

# The Dangers of Sleepwalking

© By Carg, August 2022

Hi,

I want to tell you about how I deal with the dangers of sleepwalking, but it is rather embarrassing, so please don't tell anybody else. Still, it keeps me safe, so I hope you might benefit from my experiences as well.

But let me start at the beginning.

It all started when I had a sleepover with my aunt Cecily, uncle Jack and older cousin Robin. She is 15, and I adore her; she is so mature, always in for some fun, and my favorite person in the whole world to talk to when something is bothering me. It was a Friday where I had no school, so I could stay for 2 whole nights and days.

You might know I'm really scared of spiders, so I had my uncle check the guest bedroom very thoroughly before I dared to go in. But during the night I felt something on my face, and I immediately thought it had to be a spider, so I jumped out of bed and ran out of the room. I was shaking, and didn't dare to go back, so in desperation I knocked on Robin's door. After a moment a sleepy voice said to come back tomorrow, but I couldn't go back to bed, so I knocked again and tried to explain my problem, softly enough to not wake the whole house.

Finally there came a reluctant, "OK then, come in." She didn't need to tell me twice, and I stormed in and crawled into bed with her. I was still shaking badly, and she held me and comforted me until I felt alright again.

Once I started to calm down, I noticed Robin was wearing something strange: there were some red straps around her chest and shoulders. This intrigued me, and I started feeling the straps. Robin explained that she was wearing a harness, but that I should never tell anybody else about it. That was also why she had been reluctant to let me in. She wore it because she was sleepwalking, and once had fallen down the stairs and broken her wrist. There was a sock she had probably slipped on that must have fallen from the hamper when earlier that day the clean laundry had been taken upstairs. (Oh, I guess I am telling you now anyway, but I hope it is OK since you don't know her anyway. And last I heard her sleepwalking had stopped, so I think she is no longer wearing it.)

I started bombarding her with questions about it, and so she explained that there was a long strap between the back of the harness and her bed, long enough to let her use the bathroom, but not long enough to reach the stairs. They had first tried a rope, which was not so comfortable, and then her mother had made her a harness with a regular snap buckle in front, so she could put it on and take it off herself. But apparently after a while she started to take it off during her sleepwalking as well, so they finally replaced it with one that had a magnetic locking buckle, and a longer strap. Now she needed to be released from the harness by her parents in the morning, but it was still better than having accidents and injuring herself, or worse.

Then she concluded, "Come on, lets get you back to bed. I'll check for spiders." She went into my room, with the strap trailing behind her. I was tempted to think of it as a leash, but of course

wouldn't say that to her face. Following her, I had the opportunity to see more of the harness. It was pretty simple: one strap around the chest, right under the arms, and 2 shoulder straps meeting in the middle of the chest strap in the back. The 'leash' was also just sewn there. You probably just put it on like a backpack and then closed the buckle in front, which was just a small white plastic box - I could not see how it opened or closed.

Robin disappeared in my temporary bedroom and after a few minutes came back out. She had looked everywhere, removed the sheets and put them back, but found nothing. "It was probably just something like the sheet touching your face for a moment. Anyway it is spider-free now, so you can go back to sleep without worrying." I went into the room hesitantly, but I couldn't see anything either, and when I crawled back in bed, Robin tucked me in, gave me a kiss on the forehead, and left.

I was still anxious, but everything seemed fine. To my surprise my mind soon drifted from spiders to that harness, wondering how it would feel to wear it, and especially not being able to get out myself. It was a bit scary, but somehow also exciting. My parents had also occasionally mentioned that I had sleepwalked, although not lately. But suppose I still did? I didn't want to hurt myself in my sleep either! Should I let myself be tied to the bed as well, to be safe? With these confused feelings I fell asleep, and although I am sure I dreamed, I couldn't remember any of it when I woke up.

