

## Chapter Seven

Mick, ushered in by the aged receptionist, coughed from the intensity of her powerfully offensive cologne and cautiously entered the psychiatrist's office.

"Have a seat," Dr. Vigo said, while gesturing towards a plush leather recliner.

"I got somethin' for yah," Mick said, as he lowered himself into the depths of the chair while handing Vigo a thick envelope.

"I hope your experience with the neurologist was pleasant?" Vigo said, "I have been sending my patients to him to rule out non-psychiatric disorders."

"So, what did he say?"

"Well, it appears that all of your tests were negative."

"Great, but before we go any further, I think you should know that I don't have a lot of money."

"I'm glad you brought that up. I usually leave those stressful matters to my receptionist but I understand that your musician's union insurance will cover only a limited number of visits. So, we have little time to lose."

"OK, so now what?"

"We begin," Vigo replied, as he withdrew a silver fountain pen from the inside pocket of his beige sport coat and waited.

"I've never done this before, where do I start?"

"Why are you here?"

"Bad dreams ... they'd gone away for a year or so but now they're back."

"Go on."

"I really don't know where to go from here, can't you ask me some questions?"

"Mr. Carrera, my job is to listen. From time to time I will ask or say things to direct you but for now, you must do the talking.

"OK," he replied, tentatively, "but the name's Mick."

"Begin," Vigo requested, while removing his spectacles and rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"In these dreams, somethin' dangerous and fuckin' ugly is chasin' me. They used to end with me gettin' away but now there's another creature that wants to stop me."

"Hmm ... continue."

"That's it."

"For purposes of expediency," Vigo said, while spinning his glasses by the earpiece, "I will make an exception and help you along, so, when did the dreams first appear?"

"Three or four years ago, I think, but they had stopped until recently."

"Are they always the same?"

"Yeah, except for this new creature an' it scares the shit outta me."

"What do you think they mean?" Vigo asked, while leaning back in his chair.

"That's why I'm here, you're the shrink!"

"Admittedly, but give it a try."

"Well, maybe it has to do with somethin' from my past."

Vigo smiled. "OK," he said, "now that you have opened that door, let us walk on through. Tell me about your childhood and parents."

"I don't think my parents had anything to do with my dreams," he replied, indignantly.

"Tell me anyway."

Mick began, but before he had finished and while in the process of describing his parents as a loving, extremely pious couple, he broke down briefly and sobbed.

"Did they punish you frequently?" Vigo asked, while offering a box of tissues.

"Sometimes," he replied, while wiping away a tear with the back of his hand, "I never really understood what I'd done wrong."

"Was the punishment physical or psychological?"

"Both," he replied, hoarsely, while avoiding eye contact, "but it wasn't always my parents."

"There was another?"

"Sometimes they would tell the priest and he would carry out the sentence. I hated that even more and I hated him for it."