

PTSD

There's a loud explosion. It is enormous. My body is penetrated by a million fragments. It's hard to breath. I smell fuel and gunpowder burning. Smoke is everywhere. It is cloudy and dusty. There's moaning and calls for help. I hear the sound of automatic gunfire. I am scared. I feel my heart beating so fast it feels like my heart will jump out of my chest. (I THEN WAKE UP)

I sit up quickly. I don't know where I am at. I'm breathing fast, almost out of breath. I'm all sweaty or is it blood? A light shines in my window, but it was just day time. I am confused. My uniform is gone and my weapon is missing. Am I dead? I'm in a bed, there's bars on my window. I was just on patrol, on route Dover and Cheyenne. What is going on? Am I in a hospital? Am I stateside? Where is everyone? Everything is going a million miles a minute and I don't have the answers. God Help me!

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Note: This is a reoccurring dream. Picture your college roommate, prison cell mate, or a spouse going through this time and time again. This is where the term Secondary PTSD comes in. It is when the person you are with drives you nuts with what they are experiencing and that it affects you. I feel bad for what my wife endured.