as if I leave a weeks supply strewn all over the house. I think you're only saying that as a ploy to deflect my anger at you about you leaving the spoon unwashed.

No, I hate seeing your undies lying around like that.

Why do you hate it? Come on then, tell me.

I never leave my dirty washing lying around, I always put it in the basket to be washed.

Yes, and you're a good boy aren't you, your mummy would be pleased with you.

She would, and she'd tell you off for leaving your dirty pants around, you can bet on that.

Yeah well, she's not here, this is my house and I will do as I please in it.

Okay then, I will do as I please and leave my spoon in the sink. And besides, what harm does it do, I wash it up later when I go back, and it's only one little spoon, it's not as if it is last nights dinner plates.

All right, so I'll leave my pants lying around as I please and you can leave your spoon lying around.

Yes, all right. Agreed.

*It all needs to be thrashed out. Argued about, discussed, going this way and that. Not always is it the straight forward expressing of ones feelings to uncover the truth. Often it's just expressing oneself, yelling*

*and fighting and being angry with each other; and just getting into all the niggly little things and pulling them apart, saying what comes to mind and having the other person say their things. And there doesn't need to be a winner or loser, nor even a resolution, there just needs to be equality in allowing each of you to say it all, to get it all out, no matter what it is, and not matter how mad it sounds half the time. Like two little kids sorting things out, being angry with each other, saying they hate each other and won't be friends; and yet once it's all out, on they go to the next stage of their relationship, the very best of friends. It's all better out than in, and the more you can say and express and emote all you feel and think, the better.*

## **14. Ann's headache leads her to uncovering more truth about her relationship with her parents.**

### **Ann and Terry**

Terry I've got a bad headache. Ow, ow, ow, it hurts, it hurts.

Where is it?

It's here, a bad pain here in front and goes right across here. But it's worst in my eye, it feels like there's a knife sticking in it.

Do you want a Panadine love?

No, no I don't want to take anything anymore. I want to stop taking any sort of pill - except the pill. I don't want to do what I've always done, take a pill and just tried to ignore it. I want to accept it as that's what we're trying to do with our bad feelings.

Ow, Ow, Ow, it hurts, it's very bad, one of my bad ones... ow, ow, ow; pain, I've got a bad pain, here, here it hurts the most, a stabbing pain, it's stabbing into me.

How does it make you feel having it?

Good Terry, I'm glad you asked me, that's the right question; and so how does it make me feel? You saying that makes me feel like you want to know-

I do want to know, I wouldn't have asked it-

I know, but that's all part of it I think. It is you showing you do care, you are interested in me, you do want to know what I'm feeling, how it's making me feel. And that you're prepared to listen to me; it's all part of it, that you actually do care about me and don't want me to just take a pill so I will shut up and stop complaining about my stupid headache.

But it's not stupid, headaches are horrible things.

Yes, but that's how I've always looked at it, how I've always treated it, as if it's a stupid thing, just an annoyance, something that shouldn't be there, and I've always just taken the pills to make it go away. To banish it, as if it's me, and that's what mum and dad did to me. I was an annoyance to them at times and they just banished me, told me to be quiet, to stop going on about it, to stop complaining, and I guess if they could, they'd have taken pills to make me go away.

So you're saying your headache is you?

Yes, well it is, isn't it? I'm the one who has got it, it's me alright.

But what I mean is how you've usually treated your headaches is how your parents treated you, and so you've just done to yourself - your headache, that which they did to you.

Yes, that's right. I have haven't I? I can see that too now.

But you said it!

I said words Terry, and I wasn't really paying attention to what I was saying, I was just trying to say how my headache makes me feel... and that too makes me feel good about you Terry-

It does, why? What does?

That you help me to see what I'm saying, you help me to understand it all. I don't have to worry about that, I don't have to do that at the same time. I can just say what I feel and not worry about having to work it all out, not worry about what it all means. I know that

you are there helping with that, and that makes me feel good. It does Terry, yes very good. I've always thought that I've had or got to work things out for myself and that's added even more stress and strain to how I'm already feeling. So to know I have you as my friend and helper, someone willing and wanting to help me work it out, that eases the burden, you know, do you know what I'm saying?

Yes, I do.

And that makes me feel good, but still my head is hurting... ow, ow, ow, hurting, it hurts Terry, all across here, and here, and that stabbing in my eye pain is still there. Ow, ow, ow, the fucking thing, I wish I didn't get them, I wish it would go away, I hate having them - ow, ow, ow, ow, bad pain, here in my head, my head hurts, shit it hurts, it's stabbing right in here in my eye - ow, ow, ow, ow, pain, pain, bad pain, bad pain, my head hurts Terry, my head hurts, it's hurting, it's hurting very bad, very bad, it's a terrible pain Terry.

All of me Ann wants you to take a pill, to do something to help yourself, to stop yourself from suffering so much. And I can even feel anger starting to come up in me because you're not doing it. But this is new for us, to not do what we've done just to try and make the pain go away, so I'm trying to refrain from making you take a pill.

Good Terry, because this *is* my 'pill' if you know what I mean. My speaking about my pain, that's far better than taking any pill and doing what I've always done and keeping all the pain buried in me. I've never let my headache pain have a voice, I've never let it come out. I've got the headache to help me see things about myself through the pain it's giving me, so I want to use it to keep expressing my bad feelings - my pain, and see what comes. And see how much as already come for me, all of what I've been saying is knew for me. It's amazing how things do come to you when you want to speak seriously about your pain and want to understand why you've got it.

Ow, ow, ow, the pain, pain, bad pain, I'm suffering Terry, I've got a terrible pain, a very bad headache, ow, ow, ow, it hurts, it makes me feel like I'm being crushed out of existence, that it's saying: no you can't exist, that you are not right as you are, that you should be killed.

God that sounds severe - that you should be killed - why should you?

I don't know Terry, it's just what my bad feelings are making me say, it's sort of what they want me to say, I can't explain it, and I don't even know why I'm saying it, it's just how my

feelings are making me feel.

Well keep going, sorry for stopping you.

No, that's all right. But thank you for your concern, and encouraging me to keep going.

They're crushing me, pushing me, it's like this inner pressure is pushing against me, it's almost making me want to go to bed, lie down or something, just close my eyes and make everything - me - go black. To black out, to sort of blank out, I don't know what to say, it's hard to get the right words, to find that words that actually fit how I'm feeling.

I want to be blacked out, yes I think that's more like it, as if something or someone is saying that I shouldn't exist, or shouldn't be here, and that they are telling me to go away, to go to bed, to get out of their sight. And that's how my headache is making me feel, like it's trying to blank me out because I shouldn't be there, I should be somewhere else, I should go away...

Well that fits in with your parents saying they don't want you, to stop annoying them; they probably told you to go to bed, you know, as some sort of punishment.

Yes, they did, we were always sent to our room when we were bad, that was our punishment and we couldn't come out until sometime later, like at dinner time or something like that. And when we did we had to say we were sorry, and then all was forgiven and we could get on with it. But it was all so controlling, that's what I'm feeling now.

Ow, Ow, hurts, it hurts, I hate it, I hate the pain, I hate feeling so bad, I feel sick, nauseous - in my head; dizzy, it's really affecting me Terry, I almost feel like I'm going to faint, I feel like I should lie down, but I don't want to, I want to keep trying to talk about it all.

How is it making me feel...? I'm longing to see the truth... Now I feel angry, yes, angry, I feel very angry Terry, very angry at how mum and dad treated me. Oh I do, I feel like screaming with rage-

Do, I don't mind, go for it!

I will if it gets to that, but at the moment I only *feel* like doing it; like raging and raging at them, screaming and yelling at them, even hitting them, and telling them to stop making me go away, that they have no right banishing me to my room. And what for, I can't even remember what sort of things made them so cross with me. But I hated being sent away,



that made me feel so bad, so rejected, so unwanted and like they didn't care about me, or love me. Terry if they loved me they wouldn't have sent me away would they, no matter how bad I would have been.

No love, they wouldn't. They'd not have punished you at all.

That's right, and they were so mean to me treating me that way. I feel so angry, and I think that's what my headache is really all about, it's my unexpressed anger, my rage at them, I want to rage and rage and be furious with them, be raging mad with them, tear their eyes out, rip their heads off, rip them apart. How dare they tell me off, how dare they treat me that way, and it hurt me so much. I used to feel so bad, I can remember that now, lying on my bed crying for hours, crying into my pillow not wanting them or anyone to hear me.

Why not? Why didn't you want them to hear you?

Because then they'd come and yell at me more to be quite, they didn't like my crying, that too I can remember. I don't remember when I was really young, but I know as I got older crying was not allowed. I was a 'big girl now' and 'big girls don't cry', 'big girls don't behave like that'. Oh Terry it was all such crap, anyone would cry and should be able to cry if they feel like crying. If they feel so bad that all they can do is cry, we should all be allowed to cry no matter how old we are. And to stop a child crying, that's outright cruelty; I hate them, I hate them for what they did to me and how they treated me!

Gee Ann, you've never said you hate them.

Well I do, and I really hate them! That's how I'm feeling, how much I hate them, they really hurt me, you know, emotionally; they wounded me, scarred me for life, it was abject cruelty how they treated me when they treated me like that.

Terry, I can feel it in my bones, I know what I'm saying is true, it's the truth coming up in me. It's so strong, I just know it, and there is nothing anyone else could say that would make me feel otherwise. And I know these are strong and harsh words, but I can still feel I hate them Terry - I HATE THEM! I HATE MY MOTHER AND FATHER TERRY; I HATE WHAT THEY DID TO ME, HOW THEY TREATED ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG; OH DO I HATE THEM, AND IF I COULD HAVE MY WAY, I'D RIP THEM APART, I'D DO TO THEM ALL THEY DID TO ME MAKING THEM SUFFER JUST AS MUCH AS THEY MADE ME!

I hate them Terry, hate, hate, hate, I can feel it seething through my veins, hatred, my

hatred of them; and I've never felt this way about them Terry. But I must have, I must have felt this way when I was young, because I feel like I'm about four or five and I hate them, I just can't remember properly. I must have blocked it all out. Yes, stopped myself from feeling such feelings. But look Terry, it's what we read about healing your childhood repression, it's all in there, deeply buried in you, and it all has to come out so you can see the truth of your bad feelings. And I feel like I'm really seeing it, this is the real thing, all the rest we've done so far on ourselves - well all the rest I've done and said about myself, has just been getting me prepared to see this, for this Terry I reckon is the beginning of seeing the real truth about my relationship with my mum and dad.

I can feel my anger and hatred seething in me. I feel like I'm full of it, it will never end, I will never be able to see them again, I'll never be able to face them without feeling these feelings. But that then scares me because then they will yell and punish me again, sending me to my room.

But you're not a little girl anymore Ann.

I know, but that's how I'm feeling, like I am, like I've never stopped being a little girl. And they will say that I'm being naughty by yelling at them; and that I'm never allowed to yell at them, no way, that they will send me to my room forever and I'll never be allowed to come out. I feel so scared Terry.

Oh Terry, I feel scared witless, I'm shitting myself, the thought of standing up to mum and dad, of actually yelling at them and telling them how nasty and cruel and unloving they are. Oh Terry, I feel like I'm going to faint again, the feelings are so strong.

Scared, scared, now I feel so scared, really scared-

What are you actually scared about, do you know?

I'm scared that they'll hit me, that dad will hit me, smack me, and send me to bed without dinner. I remember when he did that, and that's what I'm scared about. Yes, he used to do that, and I'd not have any dinner and I felt even worse than I said being just sent to my room. I feel so bad, so unwanted, so unloved. Very unloved. I feel very unloved Terry - they didn't love me. If you love someone you don't hit them, you don't send them to bed without their dinner. That sort of punishment, that sort of thing shows they didn't love me. They didn't love me Terry... *(crying)*

They didn't love me Terry... They didn't love me...

Here love, I love you.

They didn't love me Terry, my own parents, mum and dad didn't love me... *(crying more, louder sobbing)*.

Do you want a tissue?

No, I just want the tears to run down my face, I don't want to do anything to take them away, that's only more of my denying them. I want to let myself cry Terry, like how I did, how I remember I did when I was lying on my bed, just letting them run into my pillow. It would end up all wet and I'd have to turn it over to go to sleep.

And they didn't know, they didn't know I cried and cried because they hurt me and I felt so unloved by them. They probably never knew Terry; so what sort of a relationship is that Terry, that your own parents don't even know you're lying in your room sobbing your eyes out. And did they care? No, they were probably happy that I was crying if they did know, because their punishment was having the right effect on me.

What bastards they were, what fucking right did they have in treating me that way. I hate them even more, both of them; dad hit me, mum didn't, but mum allowed him to, they're both in it together, both the same in it. I hate them both, I do Terry, I really do, and I never want to see them again.

Really Ann? But we're going over there on Friday for dinner!

I know, and that's how I feel now. If I feel differently by then... I can't think about that Terry and it's taking me away from my bad feelings now.

I feel so raging angry with them again, I don't feel scared of them anymore, I feel like I could hit them, and I would fight them to the death, and I don't even care if they locked me in my room forever as I'd never give in, I'll rip the room apart, I'll smash everything I could, I'll smash them! *(Notice that Ann changes tense as she's back there in her feelings with her parents, as if it's now her present. Your feeling expressing taking you back and making you feel like are now as you were then. This sort of thing happens a lot to me in my healing, not so much with Marion as she keeps it all focused on how she's feeling now.)* I'd not give in Terry, not this time, and it wouldn't matter what they did to me. I'd keep going, yelling and screaming at them until they had to give in, until they had to back down. For once I'd win, I'd have it my way and they can do what I want. Yes, they can do what I want for a change, and for all time, and I'll never again do what they want. Yes, that's how I want it now, that's how I wish it were back then for me.

Yes Terry, that makes me feel good, so much better... *(dying her face now and blowing her*

*nose.)*

Yes Terry, and fuck my head feels like it's about to explode, but fuck it, it can, I don't care. I don't care if I blow up, if my brain fries, fuck it, I hate them, I hate them, I hate them - I HATE THEM! So fuck them Terry, and if they dare treat me that way again I'm going to give it to them. I'm going to let them have it, all guns blazing, that's for sure, I'm not going to take any more of that shit from them. No way, never again, not from them, not from anyone, not even from you Terry!

I'm hardly likely to send you to your bedroom and not allow you out and make you miss dinner.

No, because then you'd have to cook it for yourself!

Yes, and that wouldn't be right. I'm the hard working man who needs to come home to find that his lovely, kind and caring wife has been slaving over a hot stove all day for him.

Fuck you Terry! Fuck you and your slaving over a hot roast!

Yeah! Fuck me! Let's go out for dinner now... how are you feeling, how's your head?

Well the pain is easing off, it doesn't feel like it's going to explode any longer. And I feel better within myself Terry. Yes, I feel good, all fired up, ready to do battle. I'll take them on, I'll show them; and yes, let's go out for dinner, to celebrate my victory, being able to see all of this about myself.

But about your parents, how are you going to be able to be with them, to sit with them face-to-face when you feel you now hate them so much?

Fuck it Terry, I don't know and I don't care. I'll worry about that then. But if you have worries about it, about how I'm going to be and what I should do, then you'd better speak up about them. You're the one who's more scared about making your parents angry with you, not me; not me in this mood now, I am still raging at them inside myself, and I don't care about them. But in a way Terry, strangely, I also feel that in some way it's none of their business how I feel about them. Yes, that I don't even have to tell them that I hate them, or at least hated them for how they treated me. So now I feel I can still go and see them, I'm even looking forward to dinner with them to see how I feel about them, and to see what happens.

What like, like see if you're going to yell at them?

Yes, something like that, just see how I feel now being with them, now that I'm more aware of how they treated me and how much it hurt me and how unloved by them I felt.

I don't know whether I'm looking forward to it.

Why not Terry?

What if you make some sort of scene... I...

What Terry, you don't know what you'd do?

Yes.

What do you think you should do?

I don't know. I don't know if I am to support you or them, that's what I think it is. Should I hate them too for what they did to you and how they treated you... but I like them both and they've always been good to me.

You don't have to be as I am Terry. I don't mind if you don't support me. You've got to do what you feel. You can just leave it all up to me. I do however want you there with me, so if I wanted to go you'd take me home, and I would hate it if you took their side joining against me and telling me I was bad for upsetting them or something like that. But you've still got to do what you feel like doing, and then we'd have to talk about it all when we got home.

I'd not do that Ann... at least I don't think I would. I don't know what I'd do now with all this feeling stuff and all the new feelings and reactions to things I've been having lately.

Terry all you have to do is stay true to how you feel. Just be yourself, and besides, it's got nothing to do with you, it's between them and me. And you never know, it might go all right, it might even be better with them because I'll be freer in myself and not feel so controlled by them as I have always been.

Have you?

Yes, and I'm becoming more aware of it; but yes, whenever I'm with them, I don't just feel free to be myself, like I am and can be with you. That's what I like being with you for Terry as you don't make me feel like I have to behave in a certain way, be good, be acceptable to you, as they do. Yes, there is always this deeper part in me that feels like it's still their little girl and I have to behave accordingly. I take pleasure in shocking them sometimes, swearing or saying something a bit more outrageous, but I can see that's really just a little power trip for me, when really underneath I feel scared of them. Yes Terry, and I've never really felt that as clearly, but I do, I do always feel a little apprehensive when I'm with them.

Can you say more about that?

I feel like I have to mind my 'P's and Q's' and conduct myself like a lady should. Yes, that there is always an edge to being with them, I never feel just relaxed and happy in their company. Not how I feel with you.

Isn't it strange Terry, that I've never said that to anyone, I've not even fully acknowledged it to myself, but it's always been there as an underlying feeling in me.

It shows what happens when you start speaking about all of these things, all of your feelings.

Yes, bringing myself out so I can see myself, see how I am. And it's true, the more I think about it, the more I can feel it, I don't feel just happy and at ease with mum and dad, I feel more at ease with mum... but still, it's still there. And with dad, no I definitely feel a tension in me, a stress of sorts, yes that's it, as I said, like I'm almost sort of holding my breath waiting for the bad thing to happen.

What bad thing? *(When you're asked good leading questions as Terry is, it helps you to bring more of your deeper hidden feelings and understanding of them out. And it's also good to know you have a friend, someone in the world willing to not only listen to you and accept you as you are, but to want to know all of you - more of you. It's a great support and comfort - so the more questions the better, but they have to come from feelings and not just from the mind because you believe you should ask them it being a good help and what you do to help someone with their healing.)*

I don't know, but I guess some sort of punishment... yes his disapproval of me, I think

that's it, like he's always looking at me in that light or something, and if I put a foot wrong he'll tell me off. But that's more vague, harder to feel right now, but I can sense there's more of that within me.

Well when you're with them, for what I have seen, you do seem very happy and relaxed and comfortable, you don't seem like you're stressed or forcing yourself to be a certain way, like a good girl with them or anything like that.

Yeah I know, I can see that too, but this is sort of far off in me somewhere, even as if it's not really me, but I know it is.

You're probably just not familiar with it, as it does seem to fit in with how they treated you when you were young.

Yes probably, I'll have to wait and see if more comes up about it.

Hey Terry! Guess what?!

What?

My headache has gone!

Really?

Yes, the main pain has gone, and all I feel is a little sort of numb feeling in and around my head where it was. But how's that, that's bloody fantastic mate, my headaches have never gone without my having to take pills to get rid of them. We'll definitely be celebrating this tonight Terry - where shall we go?

## 15. Ann is feeling yukky

### Ann and Terry

*When you feel yuk, angry, miserable, whatever the yuk feeling is, or even just yuk, it not being defined, and nothing else, keep saying what you feel, no matter how difficult it is. It's all repressed emotion gumming up*

*the works, so the more you can bring out the more it will unblock things within you, even if you don't actually uncover any truth. And it will help your relationship with your partner and everyone else in the world. Ann is feeling yukky.*

Terry, I feel bad, yuk, I don't know what I feel, yukky.

What sort of yukky?

I don't know, just yuk, bad, bad, yuk, yuk, yuk, bad, I feel full of it, like I can't move, I'm all gummed up. I feel so bad, anger I think it is, but I don't know what I feel angry about. Angry, angry, angry, I feel angry, yuuuukkkkkkkk, yuuuuuukkkkkkkk, I feel yuk. Angry, I feel angry, angry about everything, angry that I feel so yuk, but I can't go anywhere with it, it's not a clear emotion or feeling within me. Yuk, yuuuuukkkky, I feel yuk, bad, bad, bad, very bad, down, heavy, bad. I don't want to do anything, can't do anything, bad, bad, yuk, yuk... I don't even want to say anything.

Do you feel miserable, is it making you feel miserable?

I don't know, yes, miserable... just bad, just yuk about everything, myself, my life, nothing really making me feel good, yuk, yuk, yuk, angry, angry...

*Even if you can't say anything other than moan or just repeat the same feeling word - keep saying it.*

Angry, angry, aaaannnnngggrrrrryyyyy, angry, aaaaannnnngggrrrrryyyyy, aaaannnnngggrrrrryyyyy, angry, angry, I feel angry, yuk, yuk, bad, I feel bad, I don't know what I feel...

*And give up, say you don't know, as you're not supposed to know. And it's okay to admit you don't know, it's good to say you don't know, it's letting go of the control. So just keep going expressing the emotion of it, saying how it's making you feel - how you do feel, say it with the feeling of how your feeling.*

Yuuuukkkkkk, yyyuuuukkkk, I feel yuk - YUK, YUK, YUK, YUK, I feel yuk, I am yuk - yuk, yuukkkkk. Bad, I feel so bad, I can't actually say how I feel, I don't know, I can't get it, it's not clear, just yuk, down, grungy, uninspired, flat, weak, nothing, yuk, yuk, yuk, I feel so yuk Terry, you know, just yuk-

Yeah.



Yukkkkk, yyyuuuukkkkkkkkyyyyyyy, I feel yuk, nothing, I don't know what I feel, just this - yuk, bad, angry again at feeling this way and not being able to feel it more clearly. Angry that it's not clear, that it's not up in me strongly, that it's all so vague; angry, angry, angry, aaaannnnnggggrrrrrryyyyyyy, angry, yuk, nothing, I don't know...

And do you think you should know?

I don't know, I don't know about anything - I just feel yukkkky, yuk, yuk, yuk, yuk, yuk, and sick of saying the same fucking word - why won't it go anywhere else! Why can't I feel any other feeling! What's happening to me, I feel stuck, I can't get anywhere with it... Yuk, yuk, yuk, yuk... Oh really Terry, it's giving me the shits, I want to give up, but I know I should keep going, as it said in that book, to keep going until you no longer feel the bad feeling.

It said to try and keep going, that's all you can do. If there is nothing else, if you can't go anywhere else with it, then I guess that's all it's meant to be, as you're doing, just keep saying what you are, I don't mind if you sound like a moron saying YUK, YUK, YUK, all day long.

Oh thanks very much Terry, but you're not the one feeling like shit.

Bad, I feel really bad, lousy, bad, yuk, yuk, so depressed, yuk, miserable about feeling this way; and I feel like I'll never feel any different, I'll never feel good again, always yuk, always like this, and that even scares me Terry; yes, now I feel a little more sure of the feelings, scared, scared that I'll never feel good and better again. Yuk, yuk, bad, I feel scared that I'm feeling like this and nothing seems to change. I feel scared but that's only for a moment then I feel bad again, the same yuk feeling that I don't know what it is.

Yuk, yuk, yuk, bad, bad, I feel bad, yuk, yuk, yuk, yuk, fuck when will it ever end, I'm sick of this Terry, who said this feeling expressing thing was good fun-

Not me, not good fun, bad, bad, yuk, very yuk, not fun at all. But keep going Annie, you're doing very well if you ask me, I can't do it like you can.

Thanks Terry, it's great to have your support, it does help, you know?; it helps so much to know you are there for me. I know I've talked about it before, but it does, and more so, more and more. And every time it comes up I feel how much I appreciate you being there and supporting me, wanting me to keep going and not telling me to shut up, and you're

not blocking me out and going on with something of your own to do, you just seem to be happy sitting there listening to me morking on about how yuk, yuk, yuk I feel.

I think it's all very important Ann, for you - for us both - to bring out as much of it as we can when we feel bad. Even if it's nothing more than how you're doing it now, just going on and on unable to say anything else than just one word. If it's all trapped within us and does all have to come out, then as far as I can see there's only one way for that to happen, and that's to open your mouth and let it come out, even force it if you have to.

Yes, but it's so dam hard when there's no really hard concrete feeling pushing up saying express me like they do, and you can't keep your mouth shut even if you wanted to, having decided that you do want to try and express every bad feeling you feel. But when it feels so nebulous, just this vague, down, nothing, slightly miserable but not quite, yuk, bad, nondescript feeling... it's so much harder.

And for all we know Ann there might be lots of this sort of nothing feeling in us both, we might have to spend days, years just doing what you're doing.

Yes, god forbid, I've thought that too, but I DON'T WANT TO, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE KEEP FEELING THIS WAY!

How do you actually feel feeling like this?

Oh I feel so dead, as if I'm dying or are dead, and I'm just an undefined nothing person, just a yuk feeling, like it's a fog of haze or something like that and I'm it; it's thick and gooey, but that's about it; like it's just a dross energy that's not only in me but all around me - that IS me, I'm it, and I can't get any definition, I just feel bad, bad, bad, yuk, yuk, yuk, nothing but bad and yuk, bad and yuk, bad and yuk, like a fucking cracked record: bad and yuk, bad and yuk, bad and yuk, bad and yuk, god I feel like such a moron repeating myself over and over-

Why do you feel like a moron?

Because I'm not saying anything, and 'if you've not got anything worthwhile to say then don't say it'. Shit! That's what dad used to say all the time. And, 'if you can't say it properly, then don't say it, don't say anything'. Yes, that's what he used to say all the time. And now remembering that makes me feel so bad - angry, yes I feel very angry with him,

for what does he mean, and what right does he have to say that, the fucking shit, shit that gives me the shits.

I feel so fucking angry with him, his always having to be the controller telling everyone - telling me: how I should be, what I should say, what I shouldn't say, when I can and can't say things, how to be, how I can and can't be. Fuck I hated all of that, so bloody controlling, he was so fucking controlling, they both were, mum was too in her way.

AARRGGGHHHHH! Now I feel like I'm getting somewhere Terry, now I feel like I could scream the roof down; I want to scream, so I will scream, put your fucking fingers in your ears Terry and fuck what the neighbours think: YOU FUCKING ARSEHOLE YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE THAT. WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU BASTARD, CONTROLLING ME LIKE THAT, NOT ALLOWING ME TO BE FREE TO BE HOW I WANT TO BE. YOU FUCK, I HATE YOU, I REALLY HATE YOU AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I HATE YOU WITH ALL MY SOUL, WITH MY WHOLE BODY, MY WHOLE SELF, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU - DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME, I HATE YOU!!!!!!!

Fuck me ANN, you've never been like that in our relationship before.

Yes, well I'm always meant to be 'little miss good girl', always minding my ps and qs, and not swearing, 'No we won't have any of that language around hear young lady, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!?' YES I FUCKING WELL UNDERSTAND YOU, YOU FUCK, AND FUCK YOU, YOU SHIT; YOU FUCKING ARSEHOLE CUNT SHIT-FUCK BASTARD SON OF A BITCH CUNT-FACE SHIT-FACE FUCKER COCK - FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU!!!!!!! If I want to swear I fucking well will and you can't stop me you fucking shit, because who the fuck do you think you are. You have no right over me dad, you don't, no fucking right, and you had no fucking right to control me as you did, always making me behave like a 'little fucking lady'; yes well she can fuck right off as you can too. I hate you and I'm never going to do as you say, NEVER AGAIN - DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME, NEVER!!!!!!!

Fuck Terry, my throat feels like I've half-ripped it out, it's flaming, it's probably red-raw and I'll never be able to speak again, or I'll have to speak in a whisper for the rest of the fucking week.

It's all right by me love.

And you don't mind me yelling and screaming like that? If doesn't make you feel bad?

No, at first I felt a little scared, and like, shit, what will the neighbours think, and that they'll probably think you're yelling at me, and so they'll all look at me strangely like I've been beating you up or something and our relationship isn't all hunky-dory like we've made them believe it is. But then I thought, in the spirit of it, you know, ah fuck them, and fuck everyone, why can't we yell and scream in our house if we want to. Fuck it's not as if we're all perfect, everyone needs a good row every now and again, so keep going Annie, it's all fine by me. Scream your lungs out of that's what you feel you want to do. Scream the whole fucking house down!

Yes well thank you Terry again for being so totally on my side. Fuck you have no idea how good that makes me feel. You supporting me and not being like my father was and telling me off, you not trying to make me shut up because I will upset and disturb everyone. We had to always put on the good front for the world, so the neighbours thought well of us, and we always looked down on those lesser moron retards who were always yelling and fighting with the whole neighbourhood being able - having - to hear them. So yes, fuck them, and fuck dad and fuck everyone. At least I feel a bit better about it all now, I don't have that fucking awful yuk feeling anymore, I just feel fucking angry still. Thank you Terry for your help, for being there with me right through it - fuck that was a big thing!

*Ann is very fortunate in having Terry being so supportive. I wish I had been as he is with Marion. Whenever Marion raised her voice I'd start to feel very scared and do all I could to shut her up. I wasn't allowed to be angry, and I hated mum being angry and she was always angry so it seemed to me. I couldn't fight back, I couldn't express any of my fear, I was just trapped having to take it all, keeping my head down and hoping it wouldn't be too bad. So at all times raising ones voice is to be avoided at all costs. And Marion has longed to have someone as supportive as Terry is for Ann. She's always felt alone with no one on her side, no one willing to listen to her and no one wanting to understand all she was feeling and suffering. And gradually over the years I've slowly been able to accept that someone can be angry and express all their rage, and even at me, and that it's not going to be, nor is it, the end of the world for me. I'm not going to get a brick in the face like I did when I was young, the world is not going to come crashing down, mum is not going to be taken away - a demented enraged screaming out-of-control banshee; that it's just emotion and we're all entitled to be free to express all we feel. At least we all should be entitled to do it and free enough within ourselves to go for it if that's how we feel.*

## 16. Ann can't bear Terry's snorting.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, I can't bear your snorting. I hate it. It's such a disgusting noise.

You've never said anything about it before, and I can't help it, my nose is always blocked.

I know it's always blocked and I've always felt sorry for you, but I can't stand it, it's gross! I hate it, why don't you blow it or something.

I can't do that, it doesn't work, it never clears it and only makes it worse. But I'll try not to do it if it bothers you that much.

No Terry, as we know, you are not to stop being how you want to be just because I say I don't like something about you or something you do. You don't really want to stop doing it because if you did you'd stop yourself, so you want to keep doing it and so keep doing it, but I still need to be free to keep saying how much I hate the noise. And as we've seen so many times now, things we've both hated, having expressed all our bad feelings about them and seen why we hate them and how it all relates back to our early childhood, we've stopped hating it, even liking it at times. I can't see that I'd ever like your snorting, but... you never know, that much we've slowly been able to see about all of this feeling acceptance and feeling expression stuff.

Yeah all right. I'll snort away merrily giving you the shits and you can yell and scream about how much you hate it.

Good, that's right, we are both to be free to express all we feel. And as we've agreed to do this feeling-healing thing, agreeing to work with each other and to allow each other to be free to express every feeling we feel, so we can, no matter how horrible it is. And when I complain and say I hate you snorting, I'm not saying that I hate you Terry, I'm just hating that noise, it's not a personal criticism of you. I know your nose is stuffed having been hit by the cricket ball when you were young, you've told me about that many times, but still I hate the noise.

All right then, so what do you hate about it - why do you hate the nose?

It's so gross, like a pig snorting or something like that. And now that you've asked me that, why do I hate it, actually, I don't know - I just hate that noise! It grates on me, it's jarring... it... actually, it scares me; yes, I'd not have thought that, but it does, it makes me feel scared.

Why does it scare you?

It reminds me of dad making similar noises when he was in the bathroom in the mornings, yes, I'd forgotten about those noises. He'd snort and clear his throat and spit, and yuk, I never saw him doing it but when he got up early before us I could hear him, and yuk it was a horrible noise, like some scary monster was in the bathroom. Yuk, I hated it, I'd have to hide under the blankets, put my head under the pillow but still you could hear it, it made me feel sick.

Why did he do it, do you know?

No, I've never thought about it and no one ever said anything about it. It was probably because he smoked so much, and he was clearing his throat after waking up, all that slime, all that yuk, oh it's so revolting, I can't bear it. And that's what happens when you do it, I imagine all the slime and snot in my mind and yuk, I can't bear it. I hate it, I hate it, I hate the noise...

Well, why are you stopping, surely you must have more bad feelings to express?

Nup, they've all gone. I think by you not fighting me, just allowing me to be free to say what I feel when I want to is enough, enough for now at any rate.

*One year later*

I'm sorry Ann, snorting again.

No that's all right Terry, you can't help it, and you know, it doesn't bother me. It hasn't bothered me lately. All those times I've said how much I hate it, but now- nothing. I hardly am aware that you're doing it.

But don't you hate the noise still?

No. I don't like it as a noise and I'd rather not have it, but I don't hate it, I don't have those feelings I used to have about it.

So why do you think that is, what's changed in you?

I think it's because you've become more aware of it yourself. Now you say sorry, which you no longer need to do, by the way. I did want you to say sorry for making such a horrible noise, but as you've become more aware of it, and as you hardly do it anymore anyway, so it doesn't bother me.

And that's a point, I think it is because you are aware of it now. You used to just do it not even aware that you did it, it was just a habit. And that's what I didn't like, or part of it. You were unaware that you were making this horrible noise. But as you've allowed me to say all I feel about it, say all my horrible things to you Terry, telling you how I hate you doing it and how revolting you are, so I must have got it all off my chest, brought it all out, all that was making me hate it and hate you for doing it.

I can see it's the more you've accepted yourself and become more aware of me, aware that you're doing something which you can't help but still something that I don't like, and you're respecting me and considering me by saying you're sorry and things like that, instead of just snorting away not caring about how it might be making me feel, I think that's what's changed, in you and my accepting you too.

So isn't that one of those amazing things, something I used to hate so much, now it doesn't bother me at all. And I think also as I've been able to loosen up and be freer in myself, you don't mind me burping and farting and making my coughing noises, all things we were not allowed to do in our family, all things mum and dad hated, 'it wasn't lady-like' to burp and fart and clear your throat. But as you don't care, even enjoying all the noises being the boy that you are, so that's helped me too. Because if I can make those noises, then why can't you!

Yes, you are much more expressive of all those bodily noises aren't you. And you never farted, surely you must have farted when you were young, shit everyone farts don't they, how could you have held it all in?

I don't know, but we didn't fart.

What about Brian and Matthew, they must have?

They did when we were all alone without mum and dad, but I didn't. I couldn't. I believed them, it was what a young lady does, and I wanted to be a lady, god I thought being a lady was all so very important. How to hold yourself, back straight, head up, no slouching, no scuffing your feet, walking in a straight line, feet straight not splayed out like a duck. And my hair always long had to be tied back perfectly in its pig-tail, which took forever to brush and mum had to make it every morning before I went off to school. And so I didn't fart, it was too gross, boys did that, not young ladies.

You must have saved them all up or something and done them at night while you slept.

Possibly, I don't know. I just didn't do it, it wasn't what you did. Mum and dad never did it.

But now you do it! And all those loud noises, you fart now like a trooper!

Yes, and I'm rather proud of my noises Terry and I'm glad that you appreciate them. So you see, there's more to it than just expressing all your feelings, it's really expressing the whole of yourself how you feel to, without any restrictions.

Yeah I know, to not be allowed to fart, shit that's heavy control, I would never be able to stop it, to hold them in, god I can't believe that you didn't at least feel them coming and then stop them somehow.

No, nothing, never wanted to so far as I can remember. It's not been until being with you and even recently that I've started to allow myself to do it, and look at how many I do! So it shows you just how much you can control yourself if you want to. To be able to stop myself not even having farts, or I might have had them as you said and somehow saved them all up until I was asleep, I don't know, but it is incredible just how controlled and controlling we are, over ourselves and other people.

And do you feel bad about your mum and dad not allowing you to fart?

No, not now, but I see what you mean, I should, shouldn't I. I should be very angry, to stop me, to control me like that, and all that having to be lady-like shit. Shit I remember starting to allow myself to swear, I was eighteen and working at my first job and living in a share house. I learnt it from the other girls, they were always swearing and I didn't want



them to think I was strange so I started to do it. And I was so scared at first, which now I can see was scared that mum and dad would punish me, but once that passed then I loved doing it, I was one of the worst. I've calmed down a lot since then.

You hardly ever swear now Ann.

I know, I must be reverting back to how I was when I was young.

