

TABLE 1: CAUSES AND SYMPTOMS OF PTSD

NO	NARRATIONS & DIALOGUES	CAUSES OF PTSD		SYMPTOMS OF PTSD		
		CSA	Mother's Neglect	Aggressive	Re-experiencing the Trauma	Avoiding Activities
1	“But sometimes his anger just explodes! I’ve told him he needs to control his emotions.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.7-8)			√		
2	Nobody but <i>he</i> knew the truth about Mac. His mom had never wanted to know, even when Diego tried to tell her. Now it was too late; it was over. Mac was dead. (Sanchez, 2009; p.10)		√			
3	He slammed the car door without answering. Couldn’t she understand that he never <i>wanted</i> to cause trouble? (Sanchez, 2009; p.11)		√			
4	Diego shook him off. He didn’t like guys touching him, (Sanchez, 2009; p.13)					√
5	“your’re a handsome boy,” Mac had often told him. Diego had wanted to be handsome, but not for Mac. Even now he could almost feel Mac’s hand running through his hair, tousling it. (Sanchez, 2009; p.15)				√	

6	His mom never questioned why he used so many band-Aids. Perhaps she was too busy working to notice. Or maybe she just didn't want to know. . (Sanchez, 2009; p.17)		√			
7	His mom had always been about appearances. Never mind the truth; what mattered was how things looked. (Sanchez, 2009; p.19)		√			
8	“Um... I ripped it.” Diego’s leg began to jiggle nervously as he remembered the day after Mac’s death, when he rampaged through the house, prying picture frames open. (Sanchez, 2009; p.27)					√
9	“I didn’t like how he looked at me.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.35)					√
10	The dream seemed so real. He listened carefully for the sound of Mac’s cigarette cough from his mom’s room, the footsteps in the hall, the doorknob turning... (Sanchez, 2009; p.71)				√	
11	“She’ll probably tell me how difficult I make life for her. She acts as if everything I do is to get back at her.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.72)		√			
12	“Did she do something that hurt you?” The question stopped Diego. <i>Had</i> his mom hurt him? “Well, she’s never listened to me. She <i>never</i> listens.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.72)		√			

13	<p>In a instant, Diego sprang out at Guerrero, sending him reeling againts the table and knocking over a chair. Unable to control himself, Diego leaped on top of him, pounding wildly with both fists. He punched and clobbered him without thinking, unaware of the girls screaming or Gomez trying to pull him off or Kenny shouting, “Stop it, Diego! Let him go! Stop!” (Sanchez, 2009; p.110)</p>			√		
14	<p>“When Mac began seeing my mom...and she left me at his hotel. While he and I watched TV, or swam in the pool, or wrestled on the floor his hands would sometimes...brushed againts me. You know?” Diego glanced an instant at his crotch. “At first I thought it was an accident, but it kept happening.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.119)</p>	√				
15	<p>“It felt weird,” Diego continued. “Gross. But I didn’t know what to say. I was only, like, six years old. I didn’t even speak English. And it wasn’t like he was some skanky stranger...” (Sanchez, 2009; p.119-120)</p>	√				

16	<p>“one time he took me on his fishing trip, overnight. I was so excited: my first boat trip. My mom couldn’t go ‘cause she gets seasick. We sailed out in the water till you couldn’t see land – just ocean, everywhere – and he hooked this huge marlin that took hours to reel in. Then sharks started to appear. I was so scared. I’d never seen sharks in real life. And i thought, what if the boat sank?” (Sanchez, 2009; p.120)</p>	√				
17	<p>“I could smell the whiskey on his breath, the cigarettes on his skin. He circled his arms around me and I thought: <i>Just lay still. He’ll fall asleep and leave me alone.</i> But his hands started to move all over me, sliding his fingers into my shirt and pushing down my shorts.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.121)</p>	√				
18	<p>Diego paused, remembering mac kissing him. Not on the cheek, like in front of his mom, but forcing his tongue into his mouth... the taste of alcohol and tobacco. “I tried to push him off and get away but he as, like, twice my size. ‘No!’ I told him. But he couldn’t let me go.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.121)</p>	√				
19	<p>“I cried for him to stop. But he covered my mouth and told me he loved me, that I was his boy. My head was turned sideways and I saw his gun beside the bed and thought, <i>I’ll get the gun.</i> But what if he used the gun on me? I was having all these mixed-up thoughts. And then...” (Sanchez, 2009; p.121-122)</p>	√				