The next afternoon Robin and uncle Jack had to go out for a while, and my aunt was busy in the house, so I spent some time by myself. The harness was still on my mind, and so I sneaked into my cousin's room to take a closer look. I had of course already seen it last night, but in the daylight I could see a few more details, like that the straps felt softer than for instance a car seat belt; more like cotton. I couldn't resist putting the straps over my shoulders and pretending I was stuck to the bed. Then I took a closer look at the buckle. Now that it was open I could see there was a white plastic part with two pieces sticking out, while the other part had 2 holes. There was the outline of a circle on the other side, but no keyhole or any other clue how it closed and opened. I moved both parts closer together to see if the holes matched up with the pieces, careful not to close it all the way. But somehow the parts drew together and then wouldn't separate anymore. Robin mentioned something about it being magnetic, so afterwards I concluded that must have been what pulled to parts together.

For a moment I panicked and thought I was stuck, and would have to shout to my aunt for help. But then I realized that the harness was too big for me, and I could easily slip out. There was a curious mix of relief and disappointment, but mostly I was glad that I wouldn't be caught, and quickly put the harness back where I found it. I didn't have the 'key', or whatever tool was needed to open the buckle, so I had to leave it locked, but perhaps Robin would just assume that the magnets had pulled the buckle together and not suspect I had anything to do with it.

During dinner Robin yawned several times, and when her parents asked if she hadn't slept well, she told them about my nightly visit, and also mentioned me asking a lot about her harness. Of course I was not going to tell them that it fascinated me - I didn't even understand that myself, and it would have sounded pretty weird. So I just told them that my parents had once or twice mentioned that I walked in my sleep as well, although I wasn't sure if and how often I still did. And that I was somewhat worried about it after Robin's story of her fall from the stairs. Uncle Jack said that sleepwalking seemed to run in the family, so that it was definitely possible that I also did. My uncle and aunt looked at each other for a moment, and then my aunt added they should still have Robin's

first harness somewhere, which would probably fit me. I would be welcome to try it out for the coming night. My heart suddenly started racing - was this really happening? Trying not to show my excitement about it, and also wondering if I should really give in to this weird interest, my face must have looked doubtful, because she quickly added that this was a version that didn't lock, so I could always free myself. It would still help against the dangers of sleepwalking; at least with Robin it took a long time before she managed to undo the harness in her sleep.

Robin joked, "Perhaps we should lock her in it anyway; then at least I can be assured of an uninterrupted night's sleep." I stuck my tongue out at her, trusting my cousin enough to know it was no more than a joke, and that I would still always be welcome. After a moment's consideration I admitted that it might be interesting to try it.

So that night, when my aunt said it was bedtime for me, I went without complaint, and had to do my best not to storm up the stairs in anticipation. After my aunt checked the room for spiders again, I entered and saw a black harness, similar to Robin's, lying ready for me on the bed. She let me try it on and take it off a few times until she was convinced I could easily do it myself at night. This one fit me a lot better, and I wasn't sure I would be able to slip out like I did with Robin's. The strap connecting it to the bed was much shorter than that of Robin, since I could just take it off if I needed to go to the bathroom, which I usually did. She also showed me a little trick, where she had folded the strap double near to where it was attached to the bed, and put an elastic band around it to form a little loop. If the wearer would sleep normally, it would still be there in the morning, but if the strap was pulled tight when sleepwalking, it would be pulled free. Then she left me alone to prepare for bed.

So I did, and after I put on my pajamas I slipped into the harness. Even though I had already practiced closing it, this time it was 'for real', and I was meant to keep it on for the night. The thought set my heart racing again, especially when I imagined that the buckle was locking, like Robin's. I started pretending I was stuck unwillingly, and moved around until the leash stopped me. Pulling hard the bed moved slightly, so it was not like I could hang with my full weight on the harness, but it should still be more than good enough to stop me from reaching the stairs. After a while I had tried everything I could think of, and I didn't want my aunt or uncle to catch me still out of bed, so I decided to try if I could actually sleep with it on. Somehow that thought felt exciting too - perhaps because it would mean that I had accepted its restriction.