Yeah but your farting it coming along nicely, you're becoming very musical, and all that rhythm. You're quite talented - latent, but it's coming along nicely. I think it's that it's the truth, you were putting on the swearing to impress those other girls, but now you don't need to do that so you don't need to swear as part of expressing yourself. Whereas with your farting, it's natural, and as you held yourself in such check, you've had to free that natural part of yourself so you're doing it more - that's what I think anyway.

You might be right Terry. Anyway I don't control my farts, if they are there and come I just do them. I do enjoy pushing them out, that much I know, and I no longer feel the need to swear. I guess I can express myself or articulate myself without needing to use those words. And I think a lot of people, as I did with those girls, swear to make themselves feel more powerful, you know, it all being part of ones package of trying to cover over ones feeling so powerless. So swearing, smoking, drinking, taking drugs, it's all the same thing, having to pretend you're something you're not, be tougher than you are, all because you don't feel tough at all but can't say so. None of us can admit that we're scared, that we're nothing, powerless, useless people, we've all got to put on the show that we're something and someone, someone greater than we are.

Yes, like all the things I do to bolster myself.

Yes, but at least Terry you're becoming more aware of why you do them, and that's the most important part, even more important I think than whether you give them up or not. It is all about the truth Terry, why we do what we do, why we say what we do and think and behave and all of that, everything about us. That much I know now.

And following along this line of discussion, there is something else I've been wanting to tell you of late Terry, something about myself that's changing.

Yeah, what's that?

I've decided that I'm no longer going to the hairdresser, nor am I going to wear any makeup. It's all the same thing, a front, my need to pretend I'm someone else, all because I don't feel I'm acceptable as I am. But as you don't seem to care Terry, you seem to accept me in my ugliness, so I'm no longer going to keep doing all those false things. And I'll save a lot of money too.

I like you being natural Ann.

I know Terry, you've always said that right from the start. So who am I trying to impress, that's what I would like to know. Do I seriously think that Mr Right is going to come waltzing into my life sweeping me off my feet, but if he sees me without makeup and without my hair done he'll say yuk, and go onto the next girl. And if He's going to be like that, well fuck him - see there Terry, I can still swear when I have to - as I wouldn't want him anyway.

No Terry it's all the same thing, for my own vanity, but what's that, all because deeper down within me I think, even believe, that I'm ugly, that I'm not acceptable as I am - the real and true God-made self. So I have to change myself, make myself be acceptable, pass myself off so the men, because that's only who it's for ultimately, will want me. Because if no man wants me I'm sunk, doomed to become some old smelly spinster, childless, a failure, couldn't get the man, was not attractive to a man - to any man, and fuck me, do I really want to be into all of that shit anymore. That's all mum's shit and she passed all of that onto me, that's something I'm waking up to more. And no, I've got you Terry, and you like me warts and farts and all. And as my farts don't stink, not like yours Terry, so I'm still reasonably attractive, so all that other stuff and go and get fucked.

I might like you even more if your farts did stink.

That's true, you might, so there you go, why am I trying to keep myself looking like the princess waiting for her knight in shining armour, when fuck it Terry, I'm getting older, the wrinkles and my hair will start to get grey... and... and do I want to keep pretending that I'm still sixteen. My tits are sagging, my bum drooping and I've not even had children, so what's going to happen if I have them, god I hate to think.

But it's all natural Ann, and that's something I'm beginning to appreciate and like even more - all what's natural, not what's false and a put-on, just a show as you say. God you don't have to pretend for me. I'd far rather you be all saggy and droopy, and besides, I think older women are far more sexy, you know, they've lived more life compared to some

young girl who all she's got is her firm body.

You wait Terry, you'll be wanting to rush back to being with one of those sexy young blondes when all my hairs start to grow on my face, when I've got a better beard than you have. I don't think I'll be able to stop plucking them just yet.

Then I'll stop shaving and we can be cave man and cave woman, grunting around, snorting and farting, we'll be a real treat for the neighbours, right into the natural way of expressing ourselves. And we can take all our clothes off, and everyone can see all your sagging and dropping and my belly that's getting bigger and bigger; oh yes, we'll be a real pleasure - a sight for sore eyes!

But you saying all of this Terry, it all helps me, because I know you're serious in your acceptance of the natural me. If you weren't as you are, I'd never be able to stop and give up doing these things. I'd not have the confidence, so I need you Terry, to be with me and on my side as I've said a million times before. But it all helps me, and so I want to thank you again; I feel for me to stop the makeup and going to the hairdressers is a huge step for me, it's a huge change in me, to not have to worry about what colour and what style I should have next. Oh I can feel the sense of relief flooding through me now. No Terry, I definitely do not want to be false like that anymore, No - NO I DON'T! And you know, the thing is I can feel how wrong and false it is, that much I am sure about. I've never really known, but now I know for sure. And I can't speak for anyone else, I don't know about them, only myself and this is how it is for me - it's all apart of my truth, how I want to live and express myself in life. In MY life, yes, that's what it is Terry, not this other put-on life, a life someone else has said I should live. And that all gives me good feelings Terry, yes I feel so happy, like I've taken a big step, breaking out of my bondage, becoming something of the real and true person - you know - the real me. This is who I am Terry, me without all that stuff on my face, all my hair all done, I just want to be free to feel how I do want to have it, what really suits me, is me, is a true expression of me. I don't even know if I want to keep it long or cut it all off, maybe be bald, I don't know.

Well it's all alright with me Annie. You can do what every want.

Oh thank you very much Great One for your blessing. I will do whatever I want, and I don't need your approval. Because you know Terry, that's another part of me that's changing so much. I, as a woman, and you know I'm sure it applies to most women, if not all, always are looking for the approval of the man. So fuck that - no more! I only

want to approve of myself. Yes Terry, I don't need your approval, the approval of the man to justify my existence. No I don't! I used to, I probably of course still do within me, I doubt I'd be able to give up that strong conditioning so easily, but that's how I feel now. I now longer need the man! That's what it is - I only need myself - the woman, myself, my true self, that's all I want, just to be truly who I am.

Sounds good to me.

*Ann does a big loud burp*

It's so good Terry being able to burp and fart and make all the noise I want to with someone else and not get told off about it. It's so much better than being by yourself, that being the only time you can really be free to be yourself and do what you want - be as you please. To have a friend, and someone who doesn't want to control you, tell you how you are to be, get angry or annoyed, someone you don't have to be concerned about, always fearing you'll upset them in some way... yes, not being disapproved of all the time. And to have no restrictions on you, we weren't free at home, neither were you, you in your family or me in mine, with our parents always telling us how to be, we having to always follow the rules, it was all so controlling. A little child should be free, free to explore itself, to live life - its own life, how it wants to live, not always having to stop being how it wants to be having to be how its parents want it to be. I'm beginning to see that more clearly. The child has to be put first, with it being the most important one, not the parents, and if the parents feel they should be the most important then they shouldn't have children. It all changes when you have a child, but it's also not that the child then dominates telling and controlling the parents, they have to keep living true to themselves, but also be there for the child so it knows it can come to them and express itself freely, say whatever it likes without the fear of being told off. That's how I would have liked mum and dad to have been, instead of all that controlling stuff they put on me.

And you know, I've been thinking that at least our parents did listen to us a little, enough obviously so we can do that for each other. But what about if you were someone who's parents didn't want to listen to you, had no time for you at all, were only concerned about themselves. What if you grew up feeling and believing that no one wanted to listen to you, no one cared about your feelings and what you were feeling. What if you felt totally alone unable to go to anyone - your parents, when you felt bad; you couldn't say mummy or daddy I feel bad and they want you to tell them all about how you feel and without them taking over and trying to make you deny your feelings. We both got a bit of that, we got enough at least so we can demand each other to pay attention when we feel

bad, and we know we are there for each other, we do want to listen to each other. But gee it would be hard if you didn't have anyone when you were young, if it just wasn't part of your pattern, it would so hard to bring yourself out, to express any feelings because you'd feel no one wanted you to. So you'd probably live locked away in your own little world, all alone with all your feelings going on but without you even believing there will be anyone ever there wanting to hear you say what you feel. I do feel sorry for those people.

Yes, I see what you mean Ann, I'd not thought of that. It makes me appreciate what we have even more, for as you say, at least we can speak to each other and we do want to know all the other person is feeling and thinking. I've been a bit tardy in that, and you've had to pull me up - you still do pull me up, as you know, but at least I've been able to see the error of my ways, where I'm trying to block and resist you and myself from expressing my bad feelings... But to not even be able to speak about them, to feel no one wants to know you... I suppose there are people who feel that way in the world... Yes that would be very hard. How would you even get going, you'd need someone else to see how fucked and isolated you were and for them to keep reaching in trying to pull you out. Ah, it's too hard for me to think about, too much, it's hard enough trying to do my own healing let alone worrying about how other people might be.

I agree Terry, but it does help you think more about other people and how it is for us, all this feeling stuff.

It does, yes.

Oh Terry, I've got all those good feelings again. It's helping me feel just how lucky I am to have you, someone who is so willing to listen even if I have to pull you into line every now and again. And it also shows me just how important it is to have someone in your life who really does want to know you, someone you can be yourself with, go to when you feel bad and say it all, and someone who doesn't try to stop you or tell you how to be or how to fix your problem - how to change yourself. Just to have someone who is there, open and willing to hear all you say, is non-judgemental, unconditional; that I think is really being unconditionally loving Terry, not all that mind stuff all those positive thinking people say unconditional love is. And it's what all parents should be with their children, and Terry, if we ever decide to have children, it's how I'd like us to be.

Try to be. Yes for sure. But as we've read, we can only be how we are, so I suppose we'd keep going wanting to work on ourselves as we are and then somehow include the child

in it all with us.

Yes, it's hard to know, but I suppose we'd just keep expressing all our bad feelings seeking the truth of them whilst trying to be there for our child. Anyway, as neither of us want to have children just yet, the more we work on ourselves the better or less negative influence we'd have on our child, and that much makes me feel good.

Only I'm beginning to think that maybe we should finish our healing before we have a child, as do we really want to subject a child to our shit. I don't know about that, but there's more there we will have to talk about.

Yes, but not now, I feel I've had enough for the moment, and I want to go and write some more. But thank you Terry, thank you for all the help you do give me.

And thank you too Ann.

## 17. Ann and Terry discuss being evil.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, you know what we were talking about the other day, about being a person who might not have had anyone in their early life who was willing to listen to them speak to them, well why I mentioned that was in part from Sherrill Bennett's (*fictitious*) biography I'm reading, and the more I read the further I can see how she didn't have any power in her early life with our parents, and so none in her adult life. She was a failure, useless, nothing person-

So why would anyone want to write a biography about her?

Because of that, to illustrate that she had nothing and why, it all coming from the influences of her parents, how dominating and controlling her parents were. And they were, you know Terry, you and I had it easy, and what it's helping me see about us is that within our parents world we were allowed to have something of our own worlds, we could make them up, make things be to some degree how we wanted them to be. Our parents

gave us that much breathing space, whereas Sherrill got none. Her parents were always on her case, always controlling her telling how to be all the time, how to breath even, how to stand, what clothes to wear, she was never allowed to have her own room in which she could do as she pleased. And she wasn't allowed to complain, she tried to but they stopped her, and they wouldn't allow her to even have any free time so she could go off into her own mind thinking and dreaming about her own things. Can you imagine that, it's astounding how controlling someone can be. Far worse than being controlled in a prison or as a slave as they have some free time and can go off into their minds, but being so heavily controlled right from the start and all through your forming years, so you can't even day-dream; no time for that with your parents always in your face, always telling you how to be, always stopping you from being how you want to be and doing what you want to do when you want to do it, nothing... we've had it very easy by comparison.

Anyway, what I wanted to tell you was that it's helping me see that that's how it is for most people I think, that their parents aren't so dominating and controlling, so they, like we were, were allowed to have something of their own lives, and some people being lucky enough to even have their parents encouraging and supporting them in making life be how they want it to be.

So we had something of our own power. Not our full and true power, but some power, so false power you could call it within the power of our parents. We had our localised power under their power and I know I did with my dollies, pretending I was the mummy and daddy organising them and all that; something as simple as that, that giving me a sense of my own power and being the boss and controller, even being god in a way, god of my own little world. Sherrill didn't have anything like that, she had a couple of dolls but her mother always told her when and how she had to play with them, she was never just left alone, her mother was always there and her father although he went to work each day still had the overall power and everyone had to do as he said.

And so we've been able to have some power, so we feel and believe we can make it in the world, that the world is there for us in some way, unlike Sherrill felt. But I'm also beginning to see that our power is as I said, false, it's not real and true power because it's all been sanctioned by mum and dad, they allowed me to have it, and so I've had it my way under their way, so it's not real and true power - do you understand what I'm saying?

Yes. It's along the lines of what we read about in the Feeling-Healing books, how we - no one - actually has any true power, that it's all contrived and false mind power that's come about because of the so-called 'freedom' we had in our early lives. I read that, but now that you're talking about it and apply it to our lives it makes more sense, now I can understand it. And I see what you're saying, that you and I did have some space to be

ourselves, but it's not or wasn't our true selves with our parents, it was still a false self that we've become, that they made us become, and that's what we're trying to heal, that's what we're trying to uncover the truth of through our feelings. That much I understand.

That's right Terry, that is what we're trying to do isn't it. It is amazing how as you talk about it more of it all seems to make me sense, you keep seeing it on deeper levels even though you already know it.

Think you know it, for obviously there is more, that being the deeper levels you're talking about.

Yes, that's right, there is always more, that much I'm slowly beginning to accept about the healing process.

And you'd hope so wouldn't you, I mean Ann, it would be a pretty dull and boring life if there wasn't always more truth to be uncovered. That's the part that amazes me, that there is always more truth to see about yourself, and what's to say that that will ever end, so for the rest of eternity we'll be seeing more about ourselves... now that is something amazing if you ask me.

I can't think about the rest of eternity Terry, you can do that, I have to keep staying where I am now.

So Terry, all our feelings of freedom, like we're free to be as we like in the world, you can go off and make money and I can piddle around with my writing, that is not really true freedom, that's all still within or under the regime of our parental control, and that we'll not really ever be free of our parents influences until we've completed our healing.

No, I suppose not. God that makes you think. So-

Yes, so nothing we do is really true or real or free, it's all still part of our contrived and negative state, part of our evilness, as that's what we are by our being untrue to ourselves. You're evil Terry, do you know that... and how does that make you feel? We read about it, but we've not talked about that part of it yet, not after these two years of doing our healing.

Yeah I know, I think about it occasionally, but I think it's been too big for me to deal with, I've not been ready to admit it. But now I can, now that you've brought it up. I am evil,



as are you, as we all are. I can see all our lives are bullshit and that really we don't have a clue what life is all about and all we do is done to keep denying our bad feelings. That much I can grasp and admit and see within myself.

Yes, and so by denying our bad feelings, by denying any part of ourself is what's wrong, that's why we're evil.

So in that case being evil for me doesn't make me feel any different to how I feel.

That's just it Terry, you don't have to be a bad person as in someone who goes around murdering or killing other people, someone like a Hitler, you can be evil - you are evil, just being the good old cricket-loving Terry. And all that Christian stuff, as in them being the good ones and all the rest who are not 'with Jesus', who haven't been 'saved', are evil, that's all rubbish, as they don't even understand they themselves are all evil simply by believing such religious beliefs that help them remain in their feeling-denying states.

Yes, I see what you mean. A bit like the kettle calling the pot black.

Yes exactly. So we're all fixated about we being the 'good ones' and they being the 'bad ones', our enemy or whomever we see as being the evil ones, when we're also the evil ones as we all are because we're all living untrue to ourselves; because we're all just living in our own little fantasy worlds that are nothing more than an approved of sub-world of our parents evil worlds.

Gee Annie.

Yes, it's a big thing Terry, isn't it! And you know, this is what I love about all of this stuff. We read things about all of this, but it's when - and that you do - through your own feelings uncover it all for yourself as your own truth - that's what's so exciting, you can actually feel yourself progressing, growing in it all, seeing it all for yourself, coming to your own conclusions about how you are and how life is; how your life is and how wrong it is - that's not so good, but also how it should be. And you know Terry, and I've never told you or anyone this before, but I've always wanted to know the right way to live. I have. It was something I have wished for since I was a young girl. I did get confused, I can see now that I did wish to live the right way that mum and dad wanted me to live so I would be good for them, but now that I've got them out of the way, my desire and longing to live the right way, I can see, has always been there.

To live true, I'd say.

Yes Terry! That's it - to live true, and yes, true to myself. God I've read that so many times in those books about healing our childhood repression, but now I see it, I get it for myself, now I see what he means. Yes Terry, derr, I feel like I've finally got it, now I want to live true to myself, now at least I know what that means for myself. I want to live the right way for me to live, not my parents wrong and corrupt and evil way. And you know Terry - I don't want to be evil anymore. How about that!

Sounds good to me. Who does want to be evil, that's what I'd like to know.

But Terry we don't even understand that we are evil, that just being what we think is our natural good and even true and right ways we live, is evil, and not good at all. Oh god the whole world lives evilly, that's what our problem is, derr, I feel like that light has suddenly got switched on and I'm able to see it for the first time. God it just shows you how unconscious and how unaware I've been.

Well Annie, you weren't always the brightest spark in town, but I still love you.

Thank You Terry, but who is the one speaking about all of this! I suppose you just reckon you naturally know it all - ha! men, honestly, who'd have 'em!

## 18. Ann has a shocking experience.

### Ann and Jenny

Hi Ann... Ann... Ann? What's wrong, you look ashen, come in, has something happened? Here, sit down, what's wrong, you're so pale, have you hurt yourself...? Did you see an accident on the bus on your way over...? I'll make us a cup of tea, and I'll get you a glass of wine, you look like you could do with a drink.

Tell me what happened Ann... Ann, this is not like you, you've not said a word, I'm worried, do you want me to call Terry... or a doctor?

No, I'll be all right.

You don't look all right. What happened to you?

On the bus... a man... he... he was rubbing himself against me, it was crowded and I couldn't move away... and I didn't know what to do. I wanted to scream at him to stop it, to stop being so rude and disgusting but I couldn't, I couldn't open my mouth, I just stood there unable to do anything... And then he put his hand on my bum.

Oh you poor thing, how terrible, the bastard, bloody men, can't leave women alone, always having to be groping at you, always wanting to have sex, always pushing, pushing, I've had enough of them. Bloody Mark was telling me that he didn't want to take the kids this weekend, and they have been looking forward to it so much. He promised he'd take them to the fun park, he's such a shit, letting them down again, business he said, always his bloody business...

Jenny, do you mind if I say something?

Oh god no, sorry Ann, I'm sorry, yes of course, you've had this horrible thing happen to you, here, have some more wine, you've hardly had any...

No, I'm all right, I just want to talk about it.

Yes, of course, go right ahead, and to think of that man doing that to you, that makes my blood boil. I would have kicked him in the balls, the bastard; and you trapped there unable to get away, you should go to the police and give them a description of him, the fucking pervert; if a man did that to me, I'd fucking make him wish he'd never been born, I'd have yelled the whole bus to a standstill, I wouldn't have let him get away with it.

Jen, please, I just need to speak about it.

Yes, of course, I know I go on, but that makes me so angry, but yes Ann, I'm sorry, you're in shock, it must have been a hell of a shock for you, that's why you are so pale, so yes Ann, talk, I'll shut up.

Thank you. Yes, as you say, I do feel shocked, very shocked, I can hardly speak. I feel like I'm lost, I don't know what to do, as if I'm fading away.

Do you think I should ring Terry, he'll know what to do Ann.

No, I just need to talk, I've got to try and talk about how bad I'm feeling, do you think you can just listen to me and not say anything.

Okay.

Thank you. I know it's hard for you, you've always got lots to say, but I don't understand what's happened to me, as soon as I felt him start rubbing himself against me I just froze, I didn't feel anything.

You didn't even feel angry?

No, I didn't, and I know I should have, I know I should have been able to do as you said you'd have done, but I couldn't do anything - nothing, I felt all faint, as if I was just going to fall on the ground, all the life gone of out me.

You've got a little colour coming back in your cheeks.

Yes shocked, that's the right word for it, I feel all shaky, as if I'm trembling inside and all over, oh I feel very bad... scared, scared of what he might have done to me.

What do you mean done to you Ann, what there in the bus, I doubt he could have done much else, someone would have seen.

I know it doesn't sound rational, but that's how I'm feeling; what would he have done to me if I made a sound, if I screamed, if I moved, yes, that's how I feel. I was petrified, I don't know if I've ever felt like that before in my life.

It's certainly not the usual you Ann, you're mostly so fiery and especially over things like that, you feel the same way I do.

I know, and that's why I don't understand it. I feel frightened, like I'm a little girl, and I'm... Oh Jen, you know I've just remembered, it has happened to me before.

When? You've never said anything about it before.

I know, I've completely forgotten about it. It was when I was young and first started to catch the bus to and from school. And it was on the way home one day, a man put his hand up under my skirt and felt my bum. I was standing and he was sitting and again it was crowded, and I was down the back and I didn't know what to do. I froze then too, I felt as I feel now, so scared, yes, I remember, it's all coming back to me. I felt the same now as I felt then, and I'd totally forgotten about it.

You must have blanked it from your mind, I've read of people doing that with traumatic experiences.

Yes I have, and this experience today has brought the memory back. Oh I feel so bad, and like I'm bad in some way, I don't quite understand, but as if I've done something wrong... Yes, I know it doesn't make any sense, but that's how I feel, as if I'm the bad one, even as if I made the man do it to me for some reason, and that I was bad, and naughty and dirty, and that's why I couldn't tell anyone.

I've never told anyone Jen, I just blocked it out.

But why would you feel you were bad, as you said, you didn't do anything wrong. You didn't entice him did you?

NO! I was only about six, that sort of thing I didn't know about, I don't think I knew what was really happening. And it didn't last long as my stop came but I feel so shaky - shaken by it then just as I do now from happening on the way here. Shaky, and bad, even like I should be punished, I'm a bad girl, I've done a bad thing, that was a bad thing that man did to me... But I do, I feel like I'm the bad one, it's all my fault somehow.

Fuck that Ann, in no way are you the bad one. So you can get rid of that idea immediately. I think we should go to the police station and you can report the man, do you remember what he looked like?

Yes, but I don't want to go, because then they'll say it was my fault, and then I'll be the bad girl I feel I am. I can't tell anyone, no Jen, I just want to tell you, you're my friend, and you understand.

Yes Ann I do, and if you change your mind I'll come with you, the kids don't need to be picked up for a couple of hours.

You know Ann, the same thing happened to me when I was young too, some bloke put his hand up my dress, and I got such a shock, he just grabbed at me on the bus, and I got such a fright, I screamed, and you should have seen the look on his face, it was priceless, I can still see it today. He went bright red and ran for the exit. Everyone was looking at him. I hardly knew what happened, it was just a reaction but it sure did the trick. How are you feeling now?

A bit better having talked about it. I'll be all right.

Talk some more if you like, I promise I'll keep quiet.

No, that's all right, I'd rather you said what you felt and thought. And I understand it was a shock for you to see me how I was, but it's helped me understand more how important it is to get the person in shock speaking, but when they are ready, I couldn't have just spoken straight away, I was too shocked. And in a way you talking so much and not wanting to listen to me, started to make me feel a bit angry, but I think that was good, I think it helped to bring me back a bit, at least enough so I could begin to talk.

Oh well that makes me feel better, I'd hate to think that I'm like that, talking too much - do I talk too much Ann?

Sometimes, but I like that, and mostly it doesn't bother me, and as I'm feeling better about expressing my feelings anyway, making sure those people in my life respect me, then it doesn't matter because I can tell you.

Yes, you've been doing that more lately.

And how does that make you feel?

It started to annoy me at first, you were cutting in on me and taking over, but it's helped me realise that I do that to you and other people, so it's something I want to try and work on about myself. Half the time I think it's because I'm here with the kids so much by myself starved for other adult interaction, so when you come over I can't shut up. But anyway, you keep going Ann, you're feeling bad, you speak more.

I still feel shocked, but it's easing off. I'm realising that nothing bad actually happened to me, he didn't hurt me and I think that's a big part of it.

Did anything ever happen to you like that within your family? I think we've known each other long enough for me to be able to ask you such a question.

No, not that I can remember. I have thought about it at times, I think we all probably do, particularly as there's more about that sort of thing these days on the news, it's more out in the open; but no, I can't remember anything. I do remember my uncle sitting me on his knee, I used to love that, he'd bounce me up and down, but I think that was all harmless.

Yes for you, but you never can tell, bloody men, I hate them at the moment, Mark is giving me the shits, I have more to fucking do with him now we're divorced than I did when we were married. He gives me the shits, it's as it was, all to suit him, he says he loves the kids but hardly ever spends any time with them, just taking them away on some expensive holiday once a year. All that bloody business, always having to make more money, and what for when he neglects his own children, his business being more important to him than they are. Fucking men, they are all the same, you're lucky with Terry, and he wanting to do all that expressing your feelings stuff with you, I wish I had someone in my life who wanted to make it the priority, putting me and the kids first and not something that's not even flesh and blood. I could understand if he fell for another woman, but I just couldn't stand it anymore, it nearly drove me crazy, him always on the phone, we always being put second, so many let downs and disappointments, it nearly drove me crazy. He's not the sort of man who's interested in speaking about all he feels, he's only interested in the dollar. But shit Ann, I'm sorry, I've gone on again.

No Jenny, it's all right now, I'm feeling a bit better, and it takes my mind off it anyway.

But you say you don't want to have your mind doing that, taking you away from your bad feelings.

I know, but it's just nice to be with you and to listen to your worries, it helps to keep mine in perspective.

No Ann, what happened to you is very bad, you can't dismiss it, that's not right, bastards like that shouldn't be able to get away with it. We women have to stick together and stand up for our rights, stand up to them.

Yeah, well how I'm feeling now, I can't do anything. I just need time to gather myself back

together.

Do you still feel scared?

No, I don't feel as shaky anymore, but it's a lot to think about. I feel like there's more for me to talk about, to go deeper into, but I can't. Nothing seems to come, so I don't mind if you talk all you want.

I suppose you can only do some much at anyone time anyway.

Yes, it seems to go like that.

Why don't you stay until I pick the kids up, and then I'll take you home, did you want to do anything else, you said you were dropping in on the way to do other shopping.

I don't want to do that now - I will stay.

Good.

*Back at home, Terry comes home from work.*

How was Jen, you did go and see her?

Yes I did. I had a big shocking experience.

What... what happened... are you all right?

Yes, I am now, but I could hardly speak at Jen's. A man rubbed himself against me on the bus on the way to her place, and put his hand on my bum.

Shit Ann, that's terrible. What did you do?

I didn't do anything, that was just it Terry, I couldn't do anything. I don't know what came over me, but I was so shocked, in a state of shock and I couldn't do anything. The bus was crowded and I just had to wait until it was my time to get off.

Why didn't you just get off anyway?



Yes I know, I thought about that, but I couldn't, I don't know why. I couldn't do anything until Jen's stop. I didn't know what to do, I was just stunned, and it reminded me of when I was young, a young school girl and a man put his hand up my skirt on the bus on the way home. And at Jen's I remembered this, I'd blocked it completely out-

Yeah, you've never told me about it.

No, I'd just blocked it out, because I felt that somehow it was my fault. I talked a little about it with Jen but I couldn't go very far with it.

Your fault - how do you mean... why would it be your fault?

I don't know, that's what I'd like to find out. I've been longing for the truth, but nothing's come to light so far.

So how are you feeling about it now?

I'm starting to feel more angry. I didn't feel angry, I didn't feel anything when he did it. I was just sort of stunned, but now I can feel myself getting more angry about it, and I think it's helping you being home Terry.

You should have called me, and I'd have come home.

No, it was all right, I felt better and stayed with Jen and the kids most of the afternoon, I've only just got home too.

So you felt bad, why would you feel bad, that I don't understand, you didn't do anything wrong.

I know, but I do.

Do you still feel bad?

Yes a bit.

Can you talk more about it?

I'll try. I feel that I should be punished, yes, that's more like it, perhaps not that I'm bad myself, but I've done this bad thing, or let this bad thing happen to me and so I'm going to get into trouble. They are going to be angry with me-

Who, your parents?

Yes, if I go home and tell them, and I can't tell them, they'll say I shouldn't have let it happen and they'll be angry with me.

But how do you know, they might have felt sorry for you.

Yes, that's what my mind says, but it's not what I feel and I don't know why. I think, so I hear myself telling myself that dad and mum would have been sympathetic, on my side, but my feelings aren't saying that. And I think it's mostly to do with dad. I could possibly tell mum, but I don't want her to tell dad. Dad would get angry, that's all I feel, and I don't know of course if he would have, and it's not as if I can go back and be six again or how ever old I was.

Did he ever treat you that way?

No, not that I remember. But I feel like if I tell him he'll be really angry with me... and something else... ah, disappointed, yes, that's it, that I will have let him down in some way, and he'll be disappointed with me. And that he'll not love me, he'll not like me because of my doing the bad thing. Yes Terry, I know it doesn't make any sense but that's how I feel.

It doesn't matter that it doesn't make sense, it's just to express your feelings, that much we know. So keep talking Ann, is there more you can say about it? What about your anger?

No, I don't feel angry anymore, I feel scared again if anything; scared that dad will be upset with me, and I'm scared of him being angry with me. Yes, now I feel how scared I am of him being angry with me, so I can't tell him I'm bad, that I've done such a bad thing.

What, that you let the man put his hand up your skirt.

Yes, that's how it feels. I can't make him be angry with me, and this is new Terry, I've not

really felt this before; but now I feel that I never want to make him be angry with me, that I can't, I hate that, I'll do anything I can not to let that happen.

Why?

Because then he won't like me as much. And I need him to like and love me Terry. Yes, that feeling is now getting stronger... I do, I really do, I do a lot, more than anything in the world. Gee, I've never felt that before. But it's strong and clear now, I need him to love me, I do, I really do.

What do you feel if he doesn't love you, what will happen to you?

I don't know, but I can't let that happen. I think it would be like the end of the world. I'd not be able to go on, I need to have his love and attention and his telling me how much he likes me. I hated it when he was angry and rejected me, oh I did, more and more I can feel how much I hated it, how bad I felt, how much it hurt me. So I couldn't go to him looking for and knowing he'd give me his sympathy, and yet I do have a part in me that believes that I can. That I can go and tell him anything I want, speak about anything and at any time. But now I know that's only a fantasy - god knows where that came from, god there is always so many parts to it all, but now I know for sure that I am scared of him. Perhaps not in everything, but in certain things. And no way could I go and tell him about some man putting his hand up my skirt, god he would have freaked. So I just blanked it out, and how incredible Terry that you can blank it out. I understand being able to blank out things from your very early childhood, I can hardly remember anything from back there anyway, and I don't think we're formed enough to be able to do so. I've read some peoples memories of looking at the sky or ground when they were two, but six, you'd think I'd have remembered that. But how incredible it is also that I've had this experience today and it's helped to put me back in touch with that memory and show me a little more about my true relationship with dad.

Yes it is, as we've read, we do have to remember it all, all that we need to remember so as to uncover the truth of ourselves through our feelings, so I guess this is a good example of that. I wonder what I've blocked out and what it would take to make me remember, god I hate to think of having yet more bad experiences so as to make me feel bad so I can go with those bad feelings. That's the only bad part about all of this, that we have to feel so bad. I love seeing the truth of all my yuk and myself, but to have to see through mostly our bad feelings, that sucks.

Well Terry, it can't be helped, it's how it is, so we just have to get on with it. But the good part is that once you have seen the truth then you no longer feel the bad feeling, that part I like.

It would be no bloody good and I'd never want to do it if seeing the truth only made you feel worse.

Yes, so God or whomever it is who made it how it is, sure knew what they were doing.

## 19. Stop calling me 'love'! It's an affectation.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, you know how you call me 'love', why do you do that?

Because I do love you and it's an affectionate term.

But Terry, when you do it, it makes me feel bad.

It does, why?

That's what I'm trying to work out. It doesn't seem right somehow, like it's not a very sincere thing you're saying, more like it's just something you've learnt to say and you believe it makes the other person feel good. So often you sort of clip it off when you say it, going down at the end and I don't feel that you're really giving it to me, not with any real feeling.

Well I do say it with feeling.

Yes, I'm sure you believe you do, but the more you say it the more it grates on me, and really I'd rather you didn't say it.

All right I won't.

No, that's not good, that's not how we do it, remember, I am just to talk about all I feel but that doesn't mean you have to do as I say and stop doing what you're doing. You're to keep doing what you do but to try and feel why you're doing it, so when you say it you can see how you feel about it.

Okay, but you'll have to pull me up when I say it because I doubt I'll be aware of it... and now having said that, yeah, you know, I can feel that it is a bit of a habit, something that I say at certain times because that's what's expected of me. Yeah, I guess that's what it is, and I can feel that actually now we're talking about it, that I do feel it's what I'm meant to say, yes, like it's the right thing to say at the right time.

Yes, and that's why it doesn't feel real right to me. It's like you're just saying it because you've been told you should, but it's without deeper and real feeling, so it doesn't sound sincere. It's like always having to say please and thank you for everything 'because it's good manners', but in the end you just say the words because you have to or else you'll get into trouble, but it's without feeling.

Yeah I can see what you mean, I do that too.

I know, that's why it came into my mind, we both do, so what say we stop saying please and thank you for everything, how would you feel about that?

Okay, but again it might be hard to do, I'm so programmed to say it.

Exactly, and that's what's wrong, it's that we've both been programmed, but we're here together in this relationship and we've been together for some time now, so I think we can stop all the manners, we can try to be ourselves, to stop doing it, and then we might be able to feel as to whether or not we really do feel we want to say those things. And if we do, then we'll be more real and true in them and so saying them with feeling.

Yeah all right, I like the sound of that. So we'll stop saying all those niceties and I'll try and stop calling you 'love' and we'll see how we feel about it.

Yes, and as usual, speaking about it all, all we think and feel all the way along.

Did you have to sit at the table and say grace before meals?

God no, did you?

Yes.

But you weren't religious.

I know, but we still had to say it, when we were young. It think it was a legacy of our grandparents.

So what was that like?

It was just what we did, but now that I remember I hated it. I couldn't see the point to it, I just wanted to get going on with my dinner.

We had to sit at the table and be all family and do the family thing; and we had to say 'Can you pass the salt please...' And thank you, but that was all.

Yeah, now I feel more angry about it. I mean, what was it all about. It was meaningless and that makes me feel very angry.

Why Terry?

Because I hate doing meaningless things.

But why, I mean don't we all, so why are you saying it, something that's so obvious?

Shit I hate it, the anger is surging up in me now. I really hate it, I want to shout at them, stop saying that, it's so pointless, there's no point, there's no meaning, would you stop that, STOP THAT!

Who are you saying that too?

I don't know, but all I feel like is I'm dad, and he's saying that to me, to stop it, stop carrying on, it's pointless, when you speak it's got to have meaning. Yeah which is all right for them isn't it, when they said such meaningless things as Grace when we never went to church or anything like that. I mean, how meaningless and pointless can you be. I mean I

can understand that if you wanted to thank God or some higher-power for your meal, sure, why not, but just say such a meaningless repetitive thing, that being said by rote and with no feeling. It was always dad who said it, and we bowed our heads like we knew what we were doing, but it was all bullshit, what a waste of life having to be made to do something so meaningless as that.

Shit I feel angry Ann, so fucking angry and for just a small thing like that.

But it's not a small thing Terry, like all these things, often they seem like little trivial things, but they are all attached to deeper things within us, to all your repressed rage you've still got to be bring up. Look at how angry you feel, that's all coming from much deeper within you, and there were probably lost of meaningless things you were made to do that you hated doing, and lots of things you wanted to do that had meaning for you, but they said were meaningless.

Yeah, you're probably right, and it's so unfair, that's making me feel even more angry. It's so unfair the control they have over us, always making it be how they want it, and we never being allowed to have it how we wanted it. I wonder how much I would have done in my childhood had they allowed me to be free, there were so many things I wanted to do, I can remember that, but they said no to them. And as you say, they probably said they were meaningless and pointless, and yet they would have had a point and meaning for me, all so I could discover and find out life for myself, but no, it was all how they wanted it. I mean, sure they did allow me to do a lot of what I wanted to do, but how I feel now is they didn't let me do anything.

And Terry not being allowed to do one thing is a huge thing when you want to do it, and when you're growing and forming and your feelings are leading you this way and that, to then be stopped just doing one thing, that hurts, it can be traumatic, and then you're told not to carry on, and if you do you get punished making it even worse. All of that is what our problem is, we're stuffed full of all that anger, so angry for not being allowed to do all we wanted to do, not being allowed to be how we wanted to be, not being free, and having to change ourselves and be how they wanted us to be.