20	<p>“Did you tell your mom what happened?”</p> <p>“I didn’t know what to say.” Diego slumped back against the holding cell wall. “She saw my underwear stained and asked what I’d eaten, as though I’d eaten something that made me bleed. So I told her, ‘No! Mac hurt me.’ She gave me this blank look. Then she raised her hand and slapped me, telling me not to ever say anything like that again. She’d never hit me before. Never. I started crying, sobbing. Then she cried too, putting her arms around me, and said, ‘He’s going to marry me and be your father and take us out of here. Do you understand?’ It was the only time she ever hit me. And after that I never told anybody what happened.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.123)</p>		√			
21	<p>In the silence of the cell, the fresh memory of mac and the boat began to flash back through his mind. With each image, his heartbeat quickened, his chest tightened. When the staff came around, it was Mac’s face that peered through the door window, once again coming to get him, wanting him. (Sanchez, 2009; p.129)</p>				√	
22	<p>“While Ma worked, she’d leave me at his hotel. We watched TV and he’d start to drink. His face would get this look: needylike... and then he’d put his hands on me... I hated it. I wanted him to stop. But then I remember Ma slapping me and telling me I shouldn’t say anything.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.141)</p>	√				

23	<p>“So I thought,” Diego continued, “If I just let him do that, at least he won’t do the other thing, like on the boat. I just watched TV till he finished. Afterward he’d tell me how much he loved me, acting like some kid who’d been given a present...” (Sanchez, 2009; p.142)</p>	√				
24	<p>“Sometimes,” Diego replied. “When he took me somewhere in the car, he’d stop and park... You know? And afterwards he’d take me for ice cream, just like normal; never talk about what he’d just done. I wanted to run away, tell somebody. But who? And what if they sent us back to Mexico?” (Sanchez, 2009; p.142)</p>	√				
25	<p>“So then Eddie was born and Ma put the crib in their room. But he cried a lot. One night when he kept crying, Mac came to sleep with me. That’s when it happened again, like on the boat.” He could recall the doorknob’s click, footsteps across his carpet, bedcovers pulled back, and Mac’s body, warm and huge... his hand, smelling of cigarettes, covering Diego’s mouth... The feeling like he couldn’t breathe, like he wanted to throw up... and the pain, so great it made him cry. (Sanchez, 2009; p.143)</p>	√				

26	<p>“My brother, Eddie, was like five then – not a baby anymore. And the way Mac acted toward him had changed – the way he held Eddie on his lap... You could see what was coming.”</p> <p>...</p> <p>“I couldn’t let him do it,” Diego said simply, then paused. Could he really keep going to where this was headed? (Sanchez, 2009; p.161)</p>	√				
27	<p>“Then i waited. After he fell asleep, I climbed out of bed, went to the nghtstand. My hands were shaking like crazy... And I pointed the gun straight at his face.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.163)</p>	√				
28	<p>She raised her hand to slap him, but he blocked her, grabbing her forearm. It was the first and only time she’d ever raised her hand to slap him since after the boat trip with Mac. (Sanchez, 2009; p.203)</p>		√			
29	<p>“Do you understand what your son said?” Vidas asked. “Yes, but I don’t know why he’s saying that.” She leveled her gaze at Diego. “You know Mac loved you. After all he did for us, how can you say such things?” “Because it’s true.” “You must’ve dreamed it,” his mom said, dismissing it with a shake of her head. “You’ve always had bad dreams.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.207)</p>		√			

30	<p>“But you wouldn’t listen. All you cared about was what he was doing for us. You <i>never</i> listened to me!”</p> <p>“I can’t believe Mac would do that.” His mom’s lip trembled.</p> <p>“I don’t believe it. Can you prove it?”</p> <p>(Sanchez, 2009; p.208)</p>		√			
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TABLE 2: MIND CONTESTATION & DREAMS

