

BLOG POST TO MS. WENZEL
FOR THERAPY PURPOSES

April 26th, 2017

Dear Ms. Wenzel,

Welcome back! And what a return, huh? I'm sure you didn't expect to come back to the shit I caused when you went on vacation, huh? Aren't you the one who said, during our first or second session, that I seem to have it together? What's your opinion now, I wonder?

Its been a week now since I tripped out Ms. Wenzel, and how things look different today then they did then. Today, what I felt and thought were too much to deal with, seems like it can be. Its harder now to wake up and know I did what I did, and I have to look at it everyday...to remind me of a moment of weakness. And to top it off, I know I lost those peoples' respect that matters most to me. That would be you and Mrs. Weatherby, Ms. Wenzel. But I'm getting ahead of myself, so let me back up, okay?

Do you remember the last session we had, right after group and just before you left on vacation? I told you that I had been using the meditation technique you showed me, but hadn't been able to get any to pull over. Then I started trying harder and got two of them. One of them, I sent to you with my group homework, which Ms. Newman has.

The second turned out to be my worst nightmare Ms Wenzel. I forced the memory because I wanted to get better and I wanted to show you that you have helped me. I wanted to give you good news when when you got back. And instead, it came out the exact opposite.

Every time I closed my eyes, it would always be the same old nightmares, time after time. I tried different things, such as to think of different things before going to sleep. It didn't work. At first, it was only when I would go to sleep at night. I'd wake up and pace or work out, then I could get back to sleep with no problem.

And then, the nightmares started happening all the time. I have always had trouble remembering my dreams, but this nightmare wouldn't go away. Ms. Wenzel, it got to the point where I was scared to go to sleep. I would only fall asleep when I was totally exhausted and couldn't keep my eyes open any longer...And then I would plunge right back into it. There was nothing I could do to escape it Ms. Wenzel.

I waited about a week and $\frac{1}{2}$ to contact Mrs. Weatherby and told her I was having trouble and needed to talk. She set me up 2 appointments and both were canceled, by security staff.

Then, I reviewed, after trying for months, my mental health notes, and just went off my rocker. I am not going to argue or debate what was written by you and Mrs. Tatum on February 1st. I remember that day perfectly because it was the day, after ya'll left my cell, I began to abuse my medication, and get high. After I read what was written, I got mad at you Ms. wenzel, for what you wrote. Thats when I decided to get your facebook page, because I wanted to see how you interacted with people out there. When I was mad, I decided I couldn't trust you because I felt you lied in your report, and felt betrayed. I wasn't thinking straight and I most diffenently think of the Rule of 5 that Ms. Newman told us about. *didn't*

The mini-you in my head told me I was overreacting and that I should think of all the times you've helped me when I asked for it. And she was right! After I calmed down, and I had already forgot I mailed the letter, I sat down and realized how much you've done for me, to help me better myself. I've seen times Ms. Wenzel, when others would hollar at you in the hallway as you were passing, and you kept walking, telling them you were busy. Yet, when I needed help, you would stop and see what was wrong, or if I asked to talk, you would. And every time Ms. Wenzel, you kept it real and didn't hold any punches. You gave me tools and advice that helped me. But I didn't think of those things when I was mad. All I thought about was that you & Mrs. Tatum lied and felt I was betrayed.

I apologize for trying to get your personal page Ms. Wenzel. I was wrong for requesting it, and out of line. I know you're thinking I'm saying that just because I got caught, but you'd be wrong. You can't respect and admire someone so much and turn around and not trust them just because I'm mad. I fucked up by letting my anger get to me, and made a stupid choice. A choice that would betray the trust you had in me; a choice that would cost me your help because you might choose not to help me anymore.

And then on Tuesday night, when they brought me the case, I was stuck on stupid Ms. Wenzel, cause I had totally forgotten about it. All I was doing was waiting for the day you came back and could help me work through the nightmare. I say that that went up in flames Ms. Wenzel, when they served me the case. I was already up cause I wasn't sleeping very much. And I couldn't go to sleep after that because I began to loath myself. I berated myself for doing something so stupid and should've known better. I lashed out at myself because once again, I let my anger control my thoughts and actions, and as usual, they caused nothing but more trouble.

So all night, I'm laying here thinking a mile a minute, about what I did. I knew that all I had accomplished was more trouble on myself. Everyone was telling me I should run to beat the case and so forth. That's not me though Ms. Wenzel. I told you before in one of our sessions, that I will accept responsibility for my actions. I always have and always will. So running from the case wasn't an option. I knew I had to face the music.

In the morning, for some reason, I took my effexor, which I haven't taken since January 27th, when I sliced up my arm. I wasn't thinking right when I took it. With everything else, the nightmares and the case, going on in my head, the medication just increased the anxiety and panic, and I overloaded. Then all I could think about is what your reaction would be when you found out I tried to get your facebook page. I've told you that I am very good at visualizing things, and thats exactly what happened. I visualized a disgusted and scornful look on your face every time you seen me.

And I didn't think when I picked up the razor. All I could think about was escaping the memories in my nightmares, as well as the memories themselves, and the disgusting and scornful looks from you. I got tired of fighting, of trying to beat my past. And I reverted to my old self of self loathing, hate and feeling worthless. So I was going to run from life, itself.

Whats really fucked up Ms. Wenzel, is mini-you in my head was trying to get my attention the whole time. I seen her in the background, standing behind the desk, telling me I can beat it, that I was strong enough to win. But I was gripped in 'I fucked everything up, so theres no hope,' feeling. I lost all control and took the cowards way out. I was just telling someone about 2 weeks ago that life was harder to live and showed a persons true grit, then giving up. Then I tried to give up. Theres a country song I love so much by Gary Allen, called, 'Life ain't always Beautiful, But Its a Beautiful Ride.' And boy is he right.

I wasn't willing to compromise Ms. Wenzel, because I thought after everything, I fucked up to much for ya'll to help me. Who would want to? is what I got to thinking, so I wasn't willing to listen to anyone. Until Ms. Newman came along and she talked to me. When she told me about sometimes she wakes up from nightmares, I could see that she wasn't just bullshitting me to stop myself, but that she lives through something too. And she works through her nightmares without doing any stupid shit, so why can't I? She said she was willing to help me if I wanted to confide in her. And now, here I am.

Its now the 26th of April, a week after I was stupid, and as I look back, it seems like I overreacted to the situation. I still have the nightmares Ms. Wenzel, and they're just as bad, but when I look at my wrist and remember that I'm not the only one to deal with these things, then I have hope I can talk to ya'll and beat this shit. Just from talking to Ms. Newman, I realized the nightmares will never go away, but I am hoping that one day I can gain control over them or the way I react to them.

In closing Ms. Wenzel, I know I must accept the consequences for my actions, and if one of them is you refusing to help me anymore, then so be it. I wish I could rewind time, but wishing that is a waste of time. You helped me with some things and I really appreciate it. Maybe Ms. Newman and Weatherby and the others will help me. All I can say is every time I look at my wrist, it'll remind me that I can either fight or be a coward by giving up.

Once again, I apologize Ms. Wenzel. The only way I can prove it to you is to show you. And then again, maybe I already crossed too far for that.

Take care and keep up the great work Ms. Wenzel. Even though I've made a mess of things, you've made a big difference in my life. For that I thank you.

Respectfully Submitted,

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