

I sit totally exhausted, all the energy I had has been completely drained from my body. My muscles ache as the last of the toxic memory boxes is placed at my feet. I watched, as it was slowly being sucked up and dragged into the 'black hole rubbish bin' with the rest of the other boxes of poisonous memories that had been sitting hidden in my mind. At this moment I feel so emotional, so happy, it's something that had to be done.

Some time ago I had an uncontrollable emotional outburst which was accompanied by visual images and intrusive memories. Toxic memories suddenly started to surface, forty years old, hidden so deep inside my head. I assumed they had been forgotten, thought they were pushed far enough into some inaccessible corner of the unconscious, no more demons of the sexual abuse memories.

I was shocked and frightened by the strength of nightmares and flashbacks. Then one morning making my vegetable juice I was startled when I went to pick up a couple of cucumbers from the fridge crisper. My fingers were covered in a soft, mushy mess from the rotten body of the cucumber. Had a 'light bulb moment', right there. I should travel to my brain, open up the memory room and sort all the toxic recalls from the good ones. Toss every one of those nasty boxes into the 'black hole rubbish bin'.

I walked nearly the entire circumference of my brain when at the rear I could see where the doors should be. There were four hinges but no locks or door handles. I gently pushed on that part of the brain and silently two doors opened up, sharing with me, all the memories I have ever packed and boxed up. I looked at them all thinking to myself, 'how am I going to find the nasty ones?' This will be like picking up dust from the window ledge one grain at a time.

These traumatic memories of the abuse are keeping me awake at night, I don't want to end up being a broken man. With that thought in mind, I went searching for the toxic boxes in my memory room.

As I walked into the room, I stumbled, looked down at my feet and there was a tiny box which I had accidentally broke the seal. As I prized the lid off a vision appeared on the back wall. It was Kenneth, as a young boy with one of the family bed sheets, each corner tied to his hands and feet. He was attempting to fly, with a 'wooh' off the shed roof. I could even feel the landing. It happened to be a soft one, the grass near the shed was so long and thick, I didn't break any bones. Goodness me I was so sore. I can't fly like a bird but I tried. I closed the lid and put the box back on the floor.

'There was one' I said to myself. A normal size box like most of the others, black in colour with a big dark red 'TOXIN' sticker on the side. I went to pick it up, but it seemed stuck to the two happy boxes beside it. I went to pull them apart, much harder than I expected. As I began to force them apart there was a bright flash and then a small explosion, and a sharp pain in my hands. Gazing through the smoke, with the pain intensifying, I saw that my hands had been blown to pieces.

‘This couldn’t be happening, I’m in my own brain, this is me in control not those toxin memories’ I screamed out. Then I thought about the memory vision I just watched, felt the landing but didn’t really land. It was just a memory. I shut my eyes and took a deep breath and somehow knew this was a distraction because of what I’m about to do with all the bad boxes. Opened my eyes, hands okay, it was what I thought just a distraction. I was now so determined to remove every one of the nasty boxes from my memory room.

One of the nasty boxes I picked up had four small boxes sitting on top. Their labels read, "could-have", "would-have", "should-have" and "if onlys" and they seemed glued to this nasty one. Out they went, all five, that’s not part of me anymore.

Every booby-trapped box that was put in front of me I treated with disdain. There was one that nearly broke me. As I went to put this particular box outside to be sucked into the ‘black hole rubbish bin’, I was unable to put it down, my hands were stuck to it.

It was calling out, “Open me, open me, you want to see this, open me”.

“Not in your life, let go, just let go”. I yelled at the box. ‘What do I do’ thinking to myself. Then it struck me, I’m asking the box to let go, so I slowly put the box down outside the door and I let go. With that, this box started moving up and into the black hole. This is so tiring. I have covered every square foot of the memory room and there was only one toxic box left to go.

Sitting exhausted I leaned on one of last happy boxes to go back inside the memory room I looked up. I could see inside this very special place in the brain where we keep all our memories boxed up. Mine were now all the very memories I would consider to be warmly beautiful, excitingly funny and truly tender. My very existence packed in boxes. All my life’s memories in one room of which I have spent the last two years probing and removing the toxic ones.

This was indeed the toughest test I have ever endured. I will let KCB (Kenneth’s Computer Brain) place the Happy Boxes in whatever order he wishes. I will now go and walk among men without fear.

*Kenneth AA      April 2014*