NO	NARRATIONS & DIALOGUES	DIEGO’S MIND			INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS	
		ID	EGO	SUPEREGO	MANIFEST	LATEN
1	<p>He knew he shouldn’t have hit Fabio. He’d never wanted to hurt anybody (Sanchez, 2009; p.5)</p>			√		
2	<p>...his attention caught by a figure across the crowded hallway: Ariel Lamar.</p> <p>To diego, she was the most amazing girl at school, maybe even the entire planet. She was beyond cute; radiant, with skin that emanated warmth, and the world’s most perfect breasts. (Sanchez, 2009; p.12)</p>	√				

3	In his room alone or while taking a long shower, he'd fantasize about holding a girl in his arms, stroking her hair, kissing her lips... he'd run his hands tenderly across her breasts and when she wanted more, he'd gladly give it to her. And afterward, she'd lay her head on his chest, happy and satisfied. (Sanchez, 2009; p.13-14)	√				
4	The tooth gave Diego a feeling of power and strength. (Sanchez, 2009; p.16)	√				
5	Sometimes the pain was excruciating. He knew he shouldn't be doing it, but he couldn't stop. He didn't want to. With each he felt a new thrill –a release of some pressure that had built up inside him. He was letting it out. . (Sanchez, 2009; p.17)	√				
6	He sliced the tooth across his skin, and for a moment all his confused and painful worries about Ariel, Vidas, his past, and his future disappeared. Somehow, he'd get through it. (Sanchez, 2009; p.18)	√				
7	Then came the guilt, like a crashing wave. Diego knew why Mac had killed himself. It was because of him. Diego had wanted Mac to die, and Mac knew it. (Sanchez, 2009; p.26)			√		
8	“what's that mean to you: 'faggot'?” “you know! Queer. A guy who messes around with other guys.” Vidas took on that searching look as if trying to peer inside him. “Has anyone ever tried to mess around with you?” “No.” Why Vidas asking that? “I'm not queer.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.36)		√			

9	“I think you’re already in jail,” Vidas said, and continued to write. “A jail you’re making for yourself. If you want to get out, you’re going to have to open up. Otherwise, nobody can help you.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.37)		√			
10	Diego shifted in his seat, uncertain what to answer. He didn’t want to hurt other people. But what did it mean to deal with the hurt underneath? What was he supposed to do when somebody made him so angry? (Sanchez, 2009; p.38)			√		
11	Diego scanned across the poster faces, but none of them captured the hollow spot he felt inside, the empty place that was always there. (Sanchez, 2009; p.39)	√				
12	Diego kicked the carpet with his heel, at odds with the emotions battling inside him..... besides, he didn’t want to talk to anybody else. Why had Vidas asked to hear about his life and listened like he cared, if he was only going to pawn him off onto some stranger? (Sanchez, 2009; p.43)		√			
13	She was forever on his mind. Each evening when he climbed into bed, he imagined her beside him. He ran his hands gently across her skin while she kissed him. Her lips felt tender as flower petals, her soft blond hair brushing his face, ticking his cheek. (Sanchez, 2009; p.48)	√				

14	All during afternoon classes, Diego pondered how easily he'd almost gotten into another fight. In his mind he saw judge Ferrara's thick finger wagging at him, ordering him to juvie. (Sanchez, 2009; p.50)		√			
15	What if he couldn't deal with it? What if he wasn't able to stop fighting? (Sanchez, 2009; p.51)		√			
16	The night he climbed into bed feeling more uncertain and afraid than ever. What if he couldn't sort his problems out by himself? What would become of him? (Sanchez, 2009; p.51)		√			
17	As he sank into a fitful sleep, his nightmares began almost immediately. The recurring dreams were usually similar: he'd be treading water in the middle of the white-capped ocean. Alone. Stranded. With no idea how he'd gotten there. Waves crashed over him, buffeting his head, while a forceful current pulled at him. His weary legs sank heavily, like weights dragging down his body, as he searched for land or a boat. Something to hang on to. Anything. (Sanchez, 2009; p.51)					√
18	But as the triangle came closer, a chill rolled down his spine. It wasn't a sail; it was a dorsal fin. A shark. Diego watched, terrified, as the fin moved toward him. He wanted to scream, but his voice caught in his throat. Besides, who would hear him? He was alone. Powerless. (Sanchez, 2009; p.51-52)					√