Yeah well I feel really pissed with them, fuck them, who do they think they are, what right to do they have to control me so much. I mean, fuck, how was I to come out into life and find my own way with them controlling me all the time and so much. Having to say fucking Grace, I mean who were they, were they still only being good little children doing what their parents told and made them do. It's so wrong, and all the way down the line, all

that shit getting passed on one generation after another. It is so pointless, like our whole existence, I mean, having to go to work every day, having to make money, having to do something that really I'd rather I didn't do. But we've got to pay the bills, buy food, we've got to be able to survive and what's it all for, it's just doing what our parents did, carrying on the good work. But what's it all for, I mean seriously, what is it all for? Lately I've been having more of these sorts of thoughts, seeing the meaninglessness of our existence; I mean sure, if you want to work and enjoy doing it, why not, but still, what for - so you can get richer, do all the things you want to do, but what are you doing those things for, just entertaining yourself, and for what-

All to help you deny your bad feelings from what I can see.

Yes, I agree, and so all we do is to keep ourselves shut out from ourselves, doing all our meaningless and pointless things all so we can keep our repressed bad feelings hidden. And then we wonder why we get sick, why when we're so stuffed full of bad feelings we're rejecting suddenly we get sick and die of cancer. Fuck we all should be riddled with cancer, none of us should be alive in our meaningless lives. And to think that I never questioned any of this Ann, that I just plodded along, thinking up all my business schemes thinking one day I'd have enough spare money to invest in doing them, set myself up in my own business, and what for. So I don't have to be under someone else taking orders from them, is that all I was wanting to do it for. It sucks, now I feel what is the point, I mean, what really is the point. And I don't know what to do. Less and less I want to go to work flogging my guts out so some other bastard can make all the money. More and more it's all so pointless, I feel like I'm in crisis and I don't know what to do about any of it, I just don't know Ann.

Good Terry, because neither do I. And all we can do is keep expressing all our bad feelings and talking about it all like we are. There isn't anything else, and that's the only thing I think has any point.

## 20. The fucking vacuuming!

Ann and Terry



I hate doing this, I hate doing this, I HATE DOING THIS! It makes me feel so bad, I hate it, hate it, hate it, I hate it, I never want to do it again, I never want to do the fucking vacuuming again, I hate it, I hate doing it, never want to do it again, no, I hate doing it, I can't stand it, it's a fucking moronic thing to do, I hate the fucking dust building up but I hate having to vacuum it even more. I hate it, I hate it, fuck, fuck, fuck, I hate doing the vacuuming, I HATE DOING THE FUCKING VACUUMING. I've never liked doing it, mum said she doesn't mind doing it, she even said she likes doing it, but I hate it, I can't stand it, I feel it's just a moronic thing to do; every fucking week, you have to do the vacuuming, every fucking week on Fridays you do the vacuuming, must have it ready, the house all nice and clean for the weekend, and then you've got to give it another quick 'wiz over' on Mondays after everyone has mucked it up over the weekend.

I hate it, I hate it, it makes me feel bad, really bad, so bad, I've never felt so bad doing it as I do now, BUT FUCK I HATE IT! I can't tell you Terry how much I fucking hate doing it.

Well don't do it them.

Oh right, and so whose going to fucking do it - are you? And don't tell me what to do Terry, it's these bad feelings I want to get out and express and uncover the truth of, how many times do I have to tell you it's not about stopping it because you tell me to, just so I don't have to feel bad anymore; if I want to stop it, that's what I want to feel, I want to be able to come to that decision myself through my bad feeling expression - through my feelings, and not just because you're telling me I don't have to. So shut up and stop telling me what you do. You're taking my bad feelings away from me, and I don't like that - they are my feelings!

Someone is always telling me what to fucking do. Do this Ann, do that Ann, you should get out more Ann and go for more walks, mum said the other day; and no, I don't want to get out more and go for more walks, if I wanted to get out more and go for more walks I'd fucking get out more and go for more walks myself. Everyone, everywhere you go is always telling you what you should do, how you should be - don't do that; no one just leaves you alone to be as you feel to be, free to do what you want to do when you want to do it.

I hate doing the fucking vacuuming Terry, it's as if the dust or mum or society, but someone - you probably Terry, you the fucking man, is telling me that I have to do the fucking vacuuming because that's what the woman is supposed to do, that's all she's good for anyway, keeping the fucking house clean. I mean for god's sake, and so many women believe that shit with that being all they have in their lives, compulsively and possessively

cleaning their house all the time; it's their house, their domain and no one can mess it up. You can't actually live in the fucking thing because, 'don't sit there, you'll dirty the couch; take your shoes off before you come in, I don't want the new carpet to get dirty; put your coffee cup on the coaster or it will leave a ring', and on and on it goes, you feel like you can't move for doing something bad and who wants to live that way, who wants to live in a fucking museum-gallery house or in a house that's never to have a dirty mark in it for god's sake.

And that was all how it was at home Terry, that's how mum was when we were younger. She had the fucking 'good mother' image she had to uphold and show the whole world, and that image is not children-friendly, so what the fuck did she have us for. All of these things Terry that have been coming to light lately, all these feelings and their helping me to see how things really were; I mean, if you can't have a house that's completely there for the children to wreck if they want to, then what the fuck did you have children for.

If you want your house to remain the showpiece never looking untidy or unclean then you shouldn't have fucking children. And I can I see - I can feel - how I've got all that shit in me too Terry, only I'm torn between rebelling against it, wanting to fuck it all off and doing it. Part of my thinks - believes - that I should have the perfectly clean house, and the queen could come over and find it spotless and faultless; and then the other part wants to fuck it all off. And as if I'd ever want the fucking queen to come over anyway, I don't give a shit about all that bullshit Royalty, all that falseness, all that pomp and ceremony, and it's because of that, trying to live some unreal fantasy standard that people like my fucking mother try so hard to impress everyone with their nice clean house. And yet who really are they trying to impress, fuck I feel so angry, it's only the fucking neighbours, and the other women in the street who might drop in, who are invited in after the cleaning is done to show off the good works, as the men don't give a fuck.

How long would it take you Terry before you did the vacuuming if I stopped doing it; how long would it take before you couldn't bear the dust and did it?

I don't know, a couple of months, I've never seen the point of having to do something that you hate every week, let alone every day like I've known some women to do. Fuck it off Ann, it's all right with me, don't do it at all, and let's see, we'll never know unless you stop doing it. And we can talk about all we're feeling all the way along, and if we have to do something because we can't bear it, then let's do that.

Really Terry, are you serious?

Sure, why not, I've never gone more than about a month when I've lived alone, but usually

the woman has done it, and mostly without complaint.

And you've never helped the women you've lived with to do it, or done it, taken it on yourself?

No.

And you feel all right about that?

Yes, I've always been the one working, supporting the woman, I've not lived with a working woman, that might be different, so I've just thought it's fair that she does it... but now... give it up Ann and let's see what happens.

All right Terry I will!

... Now I feel bad again, like I'm going to get into trouble... yes, that someone is going to come and punish me, yelling and screaming at me for not keeping my house clean. Yes I feel really scared, like something bad is going to happen... happen to me. Oh Terry I feel so bad, so bad, so much like I want to scream with the fear of what's going to happen to me - to us, what will happen when people find out that we don't vacuum and dust and do all those things you're meant to do to keep it clean all the time.

I don't care, they can say what they like.

No, it's not about you Terry, whether you care or not although you can of course and must still say what you feel like saying, but it's me, why do I have this fear now, and such a strong one, that I'm going to get severely punished.

What sort of punishment - do you know?

No, although... now this sounds weird... but yes... that I'm going to get sent to my bedroom.

So it's your parents who are, or will, punish you?

Yes. And I can sense it's mum, I can almost hear her saying 'if you don't clean up that mess you'll be sent straight to your bedroom'. I can't remember what mess she's talking about, but I can remember that happening to me and her threatening me like that.

And how did you feel about that?

Scared, and angry, and... and now I feel very angry because I had to tidy and clean up my mess but the boys never did. They never had to, she would yell at them and threaten them to, but they always got away with it, and she'd just say things like 'oh those brother's of yours, honestly, you can't tell them or make them do anything'. So they got away with it, but I didn't, it wasn't fair, I had to always clean up my messes. And then I had to help mum clean up the boys messes as well. Shit now that really pisses me off. They get away with it, but I can't, and all because boys are meant to get away with it, they can do whatever they like; but not us girls, we have to be the neat and tidy ones, we have to not be like the boys - but why not! It's not fair Terry, it's not, and I feel very hurt now by it all. Yes, hurt, it's not fair, they have it all how they want, they don't have to do anything they don't want to do, but not me, I have to do what I'm told like a 'good girl' and all for what... so the fucking man in my life will love me and appreciate me because I keep cleaning up after him and he can carry on just as he did when he was a boy. So I have to slave my guts out all for them, and all because I'm the woman, and especially as I don't work.

The man is the hard worker, he needs to be looked after, he's the poor one having to go off to work all day long, working oh so hard, all those corporate lunches and sitting around chatting all day long, whereas the woman has to stay at home slaving her guts out with no one but the dog or the television for company, even having to get her own lunch! And it's all for him, all FOR THE BLOODY MAN. It's as if he's the king, the Lord of the Realm, and all we women are meant to do is clean and cook and let him fuck us. And then he wants a son and heir, so we have to have children and look after 'his child'.

God Terry, listen to me, I sound like every woman morking on complaining about my lot, not happy with the man because he gets it all and I get nothing - I having to give it all and do it all for him. All for the fucking man. And yet I thought I was liberated and didn't care about all of that anymore and wasn't going to be with that sort of man anyway, and yet here I am speaking about it all. So it all must have still been in me, I'm still the same as all those women I've read about and heard complaining about men. Shit you can't get away from it.

And how do you feel now about it all Ann?

Still VERY ANGRY! Why should it be that way, why Terry, just because men are physically stronger and can boss and dominate the woman; but we women do it for the men, do it all to please the fucking man, all so he'll like and accept and appreciate and

want - all so HE WILL WANT US, and all because we have nothing and feel so unwanted.  
Yes Terry, and I can feel that in me, that I do feel unwanted.

But I want you.

Do you Terry, do you really? You're a man, so how do you really know, and what do you want me for, for myself or my body, and I can't trust you, and I don't think you really know, and I don't care about you anyway, because I want to keep expressing these bad feelings now of my feeling so unwanted.

I do, I really do, I can feel it. Who does want me... fuck me Terry, I've never had to think about and deal with this... who does want me... and I don't feel anyone does. Do I think I feel mum and dad want me?... no, no, I don't. I don't think they really want me, I'm just the girl. I can see, which I've never really said anything about before, that mum and dad did both favour in slight ways the boys, they were more important than me and my sisters. Yes, and now that I've said it I can see it even more. The boys got away with murder, they could do anything they wanted, but not us girls, we had to be 'girls' and 'girls' are meant to be very well behaved, not like the boys who are meant to be boys.

Shit it's so unfair feeling like you're a second class citizen, and just because I am a girl. To be the boy you have it all, the world is for you and even though women seem to be more liberated and with all the feminism stuff, I can see that really at best they are just trying to like the boys, they are not actually trying to be like true women, and loved and appreciated - by men - for being that way.

All those go-get-it women, being so bloody bossy and so officious wanting to get on and prove they can do it, they are as good as, if not better than, the men. God they give me the shits those women because they are so aggressive, so hostile, and always sucking up to the men but at the same time criticising and saying how slack the men are. And then when they get into the top position, still all it takes is for a man to say you don't look good in that new red outfit, it doesn't suit you, and they'd be crushed. It's all so false so much of it, and then to try and shut men out altogether like we don't need them, so we can all be lesbians or something, it's still not right, it's just making clubs, and we don't let men into our club, but we need each other, look at us Terry, how it's becoming with us, how we need each other, the man and woman to interact and all the shit that comes up between us about how we are and how our relationship is, you can't do that with someone of your same sex.

And men and women aren't meant to be separate, nor are they meant to always be competing with each other for power. And yet what are we women to do, when all you feel deep in your core is powerless, a worthless shit, and that really no one loves you or

wants you and that your ugly and too fat or too thin and it's all because you believe you're not acceptable to the man.

Not acceptable to your fathers.

Yes, that's right, that's what I was just about to say. I can see it all hinges around dad. He only has to disapprove of me in the slightest way and I am crushed, so all I do is to try and keep him approving of me, keeping him liking me... oh god I see it more clearly now, that's all I do. And it's the same with you Terry. Most of what I do with you is still so that you'll think well of me, will approve of me and not tell me to fuck off; because if you did, then what would I do, where would I go, and I can't bear to think about that. But at least while you are allowing me to talk and express all I feel about such things, I can feel myself changing and getting stronger within myself, I do feel slowly better about myself.

So how are you feeling now Ann?

Terry I still feel very bad, very bad, there's more, I can feel it deeper within me... something about being responsible, yes, that's it, that I - being the woman - have to be responsible for everything... no, that's not quite it... what is it-

Long for the truth.

I am... yes, that I'm responsible, responsible for everyone, yes, I think that's it... yes, yes it is, that I am the one, and all because I'm the woman, that has to be and is meant to be and should be - and just is - responsible for everyone else feeling good. That it's all up to me, like I'm the one in the family that has to make sure everyone else is feeling good.

I know mum has a lot of that in her, I can see that, I've been aware of that, and really a lot of that is put on mothers, but why not on the fathers as well, it should of course be an equal partnership, but it's such a heavy burden, to be the one who has to make everyone else feel good.

Yes, that's it Terry, I've got the nice feeling, you know the one when you get to the truth of it, when you say it and it sounds just right.

Yeah.

That's it, that I'm to make everyone else be happy, and shit what a fucking awful weight to be under. What a fucking burden to carry. That everyone else's wellbeing hinges on me;

that in some way I'm meant to even have the power to do it - shit that is totally new to me. That I am meant to have the power to make everyone happy, and even as if I somehow have it, like we women somehow have it and we're meant to make sure the kids and our husbands and partners - the man - is happy, and that they all have a great happy and successful life. And I mean, how absurd, but that's how I feel. How could I have that power anyway, you'd have to think I was Superwoman or something, but not in the physical department like Superman, but in the feelings and emotions, that I am meant to take everyone's bad feelings away, including my own, see to it that they never have bad feelings at all, and that we all only have good families. Shit what a demand for the mother to have put on her. But I think that's what a lot of mothers do think, that they have to be the ones who make the whole family thing happen, work right, for everyone to be happy. The man makes the money so all those practical needs are taken care of, but the woman has to take care of all the emotional needs; and you know Terry, I don't think I can do it, I mean, what happens if I feel bad, who's going to take care of me?

Oh shit what a burden to have to carry, it's so difficult, and then for those working mothers to go out and earn the living as well, shit it's a wonder more women don't breakdown and just give up.

But they can't, can they, because as you said, who'd do all the looking after.

Yes, that's right, we can't, we've got to keep going, never be sick, never feel bad, never be the one everyone else has to look after, never be the one who can put their feet up and have it all taken care of... And shit Terry, you know I've just had a huge insight: that it is this way, all because we don't all naturally express all we feel. Because if we did all the time, then we'd all be looking after each other, just naturally, as we looked after ourselves. Hey, I like that, so it's not real or true, and definitely not fair, that the woman does it all, and I have always wondered about that, was she meant to, was it actually what a woman was meant to do, her being the mother. But now I see that, no, she only has to take care of herself, and everyone can take care of themselves; and how we take care of ourselves, is simply as we're trying to do, by accepting and expressing all our feelings as we seek the truth of them. And if we all were to live like that, then no one would be doing more than anyone else, no one would be doing it all for everyone else, no one would feel like a slave, no one would feel under the other, because no one would have all the power. The man wouldn't need the women to look after him because he'd be able to look after himself, and now I can see that we women do some of it to ourselves, we gain power, or so we think we do, by making the man believe and then as mothers making our son feel they can't look after themselves and that only their mother can; and they need their mothers to do all of

that for them, so they demand it, because we've made them be that way, taking their own power to look after themselves by expressing their feelings, away from them.

Oh god now I feel like we women are the bad ones, we've done it to our sons, and so how else are they to be, what do we expect, if we make them dependent on us, on the woman, then they demand that we do look after them. Oh fuck it's all such a fucking mess, I don't know, I feel all mixed up in my mind again.

But still Terry, that might be as it is, but the men then don't have to demand it's their right that the women should look after them; and the man can strive, like you are doing Terry, to look after himself, by being able to express all his feelings and see what they show him about his life. And they should show him how dependent on women he is, on his mother, because she made him be, and then resent that and hate her for it, and oh god it doesn't matter which way you go in it all, we are all going to end up hating our parents.

Yeah I know, that's what I'm coming to realise more and more. You think you love them, but that's only because you've blocked out and keep blocking out all the bad stuff, like all this stuff you've been talking about. And as you say, when you strip it all back, what are you left with, what's the bottom line, and it's not good. So I can see how we all keep putting up the love-front, we all have to because what would happen if we stopped, we'd all see the truth and hate each other, hate our parents, with all that love we thought we felt for them counting for nothing.

Yeah it's fucking terrible and I still feel at times like I don't want to keep going with it, because it's only going to get worse, we're only going to see just how badly we were treated by our parents, and all what we call love will probably just fade away because it was all false. Or the love feelings might have been real, but they were based on falseness, so once that's removed, you've got nothing good left.

I know Terry, but we can't stop, we have to keep going because we can't go back, that much I've realised lately about myself. I can't at any rate, I don't know about you Terry, but I can't go back to how I was. And more each day as I'm waking up to the truth of myself, I'm coming to see that really I don't like how I was, and I like how I'm becoming much better. But I still feel like I've got a very long way to go, so I guess there is still a shit-load of bad feelings still repressed in me, and if they all come to the surface and I can see the truth of them, then that will not bode well for my relationships with mum and dad... with anyone for that matter, not even with myself.

But doesn't that scare you Ann, or make you feel bad in some way?



No, as I know there is nothing I can do about it anyway. And as I've now seen that I enjoy working on myself like this even though I feel bad a lot of the time; and because I feel I am making headway in changing myself into a better person, I want to press on. I want to see what happens, I mean, what will be the end of it all, how will I be, what will I be like and what will I be thinking and feeling then. Do you ever think about that Terry, what sort of person you want to be?

No... oh, in some way I guess I do, but I don't dwell on it. I just trust that the more of my yuk I bring up out of myself the better sort of person I will be - more loving. Yes, that's what I'd like to be. A loving person. I used to think that I was, but that too is changing, with all that's coming up in me showing me I'm not as loving as I thought I was. And how can I be when I've not been loved fully by my parents. I'm slowly accepting more that I'm how they are, which is as it is, I mean it sounds daft to say it, but I always thought I was something else, and even better in many ways than they were. But now I'm seeing that we're the same, and how can I be anything else when I am of and from them - I am their product, their child, so they've made me be as I am, so I am as they are, it can't be any other way. So as I uncover more of the truth about myself, so too can I see it's the truth of them - it's all incredible really; and the most incredible part about it all, was this sort of stuff, all about feelings and the family was the last thing I thought I'd be interested in life. I wanted to only be interested in and do business, but less and less am I thinking about and trying to dream up ways to make money, and more and more thinking about how I'm feeling and stuff we talk about. And I would have thought that I'd feel scared of giving up all my business ideas, and even my drive to get on and make a real success of myself, but I don't, and I don't even care that much about all that sort of stuff anymore.

I'm beginning to see that there is more to life than just making - or trying to make - money. And what do I want to do, never work on myself continuing to deny all my pain and bad feelings but make lots of money and have a big house and... Na, I'm beginning to think that in fact it's not me, I'm not a great business man type, that's all been fantasy.

If you were Terry, you'd just be doing it. It is about owning up to your limitations and accepting just how you are.

Yes it is, that much I'm being able to see more clearly. And as I've said, I'm enjoying it more with you Ann, our talking about all like this - about life, and not me just off thinking about all my business fantasy stuff, alone in my own head. I like being with a real person talking about real things - like our feelings.

Yes, me too Terry.

## 21. Ann feels very sick.

### Ann and Terry

Terry I feel bad, bad, very bad, yuk, all yukky, I don't know what I'm really feeling - just bad. Bad, bad, I feel all sort of discombobulated, all over the place, out of sorts, sick, really, sort of sick all through me, I don't know, just bad. Yuk, yuk, yukky, bad, sick, sick, I can't really place the feeling, I don't know what I'm feeling, but I feel bad all through me, like in my blood or something, in my body, grungy, sick, awkward feeling, I don't know, none of what I'm saying is really right.

Sick, sick, sick, that's how I feel sick, sick through and through, right through to the core of me - sick, just sick. I don't feel like vomit sick, like I'm going to throw up or anything like that, just sick... sick, sick... sick of anything?

Sick, sick of life?

Na, I don't know and there's no point guessing; sick, sick and tired of feeling like this. That much I do know. I don't like this sick feeling, I don't like feeling bad, not that I can imagine anyone liking feeling bad, but it's what my feelings want me to say, that's what I feel so say, that I feel sick and I hate it, I really do, I hate feeling this way... and now I feel like I've always felt like this and I'm sick of feeling it.

It reminds me of when I went into hospital to have the abortion, lying there and feeling all churned up, all sick, it was very bad, feeling so emotional and out of sorts, not really knowing who I was and what I was doing, just wanting to get it over with.

And afterwards I didn't have anyone to console me, I felt so miserable, so lonely, so desolate. And I felt so sick, so god dam awful, and sort of how I feel now reminds of that bad time.

You remember I told you, when it all fell apart with Derrick and then I found out I was pregnant and he didn't want to know about it, and I couldn't tell mum or dad or anyone, so I just had to do it alone and with Ruth's (*sister*) help. She set it all up, took me to the doctor but I had to go through it all alone. I stayed with her after or a week, but she wasn't there much and I wasn't much fun for her kids, and god I felt like shit.

And what happened?

Oh I just pulled myself together. It was a pity I didn't know about expressing all my bad feelings back then, that would have made all the difference. I couldn't go through something like that again, all alone and all by myself. It was the low point of my life, I've never felt so low, and it wasn't just physically, that was nothing, I hardly had any bleeding, it was all emotional, spiritual really, that's what I'm inclined to think now.

Feeling so alone Terry, it's one of the worst feelings, you know, feeling like you don't have anyone there for you, and no one cares about you, wants you, loves you. It makes you feel so bad, so depressed, so much like you just want to curl up in a ball and die. I thought about killing myself, but I couldn't do that, I'm too much of a chicken; but feeling so despairing, with nothing, no one and nothing, nothing to look forward to, no one to hold and be held by, no affection... god I felt bad.

And scared, I felt so scared, I am remember the fear, that made me feel so sick, like I wanted to vomit but I couldn't, I'd try, sort of a dry reaching, but nothing would come out of me, but I could feel all the dross energy I was sort of throwing up out of me. I think now looking back it was some kind of spiritual purging or something of that nature. As you know, I'm really not much for the spiritual stuff, I don't know, it doesn't grab me too much, and all that New Age stuff I've read, na, it's not for me, it all sounds too contrived.

But what I went through then, it was like I was spewing out on an energy level all that the baby was spiritually in me. They took it away physically and I purged it out of my system spiritually, or at least that what I like to think it was.

But shit I felt sick, so sick, just as I feel now, sick, sick, sick, so sick, like I want to throw up again - do one of those spiritual throw-ups like I did back then. I feel like I want to die, to lie on the ground and die, that's how sick I feel, and I feel all hot, like I'm having a hot flush, yes, fuck I'm heating up, oh shit, I've got to take this jumper off, and I think I'll have to sit on the toilet... oh fuck I feel like all the shit and piss is going to come pouring out of me as I throw it all up.

I'm come and sit with you, I'll get a chair and we'll sit together in the toilet.

Okay Terry, thank you, thank you for being so understanding.

Oh god I don't know whether to lie on the floor or sit on the loo, shit I feel bad, so bad, I don't feel like I need to go to the toilet, but then I feel like it's all going to just come pouring out of me. Fuck I feel bad. I don't know what to do.

Would you like a glass of water?

No, thanks, no thank you again for thinking of me, but no, I don't think it will do any good.

Sick, sick, so sick, I feel so sick, I feel faint, like I'm going to blank out - black out, just go blank, sign off - die? Faint, go unconscious, fuck I hate fainting, it makes me feel like all my insides are being pulled out of me, sort of out of my vagina area, like they are being sucked out of me, and that's how I feel now, like my insides are being sucked out and I feel so goddam awful, so bad, so bad, bad, bad, so bad.

And now I'm getting my period pain - oh great, just what I need to complete the whole lot. It's due, so now it's coming on, and I feel so bad, so sick, sick, sick Terry, so sick, sick all through me.

Oh fuck me Terry I can't take it anymore, I can't bear it, but I don't know what to do... sick, I feel sick, I feel sick, I feel sick, SSIICCCCKKKKK, I feel sick, sick, yuk, yuk, I feel so yuk... and now the pain is getting stronger as my period is coming, god I feel bad, like I'm dying, dying, I feel still like I'm going to faint, faint, I feel so bad, fuck we women have it hard, all this sort of pain, and with our periods every month. It's all right if you don't have any pain, but those of us who do, it's not fair, not fair that we have to suffer so much, and all the while you men don't have to worry about anything. You don't have to shove meds up your cunt and have to deal with all the blood and the pain, and then have to have abortions and go through such horrible things. And I don't care what any woman says Terry, if she says she doesn't feel bad having an abortion, then she's lying, or able to cover up or block out such fear, because it's a terrible thing and mostly men have no idea about all the suffering and pain, especially the emotional and spiritual and even mental anguish we go through. And like everything else, we women are just meant to deal with it ourselves, not burden anyone, and especially the man, with our suffering.

But I'd like to see the man feel all the bad feelings we have to go through for just being women, and see how they feel about it all. They really have no idea, and I don't even think we women have any real idea either, as we do such a good job on blocking out and not allowing ourselves to feel such pain and certainly not demanding our men to pay attention to us, to look after us and give us the love and sympathy we need.

And it's all right getting some of your needs met by other women, but really it's the men in your life you want to be with you in each and every moment, and particularly when they are bad moments and hurting you and you feel so sick and you want to faint and shit and piss all over the place.

And Terry, once again I have to say to you how much I value and appreciate you being here with me. There is nothing you can do for me, but what you are doing is really all I need, just to know you are here, and really here for me, sitting with me like this, and I know I can hold your hand or you will hold mine if I need it, but right now the thought

of being touched makes me want to puke even more.

Fuck I wish I could just puke my guts out and get rid of it all, all the yuk, sick, bad feelings, all my pain.

Pain, ow my stomach hurts, right here in my left ovary, that's the one that gives me the most trouble when I get pain, and it's hurting more now and I know it will only get worse - pain, ow, ow, ow, hurting, it's hurting, my pain is bad, very bad, it ebbs and flows...

I don't feel like I want to be sick as much now, and thank you again Terry for just being here with me, letting me say all of this, letting me mork on expressing my bad feelings. I've not ever known of or heard of a man doing anything like this, just you being here with me, and not interfering with me, not telling me what I should do, just letting me go through it all, and thankfully you're home and I can, and it's all you want to do.

Fuck I've had enough of sitting here my bums getting sore, and as I feel a bit better, let's go back to the couch.

Pain, I feel bad, hurting pain, bad pain, yuk pain, yeah now my fainting feelings are going and I don't want to be sick, it's more now just my period pain. But that too is easing now, it's more how it usually is, more a dull pain.

Oh but fuck me Terry that was bad. Shit I felt bad, feeling so sick and so faint and like wanting to shit and spew but not knowing what I was going to do. But I feel better now, like I'm coming out of it... fuck all these things, who the fuck knows what they are all about anyway, feeling so bad like this so many times, and I wonder how these things equate to my early childhood.

You don't have to worry about that, that much I now know, for if you are meant to connect with anything you get taken there, we don't have to fish or hunt for it within ourselves it just comes, that much we've now seen for ourselves.

Yes, that's right, and I don't care anyway, as I know it's just about expressing all these bad feelings, they are obviously in me and so they've got to come out, and the more the better.

Oh fuck Terry I feel better now - recovering. My period pain is easing, ah that feels better. It is amazing how we seem to get plunged down into our bad feelings, into our darkness feeling so rat-shit and then we seem to come up out of them as we talk about them all.

Yeah I know, it does make you understand and appreciate the value of speaking about all you feel, but I also know that none of it would happen if we weren't longing for and really wanting to know the truth of ourselves. It didn't happen when I wasn't looking for the truth, and I've felt very bad at times, as you have Ann, but now it's different with all of

this expressing our feelings stuff. I mean it doesn't always make us feel better, but so often we do, and look at all that comes to light, how much we are getting to see and understand about ourselves.

Yes Terry and you know I'm so sure that it's all about our being together, being there for each other but in the right way and not how it's usually talked about; but being there so we can speak about anything we want to and we're not rejected, we're accepted, just as you do for me, you don't tell me off or to shut up and stop going on about it, or to take some Asprin or go to the doctor or anything like that, you just let me work my way through it, and if I needed the doctor then I'd say. And it wasn't like that for either of us in our families, and so this is really what I think all of this healing stuff is about, helping us see how it was meant to be for us in our families with real and true loving parents, and how it wasn't because they weren't capable of truly loving us and being there for us. And as we can, so we're sort of in some way, which I can't understand or explain, going back over how it should have been for us, had we had real friends in our parents. It's like we're in some way being the loving parents we should have had for each other now. And even helping each other to be the loving parent for ourselves, that's really what we're doing by allowing ourselves to feel bad and speak about all our bad feelings. Relationships Terry, that's what it's all about, righting the wrongs, correcting our relationships. You and me sorting out together the right way to be, as you said, because we want to be true, not how it was in our beginning with all our relationships being the wrong way.

So thank you once again Terry for being my real friend, my friend in need, and for allowing me to say all I want to say.

## 22. A day...

### Ann and Terry

#### *Getting up*

Argh Terry I had a bad dream and I feel bad - miserable. In it I was with another person and we were shopping somewhere, like in a big department store and I was looking at a little boy strapped in his pusher crying his eyes out and his mother just ignoring him. You

know, we've seen it so much now, so many mothers pushing their little ones around but not with them, ignoring them, not wanting really to be their mothers as we've discussed. And in the dream suddenly it was as if I were the little boy and I felt how miserable he felt, so alone, so unloved, so unwanted. And I cried for him, I cried and cried, and I don't think I've cried in a dream before.

And of course now being awake I can see that I feel like it's me, I'm that little boy, and I was crying for myself. It's so clear and yet in the dream I wasn't him, I was just there watching and feeling so bad and sorry for him. But now I am him.

Why do you think you're a boy and not a little girl? That part about dreams I've always wondered about, why aren't they more straightforward, you know, if it is you and you're looking at yourself, why isn't it at least a little girl you're looking at... and why isn't it even yourself, why are they always so symbolic?

I don't know, and I don't care about any of that, it's only my bad feelings I'm interested in. And I feel very miserable, very sad for myself, sad that I was treated like that - I know I was. I can't remember specific times, but I just feel sure that I was. It's a strong feeling deep inside me and I feel so alone, so afraid, so scared, so unhappy - so unloved. I feel so despairing, like all of me is in pain and I can't do anything. I didn't want to get up out of bed. Bad, so bad, so bad - I feel so bad.

I feel miserable, so sad that I couldn't have been happy, that I couldn't have had a good early life, that things weren't as good with mum and dad as I believed they were. And all these bad feelings that keep coming up all helping me to see how it was with them, there seems no end to them. I feel so miserable, so sad, like I want to, or even are in some way, crying, and that I've never stopped crying. Crying for being strapped in that pusher, all tied up, not being able to move, unable to do anything for myself, unable to move around freely; tied up, so restricted, almost like I can't breathe.

And what did mum care about me. I mean seriously, did she care, did she care that I couldn't move, that I couldn't do what I wanted to do. That I had to stay all bound up while she got on and did her life; and what for, all so she didn't have to worry about me, all so she could control me, stopping me running around or something.

And you see all those little kids strapped in and hardly able to move.

But some of them seem to like it, even wanting to remain in their pushers.

Yes I know, but really Terry, is it natural? I don't think so, so what does that show you, those children are probably so conditioned to it that they'd rather remain strapped in

having all but accepted they have nothing of a life when they go out. I don't know, of course I can't really judge, but to me it just doesn't seem right; and how I'm feeling now, I feel like I didn't ever want to be strapped in, I wanted to be free, and I think we all do. But free in what, what sort of a life is it to be free in, and that too makes me feel bad; free to go walking around a shopping centre, and what good is in that, where's the fun and real freedom. And when you compare how we were treated to what we were reading about the Australian Aboriginals, how free their little picaninnies are, all up and running at such an early age with no one in control of them and all feeling happy and secure in their large family groups.

And what about that English woman who lived on one of those early outback stations, how that little Aboriginal boy who wasn't even four was able to tell her all about the tracks of all the animals and what all the people were doing. How they went to the where the men had saddled their horses for the day and the boy was able to read the ground saying that this man did this, this man's horse played up, this man followed this man, and so on, when the woman said she couldn't see anything on the ground. And he was so sure of himself, so self-determined, so in control of himself and his life and so unafraid, and he was not even four. I mean Terry, seriously we're all retards compared to someone like him. And all because of our heavy conditioning, all that bloody control we're subjected to. So much fucking control, all having to obey our parents, obey the rules of society, all having to be strapped in and confined to our pushers, never free to even step on the dirt and live truly and freely in nature. That little boy and his people are alive, we're all dead in the lives we live. Like what you've been saying Terry, how dead a life is having to go to work every day just so you can earn money. Living an artificial life, meaningless, and all for what? So you can say I worked here doing this for so long and I was good at my job. I mean to say, big deal, so you're good at doing something that's completely meaningless, something that wouldn't even exist if we were living true and natural lives.

Ah fuck Terry, I feel so bad, so miserable about myself and about it all. But as you said, I wonder why I was a boy in the dream. No, I don't know about that.

Have you longed for the truth of it?

No, but I will...

I feel so bad, so trapped, so alone, they don't really care about me, it's all just a fantasy. You have children, it's what you do. But really mum and dad didn't want me, that much I know now; they didn't give all of themselves to me, they just had to do all these things with me because they had me, and it's what you do when you have children.

And again I feel so angry that for us girls it was so much more controlled, the boys had



it so much easier. And you know, this thought came to me the other day, but I think really mum and dad liked the boys better than us girls. I think because we had to all be such young ladies we were more of a bother. And I think in some ways that really they'd have preferred to have just had boys.

Really?

Yes, and having said it, it's coming up stronger in me now. Yes, I think that we girls were really just a waste of space, something that they had to put up with and not something they enjoyed. And I know they've always made a great effort to support us girls in all we've done, and on the surface of it you'd never think they didn't want us or wanted the boys in preference to us, but there are subtle signs threaded all the way through, all of which are becoming increasingly obvious to me.

And that makes me feel bad, and... Oh Terry! I think that's it! That's why I was a boy in the dream, it was to help show me more that that is what mum and dad wanted, and that in some ways I too wanted to be a boy. I know when I was younger I really did want to be a boy, like the boys, as they didn't have to all the things we girls were made to do; but I think now it goes even deeper than that, and in some ways I've never wanted to be a girl.

Gee, and you know, I think all my feminism has been a show, something to try and cover that up, sort of like not wanting to face and acknowledge it, that because underneath I detest being a girl and it's the last thing I want to be; so I've gone the other way more so, more in an extreme sense trying to fight for my and women's rights. All to try and pretend to myself that I am good being a girl and girls are worthwhile and wanted, and even so much so that we don't need boys, we don't need men, fuck men, we can do it all on our own, we can prove it, we're just as capable, just as strong and all of that. But really it's a cover, all because underneath, for me anyway, I don't want to be a girl. Girls aren't wanted as much as boys.

That's a big one Ann!

Yes I know, and I feel that's right. I feel that's what my dream is helping me to see.

But still being that boy you're still trapped in the pusher, you're not free and able to go and be as you want to be.

Yes, that's right, so there's no way out is there. Even if I was a boy, I can't imagine what it would have been like to be one of the boys, and so you're right, and that makes me feel

even worse, for now I can see there was no escape for me, not even into my dreams, not even in a fantasy.

No Terry, I am just controlled, well and truly, all bound up - tied up, strapped in, unable to move. And that's how I feel and have felt a lot during my life. I've never spoken about it or articulated the feelings, but it is. I've always felt like I'm a caged bird, and I've always wished I could just be free, you know, fly, spread my wings and just be 'free as a bird'. And I don't want to remain cage-bound my whole life Terry, I want to set myself free.

Yeah that would be good. Do you think you can, that you'll ever be able to?

I don't know, but I sure hope so. I hope it's what this healing is all about, all helping me to free myself. It's what we read it will and can do, but... shit, I am heavily strapped in my pusher, really that's how I feel about all of my life, that I'm heavily strapped in, and I'm not free to be my true self, whatever that would be like.

And all these bad feelings, I feel so sad and sorry for myself. There I am that little person looking so miserable, so alone, so isolated from everyone else, so out of life, not able to express him or herself how I please; being all bound up, strapped in like a good girl - yes a good girl who can't fucking move!

And I just want to rip all those straps apart, tear them apart setting myself free.

