
Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:36:38 GMT

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Wed, Oct 10th 2:30pm, Tracy Island

Callie walked through the door to Anna's office. "Nice office. This is new since I went up to Thunderbird Five."

Anna looked up from her computer. "Hello, Callie. Mr. Tracy thought I should have a permanent place here to meet patients. Someplace neutral where we can be private." Anna closed the computer and motioned Callie to a small sofa. She moved to a chair across from Callie. "Are you happy to be back on Earth?"

"Yes. One month is long enough to get things done, but I like feeling fresh air again."

"How did the rest of your time go after the nightmare? Are you more nervous now that you're back?"

"A little," Callie admitted. "However, it's not so bad anymore. I'm getting a lot better control of myself."

"You don't seem as closed off as you were before you left for Thunderbird Five." Anna leaned back in her chair. "How are you doing without the antidepressants?"

"I'm definitely improving. I've been sleeping much better at night, and I'm not thinking about...him so much."

"What are your thoughts when you think about him? How does it make you feel?"

"When I start thinking about him, I feel...violated, angry, like I want to get back at him so badly."

"Angry. Not scared?"

"At first, yes, I was scared. I started looking over my shoulder, getting the uncomfortable feeling he was somewhere close by. After a while, though, I felt angry, wondering why he would do this to me."

"Do you blame yourself for what happened?"

"In a way, yes, I do. I let him get to me too easily. I was an easy target for him."

"Why do you say that? Why do you think you were easier for him to get than anyone else?"

"I've been asking myself that same question since that incident. Probably because he saw me by myself and got me isolated, leaving me unable to get in touch with anyone else. No partner, no one. And my fear of snakes sure didn't help matters."

"Why were you alone? Did you wander off by yourself?"

"Oh, no. I was ordered to investigate the fuel at the scene of the plane crash. I got so absorbed with the work that I didn't know he was even there."

"Was there anyone who could have gone with you?"

Callie shrugged. "I really don't know. Everyone was so busy doing tasks to help the passengers, and all hands were basically tied up. After what had happened to me, Mr. Tracy ordered that NO ONE be allowed to go anywhere by himself."

"So there was no way you could have known not to go out by yourself?"

"Not at that time, anyway."

"Did anyone know you were afraid of snakes?"

With a nod, Callie answered, "Oh, yes. They found out when a snake jumped me after my incident with the Hood."

"But no one knew beforehand."

"Actually, Scott did. I had to report in just after I had seen one investigating the plane."

"So you were attacked then got a major fright right after being rescued."

"Right, that's when everyone else figured out my fear."

"If this had happened to someone else, would you have expected them to not be affected? What would you tell that person?"

"That's a good question. I mean, I've been afraid of snakes my whole life. Who's to know if someone else exhibits that same fear, especially after what the Hood did."

"Other people have fears. At least one person on the island has a phobia as bad as yours. What would you say if this had happened to him? Or if he had been the one the Hood attacked?"

"I'd tell him he was surrounded by friends who would be there for him when he needed help..."
Callie's voice trailed off.

"And?" Anna prompted, her voice quiet but encouraging. "Then what would you say?"

"I don't know what else."

"Think about it over the next week. You've been evading the question, though. Why do you blame yourself? You didn't plan on being attacked. Rape victims sometimes do the same thing, thinking they were to blame for their own rape. Why do you think you're doing this?"

Callie sat back and thought about it for a while. When she resumed talking her face was troubled. "I've been...wanting to blame myself for what happened, but I've been avoiding the fact it wasn't my own fault."

"Why do you think you do that?" When Callie just looked at her, Anna went on.

"You always try to be in control of yourself, but you had no control in this situation and no way to take control back. When the Hood attacked you, you lost control of yourself. That's terrifying for everyone but more so for someone who controls their emotions as much as you do."

Callie looked puzzled and slightly offended. "What do you mean? I'm not the type that orders everyone around or has to have things my own way."

"Callie, you are one of the most controlled people I know. And I don't mean that you are a control freak."

"What am I doing wrong? Am I living the problems all in my head?"

"No one is ever in control of their life. We can just try to control our reactions and we can't always do even that. It's easier to think we did something wrong than to admit there are things we can't control. You keep thinking you've done something wrong. By doing that, you regain the feeling your life is totally under your own control. But the events were not under your control. By blaming yourself, you pretend they were and you blew it. You'd done nothing wrong. But you were powerless, and you don't want to deal with that."

Callie nodded. "That's it. I couldn't deal with the idea of being powerless at the time...or even now."

"Has anyone or anything else ever affected you like this?"

After a moment of thinking, Callie looked sad. "There was one other time I felt this way. It still makes me angry to think about it."

Anna waited a minute but Callie didn't say anything else. When Callie had been silent for several minutes, Anna sat back and said briskly, "Ok, I want you to think about feeling powerless and trying to regain control. Write something about it every day until our next meeting. Also think about any other time you were powerless and how you felt then. We'll talk about that next week." She stood up.

Callie also rose from the sofa. "You want me to write about this every day?"

"And anything else you feel like. I don't care how much you write but spend at least fifteen minutes every day writing in your journal. Same time next week?"

Callie nodded. "This time works well for me. Thank you again. I guess you're going to continue to come on Wednesday?"

"As long as Cherie has the art class on Thursday nights. It makes it easier to get me home. "

They shook hands and Callie turned to leave. Anna went back behind her desk and started typing at her computer again. She's starting to see the problem but she's still fighting it. It will be interesting to see what she writes about this week.

--another visit by susanmartha and TracyFan4Ever on November 6, 2007