19	But just as the beast rammed into him, the dream changed. A gunshot fired. Loud. Clear. Always a gunshot. And the weight of Mac's body fell upon Diego. (Sanchez, 2009; p.52)				√	
20	He slid back into bed and left the light on, thinking about what Vidas had said: He needed to open up, or nobody could help him. (Sanchez, 2009; p.53)			√		
21	But he didn't want to talk to some headshrinker he didn't know. (Sanchez, 2009; p.53)		√			
22	Diego stopped and stared at the words. What if he couldn't stop cutting? Would Vidas send him to juvie? (Sanchez, 2009; p.71)		√			
23	What if Vidas told her what Diego revealed and blamed her for not stopping Mac? Would she get in trouble? Without her, what would happen to Eddie – and to him? (Sanchez, 2009; p.128)					
24	Why had Vidas fed the shark and let the scraps get into Diego's cage? Was he trying to hurt Diego? (Sanchez, 2009; p.132)		√			
25	Diego hesitated. Should he tell him the truth about jail, even though he'd promised not to? He didn't want to lie; he wanted to be a good example. But he also didn't want Eddie to know what a mess-up he was. (Sanchez, 2009; p.137)			√		

26	<p>“...I’d block out what happened, telling myself it hadn’t been that bad. After all, I had friends whose dads beat them, whose parents yelled at them and said horrible things. At least Mac didn’t do that. He never hit me.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.142)</p>		√			
27	<p>The floor seemed to tilt and sway beneath Diego’s feet. The entire mall was spinning. He’d trusted Vidas, just as he’d trusted Mac and his mom. And just like Mac and his mom, Vidas had betrayed him. (Sanchez, 2009; p.179)</p>		√			
28	<p>“And now?” Vidas said. “How do you feel?” “I just want to cut out the whole memory.” ... “sometimes i have this huge sense, like this isn’t what I’m supposed to be, this isn’t the life I was supposed to have, this wasn’t supposed to happen. But there’s nothing I can do about it... It’s too late now... may as well just end it.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.144)</p>	√				
29	<p>“End <i>me</i>,” Diego said. His voice was emotionless. “I read once about this thing called ‘the call of waters,’ where sometimes a sailor pitches himself off his ship into the ocean. Nobody know why... But <i>I</i> do. It’s like there’s something pulling at me, some underhow that’s caught me, and no matter how hard I fight it, I’m going under. I’m a goner. May as well just give it up, you know?” (Sanchez, 2009; p.145)</p>	√				

30	<p>“I guess I’m worried after what she told me about her dad. What if someday I lose it with her? I don’t want to hurt her. Her mom said she’d have me put away for a very, very long time- and the judge would probably do it too.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.175)</p>		√			
31	<p>“How do I know that you won’t make <i>me</i> become like him?” Diego knew he wasn’t making much sense but he couldn’t stop himself. It was the first time he’d ever voiced his deepest and most secret fear; that he might somehow become like Mac. “How can I be sure I won’t do to some little kid what he did to me? I’d kill myself first!” (Sanchez, 2009; p.199)</p>		√			
32	<p>On a night several months later, Diego dreamed again of floating into the open ocean. Once more the shark appeared, swimming slowly toward him. But Diego no longer felt afraid. (Sanchez, 2009; p. 239)</p>					√
33	<p>When at last time the shark appeared in his dreams. But at times when Diego doubted himself, he’d look out of the corner of his eye. And he imagined the shark swimming away, growing smaller in the blue depths until slowly disappearing. * That marked the last time the shark appeared in his dreams. But at times when Diego doubted himself, he’d look out of the corner of his eye. And he imagined the shark swimming next to him, giving him strength and courage. (Sanchez, 2009; p. 239)</p>					√