Free of all your parents control.

Yes, they've strapped me into my life, they've made me be how I am - how I feel. Fuck them, it's so bad, and they think they love me and did all good things for me. You heard mum the other night, when she was saying how she and dad worked so hard to provide us kids with all the good things that life had to offer, and that they felt they'd done a good job with us, as we've all turned out all right.

That none of you are murderers.

Yes I know. It's all so pathetic, and when she was saying that, and knowing now how I feel about it, they have no idea, and yet how can they, I didn't have any idea either until we started doing all of this.

And it all sounds so lame, so pathetic now, the kids have 'turned out all right'. Seriously, what does that mean. It's like we're some product and they've worked the machine well and done an okay job, and they are happy with it, with the end result; but are we kids, and do they ask us, and do they care.

And it makes me feel like, because they can say that, so they are good, and they won't get into trouble; no one, like God or someone, is going to punish them because their kids turned out all right. So they can be let off, they won't get into trouble, they don't have to worry about anything, they can retire knowing they have 'done a good job' raising their children.

And 'done a good job', seriously, what does that also mean. That parenting is nothing more than a job, and you're either good at your job or bad at it. And all those parents who are bad at it fuck their children up, but my parents get a big pat on their backs because they did a good job.

It's all so pathetic Terry, and that's how I feel today, fucking pathetic. I am nothing more than a good job, and good end product; I'm not a person called Ann who is a living and breathing and FEELING person. And all so long as they can sleep well at nights knowing they've done a good job, but it's all their own fantasy, it's nothing about what's real. And I don't feel like I'm a job-well-done, I feel fucked today, completely miserable and all strapped up in my fucking pusher while mum pushes me around doing her good job.

It's all such a show, she's just putting on the show of 'doing a good job' all to impress all the other people around-

It wasn't much of a show the mother in your dream, and all those other mothers we've seen ignoring their kids like that.

I know, but still, she thinks she's doing the right thing; and it's what - so it would seem to someone like her who's not aware of her own feelings let alone my feelings - everyone does. It's what's acceptable, it's how you 'be a good parent', only as we're starting to see more clearly now, it's the connection you have with your child that matters, not the show of being how everyone else is, you all doing the same things, and because you do, then you're all doing what's right.

I hate how there's nothing very personal about it. It's always 'that's how it is', 'that's how it was', as she said, it's how it was in her day, what they all did, what all the mothers did, so she feels she's done a good job. Argh but it all sucks, it really does Terry, that much I at least understand now.

Bad, I feel bad, very bad, still so miserable. I feel very miserable Terry, very miserable about it all, miserable for myself, miserable for mum, she didn't know, she was treated that way by her mother, miserable for us all.

Yeah.

And seeing that other woman yesterday with her little toddler boy, she was so relaxed about everything, talking to him like he actually was a real person, and the little boy wanting to push the pusher around himself and it wasn't even his pusher, she not having one for him. And they seemed so happy together, and she saying he was her fourth boy, and she looked so good, so tall and slim, you'd not have thought she'd have had four children. And how she never reprimanded him, didn't say no or growl at him, like so many other mothers are usually doing. She was easy going with him, not fussed at all, but was right there with him; and he seemed so happy, not like that poor sad little boy in my dream, and all those other poor sad looking children we've seen strapped in their pushers.

And how they were laughing and she was still doing her thing, and he was there happy to be with her and she with him. It was all so nice, you could feel the love, the bond, the happy connection, not how I feel it was with me and mum.

I feel so miserable Terry, so bad, so unloved, so unhappy, and so unwanted. I feel so alone, alone with this man and woman who are called my mother and father and yet are really strangers to me-

You might have felt better with a stranger had she been like that mother you were just talking about.

Yes, that right, you just don't know do you. But it's how it was for me, that much I know, or I'm getting to know, and none of it is making me feel good.

But it's the truth Terry, I can't get away from that, it's the truth, that much I'm starting to wake up to. It's not as if I'm looking deeper into all the aspects of my relationship with mum and dad and all I'm seeing is making me feel happier and happier to have had them as my parents. God it's completely the other way around, with all I'm seeing eroding all the so-called happiness I felt - thought I felt.

Miserable, miserable, miserable, god Terry I still feel so miserable.

But you know, something I was reading that Rilke, you know the poet, is supposed to have said, something about loving your sorrows, and appreciating your bad feeling feelings, they sort of being like the winter of your life, and that they shouldn't be dismissed, they should be cherished and loved for being a valuable part of yourself, that being what we read in those childhood repression books. And you know, I can understand that more, even though I feel so bad today. It is all important, isn't it Terry. I mean, look at all we're coming to see about ourselves, and even though it's not good, as in it doesn't make us feel good, still, it is all amazing. And to think that we can be subjected to such bad and unloving parenting and yet because it's all we got, so all we knew, we believed it was good.

Because they said it was good - 'they did a good job' and all that crap. I'm sure if they'd not told us all those sorts of things making it out to be and pretending it was good, then we'd feel closer to what it was really like.

Yes, I'm sure you're right Terry, but it is good, isn't it, that we're seeing all this truth about how it really was for us.

Yes, I agree, it is, but fuck it's horrible when you feel horrible. Like how you're feeling now. Who wants to feel like that. And sure it might be all valuable feeling so bad and experiencing the other side of life, the bad side, or negative, or whatever you want to call it - the winter; but I'd sure like some summer, or more summer, I feel like we're going into a bloody ice-age and all that global warming is crap.

It is crap Terry, that's what we've been reading, but I know what you mean, that for us personally, we're going into our winters... or is it that rather we've always been in them only we've pretended we've been in a summer.

We've probably just been in the solarium. Ann, would you mind if I went out and fixed that loose fence paling, or would you rather I stayed so you can talk more about your feelings.

No, it's all right Terry, and thank you for asking. I'm feeling a bit better having spoken about it all.

*Twenty minutes later after some hammering sounds could be heard, the back door slams.*

Fuck it, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK! Ow, ow-

What's wrong Terry, what happened?

I hammered my fucking thumb. Ow, fuck it hurts, the fucking fence, I hate it, the fucking thing is falling apart, it's never going to be right, we should get someone to build us a new one. It's so old and the nails aren't holding, and the wood is all springy and I couldn't fuck'n hold it, and missed, and fuck it hurts. The fucking fence-

Feelings Terry, speak more about how you're feeling, not about the fence. How does it make you feel hitting your thumb like that, how do you feel; do you feel stupid for doing it?

Yes I feel fucking stupid, that goes without saying-

Yes but you've got to say it, that's what our expressing our feelings is all about, you've got to still say all you're feeling, even if it's obvious to you.

Yeah all right, fuck it hurts, it's throbbing, the fucking thing, why did I have to hit my thumb, I was feeling okay this morning, but now, fuck, now I feel like my whole day is ruined, that it's over, that... that... aw fuck, here I am again at the place where I don't know, I don't know how I feel.

I'm longing for the truth - I want to see the truth of why I did it to myself, why did I have to go and ruin my day by hitting my thumb?

Ow, the fucking thing hurts, it eases off a bit then comes on strong again - throbbing. I don't know, but I do feel stupid, very stupid, what a stupid thing to do. Fuck now that sounds like dad, I feel like I'm him saying it to me, and he's saying, now that was a stupid thing to do to yourself, wasn't it Terry. And he doesn't leave it alone. Of course it was a fucking stupid thing to do, but fuck we all make mistakes, it was an accident. He goes on as if I did it on purpose or something and he's telling me off for having done it. That's how it seems and how he makes me feel anyway.

Like his ridiculing me, as if he can now go and tell the whole world how stupid Terry is; his own fucking son is the biggest moron idiot that's ever lived because he hammered his own fucking thumb. What a fucking idiot, what idiot - and only an idiot - would do something as dumb and stupid as that. What a fucking imbecile that young Terry is... and it's as if he's going into the house telling mum, that I'm an idiot - again, and look what Terry did to himself, what a klutz, what a fool, what an idiot!

Shit, when you long for the truth, sometimes it sure works doesn't it; now I've got this feeling that he's sort of having one-up on me, that in fact that's how he was a lot, that any chance he got to have a laugh at me... yeah, sort of like he has to prove he's the tough one, the great one, the best, and the best at doing everything, and any chance he gets to run me down he takes it. So anything stupid I did like hurting myself, that's a great chance for him, he's onto it, he's going to make the fucking most out of it he can. And he doesn't hold back, no fucking way, he's not going to miss this opportunity, so he's into me, ridiculing me, making me feel even more humiliated than I already do.

And how does that make you feel?

Fucking angry! The fucking asshole, what right did he have to do that! Fuck him, I'm his fucking son; but I feel like we're in competition together, when he should be on my side. And... oh fuck Ann, now I see even more, that it's sort of like he's vying for mum's attention against me, like he's fucking jealous of me or something. Could that be right, fuck I've never thought of anything like that, it would never have occurred to me.

Yes of course, I've read where lots of parents are jealous of the child, the women suddenly doesn't give the man all the attention he's used to having because she's got a new baby, something other than him to fuss all over. So he feels rejected, he feels he no longer has all her love, so naturally he wants to hit back, and at the child, the thing taking his love away from him.

But that's fucked, I mean he's a grown man for God's sake.

I know, but he's also a sad and fucked up little boy who's still desperate for his own mother's love he feels deprived of having. So he marries a woman who he unconsciously believes is a mother substitute, and possibly even a better and more loving mother than the one he had, and certainly one he can tell what to do and order around like your father often does to your mother.

Yeah, he does doesn't he. The fucking shit; shit what a fuck, what a fucking asshole, and yes, I think you're right, it's like the veil is lifting and I can see him in that light, like the little unloved child as you say. Yeah well fuck him, and then he shits all over me every chance he gets all so he can what... run me down in mum's eyes, all so she'll like me less and him more. But that doesn't work because whenever I hurt myself she always made more of a fuss over me. And now I remember he did used to go on at her too, at fussing about me too much, and that she shouldn't, that I was the idiot and if I was stupid enough to hammer my own fucking finger then I should be left alone and in my own pain. And yet I bet he's hammered his finger, fuck everyone does it at times. And it's not stupid, it's just something that you do by accident, fuck it's not as if you mean to do it.

Yeah, fuck him, the asshole, and to think that I grew up in competition with my own father for my mother's love and affection. I mean, that's weird, that's perverted - that is fucked!

I know, but I think that really is how it is for all of us in some way and to some degree.

And all because we're not full adults, we can't be, we're still all feeling-unloved little children who still want their parents love. So we choose partners who we unconsciously believe will fill in those love gaps, to be the loving parents or parent we felt we didn't have.

So you're what, really just a mother substitute for me or something like that?

Yes - aren't I?

Oh fuck it, yes, I suppose you are. And then I'm a nicer more loving father substitute for you?

Yes, in many ways, you are.

Oh god it's all so bad, if that's all our relationships really are, fuck no wonder so many people have so many problems with them - no wonder I did!

I know, and it's been the same for me. And that's why our doing our feeling-healing like this is our only way out, it's something different, something that hopefully will allow us to break all those hidden patterns as we see the truth of them.

Yeah, so as the truth comes to light, then we're be free of them. Oh god, I know we already know that-

It doesn't matter Terry, if that's what you want to say, then keep saying it, it doesn't matter that you might have said it a million times before. It's all in there and connected to deeper repressed stuff, that much we've experienced for ourselves, so we've got to use every opportunity, which really is every feeling we have, good or bad, to talk more about ourselves. We're telling our story to each other, and it's all got to be told, it's all got to come out, every little bit, and I don't know how it works, but one thing you can't deny, when you commit yourself to the process as we have, more keeps coming to light.

Yes, shit I feel like I've had yet another huge insight, a real revelation into my relationship with my parents. It's turned my relationship with them on its heads - yet again. God, how many times has that happened to me now. And now all I can see is dad being like an older brother to me, not my father, and like we're fighting - yeah, sibling rivalry - for mums attention. But fuck, he's supposed to be my fucking father, not my fucking brother. Oh shit, it's all so bad, what fucking hope did I have. To have had to grow up being subjected



to the likes of that all the fucking time, having to battle my own father, and he being stronger and more powerful and able to shit so easily on me. I want to punch him in the fucking face and tell him to fucking grow up. To behave like a man, like my father, and not like some bully who can't get his own way. And he did ridicule me, so often I felt so badly humiliated by him... scared of him, I do... fuck, and now I feel worse!

I hate him and I feeling so afraid of him; I don't want to do anything or he will laugh at me, always taking the fucking mickey out of me. Fuck, I can't bear the thought of it, the picture, but it's so fucking true, I can feel it all through me - it is exactly how it was. And I never understood back then.

How could you, you were only a child, and you're not aware of all that complex psychology going on. But you still felt all those bad feelings. And because you didn't know what they were or what to do with them, so you've buried them, blocked them out. And now they're coming back up, and all because you're wanting them to.

Yeah I do, and I can see that, they are - that's for fucking sure! So I'd better go out there and do some cutting or something all so I can cut my finger and then have dad go on at me even more.

Yes Terry, here, I'll get you a knife and you can have a go at it, that should help get you more in touch with those hidden feelings!

I'd want to cut him with it, that's what I feel like doing. Fuck him, I still can't get over it, that my own fucking father was wanting to shit all over me to make mum like him more.

And you're not meant to get over it Terry, you're only meant to keep speaking about all the bad feelings it makes you feel - telling me how bad that all makes you feel. And longing for the truth of it.

*Terry had to drive over to Jim's to drop something off in his letter box. Ann stayed at home. Terry is in the car talking out loud to himself - actually, yelling out loud.*

YOU FUCKING ARSEHOLE WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING. Fuck him, people like that shouldn't be allowed on the road. Ah shit I feel angry, so fucking angry: I FEEL FUCKING ANGRY, ANGRY, ANGRY, ANGRY - DO YOU HEAR ME WHOEVER IT IS THAT MIGHT HEAR - I, TERRY ARNOLD

## FEEL FUCKING ANGRY!

Fuck, fuck, fuck, I feel like I want to smash that driver, run up his arse, just go for it, smash into him and smash his car to bits; him chopping me off like that, fuck, didn't he even see me! He's probably on drugs or pissed or something, the fucking cunt, all I want to do is fucking smash him. Talk about road rage. Fuck, do your childhood repression healing, get in touch with your hidden anger and rage, then go for a nice peaceful drive... fuck it, but fuck it Terry, feelings boy, what are you feeling, stay with your feelings! Okay, so what would Ann say...

And so how does feeling so angry wanting to smash and kill this block in the car make me feel?

GOOD! FUCKING GOOD!

Okay, now seriously...

Oh shit, it's more anger at dad. It's dad I want to smash! Yes, fuck me, I can see it, I want to go and yell at this man for being stupid, being a bloody idiot, just as dad did to me. And yes, to even humiliate him as much as I can, to make him feel soooo big, to reduce him to a nothing, to shit all over him.

Aw shit, that's not fucking good, FUCK IT! I'm just like dad is! I'm the fucking same as dad! Ah shit, that's it, I am, oh fuck, I am the same as him. But how can I be any other way! Argh, I want to scream! I only want to smash this driver because I want to do to him what dad to me, I want to make him feel as bad as dad made me feel. Ah fuck it, fuck, fuck, fuck - I do!

I just want to pass it down the line. Ah no! That's what I'd do to my son if I had one. Fuck it, I bet I would. Shit! I would, I can imagine it, and I'd do it without knowing I was doing it. And fuck, it's what dad's dad did to him. I don't remember grandpa well enough, but he must have, and dad is following on the great family tradition.

Ah it's all such a fuck, this whole fucking thing. I can't stand it. Fuck I can't wait to get home and tell Ann. Shit is just keeps coming; but yes, I can feel it, I only want to smash that person because I want to be the powerful one, and shit all over him, make him feel the powerless weakling, the stupid idiot one, just as dad made me feel, and all because he could, because he was The Dad.

Fuck it, so many bad parents not loving their children; I wasn't loved, you can't say you love anyone when you treat them like that, and your child - me - I sure don't feel loved now by dad.

And fucking mum, she never told him off, she never stood up to him to show him what he was doing. She must have been able to see it... ah FUCK!, what if she even liked it that way. Ah Christ, it just gets worse and worse. Who the fuck keeps making me think these things, where do they keep coming from?

But what if it's true, what if mum did like it, what if she loved all the attention, even pretending to fuss more over me all to get dad more riled up. And they probably had great sex afterwards! NOOOOOOOO, I can't bear it!

Fuck it's tearing my relationship with them apart. There's going to be nothing left - nothing. I can't bear it, what's it all about, what really is it all fucking about. What is the point of having a relationship with these two people who are supposedly my loving parents and yet I can't have a good relationship with them; where it's all fucked, and it always has been only I've not wanted to face it, not wanted to admit it. Shit it's not fucking good. I don't know anymore. I feel like I'm having a mental breakdown, and where is it all going to end. And then to go over there and see them, it's all so bizarre to continue it all on, all the charade. Shit, maybe I should bite the bullet and say, no more, and not keep seeing them, not keep living the lie... but fuck it, I can't, not yet anyway, I just can't.

Ah fuck it's too much, I'll have to talk about it all with Ann. Thank god for her, shit I couldn't do this on my own. It's too heavy, too much serious shit. Shit, shit, shit, and so fuck that driver of the car; fuck me, he's the least of my worries. Fuck I guess I should even be thanking him, not smashing him, for giving me these experiences of making me angry so I can get in touch with yet more of my repressed stuff.

It's all so fucking mad, thanking him instead of smashing him, hating mum and dad instead of loving them, everything is around the wrong way. Nothing is as it seems, and I don't know what to make of it all. What is one meant to do - keep it personal Terry as Ann would say, okay then, WHAT AM I MEANT TO DO?

Ah fuck, I just don't know. What a fucking ride, it's like nothing I've ever experienced before - this healing caper. Fuck what we read was right, that it would take you beyond anything and everything you've ever experienced, well you're not wrong about that! And that it would turn everything, every part of your life, every part of yourself on its head, and other than being with Ann, that's true too!

And it only keeps getting better with Ann. Yet again not in any way I would have thought a relationship would or should go. It's all new with her, I've never experienced anything like this before with the other women, and it's not sexual and all about love and being soulmates and all so romantic and all that shit. It's about simply being good friends for each other, there truly for one another and wanting to help each other by listening to each other's yuk. All so we can help each other heal ourselves of our unloved states, of our negative self- and feeling-denying minds.

And really what more could you do for another person. What is real love about if it doesn't involve that. And yet can I say I love Ann more... no, I don't think so, and even less, less compared to what I thought I felt about her when we first met. And yet back

then, fuck I was so deluded, all so caught in trying to find the perfect partner and having thought I found it in Ann. And possibly I have, but nothing like how I thought it would or should be, shit that was all just fantasy. Our getting together and only wanting to be loving in each others arms all day long, and then get married and have a family... and... and what, just carry on the big lie like mum and dad did.

Ah fuck, it doesn't matter what way you go, it all comes back to the same thing, back to the same point. And you can't escape it, you can't run away, not like how I used too, which I'm getting a better understanding about every day.

So Terry 'ol son, what is your future going to be, eh? And what's that you say, you don't have a fucking clue anymore. Yeah well maybe that's as it's meant to be, but it makes me feel so insecure, because what if it all goes to shit and I can't work and my feelings take me down into being unable to do anything. Ah I don't know, it's all too fucking much to think about - more bad stuff to speak with Ann about. And as she says, we can't know, so it is one day - one feeling - at a time whether we like it or not. And as she also says, but then who's to say that's not how it's meant to be anyway. And that how we live trying to insure ourselves against some bad thing happening is all wrong. And that if we do just live true to our feelings, then God or whomever it is who's set it all in motion will look after us... but then again, what does that mean - that He will look after me. God, will you look after me?

Oh, what's that you're saying God... You already are looking after me by putting me through all this shit. Oh well if that's the case, then thank You very much, and oh I am so happy, thrilled to bits to be able to live in such a fucked-up state. And hey, remind me to recommend it to every new soul that's wanting to come into the world... hey you there, soul, you new-soul-to-be, do you know that you're incarnating into evil, that you're going to feel unloved by the very people who should love you the most; and then, just when you think you're having a grand old time, you'll become and be just as evil as they are. And if you're blissfully ignorant, hey, you might even like or love your life, doing all your shit parenting to your own children and pets, fucking them up no end whilst you all pretend you're having such a wonderful time. Hey, it's great stuff, and then you might even happen upon doing your healing like I have, and then you might find yourself like I am, raving away about all this shit to no one whilst you're in your car going nowhere, just doing more of your meaningless life.

And hey, it's great fun, yeah, a real fucking hoot! So come on in, and get all fucked up and then pretend you're fine and you're having a fucking ball, and then do your healing and realise you've been legging yourself over all this time, and feel all those bad feelings you've been trying to hide from yourself. Oh yeah, I highly recommend it. Me - Terry Arnold, fuck I hate the Arnold part more so every day, I wonder if Ann wouldn't mind

changing her name and we could get married and fuck everyone off.

Yeah maybe we should do that, just go away, go and live somewhere else, in another country or something, just get right away so at least then we'd have a good excuse not to keep seeing the family. But na, that too is probably just running away even more, better to stay and keep seeing what bad feelings come up, as Ann would no doubt say.

And fuck, how come she is so bloody good at all this healing shit, how come she seems to know what it's all about so easily. God, she speaks sometimes about it as if she's always known it, like she's the ruddy expert. And it seems right what she says, and the further we go the more she is proved right. So fuck that, that is an amazing thing, so maybe it's a woman thing... or maybe I'm just a dolt. A fucking dolt man, yeah, and fuck that too, Ann would probably fucking agree. And what a mad relationship it's becoming. She is living with me a stupid idiot dolt man who is fucked and can hardly express his feelings and doesn't seem to know where he's going with it all, and yet all she keeps bloody saying is she likes me more and more. The more fucked I am admitting to myself that I am fucked, the more she seems to like me. So fuck that, how does that make sense. But none of this stuff does make sense with our minds, that's for sure, even though here I am working it all out, or at least trying to, with my mind. But still it's really only through and with our feelings that it seems to make sense, and who's ever been able to make any sense out of feelings - not me!

So fuck, I don't know. But am I supposed to know? Ha! Another bloody insight: maybe I'm not supposed to know. Maybe that's it! I'm not meant to know, when all along, all these years I've believed I am somehow meant to know. But maybe it's unknowable, and that it just comes to us as we move along growing in truth. The truth sure comes that much I know, but maybe also the whole knowing about it will as well. When I look back at myself I can sense how far I've come. I am not the Terry I used to be. And yet on the surface I'm still doing the same things I used to be, still in the same job, seeing the same clients, still with Ann, and yet on the inside I'm a different person every day I see these other people. I wonder if they can sense any change in me, because no one has said anything.

So maybe it is all just an inner thing, but na, surely it's got to show on the outside sometime. So then maybe it will, it's only a matter of time. And then what happens, what if these people don't like the new Terry, what then do I do. And what if I no longer like them... Ah fuck it's too much again, so I'll let that one go too. Or, yeah, more to talk over with Annie. Fuck I've only been away a short time and look at how much I want to talk to her about again, it just keeps coming. I hope she's feeling better. Maybe I should buy her some flowers... but na, that's only bullshit, what good will they do for her. I'll tell her that I thought about it and then what I just thought, and I'm sure she'll say that's all too

affected all that crap and she'd much rather we just talk about it all. And you can't argue with that, talking sure is cheaper, we hardly go out anymore, we've got more money, our expenses are coming down, and all because we're preferring to talk about everything with each other. Just sitting there talking, talking and talking, fuck I don't think I've talked so much about anything before. And just when I think that surely is it, there can't possibly be anything more to talk about, then I go for a half-hour drive and fuck me, I've got so much more to I want to talk about!

Ah, fucking home at last, shit what a ride!

*Back at home*

Terry, I still feel so miserable.

Do you?

Yes, really terrible. I don't think I've felt this bad before. I feel like I'm sinking into the sea of my misery and it's very deep and I had no idea that I such depth of misery feeling is in me. I feel so bad, so wretched, so bad... how was it?

Good, I had a very insightful time. I felt very angry again because of some bloke cutting me off, and I tried to express my anger out loud as if you were in the car - so I yelled and talked away to myself like I'm mad, but it was good, I had lots of insights as I said, but there's plenty of time to tell you about it all, I think it's probably better if you can talk more about how you're feeling. Can you?

I'll try. I feel so bad, so down, like I've sunken down inside myself and I fear I'll never get up, I'll never recover. I feel worried that I'll remain in this state forever, feeling so down, depressed, so miserable. Usually I'm what you might call a cheery even gay sort of person, but right now I feel like it's all gone. I don't know where it's all gone to, but it's as if I never had it. I feel like I'm the most dull and boring person in the world. That I have nothing of any value to talk about. All the writers I read all have so much to say about themselves and life, so much they've come to see and understand about everything, but what do I have - nothing. What sort of life have I had - a nothing life. I've not travelled, I've not had a family, I've not even got married. I've not done anything of what most people do, and I've only had a few jobs, but really I've not done much at all.

So I feel like I'm nothing, like I've got nothing to offer anyone - the world. I'm just a

waste of space, a nothing sort of person, a no one, just no one Terry, that's how I feel.

And you worry about that, like it's wrong to be that way, like you should be how other people are?

Yes, yes I do. I do worry about it. All my life I've wanted to be someone, but now I'm getting older and I'm having to face the truth that I'm a nothing no one, and that no one will like me because of that. I have nothing to give, nothing to offer anyone, and I've only got you. Sure I've got my family and a few friends, but what are they to me and they are fading away every day as I work more on myself. So really all I've got is you Terry, but what are you, you're a no one like me, we're just two nobodies, too useless nobodies and that makes me feel very bad. But you don't feel like that, do you Terry, like you're a useless nobody?

No, not at the moment. I've had my moments, but at the moment I feel rather good with all I went through on the drive. I feel more mad, but at the moment I feel okay about that too. I feel like I don't have a fucking clue about any of this, any of my life, anything about where it's heading, and that it's falling down around my ears, but still not bad. I'm sure I will, but not right at this point in time - no.

I wish I didn't feel bad. I wish I didn't feel so miserable. I wish I were happy and felt really good and really loved. I've had a shit rotten life really Terry, that's something I'm having to face more of. I thought it was good, okay, even better than some others. But now I don't think so, now I think I've had a nothing life, a no account life and I'm a no account person because of it.

And look at my parents Terry, what do they have to show for all their years. Okay so they've got their own nice house and they are quite well off and won't have to worry about money or anything like that. And they can settle back into enjoying being grandparents with the boys and my sisters all having children. But I don't have any, and I can't see us having any. Really Terry, would we want to subject our children to our shit. I don't know. It all seems so pointless, everything I think about, less and less do I want to have what other people have anyway. Would I want to have the lives of my brothers and sisters, no, no I don't think I would. I used to, but not any longer, all of that seems to be fading away. Because I only have to think about their lives, all they do, and what's it all for, and are they really happy and do they feel really and truly loved. And I hate so much of how they treat their children and I can see it's just how mum and dad treated us; and so no, I don't envy them anymore and nor do I feel like I'm a failure because I'm not 'getting on with my life'

like they are.

So I don't know, I just feel so bad.

At least you're working on those bad feelings Ann, striving to bring them up so you can see the truth of them, your brothers and sisters aren't, and one day they will.

Yes I know, but I don't care about any of that either. I feel so down, so depressed, so full of misery and like I'll drown in it all.

Does that scare you, it does me?

Yes I feel scared about it, but I know there's nothing I can do about it. I can't stop it and I don't want to. You know how I feel about such things now, so I want to let myself, if I can, drown in my misery, just give in and subject myself to it, to allow it to overwhelm me even if I feel depressed for the rest of my life. I don't want to feel so bad, and I hate feel this way, but it's all obviously in me or else I wouldn't be feeling like this; and I know we can't make these feelings up, so I just want to submit to them and see where they take me. Only I wish it was a nice journey of self-discovery and not the hell-ride into darkness it's turning out to be.

Yeah, I agree with you there.

And we might both end up feeling so miserable Terry that we can't go on. Or you might find that I'm too much of a down and depressed miserable person, not the happy life-of-the-party girl I was when you first met me. But that me was all false, this is more like the true me, the me that I was trying to cover up.

I like you as you are Ann, and I don't mind if you want to be depressed all the time. I don't mind now, I might if you go on and on with it, but that's up to you, and as you said, it's not as if you can do anything about it anyway. And as neither of us want to go to the doctor if we can help it, so until it becomes too unbearable and you might be driven to get that sort of help, I'll here and wanting you to keep being as you are.

No way do I want to go to the doctor Terry, not if I can help it. More and more I'm feeling I'd rather die first than do that. But as you say, how do I know, it might get so bad that I have to do something like that. I don't know, it's all so terribly difficult and always having to work on ourselves like this, always having to look to try and express and uncover



the truth of yet more bad feelings. And so many bad feelings - so much misery. I can't believe I felt so miserable during my early life particularly when I thought I was quite happy and mum, and dad always said I was a happy child.

But I feel so miserable and I only have to remember all that which we talked about this morning and I feel so sad again for myself. So I don't know, all I can do is keep talking about it all to you. That's all I can do, keep expressing all I feel.

Yeah I know. That much I've come to myself as well. It is all we can do, there is nothing else. How about I make us some lunch.

Yes please, I don't think I can do anything how I'm feeling.

Does your misery feelings make you feel like you want to do anything?

What like, what do you mean?

Well like... kill yourself for example, like if it all gets too bad. Do you ever think about that, about what if it did get too bad and you couldn't cope with it?

I have thought about it, but I don't think I could go through with it. However I don't know how bad I might feel. Have you thought about killing yourself?

Occasionally I have. But like you, I doubt I'd be able to do it. I still can't relate to those people who do, they must feel so unbearably bad.

Yes, I don't know, but I would imagine they would. But still they must have some power within themselves to be able to do it, it's not as if it's an easy thing to do. How I'm feeling now I don't feel like I have any power, I can't do anything, I'm a useless nothing of a person, so not even one who would be capable of killing themselves.

I've not thought of that, that you'd have to have some amount of power to knock yourself off. But you'd surely also feel so powerless as well, that being why you feel so bad, like as you're saying that you're a nothing and no good person - it seems a bit of a contradiction.

I don't know Terry and really it's pointless talking about it, because it does us no good to speculate. That's you going off again trying to be the other person, trying to imagine how

it is for them when there is no way you can possibly know. Maybe if you could somehow meet them, like in the afterlife and they could tell you how they felt and so why they did it, but until then, there's no point talking about it.

True, I can see what you're saying, but still I think it's reasonable to put yourself, or try to at least, in another person to see what they are feeling.

But you can't know what they are feeling Terry, that's what I'm trying to tell you. You can't possibly know what another person is feeling. And you might think it does something for you, but it doesn't really as all it's doing is taking your mind off yourself, off what you're feeling by trying to work out what another person might be going through. It's just more fantasy stuff Terry, that which we're trying to avoid.

Yeah all right, I can see what you mean. And yes, you're right, it is my going off and leaving myself and my feelings, and no, I don't want to do that.

But still you should talk more about it, about why you do want to do it, because you do do it. And you can't just stop yourself doing it, and you shouldn't anyway. But you should want to long to see the truth of why you do, what happened to you to make you want to do it, how your parents treated you so as to help you form that behaviour.

Yeah, but I don't know. Unless I have a bad feeling up in me pressing for me to speak about it, I find it very difficult to just do it. But I'll try and see what comes. Okay, so what was it... oh yeah, that I have to work out, or find the truth of why I go off in my mind putting myself in other people trying to work out how they might be feeling. And, so why...

And fuck me Ann if I don't already know, the answer has just dropped into my mind, that's what it felt like, like someone was even telling it to me.

And it's because, again, mum and dad made us all do that, we all had to 'put ourselves in the other persons shoes' and feel what they were feeling. Shit, so I can see that's what I've done - what I do. But as you said, I can't do it, it's impossible because I'm not that person. And fuck me, all these years I've believed I was able to do it, and-

That's right, and you've just made it all up for yourself. You've told yourself what they are feeling and you've believed you've been right and that you know.

Yes, you're right, I have. I can see that. I have made it all up, it's all been as you say one

big fantasy. And shit really I've not had any idea. And I do that with you. I believe I know what you're feeling or how you will feel if such and such happens, but it's not true, is it?

No, and that's how I knew what you were going to say, because you do do it to me. I've not pulled you up on it much, but I'm pleased you're coming to see it for yourself.

So what else have you not pulled me up on Ann?

Lots of things Terry, but I've decided that it's better if you come to see how you are for yourself in your own time and all through your own feelings, instead of me just telling you what I think. And it's not right for me to keep telling you anyway, unless I have to say something because something you are doing makes me feel bad. Which I do, I can't not talk about such things when you make me feel bad. And you must have things about me you can see that I'm doing that are not right, and so would say so if they made you feel bad.

I'd say so if I felt bad, but I can't see anything at the moment that you're doing that I would say is not right. Shit how would I fucking know what is right! Less and less am I having any idea about any of this, about anything about myself and my life. It feels like it's all falling down around me, but still, as I said, strangely, or so far so good, I'm not feeling bad about any of it at the moment. Tomorrow... yes, tomorrow is another day, and no doubt I'll feel shit about it all then.

Probably Terry. That is something isn't it, there's no getting away from it.

Yeah I know, it all catches up with you.

*After dinner*

How are you feeling now Ann, still as miserable?

No, it's eased off a bit now. But still I feel all those same things I was speaking about at lunch time. I still feel like I'm of no account, a nobody and that no one will like me because of that. And now I feel very lonely. Yes Terry, that feeling has started to come up in me again. I feel very lonely again, and as you know now, I don't mean lonely now

for with you, but it's all feelings of how I felt back then with them - with mum and dad.

I feel so lonely, so lonely. I am with these people but I feel so lonely, and that's such a horrible feeling. I can remember that's how I used to feel, but I didn't fully understand or realise what it was all about, what it all meant back then. But now I do, or at least I'm beginning to.

I feel so depressed and miserable I think because I feel so lonely, and I feel like I've never actually recovered from the shock and trauma of feeling so alone. I felt so bad as I've told you when I was sent to my room having to cry myself to sleep, but that's only one part of it, for now I feel like it applies to all my early life. And it's such an odd thing to reconcile, because I can remember us all laughing and having a good time together. During Christmas or our birthday parties and lots of other times with mum and dad, and us all rolling around in fits of laughter, and feeling happy and so good to be feeling so good... but now, now I just feel the complete opposite, and so alone. I feel like they are all strangers to me, as if I've never really shared any good times with them, as if I've never really been happy. Oh it's all so weird all these contradicting feelings.

Yeah I know. I wonder if it's just because when our bad feelings come up in us, because they are all we feel at that time, then that's how we feel it's always been, when it wasn't actually as bad as that. Or, are these feelings all very real and true, and all those so-called good feelings weren't as good as we thought they were.

I don't know, but in these feelings now it's as if there's no room for any other feelings, and certainly no good ones. So that's all I'm focused on. And they are so overwhelming, and you might be right Terry, it might be that it's just because they are so strong and up within me at the moment that they block out all my good memories and good feelings like I said I remember feeling, but I don't know. And maybe it was all crap too, all untrue, all a fantasy and lie. Maybe how I'm feeling now is the truth, and all the rest is a delusion. Maybe I never truly did feel good and all the good feelings I felt were just within the bad, sort of like a subset of them or something like that. Or possibly they were just all part of my falseness, all superficial and not really real at all. I don't know if we can create unreal feelings, feelings I think are always real - they are as they are, but it's more how we interpret them where we might go wrong. Or it might be how they come about, that our false mind like we read about somehow creates them, so we believe we're feeling good when in fact we're not, it all showing how far we've turned ourselves away from our true feeling self.

Yes I feel a bit better. I'm looking forward to going to bed, but not if I'm going to have more bad dreams. I hate feeling how bad I felt today Terry. God I hate it. It's so bad, and

there's no feeling of ever feeling good again. I feel like I'm at the end, so despairing and that in some ways I shouldn't keep going on.

Like you should die or something?

I don't know. Because if there is an afterlife, then I'm going on still. And what I was feeling earlier was like I should just cease to be. Like my feelings are so unbearably bad that I should just cease to be, like they should extinguish me or something like that. Like I, all the other parts of me should or will cease to exist and I'll only be my bad feelings. And that terrifies me Terry, like I'll be trapped in them forevermore, that there will be no escape, no ever getting free of them. That I'll be bound up in a bad-feeling pusher forevermore, unable to move and do anything for myself. And that me, the person will have disappeared in some way, no longer being real or there, and all that will be left of me will be my misery and despair and all my yuk bad feelings.

So like you're nothing else but bad feelings.