Then I remembered the rubber band, which was of course no longer on the strap, after all that pulling. I tried to look around, afraid it might have ended up under the bed, where I wouldn't dare to put my arm in case there was a spider we missed, but luckily I spotted it out in the open. It wasn't too hard to put it back the same way it was before.

Lying down I could feel the straps, but they weren't thick enough to be really bothersome, and I got used to them pretty quickly. Realizing I would have nothing to fear from night time accidents while sleepwalking, it started to make me feel safe. And because I could open it myself, I could still get away from any spiders visiting me. Lying on my side, I gripped the opposite shoulder strap with my free hand, and its firmness reinforced my feeling of security, and soon I drifted off into a deep sleep.

During the night I had to go to the bathroom. I felt pretty groggy; of course my previous night had not been very restful, so I must have slept pretty deeply. Still half asleep I went looking for the

bathroom until a pull on my upper body suddenly stopped me. The shock startled me awake, and I quickly realized I was wearing the harness. So I unbuckled it, went to the bathroom, put it back on, and quickly fell asleep again.

The next morning at breakfast, my aunt asked how I slept with the harness, and I told her it was fine, and that it made me feel safe. The rest of the day nothing happened in regard to the harness, until my parents came to get me. While I was gathering my stuff to take back home, the harness was already gone from the bed, and I felt sad both because the sleepover was about to end, as that I would probably not sleep with a harness on again; I didn't feel brave enough to ask my parents for one.

But when we said our goodbyes, my aunt gave me a paper bag, saying I could keep it. Looking inside, I saw a bundle of black straps: it was the harness I had worn that night! She explained that she had called my parents, because the elastic band was not on the strap anymore in the morning, so she concluded I was still sleepwalking, and it might be better if I would be protected at home too. Surprised I reacted, "I did?", and then suddenly remembered going to the toilet at night and only realizing I was wearing the harness when I reached the end of the leash. Half asleep, I had never thought about the elastic band anymore. Should I correct her? Or maybe this was what I had wanted, but would probably not have asked for? Before I could decide they started saying their goodbyes, and we left.

Back home they didn't waste any time and decided to install the harness on my bed right away. When I asked them if we should not talk about this first, they answered that my aunt had told them all about my worries, and that I had slept well with the harness and felt safe, so what was there to talk about? This was all going a bit fast - it was fun to fantasize about it, and try it out on my own terms, but now suddenly it was out of my control. Still, I guess I shouldn't complain; it was true that it made me feel safe, and that I didn't have to worry about the dangers of sleepwalking. And of course I got the non-locking version, so I could always take it off.

Installing it on my bed was a bit harder than at the guest bed of my aunt and uncle. I had a mosquito tent on my bed to keep all the critters away, so I didn't have to worry about spiders. It was a tent made of mosquito netting, with a door that zipped open and closed at the side. This was standing on my bed, with the mattress inside it, because the tent also had a bottom, so there were no openings at all for any bugs to enter. So my parents couldn't see where to anchor the strap. In the end they made a little slit in the bottom of the tent to attach it to a slat of the bed base. With the mattress covering the slit, it should not allow anything to enter, but, knowing how I could worry, my father used bits of tape to seal the gap between netting and strap.

When it was bed time, my mother insisted I'd call her when I was ready, because she wanted to see how the harness worked, and if there were any issues that might need to be addressed. When I was in my pajamas, she held it up for me to stick my arms into, and then even snapped the buckle shut. That felt different than when I did it myself, as if I had again lost a little bit of control over the situation, although of course I could still open it whenever I wanted. On one hand I felt a bit resentful about it, because I was not a little child anymore, but on the other hand I also felt even more safe, with my parents being so careful that nothing bad would happen with me during the night. Still I protested that I could do it on my own, but my mother countered, "I know you can dear, but I wanted to know I could do it too, and see how it fits you. It seems a bit loose on you; perhaps

I'll sew the straps just a little tighter so there is no risk you slip out of it when you move a lot in your sleep. And I think it will be more comfortable too, if the straps can't shift around or fold double when you twist and turn. Now move as far away from the bed as you can, please." I did, and could just about touch my door. She checked that the strap held well and didn't interfere with the tent too much, since of course it ran through the tent door and pulled against the side of the opening. But the tent was flexible, and it didn't seem to cause any problems.

