

1. My **primary** fear appears to occur when there is sharp unpredictable (mostly vertical) movement that I can't control.

2. It occurs in flying, in ships (e.g. catamaran & ferry to south island) and sometimes in cars (I certainly get queasy in a car easily)

This week while being a passenger in a car, I closed my eyes. Each significant deviation from the straight alarmed me a little. Each alarm stressed me more until I began to feel panic rising. The movements included sideways as well vertical. This felt quite similar, but milder to what I feel in aeroplanes and boats. I felt unsafe, couldn't trust the driver to do the driving - I need to be watching/controlling too, might have an accident and I'll be killed, felt out of control. This doesn't tend to happen so much on long drives along straight roads.

I was born a Roman Catholic and was introduced to some grim possibilities of "after life" when young i.e. hell, purgatory. This made me fear the "after life". It wasn't until I was in my 30s that I really began to undo that fear. Now I feel less fear about the "after life" and more about the way of dying (e.g spiralling out of control in an aircraft, dying a painful death, not being able to breathe).

3. In flying I dread the turbulence, and the buffeting as the plane is coming in to land. I put my head on its side to try and convince myself that the up and down movements are not occurring.

4. I was isolated at birth (risk of infection) for 2 weeks in hospital (no idea if this is connected) might be.

5. I got really frightened when my father used to bounce me on his knee (my earliest memory of this kind of fear) OK...this is one of the core imprints. very important in our tapping.

6. As a child, I used to get frightened by the drop when we drove over a hump-back bridge

7. As a child, I used to have nightmares which involved being in a place which had no boundaries (I was floating in nothingness - out of control)

8. As a child, I went on a fairground ride. The cars (attached via spokes to a hub) went up/down as they went around and I remember yelling/screaming to the operator to let me off as the panic was so great.

9. Until relatively recently, I had a strong fear of heights. Now I can look down without feelings of vertigo. Still can cause shaking of legs depending upon how secure I feel.

10. Just recently I managed to get across a large swingbridge using EFT (and determination). This was a milestone.

The nightmare happened many times from when I was little through to about 10. I don't remember any circumstances around it. My mother had anxiety/depression

issues during this period. My unclear recollection of primary school life was of being lonely, frightened and not paying attention (still don't!).

I'm **very kinesthetic**. **It is the movement that panics me** ... I panic and then desperately want it to stop. Thoughts: I'm going to die, I might get too panicked and then do something silly or dangerous, I might vomit, ...

The **sounds on an aircraft can also alarm me** (what was that bang ... is something wrong?). Some sights can alarm me (**those lockers are shaking a lot, is the aircraft safe?**) But it is the movement that really triggers the fear.

I'm not aware of any close drownings (my memory of childhood is patchy). I remember being very scared when I went to a swimming class when my brother was learning ... **I saw the teacher dunking boys**. I also remember a **film where a man had concrete tied to his feet and was then thrown in the water and we watched him sinking and trying to breathe**. I swim in the sea (breast stroke), but I like to be able to touch the bottom. If I can't touch the bottom then I get scared (I might be dragged out to sea and drown). I'm easier with swimming in rivers. The sea is too big and powerful.

Now, you asked me about water, but this has led me to **think a lot about breathing**. This is an area that worries me a lot more ...

a) I remember a **bus journey (one among many) where I very nearly threw up**. **Many times I travelled on hot stuffy buses** and desperately wanted the cool air that came through the ceiling nozzles.

b) I used to go to a **crowded church each Sunday and found it difficult to breathe**. Once I was so bad (making groaning noises) that I was taken out and sat down in the entrance - I had nearly fainted.

c) I remember **feeling weak in museums, galleries**, ... anywhere where there were a lot of people and it was **hot and stuffy**. (I'm from the UK).

d) In part, I came to NZ to get away from too many people.

e) I remember my **mother saying to someone that I had a weak chest**.

f) About 5 years ago I had a **bout of anxiety** (my word) which lasted a several nights. I had a **pain in my chest** at the time which I got anxious about and I felt the **need to breathe deeply** (which was counter-productive). Eventually, I resolved it by proving to myself that I didn't have anything wrong with my heart (I went to an aerobics class) and I controlled the breathing at night by forcing myself to breathe through my duvet.