Yes, like that. And like they will have finally, once and for all, taken me over, consumed me or something like that; and I will not be as I am, I will be only my bad feelings. Yes, like they are sort of like the evil monster that has devoured me and I will have become as it is, just all my bad feelings, one big seething mass of bad feelings. And no one will like or want me, no one will want to come anywhere near me. And I'll be all poxy looking - one big huge pox, all pus-ridden, all full of puke, like a cancerous disease that is misery and despair and feeling so alone and unloved. And I'll be just a seething mass of bad feelings, just a blob of them, so vile, so putrid that no one will even want to look at them - at me. And neither will I. I don't want to look at my own putridness, my own bad feelings, the whole lot of them in all their ugliness. And I can't see them in a good light, that they are something even beautiful and amazing. Oh god no, I see a putrid rancid spreading fungus, foul-smelling and disgusting. And it's all me, I can feel it, as I am my feelings.

So you're describing yourself - what you are as in what your feelings are?

Yes Terry, that's right, that's what I'm doing, and I'm not a pretty sight.

Oh I don't know about that, you look kind of cute in that nighty.

You know what I mean Terry, that you are going to bed with a slimy putrid smelling yuk that I am. That I'm not actually how you think I am.

You mean you're not some sexy broad that I want to kiss and cuddle to death.

No, that I'm really an evil monster in disguise, and if you don't watch it, I'll consume you as well. And that's what some people say or think, that it's wrong to indulge in your bad feelings because they'll consume you, they being the very evil you fear, so you want to do all you can to keep as far as possible away from them. As if bad feelings are evil, they are an evil monster, and yet it's themselves they are talking about, their own bad feelings. As we ARE our feelings.

Yeah well if you're evil, then I don't mind at all Lying With The Devil.

I don't know why Terry, you should, and you should be repulsed by me. You should want to kick me out, to get as far away from me as you can. Not want to be with me, and even share the same bed with me.

Yeah well you can think that, but I don't want to kick you out because then I'd be all alone, and those bad feelings I don't want. So I'll just have put up with all your bad smells and slimy putridness. And it's not so bad anyway, really it's not.

You must be deranged in your head Terry, that's all I can say. Why you or anyone would want to be with me, that's how I feel. I can't see it, I can't see what you see in me. And if you were to throw me out with the garbage it would be right and I expect you to.

And what would you do?

I don't know. I can't think about that. Lie in the gutter somewhere with all the other filth I should think. Lie there until I perish, that's what I feel like I would do. There were I belong, cast aside, unwanted filth, waste rubbish unwanted by the world, unwanted by anyone, unwanted by mum and dad, unwanted by even you Terry. That's how I feel.

Shit Ann, if that is how you really feel, shit, I had no idea.

I'm not joking, it's how I've been feeling all day, it's only taken this long for me to be able to bring it all up. But I have felt like this on and off through my life. I've not really been

able to speak about it, but I can see those same feelings have been there all along. I've had them from my early childhood, that much I know, so it must be how mum and dad made me feel.

Yes, I guess so. But fuck, you can't tell what might be going on in someone. And with so many depths to us all, and all so hidden.

I know - I told you, can't know what another person is feeling, you can only know yourself, if you want to as we're doing. But it's all real, our feelings don't lie, and as you know you can't make them go away when you allow them to be up within you. So they are real and all we can do is just go with them, saying whatever it is they make us want to say, all so we can see what they are wanting to show and tell us about ourselves and our lives and our relationships with everyone. Terry, would you mind if we went to bed early tonight?

Shit no, not at all, it sounds like a good idea. I'll be able to get in with you in all your sliminess.

You'll be sorry, you wait. When you come to your senses and see me in my true light, see me for how I really am, you'll be sorry and you'll be out of here running for your life.

Yeah well if it comes to that I'll worry about it then. And in the mean time, I don't care what you say about yourself, you can run yourself down into your slime pit, but I don't see you in that light. It might be true and I might be as you say still seriously deluded and looking through rose-coloured glasses at you, but until they get taken off, I'll not be running anywhere but to the bed.

Really Terry, you really mean all of that what you just said?

Of course, I wouldn't have said it otherwise.

And all I've been saying about myself hasn't put you off me one bit?

No, not in the slightest. And in fact I find it kind of a turn on, but don't ask me to talk about those feelings, I've had a big day - we both have.

No I won't, that's all right, I understand your depraved and perverted in many ways, but

that's okay with me. You can be that whilst I can be a slime bucket.

It's a deal.

And you probably only feel turned on by it because I'm in such a weakened state, so powerless, and now is your big chance to gain some power by having power over me. So you turn it all into a sexual fantasy.

God Ann, where do you get it all from?

I don't know, it just comes to me. It's probably from all I've read. You'd probably get it all too Terry if you read more, if you'd have read all the books I have about peoples lives and how they've felt about things. There is a lot in what I feel about myself that I can see from my reading of books that other people felt about themselves. I don't think any of us are really too different Terry, it's just that some peoples lives have taken them possibly deeper into their feelings, I don't know; or it might be just that that's how it is, we all have different experiences yet about or involving the same feelings. And my interpretation of what I feel is my way, and yours is your way... but I don't know.

No, me either, and it's too much for my brain anyway. What say we call it quits and we can talk more about it in bed.

Okay.

*A couple of hours later, lying in the dark together.*

How are you feeling now Ann?

No so bad. It's nice just lying here with you Terry, even though you stink.

Do you want me to have a shower, it must have been all my handy-man work around the house today.

All your hammering your own thumb you mean. No, it's okay, so long as I don't put my head under the sheets.

It was an incredible day, though, wasn't it!



It sure was!

And thank you again Terry for not rejecting me, for not throwing me out because you finally saw that really I am a drain on you, that you do all the work and I do nothing, because I am a nothing person, and just an evil slime nothing at that.

You can't say you do nothing Ann, if it wasn't for you I sure wouldn't be here now having worked this much on myself and come this far.

And you would probably have met some nice attractive woman and be happily married with a couple of kids by now.

No Annie, that's not for me, not anymore. It was, yes, I do admit that, that's what I wanted, but now, it's not to be, it's not my life, because if it were, I would be with that other person as I'd be another person, but here I am with you. And we're in this together, and so far as I can see, for as long as it takes.

But what if I go mad or something horrible like that. What if I go all gaga and start frothing at the mouth and pooing in my pants. What if I turn into the slime that I am?

We can deal with that if and when it happens. And I don't think it will get to that anyway.

How do you know Terry, you can't say that, you don't know how it will get. We've got no idea what might be inside us and how we really feel about ourselves. We might end up two old farts dribbling and drooling all over each other.

Yeah well, I can't think about that. God I don't know where you come up with it all.

I'm just being realistic Terry, you've got to face these things, you know, bring them up and out into the open and see what they consist of. They are all just feelings, they keep coming up into my mind, so I keep speaking them. I can't help it, it's just how I am. And I don't know if that's how other people would be like if they do their healing, but it's how I am like and I can't be any other way.

No.

But you don't have to like me Terry, you know you're not under any obligation, you're not under contract. You can hate me, and be repulsed by me; you can reject me and throw me out on the heap to rot.

Jesus Annie, is there no end to it!

No, there isn't - are you ready to throw me out now?

No, I'm not angry yet with you, but I am amazed at how you keep coming up with it all.

Well I think I've had enough for one day now Terry. I think I need to go to sleep. Do you mind that we don't have sex or do anything like that?

No, I'm too tired anyway, and it's not as if all you've been saying is conducive to it.

I thought you said it turned you on.

You went way past that.

So now you're turned off by me!

No, just neutral, you've given me a lot to think about. I don't know what I think about it all. I think I need to sleep on it.

Thanks for putting up with me anyway Terry. I do like it when I can say all my worst stuff and you don't abandon me. When you don't throw me out.

You certainly are always pushing it to new extremes, new depths - new limits. And I feel all I can do is simply go along with you, doing the best I can to express what I feel. But it's a lot to take in, and it's all still so new all of this for me. I've never heard anyone speak about themselves like you have been doing. I don't know what to think, I don't know whether I am shitting myself because you are scaring the hell out of me and I should do as you say and boot you out and run like hell. But then I don't feel bad, it's not as if you're doing anything bad to me. But then I also have little panic attacks about what if you do go mad, or I do, or something happens and one of us does change too much. And then what would I do, where would I go. I can't see I'd meet anyone else who wanted to do their healing, and even if they did, would it end up the same way, with our hating each

other or rejecting each other because we can't stand how we've changed.

Nothing any different to how any relationship ends.

Yeah I guess not. But this is all so new to me, and really I don't know what to think. Fuck, how many times have I said that now! And I don't know what to feel. There are too many feelings, shit they are coming up all the time, and about every thing we talk about. I hardly have time to think about one thing you say and then you're saying something else that's taking me into new areas, it's all too much.

You're doing okay, you've not freaked out or got angry with me or tried to stop me.

I'm only just hanging on. I think I must be near the edge, you've pushed me to almost over it.

All right, then so I'd better shut up and we can go to sleep.

If I can and don't stay awake thinking about it all.

If you need to speak, wake me up.

All right, but is it going to be like this twenty-four hours a day, I'll not be able to cope.

Then it's lucky you've got Sunday tomorrow.

Yes, probably another full-on day like it was today.

Oh well if it is, there's nothing we can do about it other than keep speaking about all we feel and longing for the truth of such feelings. It's all in God's hands, He's doing it all to us, or making us do it all.

Oh god would you shut up, I've had enough for one day, don't you get tired of it, and you were the one feeling as miserable as shit all day long.

All right, I won't say anything more. Goodnight Terry.

Ah thank god, peace at last!

Terry...

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!

## 23. Not feeling alright.

### Ann and Terry

You don't seem right Terry, are you feeling alright?

Na, not really but I've not as yet been able to feel what I am feeling - the bad feeling. I don't know, I sort of feel odd, strange - out of sorts? What can you see that makes you ask me that?

You're not talking for one thing, when ordinarily you'd have responded to some of what I've been saying. And when you do your responses are not quite right, they don't feel right to me, so I've been looking at you trying to see why I feel odd about you - what you're doing, what's going on within you. And I've been waiting to see if you say anything that would explain it, but as you haven't, so I thought I'd ask you.

Now that you've helped me focus more on myself, yeah, I do feel bad, but I still don't know what the feeling is.

Can you at least just let out some noise that would express how you're feeling?

I'll try. All I feel like doing is moaning, sort of, arrhhh, arrhhh, arrhhh, dull and deep like I can hardly open my mouth to get it out. arrhhh, arrhhh, arrrrrhhhhhh, aaaarrrrrhhhhhh, and I feel kind of down, sad a bit I think, but I don't know about what.

Now I feel more like mmmmm....mmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....-

When you say it, can you say it to me, like you're giving your bad feelings to me. Not just speaking about them or telling me that's how you feel. Say it, you know, like when you express your bad feelings you're more familiar with, with the feeling of it, like you want me

to take it, like I'm you're mother or father and you're feeling this bad feeling and so you're coming up to me and expressing your bad feeling to me. You know how little children do, they come up and just moan or whatever it is they are feeling.

And then they are told to shut up and stop doing it, their noise being so annoying.

Yes, but I'm a nice parent Terry and I'm not going to say that to you and I want you to come to me with all your pain, all your anguish, all your heartache, all your sadness, misery - any and all of your bad feelings.

Okay, I'll try. mmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm - yeah well I feel like I'm about three years old and I want to cry into your arms...

mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....  
mmmmmmmm.....mmmmmmmmmm.....mmmmmmmm - yeah and I want you to take all the bad feelings away and make me feel better - ....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm...mmmm...

Now I feel sad, sad and sorry for myself.

Do know what about?

Yeah, I feel sad that my life with mum and dad wasn't as good as I believed it was. That I don't feel as loved by them as I want to feel. That my life and your life and everyone's life is shit even if people are having a great time. That no one really understands how it's all so bad, as we're understanding. Far worse than anything I could have every imagined.

But come back to you Terry, how are you feeling now, how does it relate to you personally?

Ummm, I don't know mmmmm.....mmmmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....  
Sad, I feel very sad now, sad that it didn't work out-

What didn't work out?

Yeah, yeah, would you stop jumping in so fast and give me a chance to say what I feel. Sometimes I think you're too fast, your questions are good and always helpful Ann, but sometimes I feel like I'm being given the third degree.

That being with mum and dad didn't work out, that we can't have a good relationship. They seem fine, they've not changed how they are with me, and I don't think they are

aware of my changing, but I have, and so much so. I no longer feel the same way about them as I used to feel. And I feel sad about that. Sad that I have to give up my falseness and delusion even, sad that it can't be as I thought I was: that we were happy together and did love and feel deeply for one another.

mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm Sad that I don't get on with them, that we never really got along well; that I had to change so much of myself to fit in with them; that they forced me to be how they wanted me to be, and then once I was that way, then they loved me for being the false Terry. Sad that they didn't just love and appreciate and accept me as being my true self. Sad that nothing of it is any good, as I'm seeing. Sad about myself, sorry for myself, and sad that it's all as fucked as it is. mmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmmmmmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....aaarrhrrhhh, aaarrhrrhhhh, ah it's all so fucked, so fucked and I feel sad about it all. I can look at them and see what sad people they are; mum and dad aren't truly happy, and they've not really had great lives. Lots of good things happened for them and they've mostly had it how they've wanted it, but still I wouldn't call them happy, they are certainly not brimming over with joy and happiness.

And who is?

Yeah, I don't know. But surely there must be some people that love life, that are full of happiness, that haven't had a shit time to begin with, that had a very enjoyable childhood. But I don't know. I look around the streets as I'm driving around and I don't see what I'd call happiness. And I sure don't feel happy, that's another thing I'm having to accept more about myself. I thought I was a reasonably happy bloke, but I'm not. Sure I can have a laugh with the boys at the pub or at the cricket, but still, I don't feel deep within myself happy or satisfied or fulfilled by life. And I never have. And now I'm starting to wake up more to the fact that there's always been a part missing within me, that's how I feel. And it's happiness, you know, just a good inner feeling about yourself all the time, and one of happiness bubbling up in you - that's how I imagine it anyway. And I don't feel like that. I have felt happy at times during my life, but it's not just always there, and there without me having to do anything, it just being a part of me, of who I am. Happy Terry - something like that.

mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm.....mmmmm... I still feel just like moaning away forever. Sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, I'm sad, I feel sad, very sad, sad, sad, that's how I feel Ann, you know?

Yes Terry, and it is sad that you feel that way.

Yes it is, isn't it? And I can feel that I'm still having to accept it in myself, that I do actually feel this way - sad. And that it's very real, that I DO FEEL SAD! Because I do feel sad. It's such a weird thing about these bad feelings, how hard I find it is to accept them.

All because you were so heavily programmed not to.

Yeah. mmmm.....mmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm..... sad, sad, sad, sad, sssaaadddd... and now I feel scared, yes scared that how I'm becoming won't be acceptable in the world, that people will stop liking me, that I won't be able to get on with anyone any more because I've become too different from them; because of all of this, and all we speak about, all this feeling stuff; and as other people don't do it, that they will think I'm weird.

I've tried to talk with Jim about it, but he's not interested so I don't push it. But as I've started to decline some of his invitations to go out like we used to do, saying that I prefer to stay at home with you, I can feel a strain growing between us, and all because I'm changing.

And that's what I'm scared of, that I will change too much and then what will happen. I won't be able to relate to anyone nor they to me. And then I'll feel more alone, I won't be part of it, part of the boys, able to be as I've always been with them. So I feel like I'm sort of slipping away, as if I'm drifting off, almost like I'm dying in a way, the old me is dying, it's not longer as it was and I don't know what's going to happen. Does that all make sense to you Ann?

Yes, absolutely. I can understand that, you've always been as you say one of the boys able to fit in with all the blokes, so it must be a bit of a shock having to accept that you're not really one of them, or that you're no longer one of them, no longer wanting to be one of them.

It is. And it's sort of crept up on me. Sometimes when I'm with them I feel such a deep love for them, and well, I think it's a love - I can't be sure about anything I feel these days. And I love being with them, but at the same time I'm longing for something else, I feel too constricted with them, I long to be back here with you, and I long for other things which I can't place - possibly even for the truth, but I'm not sure about that. Sort of like I have a new calling, or a calling coming up within me, all these new strange feelings, and I don't know what I'm meant to do with them. And then when I try to speak to you about them, about what I am feeling, I can't put them into words. So I don't know, I just feel

mixed up as usual.

And the more I'm with my friends at the cricket or the pub the more meaningless I feel it all is. I tell myself that it's about being with them and the cricket or the pub is only the means to achieve that, but nothing ever changes with them, they are always the same, even telling the same old jokes, and really I'm getting a bit bored with it all Ann. And I thought I never would, it was my relaxation time, my time to have fun mucking around with them, time off from work and all of that; and I thought I've never tire of it, that we'd all grow old together, but not anymore, now I feel like screaming at times with the monotony of it all.

I think you're growing up Terry, emotionally. Growing out of all that being with the boys stuff, the need of that sort of companionship. And you're starting to value real feelings and so real relationships like what we're having, and those old ones that are devoid of such feeling expression are wearing thin.

Yes, I think you're right, and in many ways I am glad about it. I want to grow up, I want to progress and get on and heal myself. And I'm enjoying how I'm becoming, but still so many bloody bad feelings keep coming up with every step and that's the difficult part.

But I'm feeling a bit better now, not so sad and not scared. I feel more accepting of it all, it will be as it is, and there's nothing I can do about it anyway. And unless I stop trying to express all I feel I will keep changing, and I feel I'm changing for the better although it's hard to know at times.

I think you've greatly improved Terry and every day I'm liking the more improved version.

Yeah, but still... still, I don't know that I want to give up seeing and being with mum and dad. I still feel I love them, like I do the boys, and yet... I only have to start thinking about all I've seen to do with our relationship and I start feeling bad about them, and angry how they treated me and how unloved I feel by them. So I guess my love feelings for them are remnants of the past, still a part of my mind trying to hang onto the old ways.

Still wanting to have what its familiar with.

Yes, which I can understand. Sometimes I feel like my mind is a separate part of me, as if it has a mind of its own, and it's had all this power and control over me, over the feeling me; and now that it's losing some of that, it's fighting not wanting to give up and give in and let go. It's like a battle going on within me and I sort of jump between sides, even



though it's all me.

And things like that Ann, how could I ever expect to share such feelings and perceptions with mum and dad or the boys at the cricket. I can't, they'd think I'd have lost it. And yet I like all these weird feelings and thoughts more each day and I feel like I want to explore them rather than sit watching some other blokes hit a ball around.

I've never been able to see what people see in cricket.

It was such a good part of my early life, playing in the back lane hitting the ball, all the boys in our area and even dad would play, it was fun, part of my happy memories. The warm summers and hitting the ball over peoples fences and then down at the park in the cricket nets, and at school, it was the only sport I was any good at. I was okay playing footy, but I liked bowling and the challenge of trying to get the batsman out.

Why didn't you keep playing it after school?

Na, other things like women took priority, and work, and I never got around to it. I said I would play and started but I wanted to do other things on the weekends. Then later I just liked to watch it occasionally, but not be involved with it all the time. And I was never that good to get anywhere with it in the amateurs or possibly even professionally anyway, so I let it go.

And do you wish you could have been better at it?

I used to, but not now. I had hoped and dreamed when I was a kid to be a professional, but na, not anymore. I had to let that go, and as I said, girls and work took over.

But having said that, I can see how it's only because it was such an integral part of my childhood and part that I felt relatively confident in that I kept playing it as long as I did and keep wanting to go and watch it. But that too I can feel is fading away. I think I'm losing interest again. And I know I've said that before, particularly during the winter, but now I do, and now having said this, I feel it even more so. But still I'll probably never give it up, I probably need it too much, something to cling onto that does make me feel good, just being outside and with the others, talking about whatever.

About women you mean.

Yeah, we do a bit of that, but nothing serious, at least not for me. And I don't know Ann,

even that I'm feeling rather bored with now. It all seems so childish. I feel like I want a change, or that I am changing or... I don't even know what I'm talking about. It's far easier just mmmm....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.... I still feel those bad feelings, a deep sort of moan in me, I don't know what it is - discontentment perhaps? That's how I feel, not happy, discontent with everything, nothing seems to be as it was, everything is changing how I relate to it.

You're growing in truth, that's what it is Terry, so you're pulling away from those people and your old habits and patterns as they are no longer giving you what you needed from them. So you're probably feeling in no-mans land, possibly ending a lot of your old ways and replacing them with new ones, ones you're just not that familiar with yet.

Yeah you're probably right.

You're letting go, that's how I see it, letting go of the old you and moving into something that is of the new you, possibly even the true, or at least, truer, you.

Yeah well it sounds good, and I wish I felt good about it all. Part of me does feel good like I said, but another part feels so all over the place, so confused about it all.

And I think because you think about it all so much that makes it harder for you. If you just let go of your mind altogether and allowed your feelings to take you, then you might feel more relaxed about it all.

Yes, but how can I do that? It seems easier for you, but you've always been that way; I've always been far more mental about everything, applying my mind to everything; and as you know, it was all I thought you were meant to do in life, that it was the way to succeed. And so much emphasis was put on using your mind to work things out at school, all that stuff we had to learn and all the problems, it was all mental, nothing emotional or on the feelings level. Some of the girls were of course more that way inclined, but they were girls and that wasn't the way of us boys.

I know, which is such a pity.

Yes, now I agree with you, but back then, no way, I would have been called a sissy for speaking about my feelings, and if I cried or said I felt bad or that I didn't have it all under control, I'd have been laughed at, ridiculed and made to feel like an idiot. And you know

all my problems I have about feeling those feelings, all thanks to dad making it all worse.

You were probably one of those girls that sat and read all day long, a real book-worm type, ones we would have teased.

I was.

Yeah, and now here I am hardly having read a book in my life other than manuals on how to do things, and all I want to do is talk about all this feelings stuff with you. And I love when you read those bits out of those people's stories that help us understand more about how people feel and what sort of unloving parenting they've suffered. And to be able to compare yourself to them, and see how it is similar or different for you on the outside and yet on the inside we all feel much the same in so many ways; yes, I am certainly not the old Terry. And I don't want to be that Terry anymore either. Mum and dad often refer to the past, to me, their 'good boy Terry' and I want to throw up, I hate being that way now, being the good boy for them. And all because it was all for them, it wasn't for me as it's turning out. They made me become how they wanted me to be, as we know, but still every time I think of it, it sends shivers up my spine. And I want to scream and run, to run and run away as fast as I can, just like I used to when I was young. God, and to think that your own mother and father can fuck you up so badly, I still can't come to terms with it. I still don't know what to think about it all. And it scares me.

Yes, why?

Because I'm scared of what they will do and say to me when I am no longer the good boy Terry. When it comes to the day as surely it will, when I let them down, when I have to say no, I can't be that way any more for them. And then they will be so hurt and I don't want to hurt them, even though they've hurt me so much. And I wonder why I don't want to hurt them and then I think it's all part of the same thing - that good boy Terry can't hurt his parents, he can't say a bad word against them. No way, not in a million years. Good boy Terry has to forever be the good boy, and if he's not, god I can't even begin to imagine what would happen.

That they'd no longer like you, reject you?

Yes, possibly, I don't know. Or before they did that they'd yell at me, punish me or something - hit me even. God I am a grown man and yet I still feel like I'm three or four years old with them. And I can't escape these feelings, it's often how they make me feel

and I hate feeling that way. I don't want to still be the little boy with them and yet as soon as I step into their house I'm back with them, slotting into my place being their good little boy. And I wish I could stop all of that. I wish I could somehow grow up and even be their not good boy yet not feel so scared about it.

I think it's still a big thing for me Ann, all that about not wanting to let them down, not wanting to disappoint them; so I have to keep playing my role, I can't turn my back on them and just walk away. And even more so the older they get and the more frail they are becoming.

But the others can and are looking after them much more than you do.

Yeah I know, but still it's how I feel even though I don't see them as much as I used to. And you know, as we've spoken about, even though I'm not actually physically with them and not living still with them and don't even see them that much, I feel I am with them, that I've never left them, that I am still in their house even as I'm in this one with you.

And it's all so difficult, you know, having to grapple with all of that. That I am still the good little boy with them and that I've never actually left them on some levels; and as we read, it's not until you do your healing and express all your repressed childhood feelings that you do grow up to become free of your parents; and then possibly once free, once you've healed yourself, then you might actually be able to have a true adult relationship with them provided they too have done their healing. And as mum and dad certainly aren't interested in changing, not at this stage in their lives; and aren't interested in expressing their feelings or even what we're trying to do, so we're never going to have good relationships, or at least, not on Earth. Maybe if there is an afterlife we might be able to then if they do their healing as we read you can in spirit, but for now, I can't be anything other than good little Terry when I'm with them. It's either that or not see them at all. And increasingly I'm feeling more that way, but that would be too hard, I don't think I could do it to them, I think it would kill them.

We've all got to die Terry - sometime.

Of course, but I don't want to be the one to make things even harder for them than things are, and than how things will become.

So you're just going to wait it out, wait until they die... then what?

Then I just keep going with you, doing what we're doing. And yes, I think I am just going

to wait it out as you say, as I can't see the point in rocking the boat and causing them any pain.

But having said that Ann, then I think that perhaps I should at least let them know how I feel about them and our relationship, and at least start to bring it out in the open. But as soon as I go along those lines, na, I don't want to upset them, na, just leave things be and talk to you about all I feel. And the speaking about it all, like now, does help. So possibly I won't have to confront them, that it will be enough for me to just keep growing in my awareness of the truth of our relationship; and it's all for me, they don't have to know. And that makes me feel better.

But what about if your feelings push you to confront them, then would will you do?

Talk about them all first with you Ann, that's for sure. And then if I still feel like confronting them, then I will see how I feel then. But I can't know now and I don't want to get into speculating about it, that's all the sort of thing I'm trying not to do anymore.

But it's all just so weird. I feel like more and more there are two of me, one that's the good ol' Terry, for mum and dad and being with the blokes at the cricket club, and then there's this new me with you Ann.

Perhaps those two you's have always been there, only the so-called new one was so heavily repressed.

You might be right. It does make sense from all we've read and uncovered about ourselves. And it's incredible to think that it's like that, that I am one way with you and another way with the rest of the world.

But most of us are like that anyway, putting on our front to present to the world when we go out, and then tending to take off some of the falseness when we're at home. So you're just becoming more aware of these different aspects of yourself. And as you're so used to being only the one way, so this other you, the one that's been there all along but always been kept in the closet, seems like a stranger to you. But it's all you.

## 24. Terry's promotion.

## Ann and Terry

Ann?

Yes, in here.

Jim asked me today if I'd like to become a partner with him in the business.

Really, that's great... isn't it? Isn't that something you've wanted?

Yes it has been... but gee, I don't know. I don't know if I do want to accept it.

Why not?

When he asked me, I didn't feel good. It was weird, I had to try really hard to put on a show of being delighted and so happy about it. And he took me to the pub and told me his plans about how he wants to expand the business and what my role would be and how we'll work closer together. And there'd be more money for me and we'd employ new staff; he's really fired up about it, he's got it all worked out... yet, I don't know, I just don't feel happy about it. And I don't know why.

So what do you feel about it?

I don't know, mixed feelings really. On the one hand I think it's a great opportunity and I should take it, that I'd be a fool not to take it... and the on the other, I don't know, I sort of feel bored with it all, and the thought of actually becoming more involved in the place and the work, it just doesn't make me feel good.

And then I tell myself that I'm being an idiot, and that it's a chance of the lifetime, as the business is well established, and as Jim and I have often talked there are lots of ways to make it grow. And now that he's free of his relationship with the extra time on his hands, so he wants to get stuck into it.

But I don't think I can make the commitment to it. And then I feel like I'm letting him down, and that's not good. He's been so good to me, supported me, and given me lots of perks, and so now to say no, it's like I'd be slapping him the face.

But still when I think of actually doing the work, I don't feel I have the enthusiasm, if it

was a new job possibly, but it being more of the same thing, I feel like I'm tired of it, tired of everything.

So I go around and around, this way and that, oh it's so fucking difficult. Why couldn't I just feel happy and excited and be raring to go.

Do you want the job or not Terry?

No.

So you're going to have to tell him.

Yes.

So what are you going to say?

Oh god I don't know. We'll have to talk about it more, you and I, and if you don't mind, would you help me work out how best to tell him, how I should go about it and what I can say.

I think you just have to be truthful, and try to allow your feelings to express themselves. Naturally you'd thank him for his kind offer but tell him what you told me, all about not wanting to let him down and all of that, and how he's been so good to you, but how you feel like you're burnt out in it, that you're no longer that passionate about it and so you don't think you'd be such a help to him. Something like that.

But what are you going to do Terry, I mean, if you turn him down, are you going to want to stay there anyway, and what, just keep doing what you're doing?

I know, I've been thinking about that all the way home in the car. I think really it's the end of it all. I couldn't do that, just keep going as I am, and so that too I'll have to tell him. God, he finally asks me to come into full partnership with him, and he's not even wanting me to put up any money of my own, and I'm not only going to have to turn him down, but say I'm quitting as well.

And you know, it's funny how these things happen, but the other day I was speaking with one of my clients and he asked me if I'd like to come and work for him. I didn't say anything at the time about it to you because I didn't really think anything of it. He lives in the country, down south, and I only see him when he comes to the city which is about twice a year, but I like him a lot.

And so then it occurred to me, how would you feel about our moving, down south, down somewhere along the coast, out in the country more, away from the city.

I'd love to Terry.

You would?

Sure, there's nothing holding me here, and I've always wanted to move to the country, you know that, we've talked it many times before.

Yeah I know but I guess I never really took it seriously.

Well I did!

But wouldn't you miss Jen and your family and-

No. Not at all, and in fact I'd prefer being further away from them giving us more time to be together so we can work more on ourselves. And as you know that's all I want to do - when do we go?

Well, I'll have to give this man a ring, Geoff is his name, and see if he still wants me and what he has in mind, and if that's all good, then...

*This sort of thing happened to me as has happened to Terry. I got various job offers, some of which I'd always longed to get, but when they did come, I'd changed, my healing had helped me to see things differently and my feelings said no to accepting such offers whereas my mind wrestled hard thinking I should. But what should I do, accept the better offer that would lead me further away from myself and out more into the world of feeling-denial; or, should I refuse, go on the dole, and keep speaking about all my bad feelings that were coming up. And that was the way my feelings were leading me. And even though I knew at the time I was changing my whole life around, and going against all that I had been conditioned to be, to say no to the world, no to advancing myself in it, was difficult. However in retrospect I can now see it was the best thing I did, helping me to feel like the failure I am, helping me to fall more into my bad feelings, all so I could help heal myself. It was bloody hard though saying no to the world and yes to my feelings, and I was assailed with so many fears about what was going to happen to me and that I'd be punished in some way and the government would force me to do things I didn't want to do and get a job I didn't want. But still it was either: am I going to continue to reject my true self by doing what I believe the world - my parents - say I should do; or, go the other way and support my feeling-self. It was certainly no*



*easy road for me, compared to how it turns out for Terry. He gets to live in a nice isolated house in the country by the coast. I have tried to write Terry more like how it was for me, but I can't, Terry is not me, even though I'm making him up. So Terry gets my fantasy house in the country.*

*Two months later*

Oh Terry this is wonderful, who'd have thought we'd find such a lovely place, and right near the beach and such a big garden full with native trees and shrubs, and the birds, already we've seen so many different ones to what we're used to. Oh we should have done this years ago.

And to think that you like your new job with Geoff, it's a dream come true!

*I'm envious of Ann and Terry. Why do they get it all, just as they want it, and Marion and I can't. More bad feelings for me to express and speak about with her. And as hard as I try, I just can't make it be more difficult for them, as it has been for us.*

I know Ann, and I feel like I've got a new leash on life. Like the all this fresh air has somehow revitalised me, and I feel so good, so ready to get stuck into the work, and it doesn't seem like it will be too hard.

And yeah, we were so lucky to find this place, all thanks to Geoff; and you know, the best part of it all is that we're so far away from everyone, from mum and dad and the rest of my family. That feeling is so good, it just keeps coming up stronger and stronger in me. Good fucking feelings for once!

But I mean it, that I won't have to see them, it's such a long way to drive and they said they understand our wanting to move away from the city, giving us their blessings, so it couldn't have been more perfect how it all worked out. It's just incredible, oh I feel so fucking free, you have no idea, free of Jim and free of my old life, and ready to start our new one together. And it's like we are, just you and me; and not knowing anyone, and so we're completely free to just work on ourselves doing whatever we want. And all that which was giving me so much worry about mum and dad, all that about having to confront them - gone, taken out of my hands, and so quickly. And all so perfectly, really so lovingly, it all being taken care of for us, so no one felt hurt, not even Jim as it turned out, he completely understanding how I felt. And then he employed that new bloke who he's really happy with, it's all so perfect. And you know, it gives me this nice feeling, like we're being looked after in some way.

Yes, me too, and I know exactly what you mean. As if God or whomever is in control of

everything is saying, okay you two, as you want to get serious about your being together to do your healing, so here you are, I'll remove all those obstacles, you've done all you could in expressing all you felt and have seen all the truth I've wanted you to see, and so now you can start the next phase of your healing - that's how it feels to me.

I like that, and it does, it's how I feel too. And even though my pay is less, still I have the use of the company car and phone, and with the rent cheaper, and as we've not been spending as much anyway compared to what we used to, so we'll even be able to save money to put toward buying our own house. So it couldn't be better. Oh Annie I feel so happy. So let's go into town tonight and celebrate, there's that one little restaurant we can check out, splurge!

Great. But it is like that Terry, don't you think, like God is giving us this gift, I mean, even though we've not really spoken that much about God, you do get the feeling at times like it's all out of our hands, and in some way it's all being taken care of.

Yeah, I know what you mean. And I agree, I don't know if it's God or not, but maybe it is. Anyway it sure feels good. So, let's go. Get your coat and I'll bring the car around.

#### *At the restaurant*

This is lovely Terry, and all the wonderful fresh seafood. And it being off season so with so few people around. Just us and that other couple over there.

I know. It couldn't be better.

I do feel that God is somehow looking after me Terry. It's a familiar feeling, it's one I used to have when I was a young girl. We did go to church with the school, and sometimes I've felt it, but I let it go, and I didn't really feel it too much when I got older. But now, it must be because everything is so new and fresh and I feel so good, that I feel that same nice feeling back again.

It is strange how it all happens. And you know, I also feel that in some way I am being guided. I can't quite describe what I mean, but the more I honour my feelings, the more I feel like I am going along on the right track and that my feelings in some way keep me on it. And that there is a track for me to follow, and that even though I can't see it, not with my eyes and by seeing all the usual signs that point the way, it's a feeling thing.

I do know what you mean, I have a sense of that too. And that too makes me feel good. Gee Ann, I feel we're so lucky, so blessed in some sort of way, just how it all came together, even our finding those furniture removalists who were so cheap and so happy to bring us all this way. And how so many other little things have seemed to have been taken care of by themselves without our having to do much at all. I wouldn't have been able to plan it all had we sat down and decided to actually try and do it ourselves, but with Jim's offer and Geoff's and... it's all so incredible. Shit I feel so good! I can't fucking believe it! I feel like I want to jump up and dance and sing and... and fucking run and run, but around in circles and for joy and not away with fear.

And it gives me the feeling that because we've both been so determined in doing our healing, it's sort of like a reward, yes, like God or whomever, is saying, well done you two, you've been a good boy and a good girl for all the hard work you've done on yourselves, so here's a reward for you. Shit I feel so good! I just can't believe it. God I hope these good feelings last.

Probably by tomorrow Terry...

Yeah I know, so that's why I want to make the most of them of now. So drink up Ann, let's get pissed tonight, we haven't drunk much for years.

You'll be sorry in the morning - all those bad feelings.

Yeah, and fuck them!

All right, but I'm not going to drink too much, so I'll drive us home.

## 25. Discussing evil.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, what really is the point of it all?

What do you mean, of life?

Yes, of our existence, and of our being in our negative states like we are. I mean, it's all so vile, so much suffering, everything you read is filled with pain, no one it seems to me is really happy, and we're all limping along trying to keep our heads above water, but it's all so shocking. Like all these innocent bears that HSI have written to us about, how they are kept in such small cages, even having to lie on their backs their whole lives as the bile and stomach fluids are milked twice a day from them. They are cut open suffering great pain, then have to live with a hose sticking out of them, they are maimed when captured and half starved to keep the bile levels up, and there are thousands of them. Do you mind if we send them some more money?

No.

Good, and thank you for doing that. I just can't stand it, to know that such animals are suffering so much, and that people don't care about them; and now knowing as we do, it's all only because those people are suffering themselves so much. They are suffering as much inside as the poor bears are suffering as you can only be and do what's happened to you, and so they are subjecting those innocent powerless bears to their money making schemes all so they can feel more powerful within themselves. But if they were loved properly to begin with then they'd not feel powerless and so would not need to try and gain power over anything. It's all so terrible, such a shame. So what is the point of it all, why all the suffering?

I think you'll have to ask God that one, that is a bit beyond me at the moment.