Then she let me crawl into bed, tucked me in and closed the zipper of the tent flap. Of course I normally did that all by myself, at my age, but this time I just let her, and it was sort of nice to be tucked in like when I was much younger. It felt good to be back in my own bed, with the tent and now the harness protecting me, even though of course I had a great weekend and everybody did their best to make me feel safe there too. Thinking back on the fun we had, I quickly fell asleep.

As usual I woke up during the night for a bathroom visit, and now I didn't only have to get out of the tent, but also take off the harness, which of course was not routine yet. The pressure of my bladder didn't help, and I fumbled a bit around before I managed to open the buckle and sprint to the toilet. But I made it.

The following days, or rather, nights, I got into the routine, and soon the harness became normal. The second night I noticed it was a bit tighter, but I had to agree with my mother that that made it a little more comfortable, and its hug felt reassuring. Only the bathroom visits at night kept being a little stressful. Then I started considering that the tent and the harness might be a bit overkill: if I could open the tent when sleepwalking, I could probably open the harness as well. And if not, I didn't need both either. Even though I still enjoyed its hug, wearing it every night caused most of the excitement about it to ebb away. So I talked to my parents about that inconvenience, and whether the harness offered that much extra protection. They said they would consider the situation, but for now wanted to keep things as they were.

A few days later a package arrived, and after dinner my parents showed its contents: it was a new harness just like Robin's! My aunt had made me one as well! Complete with long strap and that same weird buckle as on hers. My heart started racing, but I wasn't sure how I felt about it. Having to wear a harness for toddlers, and being actually unable to take it off myself was totally inappropriate for someone my age. but on the other hand that also made it a lot more exciting. And of course safer. Seeing the uncertainty on my face, my father explained, "See, this will solve both your problems: the strap is long enough that you don't have to take it off anymore, so bathroom visits won't take any more time than without a harness. And you were right that you, like Robin, would probably sooner or later be able to take it off while sleepwalking, and it would lose its effectiveness. Your aunt Cecily had already started to make you one before you talked about the bathroom visits, and had asked us for the exact measurements, but we wanted to keep it a surprise for you until it arrived. And after your aunt put in all that effort for your safety, it would be rather ungrateful not to use it."

Well, I guess they were right in that it might have its advantages, and I also considered that if Robin could live with it, so could I. So I didn't protest, which was unlikely to have an effect anyway: it seemed my parents had already decided this was what I needed.

Together we practiced with the buckle and the 'key', which was basically just a small magnet on a little stick. Even though we all knew magnets, it still felt sort of magical how the two parts of the buckle attracted each other and that you couldn't separate them again unless the magnet was held close to the buckle top. Then it was taken upstairs, and swapped with my current harness.

When I was ready for bed, they both joined me, and again my mother helped me into the harness and closed the buckle. When we practiced, the sound of the buckle closing wasn't loud, but now it seemed a lot louder, and again my heart started racing: I was really stuck now. The fit was perfect, and it seemed unlikely that I would be able to slip out. Of course we tested the range of the strap, and it allowed me to just reach the toilet and sit down. With the stairs I could just reach the second step from the top; it would of course have been best if I couldn't reach the stairs at all, but my bedroom was just a little too close to the stairs for that. I could also just step into my parent's bedroom, so that I could always ask for help if there was any problem. They would keep the key in there, out of reach for me of course, so they could quickly free me in case of an emergency. My father explained that to figure out the right strap length to pass on to my aunt, he had tied a rope around my mother's chest and to the bed, and varied its length until they were satisfied. He added that it had been fun doing it, which inexplicably made my mother blush.