TABLE 3: SELF-IDENTITY CONSTRUCTION

NO	NARRATIONS & DIALOGUES	SELF-IDENTITY CONSTRUCTION	
		FREE ASSOCIATION	TRANSFERENCE
1	<p>...”Why would you feel angry?” “Because. He’s my brother.” “And so you don’t want to see him hurt,” Vidas added. “That’s called empathy. It’s important part of what makes us human. It shows you’re capable of love.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.35)</p>	√	
2	<p>“The question for you,” Vidas continued, “is will you keep taking your anger out of people? Or will you deal with the hurt that’s underneath?” (Sanchez, 2009; p.38)</p>	√	
3	<p>“It sounds,” Vidas responded at last, “as if some hugely important people have left you: your dad, your grandma, your stepdad. That’s a lot of loss and hurt for a boy to carry around.” Diego glanced up, a tide of emotion tugging at him. Nobody in his life ever talked to him this way. (Sanchez, 2009; p.55)</p>		
4	<p>“Well,” Vidas said, sounding as if he expected that might happen, “first you tell me about it. Then we discuss it. After that, depending on how bad you mess up, we talk about the consequences. The most important thing is for you to be honest with me. And with yourself. I can only help you if you’re truthful.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.72)</p>	√	

5	<p>His gaze landed on a squiggle mouth with a pair of eyebrows pointed upward. “Embarrassed, I guess.” “Embarrassed?” Vidas’s brow crinkled. “You’re got nothing to feel embarrassed about, Diego. You did nothing wrong. He abused you.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.140)</p>	√	
6	<p>“After that night on the boat,” Vidas said gently. “It happened again, didn’t it?” Diego looked up from the carpet, wondering how Vidas knew. “Want to tell me about it?” Vidas asked. “What for?” Diego balked. “It won’t change anything.” “It might. Talking out your secrets can help <i>you</i> change.” (Sanchez, 2009; p.141)</p>	√	
7	<p>Vidas leaned back in his chair a minute. “There’s one piece left,” he said, unyielding. “<i>What did you feel when he left you and your family by ending his life? Was it relief?</i>” Diego clenched his jaw, not wanting to respond. But at the same time, no one had ever asked him that before. Everybody had always assumed he felt sad, and he had, but Mac’s death had also been a huge relief. “I guess,” he admitted. (Sanchez, 2009; p.161)</p>	√	
8	<p>“Each time you ask me how I feel, it makes me want to scream.” “<i>Well,</i>” Vidas said, “<i>that’s one way to let out the anger.</i>” Diego rolled his eyes. “I meant it as a joke.” “<i>I don’t,</i>” Vidas said. “<i>Not screaming at somebody, but screaming into a pillow to get the angry energy out.</i>” (Sanchez, 2009; p.175)</p>	√	

9	<p>“But I know you’ve got more in there. Come on! Think about Mac. Really let it out!” With the mention of Mac, Diego returned the cushion to his face, no longer caring if anybody heard. He screamed long and hard, stopped, and screamed more. It felt crazy and stupid- and so good that he didn’t stop . . . till he exhausted. (Sanchez, 2009; p.177)</p>	√	
10	<p>Diego’s neck instantly grew tense. He pictured Mac: Tall. Strong. And that smile . . . even though Diego had torn his face out of every photo, he recalled that smile perfectly: wanting him, needing him. Even now in his mind, Mac seemed real – and powerful, with a power over him that Diego couldn’t explain. (Sanchez, 2009; p. 224)</p>		√
11	<p>“He’s letting go of you,” Vidas explained, and the tears Diego had been holding back erupted uncontrollably, as if he were letting go too.” (Sanchez, 2009; p. 230)</p>		√
12	<p>Little by little during the weeks that followed, Diego found himself thinking less and less about the past and more about his current life. Although he still wished the abuse had never happened, he made himself focus on the good things that had come as a result of Mac: moving to America; his brother, Eddie; making friends with Kenny; meeting Ariel . . . (Sanchez, 2009; p. 233)</p>		√