And so why is God allowing us to do it, and even making us do it, as He's surely in control of everything. I can't see that He creates us and then lets us go out on our own to fuck up and control and make everyone and everything suffer to our hearts content; and He's unable to do anything about it and it's totally up to us to do it. No, that doesn't make any sense, so He's doing it all, but what for?

And Terry, I've been thinking more about evil, about what it is and how we are evil, and that really it all seems to me like we're trying to take over from God all the time. We're saying to Him, we know better, we can do it ourselves and better than you can. I mean, look at nature, look at how perfect and all-loving it is. Now, look at those two beautiful rosellas down there trying to have their baths in the dish. I mean, have you ever seen anything so beautiful; and now look, look how they are both in the dish together, flapping away spraying each other with water. That was a bloody good idea of yours Terry to

provide those baths for the birds, and how much they all love having baths, I had no idea. Nearly every day we see the same birds coming and having their bath, they're cleaner than us Terry, we don't even have a shower every day anymore.

So what's the point, and something that's so beautiful as those two - and funny how they both seem to be boys, and yet we think nothing of chopping their nesting trees down and all the trees they need to get food from. It's all so thoughtless, so heartless how we are, all so we can make money on our land, putting up our ugly houses, when really I think we should be going the other way and planting more trees and chopping down all the houses.

So we believe that we're better than God, or if not better, as good as. And you know, that's what I think all that Eastern spiritual stuff and all that positive mind stuff I used to be interested in is really all about. All that meditation and saying mantras, all trying to 'raise your vibration' all so you can supposedly become... what... God?

To become at-one with God, isn't it?

Yes, but in what way, through your feelings or through your mind? You and me Terry, we're not trying to compete with God, we're just trying to live true to our feelings, and so if God has created us all and created me to have all the feelings I have, then surely if I am living true to them, then I'm living as God wants me to live. Then I'll be living God's will so to speak, and surely that's living at-one with God the right way around. And then I will just remain me, like I'm a child of God as Jesus said, and I'm not trying to use my power to gain the ultimate power and becoming at one with God the mind way by believing you are God, or so at-one with God that you may as well be God. To become merged with or part of God's mind or whatever it is they think they are doing, all so you can bliss out in your nirvana state, being all-knowing and the Great One of all. That to me now just seems like where we are all trying to get to, all trying to have more and more power, more and more control all so we can become gods, which is what the New Age and New Thought stuff is all about.

You know Terry how it is: 'empower your mind', 'you can achieve what you want - anything', 'be all-loving, think love and you ARE love', but how can you do that. I certainly couldn't. And so if we say to ourselves every day a million times over, 'I am love, I am love, I am love, I am all-powerful, I am all-powerful', then we'll become those things. That's just brainwashing yourself, and that's exactly what was done to us when we were young. Don't do that, don't do that, don't do that, stop doing that, stop doing that, stop doing that, don't touch that, don't touch that, don't touch that, and on and on, and so no wonder we all end up bloody unfeeling hopeless wrecks, needing to take all

the drugs we do and do all the things we have to do to keep propping ourselves up and telling ourselves we're okay.

And I mean, god, now thinking about it, seriously, to have to keep saying I am loving, I am love all day long is really rather poor, pathetic if you ask me. And why aren't you just all-loving and love already. God it's obvious that's how we're made, just like nature, all-loving, and if we were left to it, we'd still be all-loving and fine how we are, but because we're so heavily interfered with by our so-called loving parents who don't actually love us at all, then we too become unloving and not of love. And if we were of love I don't think positive thinking would ever have been invented because we'd not need it being so positive within ourselves about ourselves.

So Terry, I've decided all of that stuff is rubbish, it's just mind garbage and really it's all so controlling. So I am glad that I couldn't do it anyway, I much prefer being how I am now, fucked and all as I am. I don't want be thinking that I'm god, or better than God, I just want to be as I am, as God has created me to be. And okay, I can accept that He wants me to currently be the fucked person I am, I don't understand that, and mostly I'm not happy with it, but as there is nothing I can do about anyway, so I accept that. And I trust that one day I might find out what it's all for and what it's all about; but in the meantime I at least now know that I can work on myself with your help and try and heal myself of being evil. So, how does that all sound?

You astound me Ann, where does it all come from? I go out to work slaving away all day driving for miles about our beautiful countryside having hardly a thought being focused on the work I have to do, and you stay at home reading and writing and thinking and feeling, all so when I get home you are full of astounding revelation - you are our spiritual leader that's for sure!

Yes, well Terry as we read, women are the true spiritual leaders, so I'm just doing what I'm meant to be doing!

So you're leading us to God now, is that it?

Yes, and why not, and isn't that what's it's all about?

I don't know, I don't know what anything is all about, other than my having to fix myself through my healing.

Aren't you interested in God, in what's good and what's evil?

Yes, in what's good and evil sure, as that's what my healing is all about, but as to God, as in like God being up there somewhere in heaven, no, not much. I can accept that there is someone who has possibly created all of us and everything, but I don't know, I don't feel the need to understand more about who or what God is. And I figure, like how it's been with everything else, if I'm meant to, then I will feel to and somehow it will come about.

Like my bringing it up and getting you thinking more about it?

Yes, quite possibly. I can accept that. So, okay, as of now, I will start thinking more about God. Right. So... so Ann, who or what do you think God is anyway?

Well, to me God is up there somewhere in heaven if that's what you want to call it. I don't know what it is, and I fully accept there is an afterlife and all those people having Near Death Experiences are somehow going to heaven or the spirit worlds and getting a glimpse of them. But as to God being a person, like an old man with a big beard sitting up there and we can all meet him and sit next to him or whatever it is we do when we die, that I think is just a little child's storybook way of seeing God.

No, I will tell you Terry how I feel about God based on my feelings. I feel God is my loving Father in Heaven or wherever God is. And in fact, why not even take it further and God is my loving Parents, a Mother and Father - and my true Parents; They being the Ones who have created me and are putting me through all of this. Yes, that feels right. Like they are one soul, you know, like soul-mates; and as with soul-mates, so have two distinct personalities - A Heavenly Mother and Heavenly Father who are of the same one Soul. And so I can look to Them both, for I am Their child as we all are, and that feels good too. And so, if They are real and do exist, then possibly and even surely I can get to know Them just as I imagine They are getting to know me, just as with any parent/child relationship. And so the more I grow up spiritually or grow in truth, so the more I can get to know who my real Parents are - the Parents of my soul. How's that?

Shit Ann, that sounds bloody good to me. All right, I'll go along with that, I like that and it feels good. Fuck all that religious shit off, this is much more straightforward and simpler to handle. Good, so please continue - OH GREAT WISE ONE! Jeez I won't have to be trekking up into the Himalayas trying to find some monk who can fill me in on all the wisdom of God, I've got you!

Yes you do Terry, and see, I'm not just a pretty face after all! See, I have some real depth,

and this healing of myself is working a lot of change in me, and so much so, that I can even marvel at what comes out of my own mouth, because up until I said that, I'd not really thought it through.

So, now I will continue.

Right, where was I... oh yes... So, so Terry, if that is how it is, and let's say for the sake of argument it is, then really what it's all about with God is our having a relationship with Them, just as it is all about as we're coming to see more about our having relationships with our parents.

Yes, and our seeing what went wrong in them.

Yes. And so why can't we have a good loving and true relationship with our Mother and Father who are God, or Gods, or something like that, and even speak with Them as we can with our own mother and father.

Do you think Their putting us in this negative state is because They are in some way displeased with us... I don't really know what I mean, but is it like some sort of punishment?

Well you could see it like that, and that's what we would be led to believe based on our parenting because we have all been subjected to that unloving treatment; we've all been punished in one way or another by our parents, so one might say that's what God is doing to us. However I don't actually feel that's right. And I think it's all much simpler than that, and that God is just giving us this experience of what it's like to feel what feeling not loved feels like so we can know. But as to why God wants us to know that, that I still don't know. But maybe that will come the further I go in my healing.

So you mean that God is actually loving us by subjecting us to all this horror, all these bad feelings, all the trauma we've all been put through - by God?

Yes, that's a good way of putting it Terry. Yes, that They know it's best for us, and so They are subjecting us to it; or, it might not even be a subjection, it might be just that this is what we're living for now. But anyway, yes, that seems reasonable enough. And so whilst we want to remain in our evilness so They are helping us to, and if we want to progress further and deeper into it, so They are helping us, which really is all because They want us to anyway. And then if we want to work our way out of it, like we're doing Terry, then They too will as They are with us, help us - even though again it's all what They want.



But that makes it sound like we don't really have any free will, that They are calling all the shots and we're just going along with it, but going along with it believing we are in control.

Yes, that's about how I see it.

Okay then Wise One, so what is free will then?

Oh God Terry I don't know. I'm only telling you what I feel. I can't get into all the intellectual side of things. But I think free will is just that we have it or think we have it, but still it's all within God's Will - there, how's that?

Okay, yeah, why not. That sounds okay to me. So how then does one live God's Will as the religions are always talking about?

I don't know. But from all I can see, if God wants us to be how we are, and so let's say perfect and true, that we'd be living fully honouring and expressing all of our feelings, so all of ourselves; then by doing that, we'd be living God's will, because what else would be doing if that's what is the best way for us to live - the true way.

Sounds plausible enough. But you could also then say that even by our living untrue to ourselves in our fucked-up ways, as you said, God also wants us to live like this, then we're also living God's will in our negative state, and so evil is God's will too.

Yes, I don't see why not.

So you're saying that we might always be living God's will, and really there's nothing to go on about with it, with trying to work out what it means.

Yes, however as we feel bad when we're living against and untrue to ourselves, so which way of living God's will would you prefer, the evil way, or the true way?

Yes, I see what you mean Ann. Okay, that all sounds good. So, where are now with God?

Well I don't know about you, but I am thinking that I want to get to know God, get to know my real Soul Parents, that's a new feeling coming up in me and that makes me feel good.

Oh God, you're not going to turn all religiously on me now are you!

I don't know, I might. And why not? But don't worry Terry, I can't see that I'll be wanting to go rushing off to church every day now or sitting deep in some meditation trying to connect with 'The Source'. Na, for me that's all trying to avoid getting in touch with your feelings, just more of running away and trying to use those things to block out feeling bad. And as we don't want to do that, wanting instead to allow ourselves to feel as bad as... as bad as God wants us to feel, so I think I'll just leave it up to God. Yes, and God can show me through my feelings, how He, or They, want me to be with Them... and for that matter, how to be with you, and with everyone - yes, how to be in my life. Yes, now that sounds really good. I like the feeling of that Terry.

Well it does sound good. I can handle that. And in fact it sounds very good, I'm very impressed Ann... so I'll follow you. How's that, you have your first acolyte or whatever it is they call them - disciple or something.

Fuck Terry you don't have to take it that far, I'm only expressing how I feel.

Yeah all right. So we'll see what comes up next in you.

And you never know Terry, it might even start to come up in you.

Yes, well I hope so, because I don't want to be left behind, and ha, that's now a new feeling for me. Yes, that's how I feel. And oh shit, I even feel a bit bad about it, scared. Yes, Ann, god this is serious this feeling, I don't want you to leave me. What if you move on so much ahead of me in all of this, and I'm no longer any good for you and you start to feel you need someone else, like someone else who's into God as well and can also do all his healing expression. And then I'm left behind.

Now I feel very bad, oh god, what if that were to happen, seriously Ann, just when things seem to be going well for us. Oh God, what would happen if you left me, shit I don't think I could cope with that. God I've always thought I could cope, and I have coped when women have left me before and I've left them, but now... ah fuck, this is new... I don't want you to leave me Annie.

Shit now I feel like I'm going to cry. Annie don't leave me! I feel like pleading with you as if you've said you are. No, No, please don't go, I don't want you to go, I'll be good I promise, I'll... I'll, I don't know what... but I'll something - be good.

And here I go again, I feel like I'm about four again, and I'm at home with mum and she's saying she's had enough and that I have to stay in my room while she goes out. And I feel it's all because I was bad, and I don't want her to go even though the others are staying home to look after me. I don't want her to go, no Annie, no mum, don't go, don't leave me, and I'm crying and crying and holding onto her and begging her not to leave me.

But she does. I can vaguely remember such times. She does, and I'm all alone and shit I feel bad. So miserable, so alone, so unwanted, so rejected, so, so fucking bad.

And what a bitch, that she could be so callous and unloving as to leave me, and right when I need her the most.

She was obviously angry with you, so the last thing I'd imagine would be that she'd want to be with you. That's the whole point of her punishment to make you suffer by her rejecting you.

Yeah, what a fucking bitch. I can't believe it. And so once again here I am saying that about my own fucking mother and yet I can remember it - at least the feelings, quite clearly now. And shit I feel bad, so distraught about her leaving me and not wanting to be with me, and of course when I was that young I don't know about why she's punishing me; all the stupid parents yelling and shouting at their children for being bad when it's so clear the children don't have clue what their mad parent is going on about.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, now I feel so fucking angry with her that it's a good thing we don't still live in the city or I think I'd go around there and give her a fucking good telling off. But fuck Ann, I am petrified, scared to fucking death that you will now leave me. That you will walk out on me, and fuck it, I can't bear it. I feel like I want you to sign a contract that you won't leave me. And then never break it.

Oh Annie, this might sound horrible, but I feel like I want to grab you and even tie you up, tie you to something so you can't get away from me. And never let you out of my sight and control you so much that you can only do what I say and when I say it. And oh God, now having admitted that, because yes, there's a part, a hidden part to me that wants to do that to you; now I'm worrying even more that because I've said that, that's done it, and you really will leave me, not wanting to be with such a controlling bastard.

Fuck I feel bad, so bad, so fucking bad, so scared and so much hating these feelings. I want to do anything I can to get rid of them, to cancel them out, to make them go away. I want to control you, I do, to tie you up, to make you be how I want you to be, and to make sure you never leave me. Like you are my pet or something and I am totally in control of you. And fuck, now I can even relate to those stories we read about those men who capture those young women and keep them hidden away, in a box or a room under the

house or somewhere and have them there all for their pleasure, all so they can do whatever they please with them, and all to have absolute power over them.

Yes, I can understand how you don't want that person to ever leave you, that you're so afraid of them leaving that you have to completely try and possess them, and of course I don't know if that's what those men want, but I can see that if I let my imagination run wild, oh God, I might be capable of doing that.

I don't think so Terry, for if you were you'd be doing it as those men did. But I think it's good that you're expressing such hidden feelings and even using such men to help you get more in touch with them and these parts of yourself.

Oh I feel so scared, I'm shaking with it, with the fear and thought that you might leave me, just leave me. I don't feel anything about you leaving me for another man or anything like that, but just leave me. And I still feel like a boy and I don't want mum to leave me, and why did she leave me and what had I done that was so bad for her to leave me. And... and will she ever come back, and why is she so angry with me, and why doesn't she love me, and why is she treating me so badly and why don't the others tell her to stop, and why, and why, and I want to know why, I don't understand; and I feel so bad, like I'm going to have a breakdown with the fear and panic of it all. I feel fucking traumatised to the core of my being and just like that, all because you started talking about God.

Bad, bad, I feel so scared and so very bad, bad, I feel so bad, so bad, like I am so bad, I am such a bad boy and mum doesn't love me anymore and she's going to leave me, and... and oh shit I can remember her threatening to leave me if I don't be good, and feeling so terrified by her saying that, because what if she did, what would happen to me and... and shit I feel bad, all over again, just as I've spoken about some of this before, but now I feel like it's even deeper, much deeper, so deep that it's tearing me apart. Fuck Ann, I'll never be the same again.

And remember Terry it's all already happened to you. You're just getting in touch with it all, all you've blocked out. So the bad things never actually happened, she didn't actually leave you.

Yes, that's right, she didn't, but fuck she put the wind up me. And I'll never forgive her for scaring the shit out of me so much like that. I mean fuck, I am terrified, and she did that to me, and even though she stayed, fuck I feel like she did leave, it was that bad.

Yes, I suppose the little child doesn't know, does it. For it, it's all real in the moment. So

her saying and threatening and even walking out of the house like that, for you in that moment she has gone, you don't know she's just gone up the street to buy some more milk and so she's using that to rub it into you, to make you 'get the point' more. But for you it must have felt like the most terrifying thing in the world, as you're saying.

Yes, it was, that's how I feel. Fuck me and what you're saying I can relate to that. Fuck, parents say all sorts of things like that to their children and their children are probably freaking out inside. No bloody wonder I was yelling at her not to go and trying to hold onto her. And for her it's probably no big deal, just another way of trying to discipline me during any day, and yet for me it's the end of the world... worse - the end of my life!

Yeah fuck that, that's how I feel, like it's the end of everything for me, like I'm going to be extinguished or something, snuffed out, annihilated or something... yes something that bad. So it's no small thing, and something 'I'll get over'; no, look at me, I've never gotten over it!

You never got over it Terry. I can't bear how the American's say gotten all the time.

All right, so I've never gotten over it, it fits, what else can I say, and it's how I feel and fuck the words, and fuck you, and fuck mum, fuck the whole fucking lot of you. You don't understand the shit I am going through. I am freaking out here, I am suffering, I am fucked, I am heavily traumatised and you don't give a shit, you have to stop me and correct what words I'm saying, you're just like them, wanting to have control over me. So fuck ya, go on then, you can piss off and leave me alone. I don't care, and I'll probably be better without you anyway, at least I'll be able to say gotten, gotten, gotten to the fucking wall and it won't criticise or correct me.

Always having to tell me how to fucking be, that's what women do, you're always telling us men how we should be, that we're never fucking good enough, that we smell too much, or our fingernails are too dirty, or we don't change our underwear regularly enough. You're always the bloody perfect ones and we men are inferior, just Neanderthals compared to you superior beings.

Well we're only speaking the truth, and it's how it is, you do smell and should change your underpants every day.

Oh fuck you, fuck off, I've had enough of all your shit, I don't care, go and fucking leave me, go and live with other women and you can all sit around all day long complaining about us men. And good riddance to the lot of you, why do I bother, why do I want to

have a woman in my life anyway when all she is, is like my fucking mother. Fuck the lot of you, I can't bear you, so piss off out of my life, leave me alone, I'll be a hell of a lot better off without you.

Well, go on?

Go on what?

Fucking leave! I've had enough of you. I want you out.

Terry, I'm not going anywhere, it's only your repressed bad feelings that are speaking, and it's your mother you don't want and who you're really speaking to, not me - I'm not your mother. You're just using me to focus on her, which is what we're meant to do for each other. So keep telling me to go if you want, but you should understand that it's really your mother you're angry with and telling to go, just as she told you to go. And as you can't go back and tell her to go, you can tell her now through me - by telling me to go.

Yeah well I see what you mean, but it's all too much. So fuck her and fuck you too, I'm going to bed.

*The next day*

I'm sorry Ann for going on at you like that last night.

That's all right Terry, it all has to come out and I can see that; I can see that you're in a great deal of pain and you're suffering terribly and really it's all what you've needed to say to your mother, but how can you say all that when you're four years old and feeling so unloved and rejected by her. So you need to use me, and I don't take it personally, however if you do really want me to leave I will, you know that, I'm not going to stay if you don't want me to.

Of course I don't want you to leave, fuck no, as I said I'm scared that you will, it was all just a reaction to it, to feeling so powerless I guess, feeling so bad, like that, shit I've never been like that before - I've not felt like that before. So angry and so scared; so angry at feeling so scared, and then turning it all on you and shitting all over you.

I know but still it's what you feel, and you can't deny that, and you - we both - have to accept that. All that you said about us women, and that's fair enough, we're all fucked,

none of us are perfect and we've all got a lot of anger and resentment about each other, so it's only right to expect it. Our relationship is not one of smooth sailing and one of deep passionate love with us both finding each other completely perfect all the time. And we've had our arguments, and as we've agreed to say whatever we feel no matter what vile hatred we spit out at each other, that's how it is, that's what we're trying to do and so that's what we're here for each other for, to be a friend, someone who can take it all, and still be here, still be your friend.

So you don't hate me, you still like me?

Yes. And I expect there will be a lot more of that coming up in both of us, because we're both very angry, very hurt and full of resentment deep within us, and all we're trying to keep suppressed is masses of anger at how we were treated and at how unloved we feel. And as we've only got each other and you can't go over to your parents every time more of it comes up yelling at and abusing them, so we have to do it to and with each other. It's all therapy Terry, the whole lot of it, and we're in constant therapy with each other.

You mean like we're at the shrink twenty-four hours a day.

Yes, something like that.

Last night I felt like I should have been in a padded cell and allowed to just go for it, and I would have tried to smash the place up. I felt so bad, but I know I was only just touching on it, and that scares me, to think that there might be stuff down inside me that I'm not aware of but might be very bad. What if I were to suddenly and uncontrollably lash out and hit you or start smashing up the place.

I don't know Terry, I think we'll just have to deal with that should it come up in you. But as you're not what I'd call a 'hitter', so I don't think you'll do it; but yes, that's a thought, I can't begin to imagine what it might be like for those people who are used to expressing themselves so aggressively when they come to feel all their deeper repressed anger.

Don't think about it Ann, as you said, we'll just have to wait and see.

And maybe it's not so much about that anyway, maybe as it is all just about our seeing the truth of it all, and our accepting it, that we won't actually be taken that far. I don't know, because if it happened in your early life and it's part of you, then perhaps that's what you'll

have to deal with through your healing of it all.

So how do you feel now Terry about it all?

I don't know. Actually in one part of me I feel sort of clearer and better for the outburst, like I have managed to clear some more yuk out of me. But then the rest of me still feels like shit and scared about you leaving me, so there must still be more I've got to express. But I feel exhausted, I'm glad I don't have to go to work today because I feel like I've been run over, I'm so stiff and aching all over. I feel like I'm the one who has been beaten up. And I feel so tired, so drained, exhausted as I said. I just want to collapse in a heap and do nothing all day.

Well that's fine by me. It was a lot you went through, so it's natural you feel a little worse for wear today. But make sure you keep telling me if you feel bad; keep trying to see if you do feel bad and you're not trying to hide such feelings or block them out because you feel like you've had enough. I think it's all very important Terry, and in these hard times for us to keep going, and see what else can come up.

I'll try, but I feel knacked well and truly, and so much so, I think I'll be going back to bed for the rest of the day.

How about we have breakfast and then if you feel up to it we go for nice walk along the beach, the new one we found the other day.

Yeah okay, that sounds good.

## 26. Argument.

### Ann and Terry

DON'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME TO STOP DOING THAT TERRY, YOU CAN GO TO HELL.

YEAH WELL FUCK YOU TOO, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I LIKE.



NO YOU WON'T, BECAUSE IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, THEN  
FUCK YOU TOO AND I'M LEAVING.

YEAH WELL SEE IF I CARE. I HOPE YOU DO, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT OUR  
RELATIONSHIP IS SHIT AND ISN'T WORKING. AND ALL THIS FEELING  
SHIT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF IT. AND ENOUGH OF YOU TELLING ME HOW  
WRONG I AM OR THAT I'VE SAID THE WRONG THING; ALL YOUR  
CORRECTING ME, TELLING ME HOW I SHOULD BE. FUCK THAT, I'M SICK  
OF IT.

AS AM I! I'M SICK OF YOUR FUCKING AROUND AND NOT TAKING THINGS  
SERIOUSLY, YOUR NOT CONSIDERING MY FEELINGS IN SO MANY OF THE  
THINGS YOU DO. SO FUCK YOU, I DON'T WANT TO BE WITH YOU, AND  
YOU'RE RIGHT, WE SHOULD JUST SPLIT UP, WE'RE NOT SUITED, AND I  
WANT TO BE WITH A MAN WHO'S MORE CONSIDERATE OF MY FEELINGS,  
AND NOT SOMEONE WHO OVERRIDES ME TELLING ME WHAT TO DO,  
ALWAYS TRYING TO CONTROL ME AND MAKE ME BE HOW HE WANTS ME  
TO BE.

I DON'T DO THAT, YOU DO THAT TO ME!

YOU DO SO DO THAT, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING ALL THE TIME.  
YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME HOW I SHOULD BE, AND NOT TO BE LIKE  
THAT, I'VE ALWAYS GOT TO FIT INTO YOUR 'NICE GIRL' IMAGE. SO FUCK  
YOU, I WANT TO BE EXACTLY HOW I WANT TO BE, AND I DON'T WANT  
NOR APPRECIATE ANYONE TELLING ME OTHERWISE.

YEAH WELL FUCK YOU TOO ANN, YOU CAN GO AND GET STUFFED, AND  
SO WHAT IF I WANT TO BE WITH A NICE GIRL AND NOT SOME STUCK UP  
SELF-OPINIONATED BITCH LIKE YOU. YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART  
KNOWING ABOUT ALL OF THIS STUFF: 'NOW TERRY MAKE SURE YOU  
KEEP EXPRESSING ALL YOUR FEELINGS, DON'T YOU DENY THEM, YOU  
KNOW YOU'RE TO KEEP EXPRESSING THEM AND LONGING FOR THE  
TRUTH'. OF COURSE I FUCKING KNOW THAT, I DON'T HAVE TO BE TOLD  
THAT BY YOU EVERY FUCKING DAY.

I'M ONLY HELPING YOU TERRY BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL INCLINED TO GO OFF INTO YOUR MIND. AND WHEN YOU DO THEN IT'S NO GOOD BEING WITH YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE WE'RE NOT CONNECTED, WE'RE NOT SHARING OUR FEELINGS WITH EACH OTHER, WE'RE NOT LINKED UP, UNITED IN OUR FEELING ACCEPTANCE AND EXPRESSION.

'WE'RE NOT LINKED UP, WE'RE NOT CONNECTED, WE'RE NOT UNITED', OH WHO THE FUCK CARES. I'M SICK OF IT ALL, I DON'T CARE, IT'S ALL TOO HARD, I CAN'T DO IT AS EASILY AS YOU CAN. IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, YOU'RE A NATURAL OR YOU'VE GOT THE KNACK; YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES AND IT ALL SEEMS TO MAKE SENSE TO YOU, BUT I DON'T, I'M ALWAYS SAILING BLIND, I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON HALF THE TIME AND SO LITTLE OF IT MAKES ANY SENSE TO ME. SO FUCK YOU AND ALL YOUR SHARING, YOU CAN GO FIND SOMEONE TO SHARE IT WITH. I DON'T CARE, I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I FEEL TOO TIRED, TOO STRESSED, TO FUCKING FUCKED OFF WITH IT ALL: WITH YOU, WITH MYSELF, WITH MUM AND FUCKING DAD, WITH LIFE, AND EVEN WITH GOD. FUCK THE LOT OF YOU. I WISH I COULD JUST FUCK OFF AND GO UP NORTH, GET SOME BETTER WEATHER AND BE ALONE FOR A TIME, JUST TO CLEAR MY HEAD. THIS FEELING EXPRESSING IS RELENTLESS AND NOW IT'S FIVE FUCKING YEARS AND IT SEEMS LIKE WE'RE STILL ONLY JUST GETTING GOING ON IT.

SO FUCK OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE; WE SHOULD SEPARATE, END IT, AS I HATE IT HOW IT IS.

ALL RIGHT THEN, LET'S END IT. I'LL GO.

OH NO, FUCK YOU, AND FUCK YOU AGAIN ANN, I'VE HAD ENOUGH AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT. AND I WISH I COULD JUST WALK OUT THAT FUCKING DOOR BUT I CAN'T.

WHY CAN'T YOU?

BECAUSE I'M TOO WORRIED ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

I'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE WHO WANTS TO DO THEIR HEALING.

I'M SURE YOU WILL, BUT IN THE MEANTIME I THINK I'LL FEEL TO BAD FOR LETTING YOU DOWN. AND WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR MONEY; NO IT'S TOO HARD, IT'S ALL TOO FUCKING HARD. AND NOW I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'M ANGRY WITH YOU OR JUST WITH EVERYTHING. Fuck I don't know Ann... I'm sorry for going on at you, yelling at you like that. Fuck me I feel so fucked again, so fucked around, I just don't know. I'm fed up and yet I do want to keep going, I don't want to stop and I do want to keep doing it with you, but I'm also feeling so tired, so stressed, all this deep shit always surfacing, and then I have to go out into the world so often feeling like shit. And I have to put on my Happy Terry face, and look after my clients and they've always got problems and really I don't know if I can be bothered with it anymore. I don't know, I just don't know. I feel like I need a holiday or something, just some time out, but as soon as I think that, then I think what's the point it's only running away, and it's not as if were we to go away together that we'd just be able to put all of this aside and not have any bad feelings for a couple of weeks while we lie on some tropical island beach.

So fuck it, fuck it fuck it fuck it, shit that's all I seem to be saying these days - FUCK IT!

As long as you keep saying it Terry, that's all that matters.

See, there you go again. Do you think I don't know that!

I know, but still... you're inclined to not bring it all out, so you need a gentle reminder.

But don't you feel fucked, fuck you seem normal and only a few minutes ago you were screaming your head off at me and we were separating and leaving and...

It's just my feelings Terry, when they are up like that, so they are like that; when they've all been expressed out of me, then I'm as I am now. I feel bad still, I don't want to be fighting with you, but it's how it will be, how it is, and I can't see any way out of it other than what we're doing, our keeping on speaking about it all as we long for the truth of it.

Yeah, well, I feel torn apart, like I've been pulled apart limb from limb. Fuck I feel fucked. I've never felt like this, and if I did when I was young then fuck mum and dad even more for putting me through such torture. I feel like I'm breaking down, I'm falling apart and I don't know what to do about it.

There is nothing for you to do about it, and that's part of your trouble, that you keep thinking you are meant to do something. But you're not. And that is what is getting torn apart, it's your mind breaking down, letting go, you're giving in. And it's hard for you Terry because you've used your mind to keep yourself together, under control, and now that you're losing control and more so every day, so you are literally having a mental breakdown of sorts. I think it's all a mental breakdown, one long one, all so we can break out of our minds control over us and live more truly to our feelings.

Yeah, but I'm so fucked. I had no idea that I was so fucked, and I just keep feeling more and more fucked by the day. When and where will it end?

When it's all come out of you I should think. But as to when that might be, God only knows. And as we've got no one else to go by, even after reading all that was in those books, still it's just us, and we don't know what's in store for us, where this is all leading to and how far down into ourselves we have to go. We might only just be on the tip of the iceberg or all we know.

Argh god forbid! I hope fucking not. But as you say, it might go on for years, and god knows, what will I be feeling then. If I feel this bad now, how will be I feel then.

The same I should think.

Why do you say that?

Because it's your pattern, how you are. And as you're steadily waking up to it, to how controlled you were and so how controlling you are, so that's how it is for you Terry, so that's how it's going to be right the way along through your healing until it's done. That's what I think anyway.

Aw fuck, I'm so sick of this, I don't want to be arguing with you Annie, I don't. Fuck I want to have a loving relationship with you, not one being angry with you and our being so horrible to each other. It's not what I'd call a loving relationship.

Which is only more of your fantasy Terry anyway. We're not having a loving relationship, remember. Remember we agreed that we're having a working relationship, a relationship to help each other to do our healing. It's not about getting on well together and being in

love with each other, it's about helping each other bring out all our shit, sharing it and being there for each other to do so. And if that means yelling and fighting and shitting all over each other, then that's what it is. It's not a normal or ordinary relationship, we're not like those people, we tried to be but we couldn't make a go of it, and this is all we can be. It's what we are, we're both here now together and that's all we have, we can't be anything other than what we are. So we're not having a loving relationship, we're working our butts off trying to heal ourselves, trying to come to terms with our negative state, with how fucked we are all because we feel so unloved. And it's hard. Remember we read that it was hard, harder than anything you've done other than all you've already suffered at the hands of your parents. And it is, that much we're seeing for ourselves. But it's all we can do. And unless you want to go back to being how you were, we can only keep pushing on.

No, I don't want to go back, and I can't anyway. And I know, we've talked about it before, but still, fuck it's so much more difficult than I thought it would be. Not that I could have had any idea. But to feel so fucked, like I'm falling apart all the time, being broken down, it's such a strain.

And it needs to be Terry, the pressure needs to be kept up on you, on us both, taking us right the edge all the time, all so we do keep folding and giving in and allowing our feelings to come up so we can bring them out and tell each other how bad we're feeling. And if you ask me, that we are here for each other, that we are by and large mostly sympathetic to each other, and becoming more so as we progress, that is loving, by being the best friend we can be for each other. And as I said, if that means fighting and shitting all over each other, then that's what being a good friend is.

Yeah well it's a far cry from being with the boys at the club.

Which you've also been waking up to Terry were not real and true friendships, they were all part of your falseness. And those guys aren't here now with you like I am, helping you express it all, reminding and encouraging you to. They are still more than likely at the club, still sitting there drinking their beer watching the cricket wondering how Terry is getting on, reminiscing about the good 'ol days. But where would you rather be, still there with them telling the same old stories or here with me having our screaming matches as we break through our barriers liberating all the vile putridness that's been locked away inside us for so long.

You really want to know... I'd kill for a beer and talking about shit and nothing to do with

feelings with the guys for a while.

So why don't you go back, go and see them, take next weekend off.

Na, because what for. I know it all sounds good, but still I agree with all you're saying. And I don't want to go back, as I know what it will be like, and I'm glad I left it. It was only... ah well, you know what I mean.

I do, but still I'm not going to let you escape. We have to keep pressing on.

Well it's not as if we have any say in it, it's relentless as it is. I don't think I could stop even if I did want to. But I don't. I just feel so fucked and wish it would all end.

Which is completely understandable.

Yeah, well I'm sorry again Ann for fighting and I don't want to leave you or for you to leave me. But fuck me, if we have to go through more of how it's been these past couple of days, god, I don't know.

You don't have to know Terry, and you're not meant to know. That's the point of it, you don't know only you believe and think you do or should. And your so-called knowing has been your main means of having power, or pretending to yourself that you do. But you don't, because as you're finding out, you don't know, so you don't have any power. And that then leaves you feeling powerless, which really is all these bad feelings of feeling so fucked, it's you just feeling so powerless. And that is really how you do feel - the truth, because that's how your parents made you feel so much of the time. And because, and rightly so, you didn't want to feel so powerless, you've had to use your mind to maintain the control you think you can have by knowing things. But it's all a delusion, all a fantasy, as you really have no control, and you don't have any power, as they didn't give you any. Your parents enabled you to believe you did have some power within their power structures, but that's all you had, that's all any of us have, and yet we believe it's enough for us to make it in the world to be a success or whatever we believe we should be. But it's all a mental delusion and so that's what's being broken down within you, it's literally being stripped from you. But of course you fight it, you resist it, thereby making it harder for yourself all the time. But you can't do anything else because that too is part of how it was for you so is part of your conditioning, and so you just have suffer the agony of feeling like your mind is constantly being torn apart.

But why don't you feel it in the same way?

Because I wasn't a boy who was brought up to believe that he had the power in the world and the power over women and the power do whatever he pleases. And because of that, it makes it even harder for you, for you are having to face and accept that you're weak and pathetic and a failure and... and like a woman. And as you don't want to be like a woman, not like a 'girl' - no, heaven forbid, so you're refusing to let go and allow your feelings to guide you and be more in control as they are more so for women. That is unless they've trained themselves to be feeling-less and more like a man - shut off from his feelings.

So you reckon I'm going to be fighting it every step of the way - the whole process?

Yes, because that's how you've been, it's how you are, so I don't see why not. It's ingrained in you, you are it, it's as I said how you are, so I would imagine you'll be like that all the way to end.

But won't I change as I go along and become progressively less like that?

I don't know, that's how one would think it would go, however based on everything and how it's been and all we've been seeing, it probably will be the opposite to how we think it should or will be. So you'll more than likely be as you are, being stripped back, right to the end, right until there is nothing more to strip.

Yeah well thanks for that, that's something to look forward to. Great news, to think I'll be setting the Guinness Book of Records for the longest mental breakdown. Fuck me, it's too much Ann. I just don't know... oh god I wish I would stop saying that.

But it's all right for you to say that Terry if that's how you feel, and you've to say it, you've got to keep bringing it out. And I don't mind, it doesn't bother me, and should it, then I will say so, that much you can count on me for.

Yes, so I know. And I'm slowly getting used to it. I feel a bit better now, it is good to be able to at least say it all, to let it out and get it off your chest. To admit to it being too hard, and to say that I can't do it; yeah, like you said, when I believe I should be able to do it. But it is just so hard. So hard, and I don't think I'll ever get over it. Not only was I traumatised by how mum and dad treated me as I was growing up, but doing all this feels

like I'm being traumatised all over again.

But you're not Terry, it's all the same trauma, you're only getting in touch with it, you're only connecting with it through your feelings. It is how you felt back then, and how you have always felt, only you've refused to see and feel it. You're now choosing to have a true and proper relationship with it - with yourself, instead of a false and deluded one with a fantasy you.