Then my mother tucked me in, closed the tent, and they left after a final good night. There I lay, officially locked to my own bed now. When we looked at this new harness after dinner, I had already seen that it was quite similar to my first one, with only a few minor differences, apart from the buckle. Physically it felt no different than my other harness; close-fitting, but more like a hug than that it felt tight. But mentally it was completely different, and all the excitement I felt in the beginning was back with a vengeance. I started exploring the buckle, which of course would not open whatever I tried, and I couldn't get the straps off my shoulders or pull it over my head either. I was not getting out without the key. Which of course was the whole idea: if I couldn't get out awake, I surely couldn't when sleepwalking. Now there was no way I could fall down the stairs anymore, which made me feel really safe.

I was still too excited to fall asleep, and even though my parents wouldn't want me to, I opened the tent and once more explored how far I could go before I was stopped. Then I practiced going to the bathroom a few more times, so that I could easily do it while half asleep. By then I had gotten used to it enough that the excitement calmed down, and I tried to go to sleep again. I was still thinking about my harness, and in the end I concluded that I was happy with the new one; the extra safety, and less to do when going to the bathroom, were definite advantages. It was also nice that Robin and I were now in exactly the same situation. I was not someone thinking about running away, or sneaking out at night, so there really was no need for me to go further away from my bed than the leash allowed. Needing to be released in the morning didn't really worry me; there was no reason why my parents would not free me, and they were always up before me. The extra strap length in the bed I just pushed out of the way into a corner of the bed, and it didn't bother me. I actually took the strap in my hands, near the end, and pulling on it, and feeling it wouldn't budge, reinforced my feeling of safety, and content I drifted into sleep.

The bathroom visit that night worked fairly well, although at first I couldn't figure out why the buckle wouldn't open. But once I realized it didn't need to, it was easier than before.

The next night I put on the harness myself, although my mother still came in for a moment to check if it was done right, but with this buckle you really couldn't do it wrong, so after that they just left it up to me, and soon it was part of the daily routine. My mother was used to wake me up in the morning anyway, to make sure I was ready for school in time, so she opened the harness then. In the

weekends I often slept late, but when I woke up I just called down from the top of the stairs and one of them helped me out. We agreed these small inconveniences were a small price to pay for my safety.

Gradually the weather got colder, and as usual I started to be bothered by cold feet in bed. My parents didn't believe in heating the bedrooms at night - using warm pajamas and duvet we could save a lot of energy. So I decided it was time for my footed onesies. Of course those were mainly for smaller children, and they were a bit harder to find in my size, but I just loved how warm they kept me. I even had a pair with attached mittens, which you could fold back so you could still use your hands, for the coldest nights.

But that night, when I went to the bathroom, I suddenly realized I had a problem: I couldn't go to the toilet without taking it off partly, but the harness wouldn't let me: I was stuck in the onesie. For a moment I didn't know what to do, and considered just peeing through the onesie and then trying to dry it with toilet paper and blow dryer the best I could. But then I realized I could just go to my parents for help. I couldn't get into their bedroom far enough to shake one of them awake, so I had to call to them and wake them both. At first they didn't understand why I couldn't use the toilet, but after I explained my mother opened the harness, and went back to sleep after making me promise to put it back on afterwards.

The next morning we talked about it, and of course I could not keep waking them like that every night, so I had to give up wearing the onesies. I would just have to make do with my regular pajamas and socks on my feet. I protested that my regular pajamas were not as warm, and socks didn't work as well to keep my feet warm either, but I didn't really have a better solution, so I would just have to do with putting on a few extra layers. My father joked, "Well, if you are wearing a footed sleeper and a harness anyway, you could just as well complete the outfit with a diaper." We all laughed about that.

But the idea got me thinking anyway. I really liked my onesies, and with a diaper I wouldn't have to get out of bed anymore at night. No more hassle with getting out of and into the tent. (We have tried to remove the tent for the winter, since then there aren't many insects about, but there still might be some spiders left, and I just couldn't really relax in bed without it, so now I just use it all year around.) And no more getting cold going to the toilet. Every time I thought about it, I dismissed the idea, because obviously someone my age should not wear diapers anymore, but the idea kept coming back. Nobody but my parents would know, and I already had the harness to hide from my friends anyway.

