

# Dad

"Shut up!" That made them quiet down. It's the only thing that works these days. Do they not understand the pressure I'm under? I'm the only one that still works. I have to keep this family alive and together despite this incredible tragedy. They just don't see that. Yes I mourn too, but I'm also tired after a long day, and then I have a short fuse, can you expect anything else?

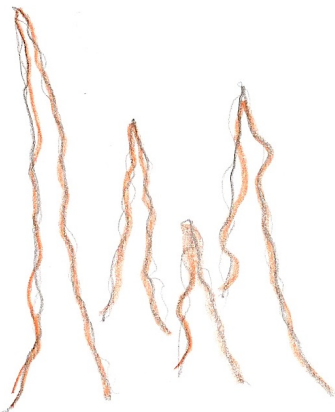
But then I see how the others react to my outbursts, and I become angry at myself. The hurt look in my wife eyes, my daughters disdainful snort and the sight of my oldest son shirking up to his room, to do god knows what. If only I could keep my anger at bay and not explode at them like that. It's not fair, but when I look at them, pathetic creatures, can I been anything but angry? Stop looking at me like that. STOP IT! I said!

His son is dying, his family is falling apart and there's nothing he can do. He's powerless. But he can not face that horrific fact, so he hides his despair behind anger and rage. Hiding it not only for others but for himself as well.

If only they left me alone once in awhile, then everything would be so much better. And I have sadly discovered that the easiest way to get some quiet is to shout and yell until they leave me alone. It is so unforgivingly easy.

## Behavior:

- Tries to keep his anger in control, but might explode from the smallest thing.
- When he's not angry he's quiet, and tries to keep to himself.
- Alternate between angry outbursts and pent up rage, don't just yell all the time.
- Make the others afraid of when you will erupt next time.
- But also surprise them by not doing it when they expect you to, but then explode over the next trivial thing.



## The others

**Mom:** Is still trying to find a cure for Andys illness. Spends every waking moment on it.

**Big brother:** I think he's out drinking on most evenings. When he's home he spends most of his time in his room, doing god knows what. If only I could talk some sense into him, but it's so hard to do without becoming angry.

**Little sister:** Andys twin sister, you should think she would be the one suffering the most from this, but she seems almost indifferent. She's becoming more and more offensive for every day. It's hard to stand her.

**Andy:** My boy, my darling boy. Soon hes gone and there's nothing I can do. Its not fair! For gods sake! WE did Not deserve this!

## After the dream:

The nightmare that had possessed you veiled your sight and made it so easy to believe the lies you told yourself, maybe even whispered them to you while you slept uneasy, tormented by bad dreams.

But what now? The problem isn't solved, you are just able to see yourself for what you are. Suddenly your actions and their consequences stand out in stark clarity. It hurts but at the same time you feel like you have the strength to look your problems in the face.

But do you have the strength to do anything about them? Stand by your actions, maybe even apologize? Or is the challenge too great and will you flee back to your former damaging but easier behavioral patterns?

## Your own notes:

Use this space to write changes after the dream, and ad more along the way, as the story progresses. For example, how does your behavior gradually change after the dream?



# Brother

Life is to be enjoyed! God dammit, it has to be. Yes my little brother is dying, yes it's awful. But that doesn't mean, that we should stop enjoying life, stop partying. Isn't that the real tragedy? So while the others sit at home in that dreadful darkness and mourns, I'm out doing Andy the biggest honor: enjoying life while I can and partying to the break of day!

Yes okay maybe I could stay at home just some of the evenings, and yes maybe I party a bit too hard, I don't know, I can't remember that much the next day. But the enjoyment is so much more easy. The mood at home, it's just so... so.. horrible. Then rather run away, out and party or up to my room with a liberating joint and seep into the music while the world around me dissipates.

In reality it's all just an escape from the dreadful reality. His family needs him, needs his support, but he is not there. He can not look them in the eyes, their sad looks more and more downcast for each day. More and more disappointed in him.

Yes it's vicious circle but I can't break it. That would mean having to face the fact, that I have failed everybody, right when they needed me the most. No NO I can't do it, nobody could. You can't blame me for that, I'm just not strong enough. So shut up about it. I'm out of here!

## Behaviour

You flee from reality and responsibility, but just so you won't spend all your time running, here are a few tips:

- Maybe each day, you try to give your family one more chance. Forcing yourself to talking to them, maybe try to cheer them a bit up, make them follow your way. But then they just drag you down by talking about the sad things.
- You can also show up drunk or high, and talk incoherent. But be careful not to overdo this, as it can easily become comically.
- Maybe you have to go down stairs to get something, and you try to avoid to talk to the others. Like a obstical course of socially challenging situations.



## The others

**Mom:** Is still trying to find a cure for Andys illness. Spends every waking moment on it.

**Dad:** Seems angry all the time, wants to be left alone most of the time, and becomes furious if you make even the smallest misstep, or makes a bit of noise.

**Little sister:** Andys twin sister, you should think she would be the one suffering the most from this, but she seems almost indifferent. She's becoming more and more offensive for every day.

**Andy:** My brother the toughest little kid. I don't understand how he can stand it, I would have ended it long ago had it been me, if I dared of cause.