Oh fuck Ann, you constantly amaze me, your grasp on it all, and it all sounds so right. You are definitely cut out for all of this shit. God, no way could I have done any of it without you. But I do understand all you're saying, it all makes sense, it all fits in with all my feelings and all I've been through. So maybe that's what I can know, all about all of this. Yes, maybe that's where I can focus my mind.

I don't think so Terry, I think you'd better want to keep trying to keep your mind out of it, and not give it just another thing to latch onto.

Yeah, you're probably right. And I don't want to do that anyway, the thought of it makes me feel even more tired than I'm feeling.

So Ann, I guess there's nothing other than my keeping on going as you say. I can't go back and I can't stop it, so that's about all I can do.

Yes, all we both can do. And see where it all leads to.

I can only see it leading to more pain, more horrible arguments with you, more bad feelings, tonnes of them, and more hell. I do wish it would end. But I can see that it probably never will, that's probably the hidden catch to it, that being why so few other people want to do it. Because once you start submitting to the process, that's it, it takes over sweeping you along with more and more bad feelings coming up all the time. Fuck I feel like I can hardly keep my head above water as it is - emotional water. God, the making money and work side of things is now a breeze and I hardly give it any thought compared to all of this I'm going through. And so where will it all end Ann?

Who knows Terry, but I guess we'll see one day.

I sure fucking hope so!



## 27. Stop nodding!

### Ann and Terry

Terry, would stop nodding. Stop nodding!

Why, I want to nod.

Why do you?

Because, to show you that I'm listening, that I'm paying attention.

Yes but I can see you are. So why do you do it?

Because I want to - I feel to. And other than that, I don't know, it's what you do.

Yes okay, it's okay to nod if that's how you genuinely feel you want to nod, but that's all so long as it's for you - it's what you want to do, and so you're doing it for yourself. But you give me the feeling that you're not doing it for yourself, but for me. And that's what I'm objecting to.

Doing for you and not me?

Yes, it's your programming, you being the good obedient boy, and the part that shows it's really just a habit is when I've stopped talking and look at you, you nod, and nod a few times. So I know it's for me that you're nodding and you're not just doing it for yourself. And you're not really giving it to me because you love me and want me to know that you are loving everything I'm saying, paying so close attention to every word that leaves my mouth. You're only nodding because if you don't you believe you'll get into trouble. So can you feel that within yourself?

No. But there is something within me, and I should be nodding, look - I'm nodding, that thinks what you are saying is plausible, so I can accept that, as I'm sure most of my

behaviour, if not all of it, as we've been seeing more of lately and have been seeing these past years, is all habitual and programmed and a consequence of my bad parenting. So okay, I am an insincere nodder, so what can I do about that?

Nothing, like all of these things, it's not that you're now meant to stop nodding, even if you could make yourself, but you just have to keep trying to feel why you nod in that way, trying to get more in touch with those underlying feelings, which as we know, will give rise hopefully to your programming and why you were made to be that way. And then you will feel bad, because again it's taken you away from your true self and it prevented you from freely forming and nodding because you felt you genuinely wanted to nod; and then you will hate your parents more, being more angry with them, which in turn will make you feel even worse, and so hate them even more. You know, that's how it works.

Yeah, don't remind me. Now I feel self-conscious, but shit I can feel that I want to nod all the time, even to every word you say - do I nod that much?

Yes, you're almost a perpetual nodder. And if you're not nodding you're saying yes the same way or yeah, or you're doing both at the same time. And when you're doing that, then I can tell you're not actually paying attention at all, you're off in your mind somewhere else. So I can keep a gauge on how well you are paying attention to me because you give yourself away if you're not.

So what you're saying is that I've got to learn how to look at you, nod and say yes, all whilst I go off in my mind thinking about what I want, blocking you out.

Well yes, if that's really how want to be with me. If you don't want to have any relationship with me at all - if you want to reject me without my knowing and pretending that you're still here with me; if you hate me that much that really you can't bear listening to me but for some reason you still have stay with me and pretend that you do like me.

Fuck Ann, that in so many ways feels like how it was, how it still is at times, with mum and dad, particularly when they start telling me how I should be. I can see myself, even feel myself now, nodding away, saying yes, showing them I'm listening and paying attention, but it's just a show, as really I'm off thinking about the cricket or you or anything else. And now I can also see and admit that really I can't bear them going on at me like that, and yes, I do want to reject them, fuck them off and tell them to shut up and to stop it and to stop treating me so badly - so unlovingly, but I can't. So I have to put on the show

and they are none the wiser. All because they've trained me to be that way. So they've trained me to ignore them, reject them, even hate them, yet all the while pretending that I am listening and love listening to them. Fuck it's all such a sham.

Yes. You were inducted well and truly into your part in the 'family play' and so that's how you are, it's how we all are, so far as I can see.

All right then I'll try and feel what I feel when I nod, so you talk and I'll nod.

No, I can't just do that-

That's enough, as one thing I can already feel is how hard it is for me not to nod. I feel like I'm going to blow up, I have to nod. But then if I nod more, on purpose, then I feel like my head is going to fall off. But I can see what you're saying and I can feel how I do it, and yes it's getting stronger how much I do it just to block them out, as a front really to pretend I'm there with them but really I'm not. So as you said Ann, that means that really I'm just there with them in my own family, like my body is, but my mind, and me Terry, the real me are not there.

Yes that's right.

So fuck that, how do you have good and true and loving relationships like that?

You can't.

So I've never had them.

No.

Shit, I can see it more clearly, and what a thought. I know I've seen that before, but as with all this growing in increasing awareness of yourself, you come at from a different angle and you see it even more clearly. So none of my relationships have been true - that much we know, but now I feel I *really* know it, or know it more.

Yes, that's right, and how can they be if we're all evil and in our negative states, if we're all so busy doing all we can to reject each other and not relate truly, all putting on our false fronts and shows of pretence for each other.

I see what you mean. So then who really are we relating to?

I don't know, possibly just fantasy people we make up for ourselves.

So the mum and dad I'm relating to are really in some way a fantasy mum and dad...  
hmmm... and so that then would apply to everyone.... even you?

That's right. We're not true and so we're not truly relating to the true us in each other. And that's what I was trying to point out by bringing your false nodding to your attention. That really you're not truly connecting with me, we're missing, and we're connecting with false or fantasy images of each other. And possibly even further, we're just trapped in ourselves relating to ourselves with none of it actually having to do truly with the other person at all. It's all what we're doing to ourselves.

So I'm completely wrapped up in myself?

Yes. Projecting your fantasy me and yourself onto me and yourself, as you're not true in any of it. So you're even totally wrapped up in your own fantasy you, not even in the real or true you.

Gee what a thought - eh? I should be reeling with bad feelings. It's mind-boggling. But I can see what you mean - see, more nodding, nodding, nodding-

Good boy Terry.

Thank you, I'm a good nodder.

Yes, you have to keep making sure you praise yourself, because no one else is going to.

No! More shit to work through. Anyway, so me now sitting here talking to you, is really a fantasy or contrived me that my parents have created, and I guess with my own help to some degree; and I'm talking to another contrived person you and your parents have created, that being whom I call Ann, but really I'm off in fantasy-land and none of it is probably real at all.

That's right, and how can it be when it's negative, when it's all denying our true state and

all our true feelings.

And from that I can see, we can't trust any of our feelings, can we, as really they are based on falseness and untruth and all the fantasy we're creating too.

Yes, that's right, it can't be any other way.

So we're all mad, it's all mad and we're all mad.

Yes, and that's how I feel a lot of the time.

Yeah well trying to grasp it with my mind makes me feel like I'm going mad.

But you're already mad Terry, so there is nowhere to go. Which is what this is all about, that we can't go anywhere, that we've already gone off, right off, off into our own minds and their creations. And so we have to stop and just allow ourselves to be here, now, in our madness, in our fucked states of mind and feelings, all whilst we seek the truth of our madness; all whilst we strive to uncover the truth of our self-rejection, and doing it through those feelings we have - mostly our bad feelings. Which of itself is an incredible thing, in that we can do that, we can use our bad feelings, feelings which might also be coming from our corrupt minds; but we can still use them to work our way back deeper into ourselves, if we choose to stop and not keep going on as we are.

Or maybe it's that our bad feelings, the ones we are using to uncover the truth of ourselves, are still true and that's why we are burying and refusing to allow ourselves to have them. So all the feelings we have, that we accept, are just part of the false mind-created ones.

Possibly. I don't know.

And another thing you do Terry-

Oh god... all right-

Is that when I talk and if you are looking at me, you have to keep looking at me, but if I look away and then back at you, you're no longer looking at me, giving me again the feeling that you're only looking at me because that's what you think you should do.

Shit I hear grandma in my head, 'Now Terry, when someone is speaking and looking at you it's good manners to look at them, to keep looking at them as a matter of respect for them'. And now that makes me feel that really I'm just trying to copy them, not find out how to be for myself, just be as they say. So they are always teaching me how to be, and really... and shit... how to be them! So Terry, don't be you, you be me, you are to be how I am.

Yes, that's right. And so you've learnt to obey them and be obedient to them. So be them. To mirror them.

Oh god, yes I can see what you're saying. And I do. Fuck, so where is the real Terry? And I don't know, I'm fucking Terry and I don't even know where Terry is. So the Terry I am is only a made up fantasy creation that's trying to be as they want me to be, or said I have to be - how they made me.

Yes.

Oh great, well that really makes me feel like it's a joy to be alive. So all I do - everything is not for myself really even though I think and believe it is, as it's all for them. So I exist for the other person and not for myself.

Yes.

Ah fuck, that's shit, I don't want to be like that. Fuck, fuck, fuck! I don't Ann, I don't want to do this... I don't even know what or who I am.

I know, and I understand, and it's the same for me in my ways, and neither do I. And so that's why we're doing our healing, all so we can see the truth of how we really are; and then once or as we see it, decide that we don't want to be that way.

Yeah well fuck that, God or whomever you are, I DON'T WANT TO BE HOW I AM. SO CAN YOU PLEASE CHANGE ME! I want to be different Ann, I feel so stupid being how I am, and like everyone else can see that I'm untrue and that I'm copying them, and that really I'm just an idiot nothing person. Fuck, now I feel like I'm you, like what you've said. Fuck I'm everyone else other than myself. Shit, shit, shit, what a fucking fuck. Fuck I am swearing so much more lately-

Getting more in touch with how you're really feeling about yourself and everything else.

Yes, and fuck, is that all the real me, just someone who can only say FUCK! But fuck it, I don't want to be how I am, I hate being this way... ah, fuck, now I feel how much I hate myself. And I've never hated myself, I've always believed and told and even felt that I've loved myself, that I feel good about myself - about being me. But what have I been feeling good about - being the false me, the fucked me, the me they've created, so that's great, that's wonderful, now I feel I really love myself, like shit - I hate how I am, I hate myself.

Fuck Ann, I do, I hate myself, I hate how I am, I really do and I wish I could change myself, but fuck that too, I can't, I can do a fucking thing about it.

No, only you can keep doing as you're doing and expressing all you feel about it. All your self-hatred and anger. And this is more the real Terry, and as I've said before, I prefer you this way, and not the false you, not the untrue Terry that is putting on the show, nodding away and saying yes, being the good boy, doing what he's been told to do. The Terry that's on automatic and who is really off somewhere else in his mind not even wanting to be the false Terry and being with me, just wanting to reject and piss everyone off because he's so fucked off about it all, so fucked off about how he's been treated.

It's true Ann, all you say as I can feel it all. So you may as well be me, and fuck it, I'll be done with it. I'm leave the false Terry behind and fuck off permanently into my mind, once and for all - forever. And I'll go where I please and have nothing to do with anyone, so I don't have to keep pretending I'm like them... and fuck me, where would I go, and I don't know, and fuck it all, here I am again feeling like my mind has been screwed around again, I feel so messed up, mad, just maddened by it all. Fuck, fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck! I hate it all, I hate how I am.

And there's another thing-

Nooo!

## 28. Not wanting to control anyone.

## Ann and Terry

Terry, you know how we set that money to HSI to help them help stop the cruelty to those bile producing bears in Asia, well I've been having some thoughts and new feelings about it that I'd like to talk about. I don't really know what I want to say-

Sure, hang on, I'll turn the computer off.

Okay.

Well you know I'm beginning to feel more and more that really I don't want to do anything to control another person or creature-

No, neither do I, and especially you and even myself.

Yes, that's right, we both don't want to do any of that if we can help it having been so heavily controlled by our parents and society as we're coming to see.

So concerning those poor bears, although I feel very sorry for them and I wish they wouldn't be treated so badly, and I wish no one would do bad things, still really it's the right of those people, as fucked as they are, to do what they want, and it's not really my place to say they can't. Because if I do, if I say I go into their world and lives and stop them torturing those bears, all I'm really doing is doing what mum and dad told me. They in so many ways said no, I can't be like that and I have to stop doing that and I have to be how they said I had to be, and so that's all I'd be doing to these people. So do you see what I mean?

Yes, I understand what you're saying. And I agree with it, but as soon as I think about those poor bears I just want to go in there and smash and kill all those people and free the bears. And interfere with them big time.

So if you had children and they did things you didn't want them to do, you'd go in there and smash and kill them.

Yes, and I see nothing wrong with that. No, sorry, only kidding. Look Annie, I completely understand what you're saying, and I'd hate it if people from another country or any people, even the neighbours or the government said I can't be how I want to be, I'd



be so angry wanting to tell them to fuck off and mind their own business.

That's right, that's how I feel. But then I think about all those men that abuse their children or other peoples children, and all the criminals, the murderers and rapists all completely overstepping the boundaries in a big way, and I think, is it right that they should be free to do as they please. Should there even be any laws, so we can all do as we want.

It would be one hell of a free for all.

Yes, initially, but I wonder what would really happen, would humanity being so depraved go down the drain completely, or would the underlying goodness of us, if we have any, come up and we'd not be that bad.

It would be a hell of an experiment to try. But I it's not realistic Ann, all the way along people have agreed to live by certain laws, tribal and the society they live in, just as we do in our families.

Yes, and all those laws and rules are all imposed on us, because none of us feel fully loved by our parents, and all of us in some way resent having to toe the line and be obedient and do as we're told. And all we call being civilised is just having more rules and laws to abide by. We insist on calling the primitive people primitive, but so many of their cultures seemed to work better than ours, although others were very barbaric. So I don't know. Anyway, I don't want to try and work out how mankind is meant to live, but at the moment I feel like I don't want to give any more money, I just want to concentrate on trying to heal myself, to stop myself controlling you and the world. And the further I go the more I can see that that is all how we are, all trying to use our minds to control ourselves as seen by our feeling suppression, and controlling others all because we feel so powerless being unloved as children and needing to try and get some power.

Well I don't mind either way. I'm happy to support them and I'm also happy to do as you say. I don't know about it all either. I feel too that I'd love to be able to live completely free, and so if I can do as I please then so too should I allow - which I admit is very big of me - everyone else to be completely free as well. But then again, I don't want someone coming into my home and raping you and robbing us all because he is free to do as he pleases and has no guilt conscience or just sees life differently to me. I've thought about this occasionally, but I just go around in circles.

Yes, and you're right, we can't all be completely free I guess, we're not in a positive and right state of mind of will to do that. Possibly if we were healed and true we would be able to do away with laws and control because we'd no longer need to do all the bad controlling things to gain the power we feel so deprived of; and if everyone was living true to themselves, then the whole world and all we thought and felt would be so different anyway. They'd certainly be no one torturing those bears.

Yeah, I like the idea of that, but that means everyone would have to do their healing and as I can't see that happening during my life, so I guess we're just stuck with it as it is. But still on a personal level, as you say, I don't want to control anyone or anything if I can help it. I don't want to be as mum and dad were to me. And the thought of me controlling our children should we have them, that really puts the wind up me, because no way do I want to subject them to all I was subjected to. They are so pure and innocent and as we're beginning to see, the corruption begins right at conception, so the moment you were to conceive our child it would be as fucked as we are, with all of that fuckedness being reinforced and cemented into place through its forming years. And as much as I'd like to think that I'd be a good father, and very loving, and being there completely for my kids, I know that's only my ego fantasy mind speaking.

Yes, that's right, it is, but I'm still confused as to what I feel about it all. One moment I feel like I have no right interfering with another person; I do have a right if they start interfering with me to tell them to piss off, but then I only have to think of all that terrible suffering, and I hate what they do to those innocent bears. But then I hate what we do to nature full stop. And what we do to children, and there is so much I hate, and then again it's all too much, and I want to withdraw like a snail back into my shell and have nothing to do with it all, or as little as I can.

But by that I also mean, I don't want to shut my eyes and pretend it doesn't exist, I still want to feel all the bad feelings that come up in me because of such things, but I don't know what I mean by shutting myself away.

Well Ann it seems to me that it's happening anyway in your life. You're no longer living in the city, you see your family and friends very infrequently now and getting even less. We no longer have the television, only a little bit of the Internet if we want to see what's happening in the world. We don't read the papers, we don't have a radio, we hardly know anyone down here, we're living quite an isolated life as it is. And you seem happy with that.

Yes, and more so each day. But that's all on the outside Terry and what I'm talking about is withdrawing on the inside, but that's the part I don't know how to explain, my feelings aren't clear, it's just that in some way I feel like I'm pulling away from... from life? And I don't know. And then I think that I suppose what it really is, is that I'm pulling away from myself in way, which sounds mad, but I'm sort of leaving the old me, or the me mum and dad made, and I'm no longer able to relate to that person as I used to, nor do all the things I did back then. So my changing is making me feel different to how I've been, and like we've talked about often, I'm not used to the new me, the me that I'm becoming.

And the weird thing is, I like how I'm becoming more each day, no longer wanting to have so much to do with people. I don't miss Jen or the girls, I don't miss seeing my sisters or the boys, I don't miss mum and dad; and in fact I feel relieved I don't have to see anyone as I don't want to see anyone. I think I'm becoming a recluse.

And does that bother you?

Well no, as I said, I actually feel better and better in myself about it all and about who I am, however I do have a feeling of guilt that I'm not meant to be like this, that it's selfish and that I have to still be there for the others and part of it all, or else I'm letting the side down. But I no longer want to be on their side, I hate it, but I still feel like my purpose in life is to help other people and to be there to look after them, so to look after mum and dad as they get older and not leave them up to the others. But I only have to think of looking after them, and I hate that feeling as I don't want to have anything more to do with them really, if I'm honest with myself. And I'll even be glad when they die and that burden is removed from me altogether. And I thought I would never be able say such a thing about mum and dad.

Yeah, it's a big one.

But I hate feeling guilty, it's a horrible pressure on me, and I do, I feel I have to be there in some way to look after everyone, to make sure they are all all right - even the bears. I feel like I should be the one going over to those countries and setting the bears free and also in some way looking after those people so they don't feel bad having to give up their livelihood and what they want to do.

So to think of not giving any money, then I feel like I'm being selfish and people won't like me and all my usual stuff: that mum and dad will punish me somehow, that other people will accuse me of only looking after myself - as if that's the biggest crime in the

world, and will hurt me in some way. I don't know how, but I will be stoned to death or something bad like that.

And then I think that it's selfish of me staying at home as I do. I should at least try and get a job to help you with the money, and I should go out into the community and do something to help, even it's only volunteer work. And then I'd meet people and maybe develop some friendships, but all I want to do is have less and less to do with people. Only with you Terry and the little I have shopping and going to the op shops, but nothing else. I just want to be left alone, free to do completely as I please without being interfered with by anyone. I just want to be able to read and write and sit in the sun and be in nature when you're not here, and when you are, just be talking with you like this.

Well Annie you know there is no pressure from me, I don't care what you do and I certainly don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. I don't expect you to work or meet people, and as far as all of that goes, I have enough to do with people during the day as is it, and as none of it is to do with expressing feelings and seeking the truth through them like we do with each other, it is a relief to come back home. And on the weekends as you know I am quite happy doing nothing other than going for walks along the beach or in the bush and just being at home with you. In fact, concerning all that, I've never felt so good, never felt so at peace and comfortable... so now if only all my bad feelings would stop coming up in me, then I'd be right.

I wish I felt as you did Terry, but I just can't shake these feelings of guilt, not that I want to, but you know what I mean.

I don't want to feel obliged to do anything, that I have to do it; it's what's expected of me, and it's what we all do and all of that sort of stuff. I don't want to do anything other than, as I said - what I feel to do. And I feel it's very therapeutic for me not to do anything, just to sit around, not even busying myself trying to write so I can become 'the writer'. Now how I feel I don't care if I never get anything published. And I only want to read about people who've had bad upbringings so I can see how it was for them which helps me understand how it was for me. And we're so lucky having so many really good op shops with so many books in them, and it's like they are all there just for me. Really things couldn't be better, only as you said, I still feel bad so much of the time.

Oh Terry, the pressure to be the good girl is so strong in me. And I want to be thought well of, and I feel like I've gone into hiding, us living down here. And all to avoid all these pressures, because I don't want to keep being there for everyone else, I want to only be here for me. And as you are so undemanding Terry not making me do things and letting me stop doing all those expected woman things, even not wanting to have sex as much,

you leaving that more and more up to me. And I'm feeling less and less in need of it, so all of that is just so good, not feeling pressured in anyway. And on many levels Terry I'm realising it's a dream come true, I've always longed to be free of it all, and now in many ways I am.

Yeah and it's all fine by me too. And as for the sex, yeah that's a strange thing, I thought I'd always want to do it and as often as possible. I never thought I'd feel okay about not doing it at least a few times each week. But the feelings just aren't as strong in me as they used to be. And I don't think it's just that I'm getting older - god I'm still in my prime!

It's because you've got other priorities in your life now Terry, your speaking about all you think and feel has become more to your liking, so doing all your feeling-good things to keep your bad feelings away isn't what you need as much as you used to.

Yeah and I guess I'm lucky really as I know many of the blokes had a real thing about sex, it was all they lived for, and they needed it like a drug fix, but thankfully even though I liked it - loved it! - still it wasn't the be-all and end-all for me. And as you say Ann, we're both changing and have both changed a lot - shit a hell of a lot! I am no longer that Terry that I used to be, and neither are you that Ann. And as far as I can tell, we're only going to keep changing and who knows what will happen next.

## 29. Visitors who stay.

### Ann and Terry

Terry, what's the noise?

I don't hear anything.

There it is again.

No?

You didn't hear it. Listen... There, did you hear that, a sort of rustling noise.

No, I didn't hear anything. It's probably just the wind.

No it's not as there is no wind tonight. I can just make out the tips of those trees in the moonlight and they are still. There it is again - did you hear it?

Nope. Where is it coming from?

The back door I think.

It's probably that twig scratching against the kitchen window, the possum might be in the bush again.

No, it's not that noise, it's different... there is it again. Terry I'm sure it's at the back door, go and have a look.

There won't be anyone there.

There it is again, and you can't hear it?

No, I must be going deaf.

Go and have a look.

You're spooking me. Shit I feel scared, what if it's the headless axe-man.

I'm sure if it is he'd have hacked the door down by now.

But he might be rubbing the end of the axe against the door-

Ah shut up Terry and go and have a bloody look. You're the man of the house, go and see what it is. Put the back door light on.

Oh all right, but I bet there won't be anything there...

Well look what we have here, you were right Ann, we have a visitor... yes, please do

come in.

Who is it Terry?

What is it - come and have a look.

A KITTEN, IT'S A KITTEN TERRY! Hello there you little thing, what are you doing here, where is your home?

Yes, what *is* it doing here, and where would it have come from?

I don't know Terry but isn't it cute, look at it, and it's cold, and probably hungry too. Here Terry you hold her.

Her?

Yes, we had lots of kittens when we were young. Listen Terry, she likes you, she's purring.

Gee she's not very big is she, there's hardly anything of her.

She's only still quite young. Put her on the table and see if she drinks this milk.

Yes, that's a good little kitty girl, you lap that all up. And I think we've got a sardine can left... so we'll see if likes fish.

Yes, she does, good girl!

But what are we going to do with her Ann?

I don't know... keep her I guess.

But shouldn't we take her somewhere in the morning-

Where?

I don't know, the vet, there's one in town I've seen the sign. Or to a lost cat's home, or maybe the people who've lost her are looking for her.

But Terry, how would they have lost her around here. And Jill up the road only has dogs;

no Terry, she's lost or has been dumped more like, because she's not feral, she likes people, she knows about milk and fish, look how she's eating them.

So what are we going to do?

Well I think we'll worry about that in the morning, for now we'll have to set up some sort of a bed for her. We can use that box and I'll put your old jumper in it, the one you were going to throw out. Let's go into the other room where she can get warm in front of the fire.

Gee Terry, she's a pretty little thing isn't she?

Yes, she is, and she likes you patting her. She sure looks happier now.

Terry what about if there are other ones outside somewhere, do you think you should go and have a look around?

Other ones?

Yes, her brothers and sisters.

God, all right, I get the torch.

*Terry outside*

Here kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty if that's what you call kittens and how you call them. And as if I'll be able to see any if they are here, this torch hardly lights up anything. Kitty-cat, here kitty... puss, puss, here kitty...

Na, this is ridiculous, I can hardly see a thing, I'll have to look in the morning.

Meow.

Kitty?

Meow.

There you are! Hello, what are doing in there? Hang on, I'll just move this log away, and there you are; here you go, are you a brother or sister, here you stay warm in my coat. Are



there any more of you...

Look Ann, another one, you were right. Here you take it and I'll keep looking, the batteries are just about done.

*An hour later.*

Well Terry she likes you, look at her all snuggled up on your lap.

And he likes you Ann. Shit what a night. So what now?

Well it looks like we've got two new additions to our family.

You mean keep them?

Yes, why not, they are so cute, and look at how beautiful they are, sound asleep. And to think what might have happened to them, slowly left to stave.

The foxes would probably have got them without their mother to look after them.

We could see if we can find homes for them... but then, they've found us Terry, it's amazing how they came here, sent by God I should think. And so our lives have changed yet again, and so fast, and so easily, and without us having to do anything.

Yeah well you can say that again. And he's so soft. I've never had anything do with a kitten before. We had a cat for a while but it was older, a friend gave him to us as I've told you. But I was never really into cats, nor dogs for that matter.

Oh Terry you wait, you are in for a big treat. And two of them! Now I won't have to go anywhere as I'll have to stay home and look after them.

But what about them growing up and becoming cats... the wildlife; and what if they went feral?

We'll wait and see Terry, we can't worry about that yet, one step at a time. But of course we can talk more about it, and any bad feelings that come up about them... but I want to keep them Terry... can we?

Yeah, well... I don't see why not. I mean, two cats, we've got two cats now, and why not!

Kittens Terry, they're still only young. We'll have to take them to the vet and have them neutered when it's time, the vet will know. And you can buy them some cans of kitten food tomorrow, the milk and sardines should last until then, we've got three cans of them left and we've got a few extra cartons... and we'll have to set up a litter tray, I'll organise that in the morning, I'll get some soil and put it in that cooking pan we never use. And they can sleep in our room so they won't feel lonely.

All right then, gee, I don't know how I feel. Sort of excited by it all, blown out, shocked - stunned! Having a pet, two pets, I don't know, I've never thought about it. And there might be some more, I'll have a better look around in the morning.

*In bed.*

Well they seem to have settled well enough Ann, look at them over there in the box, sleeping soundly together. I suppose they would be brother and sister, it's too much of a coincidence, and they obviously feel very close.

Yes Terry, I am thrilled. The feeling has been growing in. I can't tell you how thrilled and excited and happy about it I am. I loved our cats, but I've not wanted to have another one because I've never felt settled enough, but now... and they came to us, it's like we're meant to have them, it's all meant to be, they've come to help us with our healing.

Do you think so?

Yes, that's how I feel. And they will Terry, that much I know. You wait, you'll see, they'll soon be the bosses of us, they'll soon have us well in hand telling us what to do.

Oh God, just what I need. To have my life run by two little furry people.

They are so beautiful Terry, look how the candle light picks up the pretty tabby pattern. We'll have to think up names for them.

Look they're waking up. What if they need to go to the toilet?

They can go in that other box, I've shown it to them, with the shredded paper... see he's

going to it now. 'They know 'Terry, they're not that young and they've been looked after - someone must have just dumped them I reckon. And now his done is business like a good boy... lift him up 'Terry, he wants to come up on the bed.

Hello little Mr K2, you're a pretty boy.

She's followed him, they are so good, to use their toilet like that, to know already... and up you come to, she's very pretty - K1 I guess you are for the time being. Oh she wants to get in with us!

'That's all right 'Terry, lift the sheet up... there you go both of you... down you go.

But won't we hurt them, role on them during the night or something?

No, cats are very good at keeping out of the way. Our kittens and cats always slept with us in our beds. Sometimes they'd be down the end, other times curled up with us. Billy always slept with me, he being my cat. He'd start on my pillow next to me and then move under if he got a bit cold. You'll get used to it, but look, they've curled up together in front of me, so that's all right, you won't be disturbed too much.

Gee, in our bed together! Shit I hope there aren't two more outside waiting for me in the morning.

*Later the next day after Terry gets home.*

'There you are... and so how are you all? Gee they look so peaceful, how's your day been Ann with them?

Wonderful 'Terry, it couldn't have been better. I love them both, they are both so adorable. We went outside in the sun a few times and they are so good, they didn't wander off, they stayed close to me. And they've played with everything they can, and have been just a dream.

It occurred to me around lunch time, that I now have family - of sorts.

Yes, we do, and how'd you feel about that?

Good, surprisingly, good. I've felt good all day. I told a few of my clients and they were

all very happy about it, telling me all we're meant to do, and about experiences they've had with kittens and cats and about their pets. I've suddenly become a 'cat man' Ann. It's like a whole new world has opened up.

Yes well I feel blessed in a way. You know Terry, like God is looking after us and has sent these two to us. And privileged to be able to look after two little kittens that were obviously not wanted, not loved, and so we can love them and look after them and hopefully give them a good life. I still feel thrilled at having them, I can't believe our luck. And how it happened, for K1 to come right to the door like that.

Yes that was amazing, and how you could hear her but I couldn't. It must have been meant to be.

I think that's obvious Terry, to say the least.

Yes, but just think, that I am a father of sorts now, right when I've been feeling the last thing I want is children for fear of damaging them.

So now you can practise and get something of a feeling for parenthood with these two.

Yes, who'd have guessed that would happen. I'm still blown out by it. Anyway, my customers were only too helpful, so I've bought a selection of food and other treats, I checked with the vet and we're booked in for Saturday morning for a general check up; and I even, upon advice of Carol, went to the pet shop over in Tassel and bought a cat bed for the two of them and a proper litter tray and some things for them to play with. I've been on a right shopping spree.

That's what it's like when you're a new father Terry. Look K1 has taken a shine to you Terry, she wants you to pick her up.

Hello there little girl, you know me already do you? Gee there so quick at settling in aren't they! I love her little purr, and you've got lovely pointy ears, and her big eyes.

She like's your lap.

Yes, and now that she's settled on it, that's it for me, I can't do anything else, I couldn't disturb her.

See Terry, I told you, they take over, you're no longer the boss of this household.

Yeah, I see what you mean. So it's not all bad our healing.

No, it seems like we're to have other experiences now, and it's very nice to feel very happy and that things are good, and even better than we did when we first moved down here.

Yep, it sure is!

### 30. Angry at the kittens being dumped.

#### Ann and Terry

I'm so angry Terry about them being dumped, as that's the only explanation I can think of for them appearing on our land and at our back door.

It's like someone even came in and left them for us to find.

I don't know about that, but as we're the last house on this dirt road with Jill being quite a distance away, it's the thought of thinking that we're just a convenience that's really griping me at the moment. It's bad enough that such cuties were dumped anyway, but the fact that we are an out of the way and convenient place, that's what's really making me mad.

Why?

Because I feel like I'm being used. Like I'm being made to look after these two whether I like it or not. And even though I am grateful for them suddenly appearing as they did, still another part of me feels really angry about it.

It's as if I'm some sort of dumping ground. Hey, if you don't want your rubbish, you unwanted pets, go and dump them at Ann's place. So many people just use the bush as their own garbage dump as we see so much shit lying around everywhere, and live animals as well, shit I feel bad.

Yes, that I mean nothing, I don't count, I don't have a say, I am a nothing person whom others can just do whatever they like with. They don't respect or care about me, just come and dump all over me and dump whatever they like. And what's to stop them. We can't be on guard all the time, looking for strangers, god enough people drive down here thinking they can get to the beach, and so what's to stop them dumping all their shit on our place whenever they feel like it.

But really it's the most personal part that's making me angry the most, that me, the person, Ann, is not respected or cared about. I am not asked, I am taken for granted, used as a convenient place to put someones rubbish.

God I feel furious, if I saw the people or found out who did it, I feel like I'd go over and shit all over their place, dump all my rubbish, get the rubbish truck to unload on their front lawn. I feel so angry, so angry, ANGRY, ANGRY, SO FUCKING ANGRY!

And when I feel they don't respect me, then I feel very hurt, very upset; they don't respect me, they can do what they please with me. It's even as if a man, any man, can just come in and rape me, have his way with me and I can't do anything about it. And not only that, but in some ways I'm supposed to be grateful that he chose me.

I know it sounds fucked, but that's how I'm feeling.

I should be so pleased, so grateful, bowing and scraping at their feet because they chose me out of all people, me to give all their unwanted rubbish and shit to; me to give their lovely little kittens to, and all because they now I won't refuse. They know, or so they think they know, that I'm a soft-touch, that I won't protest, I won't say no, I won't put up any fuss. And concerning the K's it's true, I won't. And why I won't is because I pride myself on being able to look after them well, that I will do the right thing, I won't just neglect them, I'll love them, and I won't just go and dump them on someone else. I'll be, because I am, the responsible one, so you can 'count on good 'ol Annie' she'll know the right thing to do, she'll take care of it.

And all of this shit - shit I feel even more angry speaking about it all - is exactly all the sort of shit mum and dad put on me all the time. Most of it I've spoken about before in bits and pieces, but I feel raging angry with them. HOW DARE THEY USE ME; HOW DARE THEY TAKE ME SO MUCH FOR GRANTED, and even as if they are doing me a fucking favour. Oh Ann will take the kittens, she'll love having them, and she'll be so pleased, and as she doesn't have any children in her life, and living so far away from everyone and having no friends and not having anything to do, she'll love to have them, she'll love to look after them. Go and give them to her, she'll take them.

And do I ever get considered, do they ask me if I am bored in my life, if I'm so miserable and lonely living here; and if so, would I like to have a couple of unwanted kittens.

No, no one asks me, they all just assume they know me, assume they know what I'm thinking and feeling. They take huge liberties with me, presuming to know all that would be good for me. And it's not right because I am not lonely, as you know Terry, it's the opposite, I am so happy being away from them all and I don't feel like I want to go into town and volunteer to help where it's needed, I don't want to be disturbed from own feelings for once.

But do they think of me, truly consider me and my feelings, no, they just assume I'm unhappy and miserable and that they know the answer to make me feel better. But I'm not fucking unhappy and miserable! And what I am is, which they don't want to know or deal with, that I'm fed up and pissed off with them. I don't like how they are, but as they don't want to know what I'm really feeling, so they make up a fantasy me and that's the one they are relating to in their mind. And me, the real me, doesn't have a say in it. And that's how mum and dad made me feel so often. They knew, so they said, what was best for me, they didn't ask me what I wanted and felt about things. They even told me how I was, how I was feeling and then what I should do.

Fuck me I feel so furious. I want to rage at them: HOW FUCKING DARE YOU, YOU IMBECILES, YOU MY FUCKING UNLOVING PARENTS WHO DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHO ME YOU'RE UNLOVED CHILD FEELS. You never ask me, you don't care, you don't want to know, and all because you believe you already know.

It makes me feel like I don't really exist, that I disappeared somewhere along the line but they didn't notice. And they keep speaking to me and telling me what to do even though the real me has vanished, been lost, took another turn long ago. And that's how I feel they still feel about me and treat me when I see them, they have not in the past years that I've become more feeling aware asked me one thing about how I'm feeling or how I feel about anything. Not once Terry, not once have they asked me!

And it's because they think they know, they've got me all worked out, and what really hurts the most, is they don't want to know. They don't want to know who I am, who I am as the adult I am. I suppose they just think I'm still a baby and they know all there is to know about me, but fuck, how blind and narrow-minded can you be.

Fuck Terry, the anger is boiling up in me. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I'm longing to see more truth about it...

I am so angry, so fucking angry, angry, angry, how dare they treat me like I'm a machine or something, as long as you take its pulse and give it the right petrol and oil then you don't have to think about it anymore. And it's the same all the time - predictable; and so you think you can know how it is, which might be all right for a machine, but that's not how I am!

And what really annoys me is that they think they know me and don't even think for

one moment that I might have many different feelings all day long. And how I feel and what I think in one moment might not be the same in the next, let alone in the same situation. And that I am growing and changing, and do you think they even notice, no, they are blind to it all, so locked within their own little lives, their own little world all of which thankfully I am no longer a part of.