So in the end I mentioned to them that I kept thinking about my father's remark, and after a long talk they agreed to give it a try, and buy one pack. Ordering it online prevented any awkwardness at a pharmacy, and with a neutral package being delivered to our door, no one would know that I wore them.

When they arrived, we decided to try them that same evening. I was looking forward to finally being able to wear a footed onesie again, but of course pretty hesitant about wearing, and using, a diaper. So much so that I told my parents I didn't want to go through with it anyway. But they dismissed that as nerves, and told me that now that they spent the money and the effort, I needed to give them a

try. They wouldn't force me to use the whole package of 15 diapers, but I needed to wear them for 5 nights so that I could get used to them, and then we would evaluate. Grudgingly I agreed - after all it was I who persuaded them, and I would probably keep thinking about it until I gave them a try.

When I was ready to go to bed, my mother offered to put the diaper on me, but that was going too far. So I took one to put it on myself. My mother insisted she needed to check if I had done it right. Otherwise it might leak and that would ruin my mattress. It turned out to be a lot harder than I thought, but in the end I got it on, and proudly I showed it to my mother. But she wasn't satisfied at all: it was much too loose, so it might slide down during the night, or leak through the leg holes. So she made me lie on the bed, opened it, and did it up properly. I had to admit that it was a lot better afterwards. So she decided I needed to let her do it for these 5 days. If we would continue after that, she would see if she could teach me to do it properly myself. Then she helped me into the onesie, and even zipped it up for me. I let her; somehow it felt nice to be taken care of like that. Finally she also helped me with the harness, and her closing the buckle caused me to feel some of the excitement again that I felt in the beginning. On impulse I kissed her on the cheek and said, "Thanks, Mom."

Then I crawled into bed, she zipped up the tent, wished me good night and left. The diaper was clearly thicker than normal underwear, and lying on my side I felt it lifting my hips just a little bit, but I mostly noticed the extra thickness between the thighs. It was more unusual than uncomfortable though, and it was great to wear my onesie again, and have warm feet. Somehow the diaper even added a bit to my feeling of security, and I pulled the covers over me tightly, and soon fell asleep.

Waking up in the night, I went through my normal routine of getting out of the tent and going to the bathroom, before I realized I couldn't take the onesie off, and I was wearing my toilet. So I went back to bed, and tried to let go. But after years of imprinting that I shouldn't pee in bed, it didn't work. The pressure mounted, but still I didn't manage to open the floodgates. In the end I got up again, and went to sit on the toilet all dressed. That helped, and finally I could empty my bladder. It felt strange, with the warm wetness spreading through my underwear, but it seemed to be absorbed quickly, and after a while the only thing I still noticed was that it had become a little thicker between my legs. By then of course I was already back in bed, and soon I slept on until my mother woke me.

Over breakfast I told them of my problems peeing in bed, and that in the end I had to go and sit on the toilet anyway. So the diaper was not really helpful. But they told me to keep on trying, and that it would get easier. They would not hear about stopping the experiment sooner, and reminded me that it still allowed me to wear my onesies again, which of course was true.

They were right, and after a few days I finally managed to pee lying down, and the next nights it became a little easier. So when they asked me after the five days how it had been for me, I had to conclude that it worked, and that didn't want to give up my onesies, even if that meant to keep wearing diapers. Of course it was only for the winter months, anyway.

The next night my mother tried to teach me to diaper myself, like we had agreed. But by then I was over the embarrassment, and had grown to like being taken care of like that for the night. Hesitantly I asked her if she wanted to keep doing it. Since she had noticed how my attitude had changed over the last 5 times, she had already thought about it, and replied that she would continue to do so if it was convenient, but that I also needed to learn to do it myself, for when she was visiting friends or



had other business that needed to be taken care of. That sounded very reasonable to me, and so we practiced until I could do it almost as well as her. Not quite, because it was still harder to do it on myself, but good enough that it wouldn't leak.