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# Sister

I dress as I wish and say it like it is, I speak the truth! This might hurt the others, but it's bloody well better than that phoney family bliss they try to fake. Like everything is alright and not fucked all the way to hell. Acting like my brothers disease haven't destroyed this family. I'm strong unlike the others. I'm not defeated by my own emotions. I got them under control. I Don't Pretend!

Or well maybe I do, a bit. And I suppose I don't have the speak the truth every time, unannounced. And yes I can see that it hurts the others, when I'm really in their faces. Sometimes I just wish I could keep my mouth shut and not hurt them. But god fucking dammit it's just so much easier to act cold and provocative than actually talk about... about.. It.

In reality she can't face, what the actual problem is, and hides behind this false conviction that she's tough and cold. But deep inside she knows, she's scared out of her wits. Her twin brother is dying! Soon he won't be here any more, and she can bear to even consider that emptiness. So she hides the thought and her emotions behind a cold and condescending facade and tries to believe that that is how she really feels.

Because if I stay at that thought I might think all sorts of other horrible things, such as: what if I carry the same disease as him, and its all just a matter of time. We are twins after all, that kind of thing can be genetic right? First him then me? No NO! I can not think that. Fuck it, fuck him. Fuck the others. Fuck It All!

## Behaviour:

- Cold, superior to hide her own fear
- Says the truth, but the ugly, exaggerated, provocative truth
- Catches herself provoking the others intentionally
- Is ashamed about her behavior afterwards, but hides the shame behind her emotionlessness



## The others

**Mom:** Is still trying to find a cure for Andys illness. Spends every waking moment on it.

**Dad:** Seems angry all the time, wants to be left alone most of the time, and becomes furious if you make even the smallest misstep, or makes a bit of noise.

**Big brother:** I think he's out drinking on most evenings. When he's home he spends most of his time in his room, smoking pot I think. A real loser who can't face real life..

**Andy:** My twin brother my beloved brother, it hurts too think about him, so I try to avoid it as much as possible. Fuck Him!

## After the dream:

The nightmare that had possessed you veiled your sight and made it so easy to believe the lies you told yourself, maybe even whispered them to you while you slept uneasy, tormented by bad dreams.

But what now? The problem isn't solved, you are just able to see yourself for what you are. Suddenly your actions and their consequences stand out in stark clarity. It hurts but at the same time you feel like you have the strength to look your problems in the face.

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# Mom

I'm the only one with any hope in this family. They can't just give up on him! But they have, and the task rest on me and me alone. So everyday I call a new doctor, sweep the net for new discoveries traditional as well as alternative, I don't care, the cure is out there, I just know it! I'm also the only one who visits Andy these days. Every day I'm up there giving him the latest news about what I have found. I have to help him keep his spirits up.

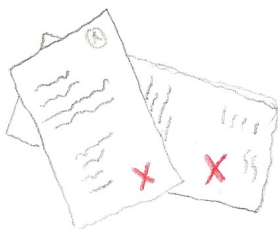
And yes maybe I talk a bit too much about it, but it's the only right thing to do! The others have given up. Yes perhaps the fight is over, perhaps it's too late... The others beg me to stop, even Andy whispered about it today. But, but I can't just give up, can I? No. NO! Never! It's not too late, I just have to find the right doctor, the missed medicine, the, the, the...

In reality it is too late, and deep down she knows that. Everybody have said so. But she doesn't have the strength to face that truth. And the daily visits to Andy? She fears them like the plague. To see death in his young face, to hear him ask her to stop the chase. No she can't, then rather talk about anything else, the latest clue for a cure. She is continuing the blind hunt long after it is over, because if she stops, she will have to realise that her beloved Andy won't be here for long. Then rather fill every waking moment with the fruitless hunt.

But it is not a hopeless hunt! How dare I even think that! What kind of a mother gives up while her son still draws breath? I have to continue no matter what the others says, no matter the consequences. It will all have been worth it, when Andy is well again, oh please let it have been worth it.

## Behavior

- Try to get the others interested in the latest thing you have discovered, it can be a new doctor who will look at Andy's case, or a new miracle cure you have read about and so on.
- If they try to stop you you either become insulted, angry or upset.
- You will never talk about Andy as dead or dying, no matter what!
- Problems not related to his illness is swept away with the words: We have to deal with that, when Andy is better.
- You try to maintain a positive atmosphere in the home, because that is best for Andy.



## The others

**Dad:** My husband. He seems angry all the time, wants to be left alone most of the time, and becomes furious if you make even the smallest misstep, or makes a bit of noise.

**Big brother:** I think he's out drinking on most evenings. When he's home he spends most of his time in his room, doing god knows what. I must really be there for him, when Andy is well.

**Little sister:** Andy's twin sister, you should think she would be the one suffering the most from this, but she seems almost indifferent. She's becoming more and more offensive for every day.

**Andy:** My son my lovely son. He mustn't die! I can not bear the thought.

## After the dream:

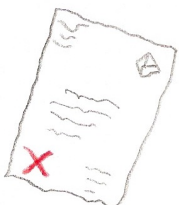
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What does your teddy look like? Write three characteristics

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What's your teddy's personality like? Write three traits

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What is your teddy really good at? Write three skills

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