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## My Appointment at Specialty Care Psychiatrics

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## My Appointment at Specialty Care Psychiatric

The psychiatrist seemed surprised when I pulled up the rolling chair to sit opposite to him at his desk. He shuffled papers as if looking for something but kept his eyes locked with mine. I offered him my name, but he said nothing and continued to disorganize his papers. I took another glance around the room and grew confused. There was no computer, no filing cabinets, and the prominently displayed degree looked very new for someone who had been in practice for 35 years. For a moment, I wondered if I had been caught in a time slip, sending me back to the '30s. Surely my appearance alone would give any man born during the civil war a heart attack.

He finally broke eye contact to lean back and ask me if I might be more comfortable on the couch? His eyes pointed towards a red leather abomination. I don't know why he would have thought I was going to lay down on his fainting couch like a freudian caricature. Maybe my shameless scans of the room left him self-conscious. I figured he just had OCD or something. Maybe Aspergers. Some condition that might give him an insight-and an edge-into the minds of his patients. Nevertheless, I still refused and insisted on sitting, but I did roll the chair back a few feet to give him some space. This seemed good enough for him as we finally began to actually talk

about why I was there. He asked a lot about any one I had talked to previously, from counselors and therapists to even the social worker I saw when I broke my leg when I was 8. This didn't really strike me as odd, though, I had seen a lot of people in the past couple of months and gotten a bunch of different opinions. And all of them had mentioned him, some in passing, others more directly, but either way, I knew that this man was going to have the final say in what was going to happen.

"I hadn't started getting the dreams until I was 17 or so. The first one was more like a nightmare, I watched a drunken man run a red light and plow into the car of a beloved music icon. The rest of the dream was just the news reporting him dying at the age of 65. I didn't think too much of it, but my mom wouldn't let me let go of this potential prophecy, She made me make a private Facebook post about it, just in case it happened. I didn't fight the request too much, 'cause the decedent was 58 at the time."

"The second time it happened was about a year later. That time only taking the form of a newscast reporting that an actress from one of my favorite pre-teen sitcoms was dead from a plane crash at the age of 27. That was only three years out, so Mom was even more insistent that I make some record of the

dream. Which didn't seem unreasonable to me, but honestly the idea of being correct freaked me out."

"It was over a year before I had one of them again. I had taken to joking about them being newscasts that I picked up from an alternate universe. I don't know why that sounded better than predicting the future."

"The next time it was an actor I wasn't particularly familiar with. I had only seen a few scenes of his work in an English class, but he is very popular in several shows that I have never watched. It's not that I had any problem with them, they just weren't a genre that I enjoyed. Even then, the dream was pretty hard on me. I saw his son discovering his murdered body stabbed and shoved into the closet of a hotel room. He was 48 when he died in my dream. He was 47 when I had it."

"The fourth one really took me by surprise. Not only was it just a week before the predicted death, but it gave me an exact date. The newscast itself didn't mention a date specifically, but it declared a rock star dying on the 'eve of his 69th birthday' so it wasn't that hard to Google. I hadn't given too much thought into the dreams for a long time-the actor only had just over a month left and quarantine made it seem even less likely to actually happen. The only thing I really noticed was the disruption of the trend where each new prediction came before the last even had a change to occur. Of course, I still

told my mom. She always got a kick out of my little 'prophecies' as she still calls them."

I paused for a second and he immediately looked up from his legal pad of notes. He had obviously been well-versed in my story beforehand. He asked nothing, but I still replied.

"Yep, then he died. Just how I dreamt he would go, too. Fell down the stairs of his Arizona home. It must have been very traumatic for his sister to have been the one to call the handyman that discovered that he had broken his neck the night before. They talked almost everyday, the articles said. So, it was very concerning for him to not answer her calls on his birthday of all days. Very tragic, and he was so healthy, too. You can imagine how I felt, of course. Honestly, more confused than sad. Which Dr. Hunter found interesting, as I am a fan of the bands the decedent had been in."

"The actor made it two weeks after that. It wasn't exactly as I had pictured it, but it was close enough that Mom lost her dang mind. She was surprisingly quick to write the first death off. Old people die from falls all the time, she said. But now I think she was just scared and in denial. A murder, however, was a whole 'nother ballgame. I even knew how many times he had been stabbed. Thirteen. All in the stomach and lungs. None where it would kill him quickly. That poor, poor, boy. That was the one

that made me seek out a therapist about the dreams. So that's the one that led your organization to hear about me."

"The actress was also pretty bad. The worst, in fact, because there were 127 other people on that plane and 4 on the ground. Before it happened I was sort of able to write it off because when I had it, I had just read that about half of all plane crashes happen during landing. When I was explaining it to Dr. Hunter I actually had a panic attack; I suddenly couldn't shake the idea that maybe my dreams had caused the incidents instead of just predicting them. Of course Dr. Hunter assured me that it was impossible, but that was when she made up her mind to refer me to your clinic."

"The first one is still a couple years out, which would be comforting if not for the fact that I had one about Dr. Cass last week. At first I thought it was just caused by stress. It's pretty reeling to be already transferred to a senior member of staff after only two appointments at a clinic. But when I got the call yesterday that he would no longer be able to see me, I knew exactly what had happened. Now I'm just mad at myself for not ever trying to warn him. I'm so sorry, he told me you two had worked together for almost 20 years."

I was honestly proud that my little monologue gave him enough to not stop me with questions. I had spoken about it

enough to know what questions he would probably ask and what details the others hadn't really cared about. Or maybe he was just humoring me. Either way he pitched the bridge of his nose as I finished and pulled out a single sheet of paper. Since he had not given me so much as a single word, I felt no shame as I silently leaned in a little so I could try to read it. I hadn't read upside down in a while, but I was able to reach some of the larger writing on the letterhead. This offered nothing other than to confirm that he worked for "Specialty Care Psychiatric." I grew a lot more brazen, and a little more desperate, until I could make out more of the words. He was recommending that I not be released. In fact, he wanted me moved to a bigger facility.

I sighed. I don't know why I let myself get my hopes up. I should have let them die when I was committed for having prophetic dreams in the first place.