And so it became a routine. Every now and then, like when my mother was watching a movie or was deep into her book, I let her know I would do it myself, but mostly I let her take care of me, and we both enjoyed the intimacy of the moment.

The weekend after we decided to continue with the diapers, I slept until far into the morning as usual, and then went to the stairs to call for my parents to release me. But the leash suddenly stopped me earlier than I expected; I was only just outside my room. So I shouted a bit harder than usual that I was awake, and soon my father showed up to release me. When I complained about the shorter strap, he explained that with the diapers, there was no reason for the strap to be so long anymore. Because I could still reach the highest steps of the stairs previously, they were a bit worried that if I would try to walk down the stairs while sleepwalking, the sudden pull of the harness stopping me abruptly might cause me to fall backwards, and hurt my back on the sharp edges of the steps, or smack my head on the floor of the landing. This way I could still go outside my room and call for them, without that risk.

I was a bit upset that they did it without asking me, or even letting me know. But I could see the safety benefit, and when my father told me that had already done it 3 days ago, and I hadn't even noticed until now, it was clear that there was no reason for the leash to be that long anymore.

And that is how I have slept in these last months, and I must say that I like it this way. Again, please don't tell this to anyone else. But I wanted to share my experience with you, since you told me you sleepwalk as well, and you might not be aware of the dangers and how to deal with those. Of course this was not an original idea of mine, but since it works so well for me, I wanted to share it. Of course I am only talking about the harness; that diaper stuff is only because I want to wear those onesies, and although I have gotten used to it, it is still pretty weird and a bit yucky.

There is one downside to my harness though that I want to warn you about. A while ago my parents sent me to my room for saying something rude. But I was thirsty and didn't feel like drinking water, so I sneaked downstairs to get some soda from the fridge. Unluckily my father spotted me, took me back upstairs, and put the harness on me. In the daytime! Of course I protested, but he just said it would help me obey them, and left. Then I had no choice but to stay in my room. Luckily I seldom get punished, so it isn't that big a deal, but this was definitely something I hadn't considered when we introduced the harness. I wonder if it has been used like that against Robin as well...

Hope you are well,

leashed greetings from me.

#### Notes from the author:

- This story is deliberately written without specifying age, gender or even name of the I person, so that hopefully as many people as possible can identify with him/her. I would appreciate feedback on whether that works, or that it mostly makes the reader feel less involved in the story. What gender and age would you feel the writer is?
- The magnetic locking buckle really exists as described; I have two of them and have put them on overalls straps to make them locking. Here are a few pictures of them:  
[https://camilleb.home.xs4all.nl/tb-bd/Illustrations/LockBuckles7\\_4.jpg](https://camilleb.home.xs4all.nl/tb-bd/Illustrations/LockBuckles7_4.jpg) and  
[https://camilleb.home.xs4all.nl/tb-bd/Illustrations/LockBuckles4\\_4.jpg](https://camilleb.home.xs4all.nl/tb-bd/Illustrations/LockBuckles4_4.jpg)
- There are a few things written in this story that I wouldn't agree with in real life:
  - Giving in to fears is seldom a good strategy in dealing with them. For instance with the mosquito tent the parents of the writer validate the fear, allowing it to blossom, instead of learning their child to deal with it.
  - Restraining children beyond the first few years of their lives should only be used as a last resort, although especially in the case of Robin, where it is clear that she sleepwalks and might hurt herself, it could be an acceptable solution. But there are other solutions, like an alarm on the door, that might be preferable. With the writer it is not even clear that (s)he (still) sleepwalks, and whether it would pose any danger to him/her, so the locking harness seems overkill. (Apparently the parents are more careful / fearful than average as well.)
  - When restraining someone who is not able to free themselves, there should always be direct supervision; sleeping a few doors down the hall is not really safe enough. In case of the writer, in an emergency (s)he would still need to be able to open the tent zipper, climb out, walk through the room, open the door, go into the hallway, and scream, and have the clarity of mind for that. For instance with a fire that might be too much to ask.