Right now I don't care if I never see them again. In fact, I don't even want to see them again because what would be the point. They are not wanting to see the real feeling-me, just their picture in their mind of me, their fantasy me, that's all they want to see; so there's no point to my trying to express myself to them, to have anything of the sort of relationship I'd like to have with someone - with them.

And I can feel myself as I'm waking up to the truth of my relationship with them no longer wanting to have it. And all because what is it anyway - it's a nothing thing. I don't have a relationship with them, not at least one that I like and enjoy and get something out of. It's just an obligatory having-to-go-and-see-mum-and-dad relationship, and I go there and ask them if they are well, and they tell me what they have been doing and I tell them what I've been doing, and we have our cups of tea and the things mum might have made, and when I leave I say see you next week and wasn't it lovely, and it's enough to make me want to puke! I CAN'T BEAR IT ANYMORE TERRY! I feel like I'm having to put my head in the vitamiser to be able to sit there playing the 'seeing mum and dad' game. And I'm bored to shit, so fucking fed up and frustrated with it. It's like having to play a board game over and over and over until you just play it on rote, getting nothing out of it. But you can't stop, that's not part of the game, that's not part of the pattern, and so you have to keep going, keep going robotically through the motions; oh fuck, I can't stand it, I want to scream and pull my hair out!

And I can't get away. I can't, I have to be the good obedient daughter and go along and see them, I can't stand up to them, I can't say fuck off I hate you and your silly game; because if I did I know their whole world would shatter, and as I've spoken about so many times now, I don't want to do that to them. But I don't know why. Why is it all right for me to put myself aside and to be obedient to them, doing all they want and being how they want me to be, but it's not all right for it to be the other way around, for them to be how I want them to be.

You weren't the parent.

I know, and it's so fucking unfair. That we're subjected to these two people, who it turns out aren't the great all-loving gods we believed they were; they are two unloving full-of-shit people, just two ordinary people who are fucked themselves because of their own parents



unloving treatment of them; and then they have me, and they are my whole universe, they are my gods, my mother and father of life and heaven - everything. And yet who really are they, two nobody nothing people who are living untrue to themselves, evilly, and don't even want to try and heal themselves, aren't interested in expressing their feelings to uncover the truth, aren't interested in their daughter or her partner and how their whole life has changed these past years, aren't even interested in each other or anything. They just stay together because that's what you do, it's what their parents did, so it's what they will keep going until they die. And then probably in spirit they will also keep staying together and on and on forevermore. And I will have to keep going over there visiting them and being their dutiful daughter forevermore. AND I WANT TO SCREAM - NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! It is an eternal punishment, an eternal torture. I want it all to end, I don't want to be part of it all anymore. But I'm too fucking pathetic and weak to stand up to them and tell them no more.

I can't Terry, I still don't really know why, but it's as if they have some power over me, and they keep me bound to them by unseen bonds. And they are so tight, they are strangling, smothering me, sucking all the life out of me; my vitality, my spirit, it's all being sucked and drained away.

And they are killing me Terry, my own fucking parents are killing me. I am trying to keep alive, but I feel that right from conception they have been killing me, killing the true and real me by stopping me come out into the world how I wanted to - how God wanted me to.

They gave me life, they started me off in life, and yet it all has to be for them, all their way, all how they want it - me - to be. So they are stifling the shit out of me Terry, suffocating me, sucking the air out of my lungs, my own fucking parents!

And then at the same time they are saying, 'oh Annie's a good girl, she always does what she's told, she was always a good baby, she never gave us any fuss, she was always so well behaved'; and this poor Annie person is fading away, having the life sucked out of her as she kills herself, as she tries her hardest to please her mother and father so they will love her and keep being nice to her.

So she does as she is told, she never says no, she never stands up and fights them, she even sucks up to and goes along with her gaolers, the keepers of her prison. Fuck Terry, I am one of those poor little bears stuck in those cages having to lie on my back so they can keep sucking the bile out of me. That's what mum and dad did to me, sucking my energy, my life essence out of me, all so they could keep empowering themselves.

They fucking used me Terry, it's one big use the whole parenting thing. We have children so we can use them, so we can have power over them, so we can dominate them, so we can feel better. We have children so we can feel loved by them, not so that we can

love them. That's how it was for me, it all being for them, and not for me. So they kept me caged up in their world telling me that I should be so lucky, that they were such kind, caring and loving parents, and yet it's all evil, all wrong, it's horrible Terry - all so sick.

I feel sick, sick to death of it all Terry, and still so fucking angry. I feel like I want to rage around the place smashing the place to bits. Shit I can understand those people who lose it. I want to cut my hair off, throw out all my clothes and get new ones, rearrange the furniture, re-build the whole fucking house! I want to dig up the garden, do something, something with this pent up rage and anger in me. And I can see what you're thinking but if I were to do that, I'd probably want to pull it right off you, or cut it off, so sex is not the answer to my frustration, not fucking this time! It might have worked in the past, but right now that would only make me feel more like that's all I'm good for, and you and everyone else knows what's best... you know Terry, when the woman loses it a bit, goes a bit mad, a good root is what she needs... isn't that what you boys all talk about?

Well, fuck you all, and fuck everyone who thinks they know what I'd like and what is good for me, because how the fuck can they possibly know - BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT ME! And yet that's what we do to our children all the time, that's how we treat them, like we know what's best for them, we know and they don't, they are only the child and the child knows shit. But do they ever fucking ask us? No, and all because they are the Great Ones, they are the gods and we are nothing. We are only to be as they want us to be, it's all so hideous, so fucking controlling, we grow up in a fascist state in our own fucking home life, so no wonder all those people want to support those dictators. All those people thought the likes of Hitler and Stalin and Mao were great, all because it was what they were used to in their own fucking families, only these people offering them ways to gain more power within their powerlessness. So they can pick on all the unfortunates, all the designated bad and evil ones, stuff all the Jews in the gas chambers, all because you are allowed to pick on them, it's been sanctioned, so yeah, let's all go and beat them up, weeeeeee, what great fun, gee with love our Great Leader - we love our parent. Yeah, and it's all probably our great fantasy parent, not our own flesh and blood parent that we hate, yet we are so terrified of that we can't ever say it to their face.

Fuck Terry, imagine if I could say I hate you to mum and dad, looking them square in their faces, fuck I couldn't, I'd shit myself. I couldn't do it, that's like trying to stand up to and overturn all my bad parenting, all the trauma, all the abuse, fuck, no way, all I can do is keep trying to please them so they will keep liking me and won't be nasty and mean to me and won't punish me, won't send me to my room and not allow me to have any dinner, so they won't banish and reject me making me feel like they hate me and I'm a low-life and piece of shit.

Fuck Terry, it's deep stuff isn't it, and it never ends. Where is the end to it all, to my

demolishing my relationship with mum and dad? All this truth, it coming up in me and I feel it's all true and right; and even if it's not, like all that stuff I said about those people supporting the Hitler types, I don't care, as it's all how I feel.

And it keeps coming Terry, you'll have to hit me on the head to stop it.

No Ann, it's good stuff, keep going.

Oh fuck I think I'm running out of steam, I'm coming to the end of it, I can't keep going, I have to have a rest. It's too much.

It was all very good what you were saying, it sure painted a bad picture of your relationship with them.

Yes well it's how I feel. I can't even remember half of what I said. But I don't care about that either. I know it's all in me, it's all what I feel. And look, those two little cuties slept through it all.

Yes, they weren't upset or frightened at all with your ranting and raving. Even when you banged the door, they hardly flinched.

They must know it's all what's meant to happen, and they can feel I'm not angry with them, animals know those things far more easily than we do. We've got so many layers within layers all fucking us up, and we're so cut off from our true feelings, we hardly have a clue, that much I'm becoming more aware of these days.

Oh fuck Terry, I feel like I'm calming down now. I still feel very angry, very pissed off with mum and dad and with everything - with it all. It's all such a farce, such bullshit untrue lives we all live. And we've got no fucking idea. All I said I've read about other women feeling similar things, but still not in the same context as I am, and not with the underlying intention of using all their bad feelings to uncover the whole truth of their negative state and the truth of their relationships with their parents - with everything, and including themselves.

I feel a headache now coming on. That would be right, just to rub it in, there's no getting away from it. I'm not allowed to be free of it, to express out of me all my anger and then feel good.

No Ann, now that you've made more room inside yourself, having got rid of that cartload of bad feelings, so you can change, so you need your headache to break the circuits - that's

how I see it all happening.

I don't know about any of that, but you might be right. I just see that I've expressed myself through one layer of it, and so now my headache can come to help bring up and present me with the next layer.

Fuck I still feel so angry, I feel as if it will never end, that I'll always be angry... and really when you think about, that's how I should be, at least always feeling angry until my healing is finished if there is ever an end to it. Because it's all wrong how we live; and I'm all wrong, look at how much of this shit is in me. And as you've been saying Terry, had I been a mother I would have put all this shit on my children as mum and dad did on me. I'd be just like them even though I'd tell myself I wasn't like them, that I was in many ways better than them, being more broad and openminded and all that - being of a more modern generation. And yet it's all such crap, as I am them, they are within me, I'm of them, so how can I be different to them. And all of this helping me see that I am far more of them than I had any idea. There are so many layers of them in me. And all mixed up and intertwined. And it all makes sense because just to think about forming in my mother's womb: was it the most perfect, true and loving place I could have developed in?

No it wasn't, and far from it, so I am mega deformed really, only I'm now showing such deformities like other people do. But in my soul or in my spirit or wherever the fuck the real me is, I am mega fucked up and deformed, I can feel it. And all my healing is my trying to straighten myself out.

So do you think those people who are born deformed are because of their parents unlovingness?

I don't know Terry, it's not for me to say, but that's how I feel about myself. I have no idea, and I would imagine those retarded people will find out the truth of why they were born retarded one day when they do their healing, just as I would imagine their parents when they do their healing, will, if it's true, come to see just how badly they fucked up their children. I think that we humanity have no real idea about any of the deeper stuff, and every day we move along in our healing I'm feeling more convinced about that.

But I sure feel more retarded and fucked up by the day. I used to believe I was okay, fine, even very capable; but at what, capable and good at being untrue to myself, really good at denying my bad feelings, really great at being evil. Hey great, I can say I'm really good at being evil, how about that everyone, I should get a medal: And First Prize goes to Ann for being the most evil of us all. Gee that's quite an achievement Terry, you are

living with someone who is evil, as I am living with someone who is evil. And we're both fucked up and retarded in our natural and true self-expression because we were never allowed to be our true selves.

So hey, just because my arms and legs aren't all spastic, just because on the outside I look all right, doesn't mean on the inside I'm not a twisted, dribbling mess.

Fuck Terry, I feel so bad, to think that mum and dad are so pleased with themselves in their conceited belief that they did a good job, that they were good parents, all because on the surface of it, it would seem like their children grew up normally and well. And yet we're all deformed and retarded, all fucked up, just as they were. It's as if we're living in an institution for the fucked, and within it we all go around patting ourselves and each other on our backs congratulating ourselves and each other for being good. Good, true and perfect specimens of the human race. And we just have to keep turning a blind eye to the fact that we're fucking up nature and the world faster every day. And that we're feeling more and more displaced and out of touch with ourselves, having to use more and more 'devices' to 'keep in touch' with each other. All so we can keep racing around having our busy lives of self-importance, and all for what Terry? All so we can keep blocking out and denying our pain, what our true selves are really feeling - how unloved we feel.

It's all so fucked, we're all so fucked and I had no idea.

No. But how can we have any idea.

I know, and we never will so long as we keep pretending we're all right when all we feel is not all right. It's all so fucking sad, so tragic, we're such a miserable lot living in our self-made ghastly world, one that is anti us, anti the truth, anti life, all whilst we pretend we're making improvements on God's perfection. If we're not insane, the whole lot of us, then I'd sure like to know what insanity is.

Oh fuck me Terry, I feel exhausted.

You've covered a hell of a lot.

Yes, and it's only what I feel.

**31. Terry, why didn't you take it?**

## Ann and Terry

Terry, why didn't you take it?

You were going to put it there - you always put it there.

Yes but you were there standing in front of me, so wouldn't it have been easier for you just to take it from me, then you'd not have to stand there like some dolt and I'd not have wasted the energy.

I hate it when you call me a dolt or stupid.

But you are, it's a stupid and silly thing to do. It's meaningless, and if we're in a relationship together surely we're in it to help each other, to be connected, and in this case when I'm getting the things out of the fridge because we're late and I haven't done it already, so you could help me - don't you think?

Yes. But-

But what Terry?

But it's what you do, you always do it, so I thought I'd just stand aside-

And be the good little boy who doesn't get in the way, who just has to stand there like a moron while I struggle away; and as we both want dinner and as it's late, surely we can break the rules for a moment, for one time, surely you can use your common sense, surely you can help me Terry, I don't think that's too much to ask - do you?

You make me feel so alone, like you don't care about me, you're not with me, you're not connecting with me, not wanting to, not trying to, you're off in your own little world and I may as well not exist. You act like you're only a boarder, a visitor, someone who doesn't know how things are done, not like you've been here living with me all these years and we've mostly done it the same way all the time. So I feel like I am alone, and that I'm wasting my time, because what's it all for, being with you, when nothing seems to go in, you don't seem to make it your business, the business of us working together as a team, as a functional unit.

But you like doing it your way.

Yes I do, and you like doing your things your way, so why then can't you respect my way and still help me, just helping me to do it my way. You don't have to wait until I'm telling you what to do, and I'm not your mother, and I don't want to be your mother Terry. You are a grown man and yet sometimes you act like a little boy and one that's scared of me, as if I'm going to yell at you and be nasty to you because you got in the way for a moment. But you know Terry, you can have a life too.

I know you're right, I can see what you're saying and it's true, that is how I feel so much of the time with you in so many of things we do together. Like I am a little boy and I don't want to be growled at to get out of the way and not to interfere, so it's best if I just leave you to it, so I stand aside... and I hate being this way, I do, and I hate feeling like I am a moron and dolt, when you're right - I am.

I can see it, if you did that to me I would feel as you feel and I'd think you were a moron, but the trouble is I don't know that I'm even doing it. And I wish I did. You're so aware of your feelings and so assertive in them, I'm not as I mostly blunder along, and it's only with your help that I get anywhere.

And I feel so humiliated, I hate being so stupid, so in the way, so thinking I'm in the way, when I'm not, am I?

No. You're not in the way when you help me, but you are when you just stand there out of the way. I want you to engage with me, to come in and not stand aside, not leave it all up to me, I want us both equally to participate in all that we do together. I don't want you to treat me as if I'm the boss. What you do yourself when we are not together is up to you, but when we are, then it's the two of us.

I feel so bad, so ashamed of how tragic I am, how pathetic, so stupid and so inept. I can't bear feeling this way. And with all my other bullshit, feeling that I am competent, that I can do a job well and all of that-

Yes, but that's mostly your work out in the world, out there were no one really takes much notice of all the little details like we do in an intimate relationship. And you're only having superficial relationships and you're not trying to get to the bottom of why you do and say all you do, how you are the ways you are all through uncovering the truth of your feelings. So that's different, and yes, you are good at it, Geoff certainly seems to think so; but here

with me, it's completely different, we're right here close together and this is where it all gets shown up as to how your parents have made it for you, how they made you be with them. And that's what I'm helping to point out to you, but only because you want me to; no other men in my life have ever wanted to know, and mostly I've had to shut up and keep quiet for fear of them getting angry. But as you don't get angry, even encouraging me to speak all I feel, so this is where it's leading us to, right into the nitty-gritty of our relationship: why you move that way when you do; why you moved slightly aside and allowed me to put it on the plate when really it would have been better had you reached out to me, wanting to connect with me, wanting to show me we're in it together, that you're with me, thinking about what we're doing, considering me, and so helping me, doing your part in it so it's not all left up to me. I don't want to be the boss, the controller and dominator telling you or anyone always what to do. I don't want to be like how our parents were to us, I want us to be equally together, fully our own separate functioning and feeling selves, but wholly united as one.

I do see what you mean, and that's what I want too, if only I could be that way. Ah it gives me the shits how I am. And with you picking up more of these behaviours I have, and pointing them all out, fuck I feel more and more like you're cutting me into pieces, like I'm being shredded, breaking down even more. I have to go out in the world to be sane.

To put on your work clothes and pretend you're someone important and that you've got a life and can do it and make it in the world and be big boy Terry, when it's at home in the intimate relationship we have where the truth of you is, and that's what's coming to light.

Yeah I know and fuck it makes me feel bad. I feel so humiliated as I said. I can see what you mean, and that I am so controlled and so robotic and unfeeling in it all. That I have learnt to be the good boy as you say, to stand out of the way, over to the side and not get in the way; and fuck I can hear mum in my head: 'Now Terry, be a good boy and stand over there... now don't get in my way, that's a good boy, you just stand there, I'll nearly be finished in a moment', and stuff like that.

Oh God I hate feeling like I'm still just a little kid; I don't want to be that kid, I want to grow up and be an adult; and be with you as you say, as that sounds good to me.

But you can't grow up and just override it all Terry, that's what you've tried to do all along, and as you can see, as we're both seeing, it hasn't worked, you are still good-boy little Terry standing there out of the way of his mother waiting for her next instruction.



AAAAHHHHHHHHH!, I hate feeling this way, I hate being how I am. I hate it, I hate, hate it hate it hate it, I hate it. I can't stand it. I want to change. God please change me will you! I don't want to be this way anymore.

I feel so sorry Ann, for fucking you around and making you feel so bad, so alone. All I want is for you to feel good, for us both to feel good - and loved.

I know Terry, but you can't do it with your mind, you can't put it on, we both know that. And we're trying to get rid of all of that, we're trying to just allow ourselves to be as we really are, and that means you have to allow yourself to be little Terry and to feel all the bad feelings you feel being him. And there's nothing wrong about it, you can't help it, they made you be as you are; and even though you give me the shits in so many ways how you are, I can understand and sympathise with you. And as I've said before, I don't hate you the person Terry, just all the fucked ways you have of relating, all of which as I tell you make me feel unloved and unwanted and uncared about by you, the opposite of what I of course want.

Yes but I feel so bad, so bad for being so bad to you Ann. I don't want to make things even harder for you than you already feel. I want to be the person you can count on and trust and know loves you.

Yes, but as I said Terry, you can't contrive such feelings, they have to come naturally, and for that to happen you first have to fully become aware of and so accept how you really are, how you are in your patheticness, in your feelings of feeling powerless and useless. And you have to keep on expressing how being so pathetic makes you feel. So keep talking more about how humiliated and ashamed you feel, because you do, and that's how your parents made you feel, so it's all got to come out.

I hate how I am, that's how I feel, like I should be put away, put behind bars, removed from society, all because I'm not right.

But you have to feel how and why you are not right, not just talk about it conceptually and mostly because it's what I've pointed out to you. You've got to still get in touch with all the deeper underlying feelings as to why you feel like you're going to be put away.

Yeah well that will take me another fifty years at this rate as I don't even know what you mean.

I feel so bad, bad about myself, about how I am. I don't want to be a useless nothing

Terry person. I want to be good, and thought well of, and not looked at by everyone as if I'm a dolt. All my clients probably think I'm a dolt and so feel sorry for me and that's why they keep buying the stuff I'm selling them. They probably don't even want half of it, but they do it so as to keep me feeling happy, because they are all so nice and I'm so yuk. And what do I do for them, give them free samples every now and again, then just take their money. God I hate myself, I really do Ann, I can't see what good there is in me. I should be shot, or put away and not let out, like a dog or animal that's gone bad.

And I feel so bad feeling this way, I really do, I don't want to be like this with everyone laughing at me behind my back, and then to my face they are all smiling, so it seems, with me. But they probably and must all think I'm an idiot - Idiot Terry, here he comes, now don't let on that you know, just act like he's a top bloke and when he's gone we can all piss ourselves laughing about all the stupid things he said and did.

Yeah I can just imagine, and I feel like the whole world is laughing at me behind my back. Shit I hated it at school when the bullies did that to those boys they sucked in, playing up to one minute making them think they are liked and okay only to shit all over them behind their backs when they'd gone.

I mean, what a terrible thing to think you are liked and yet you're scoffed at and are the laughing stock of the whole playground and you don't even know. And the joke becomes bigger and bigger and everyone else is in on it except you and it's all about you and you don't even know - might never know. But you'd sense something wasn't quite right, and... and what would you feel if and when you found out. Oh that would be so bad, the pits, I couldn't face it, I'd feel so ashamed, disgraced beyond anything and I've to run away, and... and there I go again, Run Away Terry, RUN!, as fast as you can.

And I feel so humiliated, so ashamed that I'll never be able to show my face again; and really I feel like killing myself, I am so hated, so despised, so much a yuk that no one likes and is the greatest stupid idiot that every lived. I'd hate it, and so I'm always scared that really behind my back that's what all my clients are doing, laughing at me, and as much as I want to find out if that's what they really are doing, I also don't because I couldn't bear having to face and accept the shame of it all. I'd have to drive off a cliff, and you know, I even think about those things as I drive along the coast. When I come to a corner right on the edge with a long way down, I think of those pictures, photographs of cars sailing off the cliff going down into the water or onto the rocks and smashing apart or blowing up and the people inside as to what they must feel on the way down. And I have it half in the back of my mind to keep that place in mind as it might come in handy when it all gets too much and I can't go on and can't face the ridicule and have to do it - go over the cliff.

You've never said anything like this before Terry, about you contemplating killing yourself.

Often I imagine doing it. I don't know if I'd be able to do it, but the more I talk about all of this, the more I can see it as a possible reality. I mean, what would be so bad about it? It might be exhilarating on the way down, and all so long as I die and don't just get all smashed up staying alive to live on in pain for the rest of my life - so why not? I mean they say that killing yourself is a bad thing to do, but is it? I don't know, and maybe it's not and who really cares anyway. And if you feel so bad, and all you can do is kill yourself to get rid of such agony, shit I can't blame anyone for doing it.

To be laughed at, and by your own father who makes you feel like you're dumb and a stupid idiot, really there's not much point in living. I mean, what are you meant to do, tell him to shut up, to stop ridiculing you, that he's upsetting you, that his constant teasing and picking on you and putting you down in front of everyone and them all laughing at you - fuck it, go for that cliff I say. Sailing out there into oblivion, into the darkness, into never feeling those terrible feelings ever again.

So if it ever got too bad and I couldn't face it anymore, yep, I reckon I'd be heading for the coast road and just go for it. And who'd miss me? Mum and dad? Ha, their beloved child the one they loved so much beat them into spirit life, got there ahead of them, and so what, who cares, would they? I don't think so. Oh they'd be upset of course, but it would probably more because of what the neighbours would say, as it doesn't look good on your record having a failure son. But then they'd probably also say, well he never was much good anyway, he was always a dolt and a bit of an idiot, so really it's to be expected.

I feel so miserable Ann, so unloved and being suspicious of everyone, never being able to know and then trust peoples genuineness, always looking for the signs of them being insincere and that it's all just a leg over and a laugh on Terry.

I would love to just feel good and free within myself, to be able to accept people as they are; and if they are in such a bad state that they have to amuse themselves by humiliating me, well that's what they've got to do. But not to feel affected by it.

But I think I'm a long way from that, a very long way. And you know Ann, I've never ever and would have never dreamed of ever admitting all this sort of stuff to anyone before.

I know, you've not said anything like it before.

I've kept it all secret, and even mostly from myself. But it's slowly been awakening in me, and now I feel like I can't hold it all in and I have enough trust and confidence in you that you won't laugh at me, no matter how dumb or silly or stupid or bad I am. Nor will you go laughing behind my back to anyone, so I feel a little braver as to being able to speak

about it.

But it's been there always, all the way along, like a shadow there with me and one I have dearly wished I could get rid off; and in fact it's even helped to motivate me doing all of this with you. When we first started reading about childhood repression and understanding what it was and how it got put in place, and then how to go about healing it, I thought that this was my only chance of really trying to get rid of all these bad parts of myself once and for all. So it was why I didn't fight you on it or reject it or you outright, because secretly I hoped and prayed in a fashion that I might get helped, or be able to help myself.

Have you ever considered going to a professional therapist, a psychologist or someone about it?

I have, but I'd be too embarrassed, and I'd not know what to say to them. That I have these slight suicidal tendencies, and I'd like you to take them away please. I've never felt close to the edge, all I'm saying you understand is far back within me, I doubt I'd ever act on it, but nevertheless it's still there. And so like all of this, it is about admitting it, owning up to it, coming out of my closet, out of my fantasy world.

Yes, it is good, very good Terry and the best thing you can do for yourself. And I like that you feel you can trust me and feel safe with me.

Safe, yes, that's the word, I do feel safe with you Ann and more so lately as you've been more forthcoming with all your stuff and helping me to gain a better understanding of you. It really is bearing your soul isn't it, bringing all the hidden yuk out, all ones secrets, and even secrets you don't even consider are secrets but still are hidden away inside you.

I feel a bit better now having spoken about it all, and particularly because you've not laughed at me, have not put me down. That's what I hate the most, being put down, made to feel very small, and of no worth, no account - yes, as you've often said about yourself.

But with you I do feel safe, and now I can also see and admit that I never felt really safe with mum and dad. I did more so with mum, but with dad there was always an edge. And I've always hated - but never admitted this either, that I hated mum for not sticking up for me against dad and for not telling him to back off, to lay off and that he was out of line. She never went against him, so I feel she's as bad as him in many ways, so they're both on the same side united against me. When you say you want me to unite with you, dearly I would love to, but I can see that I'm resisting being close and together, because I don't want to be like mum and dad. And I know your being together is not the same as there's,

still that way is dominant in me. And that really pisses me off.

They've ruined any chance of me having a close and true relationship. I can see that too now. I can't be close to you because I was never close to them; they were never close to me. And when someone is humiliating you and laughing at you, you don't feel loved by them, you don't feel you want to love them, you don't feel close. And I can see how I've not wanted to accept these bad feelings, covering them all up with my belief that I am all right and that they do love and respect me. But now that those false crap beliefs are falling away it doesn't leave anything but the truth.

And they didn't love me, they don't love me, they never really have. They might have loved me in their ways, but what is that, love from people who are themselves fucked and who feel unloved by their parents. More and more the whole love thing sucks. I don't know what to think about any of it anymore. I'm still sure some people must have had more loving and genuine loving relationships with their parents and must feel good in themselves, and yet if we're all in a negative anti love and truth state, then what can this love be.

Anyway, I feel rat-shit, so miserable, but not like I want to kill myself. I don't want to kill myself when I feel these bad feelings only when I feel shamed and can't bear to face it.

Well you must try and keep being brave Terry by speaking about all the bad stuff, and any time you feel it in the slightest way stop and we'll speak about it.

I do want to, and I will try, but it's so hard. As I said, the feelings are so faint in me, I've kept them away and keep them suppressed so heavily, but I'll be more on the lookout for them. I would like to get the point of being able to drive along that road and not think about plunging over the side at every hairpin turn on each headland.

Maybe we should go for a drive and you can tell me about your thoughts, how they go as we drive along. You can sort of act it out and see what comes.

Yeah, I'd like to give it a go, you never know, it might help me get more in touch with it. And I am fascinated with it, that's something too I haven't admitted. It's like a game of dare I'm playing inside myself. Do I dare going over today, am I brave enough - that sort of thing. But as I said, these things only go on in the background, they are never really up in the forefront of my mind.

I understand, and that's why I suggested we go and you talk about all you feel and think trying to bring it more forward in you.

Yeah, all right, I would like to give it a go. How about we do it on Saturday?

## 32. Not being productive.

### Ann and Terry

Ah Terry I feel bad again, and about what I said the other day, about being thought badly of, like I am bad, a bad girl for not being out there in life. You know, like I should be productive, and a participating member of society; you know, like someone who pays their tax, someone who contributes, someone who is not lazy sitting around all day reading books and playing with kittens. I don't put in and I feel worried that someone will come and accuse me of being bad for not being like everyone else - a functioning member of society, someone everyone likes because 'we're all doing our bit'.

Shit I feel like I'm not doing my bit for the war effort, like how Granny used to talk, how they all had to do their bit, all to help the country, to help support the young men - the soldiers. And those men that didn't want to go to war and fight were looked down upon, you know how women would give them white feathers or white something or other, I can't remember what she used to say.

And I feel like everyone will know that I'm letting the side down, and I'll have to walk around with a sign around my neck being paraded up and down the main street so everyone can stone me and call me names and vent all their venomous hatred on me.

Like being a witch or someone who doesn't fit in with the norm and so the norm seeks to destroy them, that's something of how I feel.

And I keep feeling guilty for not going into town and joining some help thing, or just volunteering to work at the op shops. And every time I go in I feel like they are going to say 'and don't you think it's time you came to help us... and what do you do all day anyway, sitting at home doing nothing, not contributing, we've all got to help each other you know, it's no good you sitting at home all day reading your books and playing with those two kittens.' And yet that's exactly all I want to do. And I don't like the thought of leaving the kittens alone all day while I go off to look after other people - I don't want to neglect my own people. I want to be here for them, and even though they've got each other, still I enjoy being with them, and they won't be kittens for very long. And I don't want to miss

out on seeing their growing up; and I think of all those mothers who are so busy never having the time to stop and just be with their children. And then in no time their children have grown up and it's all gone, the whole childhood; and probably so many of them if asked wouldn't be able to remember too much of it. And I feel like I want to savour it, savour watching then growing up. I find I'm sitting for hours just watching them, totally enthralled. And then before I know it you're home from work and the day has passed. And when I'm not feeling bad about it, I love it Terry, I've never enjoyed myself and my life more, it couldn't be better during those times of peace and marvelling at their antics and playfulness.

But then up come those guilt feelings again and I start chastising myself, telling myself off for being selfish, over indulgent, all those things other people say about mothers who do love being with their children as if there is something wrong with it, and the children will grow up being too soft and 'mummy's boys' and things like that. But all those people who take that hard line of discipline and having to bring them into line and keep them under ones thumb, it's all so hostile and aggressive.

And that book I've been reading about the approach of being with your dog through love and understanding rather than beating it into submission to be how you want it to be; and how responsive the dogs are when treated the correct dog way, and not as if they are naughty children that need harsh and stern discipline to make them be obedient. I hate all that hard-line attitude and approach now, but they are the sorts of people I fear will not tolerate my being disobedient and my not falling into line and being the good citizen and doing all what they think and believe that is.

And when I go into town I think they are looking at me and talking about me behind my back, and I feel guilty and think I shouldn't be there and don't want to be there, but then I chastise myself again for not being strong and brave and not standing up defiantly to them and telling them where to go. And like how you were talking about your suicide feelings the other day, this too is all in my own mind. And it all goes on like an inner dialogue: 'There she goes, that good-for-nothing, look at her, and who does she think she is, thinks she's better than us she does, she sits around all day long doing nothing but watching those two kittens of hers, she's a bit daft in the head because who'd want to do that, she should smarten herself up, pull her socks up, and come down to the co-op and help out or go and help at Vinnies, they are desperately short staffed and needing volunteers.' And it goes on and on like a song going on in the background of my mind.

And it's as if I am then standing on the side of the road looking at myself walking along. And I'm them talking about me to each other. And I can see they are all bits I've probably picked up from television and the movies, because half of them have English accents and I've not know anyone like that, and I don't think there were those sorts of

people in my early life.

But I feel so hated by them, loathed, and then I have another record playing saying: Ah don't take any notice of them lassie, they're just jealous old hags, they are; and the truth be known, they too would love to be sitting at home doing nothing but looking at their wee kitties.' And I have no idea why the Scottish accent, but I used to like hearing it when I was little girl as a friend of dad used to speak like that.

But I've got all this shit going around and around and it's getting louder and louder, I don't need to have the radio going, I only need to tune into my own mind. Talk about having voices in your head. Next thing I'll be thinking I'm hearing Jesus or God speaking to me.

But in all seriousness Terry, I'm actually scared of it, what if I'm losing my mind or something like that, and I am going mad. You don't know, do you, what might happen to you. And as we're all so fucked, god at any moment something might snap within you or it might just steadily creep up within you and next thing you know you're frothing at the mouth and howling to the moon.

It does scare me Terry, maybe we shouldn't be doing all of this deep work on ourselves without any professional guidance. Maybe we're taking a bit too much on, screwing around with our own minds. What do you think?

I think to hell with it, I'm all for keeping on going, and if we crack or lose it - lose the plot, and they have to lock us up in the Funny Farm, so be it. I've been taken way past what I now call normal life. So who knows Annie. And the further I go with you, although I do feel more demented the deeper I go into my bad feelings, when I come out and have a reprieve I do feel so much better within myself for it. And I can see how although it might be hard for us, still I think it's helping us no end. I'd much rather have all this shit out of me than festering away inside me. And the thing that did it for me is understanding that it *is* all in me, it's not as if I'm just making it up; and so whether I work on it now with you or put it off until some other time, even if that's after I die and in spirit if we do go on, then it's still just there waiting for me. So I may as well go mad with it all now as then, and for all I know, life in the Funny Farm might be funny. It might be better deluding yourself that you're talking to Jesus or God then driving around all day long trying to flog yet more 'product' and thinking about driving off every cliff you go close to.

So fuck it, I'm all for pressing on. However if you do want to some professional help, well why not, they might help you gain some perspective on it all, to help you know if you are going mad or if it's just normal. They'd surely have some experience about these sorts of things.



Yes, and thank you Terry once again for your support. That makes me feel better. And as you say, fuck it, and like you said, I kind of like the idea of being in the Funny Farm, and being mad anyway. It's all mad, all we call normal is fucked and mad, so perhaps being mad and locked away is normal and the right way to live and the right place to be in.

And it is good to know that you'd be okay about it if I did want to get some professional help, but for now I just want to keep going as we're doing. And the more we can talk about it all the better I feel too.

Good. I don't want to give up yet. And although I'd understand if you did, if it all became too much for you and you needed to stop; and although when I feel really bad stopping is all I want to do, still I hope you keep going because I do need your help and support a lot.

We need it from each other, don't we?

We do, which is something I'm slowly appreciating more. It all seems to take time, but so long as I feel like I'm still progressing within myself and growing in truth and my personal understanding of myself and about it all, then I feel good about it, and that surely can't be that wrong or bad when compared to living being completely shut out from your own feelings and totally unaware of all the deeper parts of yourself that are there. And I don't want to go back to living how I used to live. No, as I've said I think a few times now, that old Terry is fading away. The shit-scared, stupid idiot Terry is coming more up, but hey, if that's how I really am underneath all my false put-on bullshit, well then that's how I am. And as I am that way, and can't do anything about it other than keep accepting it's me and speaking about all I feel about being this way - what being my true fucked self feels like, then so be it. And I'd rather get to know myself than keep hating myself and having to hide all my bad and yuk parts, desperately trying to pretend they don't exist whilst shitting myself that someone is going to suddenly shine the spot light on me, exposing me for being the worm-slime sham Terry I am.

So as much as I hate seeing what a yuk I am, still I'm beginning to have more sympathy for myself, feeling sorry for myself rather than dumping all over myself criticising and carving myself up into little no-good pieces.

I like what you're saying Terry and all of that helps me too. So we agree to press on, that's fine with me, not that you were saying you didn't want to keep going.

I see that where in it together Annie, and even though I can't connect and join up truly with you as you'd like, and like what sounds good to me, I'm here with you and together with you in some way. And as that's the best I can do for now, maybe one day when I've worked more on myself and if I ever heal myself, then I will be more how you say you'd like me to be. It's something to aim for at least, and even possibly to look forward to, if we can finish our healing.

I think we can Terry, but it might take us into spirit to do it. But I feel okay about that too. It's certainly a different way of life, that's for sure, and even though I feel like shit most of the time, increasingly I'm preferring it to any other way of life I've known or seen or read about.

Yes, it certainly is something different, a whole different approach. And like you say, it is very hard, but also rewarding, which is something I'm just beginning to become more aware of. But don't ask me to try and explain how I mean rewarding because that's a bit beyond me at the moment.

I understand what you mean, and I feel the same way. I don't know that I would say I enjoy doing my healing, but I agree it is rewarding. And I do feel gradually better and better about myself, and those feelings I do enjoy, they do make me feel good.

Terry I think I've had enough for the day, what say we go to bed, these two look like they are ready for it.

Fine with me Ann. And Ann, thank you for all you've helped me with, and for putting up with me and all my silliness and stupidity. As I've said, no way would or could I have done any of it without you.

Well you're welcome Terry Arnold, and I thank you too for putting up with me and all my shit and my pulling you up and picking you apart. Come on, you can carry them to the bedroom.

Come along you two, K1 and K2, we're going to bed. You've still got to come up with proper names for them Ann.

Why do I have to do it, you can think of them too.

Okay, I know, how about Ann and Terry junior, there you go, how's that?

Are you serious. God no I couldn't bear that. You'll have to do better than that Terry... what about... Zetty and Zac... or... Ray and Mage... or... Kitty and Kat... or...