

## Anxiety.

Lying down. Shaking. Violent vibration. Face down. Crying out. I want to scream. (Scream). I want to be heard; Some body to come. Nobody hears. I don't know. I feel - ughh! I am - ughh! Aghh! etc. I've been called, imposed upon, caught up with this Ugh feeling - spewed out. I've got to be spewed out. Spewing noises.

This disgusting noise is imposed by M's feeling. I am charged with it so I can't see the boundaries.

M's Record. Ugh! Get away from me! Ugh! God! get away. Sexual invasion. A real invasion by disgusting, unimagined, unacceptable sexual energy.

Ughh! etc. His hands on me. Disgusted. I'm blocking up, dissing down. Duty. Horrible. Don't like it. Utterly wrong. Utter disgust. Get away from me! Ughh! Being abused by unwelcome sexual invasion - rape. Wronged. I close up the pelvic girdle. Undereath I am deeply angry. I want to kill him. I'll kill you. I hate this man for doing this to me. I want to kill you painfully, dig your eyes out. I could rip you apart, I hate you so much. Such pleasure to kill him slowly but what he has done to me. Revenge. I want him to suffer.

Allow unexpressed anger's effect to manifest.

I'm in hell, torturing. Devils, spits, fires, eternal agony. Disgusted violence suppressed under civilised sweetness.

Effect on R.

Shaking, fast breathing. Self-clapping. I'm not even supposed to be here so I can't talk to you. I might be seen, & become a target. Others have been here before me & left their records. There's a monster out there waiting to eat me. I am transparent, not wanting to be seen. (Tiny voice). I am not welcome here. Not wanted. This body wants to get rid of me. So I do as little as possible, so as not to be seen.

M's record. I feel like a sandwich. Guilt + 'get out'. Conditioning duty of child to be born. Yet I am disgusted - ugh! In between there is guilt. Makes me v. tired.

R. Fear of death by strangulation. I am guilty & to be punished. Hangman's noose. I committed a crime. Being born. Guilty. I am to be hanged for it. Squeeze on my neck - dead. Aghh! (Goes thro' hanging process.) Nothing - rag doll. No life to lift my limbs. Flat out. Went drug-like feelings. Total passivity - foreign to me.

Big rail station or hospital where people are processed. Not a home but a place of usage. I feel v. de-personalised.

Birth engram. Constriction. Agh! Horrible feeling I will be sick. Coughing, retching, Holding. Choked, strangled. Sick. Coughing. (loses it).

← Strangulation. Sickness from what's coming from

unethical core. Confusion, panic. Somethings been given to relax,  
& its really confusing my process & making me sick. I'm stuck  
with this invasion & flat spin. I feel like a living corpse. Lifeless.  
I expect to be dumped somewhere. I'm me, but my body isn't  
working. Its zonked. Artificial whiff of something puts me out.  
Disgusting obnoxious stuff that invades me.

Begin to feel more like me. Very slowly, most movement. V. jumpy  
inside. (How I usually feel). Horrible train station feeling. Dumped,  
isolated, abandoned. The world is like that - its how I expect it to  
be. No one there. No stimulus. Lost luggage. Will someone  
claim me?

I really dislike this negativity. I'm here. Don't want self pity. I  
didn't get born for nothing. I'm alive - that's what's important.  
The rest is history.

I AM HERE. I AM HERE. Very satisfied to be here.  
My mantra is I AM HERE. Deeply satisfied with that.  
I need nothing more. I am full of potential. What a  
birthday present.

I do register the abandoned feeling but must convert it to I AM HERE.

F-word. Can't answer that from here. Maybe I have to go  
into the abandonment. There's a jingle of emotion & crying there.  
Tears of relief & acknowledgment. I am me. If I bring  
I AM HERE into the abandonment I feel very real. I also feel  
I can meet the demand of ext-situations. I feel strong, present,  
able to face people & things.

I have a base from which to relate. I feel authentic, not having  
to pretend - that relieves me of a burden.

I see the connexions & threads that have brought me to this point  
here. I feel independent of my parents. I am here for me,  
not them.

Sunlight inside. I can start living now.