

Why I Am Genuinely Afraid to Go to Sleep by C. D. Chester

The contents in this statement are graphic and disturbing.

A lot of my co-workers and friends are kind of shocked by my sleep schedule. I'll summarize it for you. I basically stay up until 1-6AM every day and get anywhere from 3-5 hours of sleep on average (I blame my dog for the amount).

There's a drastically petrifying reason for why I do this. So, around my Junior year of HS I started having incredibly gruesome night terrors and would have sleep paralysis almost daily. When I say gruesome I mean it. Satanic Voodoo straight out of Hell kind of nightmares. Rivers of blood, dismemberment, torture, ... it goes on much to my dismay.

I am genuinely afraid of my subconscious. I think some context will help.

When I sleep one of three things happens. I don't remember it at all (there is a reason for this that will be explained later), gruesome terrors, or a blank space (there is another reason for this).

I need to explain my gruesome terrors at their utmost cruelty first.

Around the middle of my senior year of HS, right around when my last track and field season was going to start, I had the worst night terror I hope to ever experience. I honestly don't think anyone can have something (in relation to a dream I suppose) worse without going insane. This story will most likely be the ghastliest portion of this statement.

So ... here's the story. I go to bed around 1AM (I went to bed consistently around 1-1:30AM my senior year). In my dream I went into something like a tribunal to start. Freakish reaper-like giants (probably around one to two hundred feet tall) were sitting in front of me. They were in a vapory, ethereal-like state and spoke with conflicting tones (some shrill others with much brass) that sounded straight out of a horror flic.

They basically shrieked at me that I had to go through 1,000 atonements for my immoral natures to wake up from this limbo. It was a personal hell created by subconscious made to punish me for things it deemed immoral ... at least this is what I still believe.

These atonements made me go through and metaphysically commit all the actions I had thought of. Things like wanting to strangle someone for being a "bitch" or "utterly annoying wastes of space" to committing patricide ... and worse.

I'd say in all that wasn't even the worst part. The worst part was after I had done it I had to experience it from the other side and the "me" who was doing it genuinely

wanted to do. This in a sense was the most terrifying part as it showed my “shadow¹.”

In all, I’d say I went through these atonements for at least 10 years. There was a clock in every place I went to that continuously counted up. I remember it ended on 3728. I remember it because $3 + 7 = 2 + 8 = 10$.

The latter of the atonements were the most excruciatingly tortuous. Being skinned alive, starved to death, being ripped apart, drowned, shredded slowly, watching loved ones experience the same while I watched ... this is what it was like in the end. However, I’ll never forget the last one. This one I’ll never forget.

I was given a sword and millions of people were in front me. I had to kill all of them to leave ... or start all over. I’m not going to explain what happened, but know I didn’t start over ...

It’s probably why I genuinely am not afraid of virtually anything. I was scared of the dark basically up to the day this happened. I was scared of spiders, demons, you name it. It weirdly warped me to the point where horror wasn’t scary, but ... enjoyable. I had a sort of drive to make it so that I would never be scared again if I could. Amityville Horror ... weak. Conjuring series ... weak. Babadook ... annoying. Insidious ... predictable. I watched all the “great horrors” of my generation. Wasn’t scared by any of them. In fact, this was kind of funny because soon after this horrendous event my friend Jamie invited me to go to Knott’s Scary Farm. Let’s just say I didn’t bat an eye and could predict everything. That “place” trained me so to speak. I was acutely aware.

Many people who know me well will note my meticulousness to details. I don’t forget faces or take things lightly (even jokes). I tend not to be surprised by virtually anything. So ... Knott’s didn’t really give me a challenge. I even had time to point them out to my friend Jamie where the “scarers” would be coming from. She thought it was practically inhuman. She stopped talking to me for a while after we went to Knotts, but that’s irrelevant to the story at hand.

The day after I had the “event” I knew I never wanted to experience anything near it again. So, I trained my mind, through lucid dreaming, to repress most of my dreams ... it doesn’t always work ... even now. If I do remember the dream and I repress it successfully I end up in a white space literally waiting until I wake up. When I wake up it’s like a giant earthquake happens and simultaneously all light dissipates. This method has gotten better over time, but as I said it’s not perfect in practice. I’d say when I started out I used to have a nightmare 5 out of 7 days. Now I have a nightmare around once a month. My parents will tell me I scream a good bit at night on a consistent basis ...

¹ The “shadow” is something Jordan Peterson refers to that represents the utmost evil version of ourselves or at least that’s how I remember him describing it.

One odd side effect of this “training” is that I sleepwalk/talk a good bit and you can have a full conversation with me on most occasions. I don’t know what I do, nor do I want to, but I am told I often say really stupid things in that state. I was told I once threw our cat across the room though ... so there’s that.

I feel I might be getting a tad off track.

I’d say that in all and presently speaking I mainly end up not remembering my dreams (the repression works). However, these are the dreams where I scream at night. I used to record my sleep to hear my screaming and see how often I did do it. Let’s just say it was unconformable to analyze something that explicitly painful.

One thing I fear is coming is that the repression of so much negativity will burst like a dam. It usually “spills” I guess you could say about once a year. Last year I actually ran out of the house in my sleep and woke up in the closet standing up. Something like this ... I feel can happen again and vastly worse ... it just needs time.

One thing I haven’t mentioned much about yet it my sleep paralysis. I often, even now, have this happen. I’ve lied to most people who ask me about my sleep that I don’t have this, but I really do have a problem with it. I basically am stuck in a trance of petrification around once every week for about 20 minutes where I see nothing except my shadow ... and I can feel everything it does. So, it resurfaces often and I’m trying my damndest to stop it. I can’t ... no won’t allow it to scare me anymore. It’s the one true fear I still hold.

I am vividly opposed to evils presented by my shadow. I am petrified by myself in that manner, but I have hope and love.

I have been quite apathetic in virtually all aspects since my junior year. I forgot people’s birthdays, didn’t care about many events that people held or invited me to. I do however value my time with certain people. I thrive on substantial companionship and most people are materialistic. Even now I don’t ask for anything on my birthday. I literally just ask that people enjoy the day and don’t waste their money on me. It turns heads, but it’s my honest reaction to my birthday. I didn’t even remember it this year and I turned 21.

I feel intense emotions though I may not outwardly express them. My managers have even called me a robot or sad zombie behind my back; I have good hearing, so I can eavesdrop while I work. I try to only show genuine emotion and only show it when necessary. One of the few moments where people may see me be emotional is when I watch movies. I feel so much of the pain and sorrow the characters go through I often cry in films (though I don’t sob, I just tear up).

I feel like I’m writing to a therapist whilst being on drugs right now.

To conclude, I don’t want to go to sleep because I don’t want to be a bother (scream), I don’t want to see my shadow, I don’t want pain. I just want to fucking breathe ...