

PTSD

I'm heading towards the enemy, but suddenly, I'm shot, and I roll to the ground. My calf sears in pain from where I was shot. I quickly play dead. My enemy runs over to me to check if I'm dead. They get real close. I roll over and grab their neck in a chokehold! I hold on tight. My enemy cries out "Stop, Jim, stop!" The enemy's voice is awful high for a man, and how does he know my name? For a moment, I am shocked enough to let go of the enemy's neck. The enemy shakes me—crying?—screaming "Wake up!" I do. I wake up in my own bed, my wife shaking me and staring at me in horror.