How much time was spent asleep? A few hours? A few years? It was in this coma he felt trapped behind his mind in a room of darkness. Unable to move his limbs, and incapable of feeling the release of breathing with the constant need to as if he were drowning. He felt he was falling eternally at an ever increasing rate with nothing solid to hold on to. His eyes did not blink and his screams made no sound.

Over time the mind in panic and thrashing became still and submitted to its cold fate.

Emotions manifested themselves into hallucinatory illusions within the confines of the still mind. These emotions manifested themselves from the core root of the mind derived in its deep memory core. The emotion that was hones upon was fear, and fear took manifest. It shaped itself into every imaginable horror that questioned one's chances of survival if encountered. It released information of conceptual fear of dread and suffering. The mind surfed through this wave of information like an ocean coast into the deep.

This stimulated the hormone response on a molecular level in the nervous system. It caused a chain reaction that spready through the roots of his veins from head to toe, releasing a waking shock. This shock caused the heart to contract its current pool of blood and subsequently fall into motion of its perpetual transport. The bloodfow brought consciousness and snapped Creon out of his nightmare. It was a time when he was asleep where time seemed to dilate to the point he feared that he would never wake up. If he had stayed in that nightmare, would the experiences replace his memories to the point he could no longer recognize the life he woke into?

It began to feel that way as he lifted himself out of bed with a nervous breath. He checked the mirror and watched it for sometime before coming to terms that he was back to being himself. Sleep was a necessity for the body and brain, but it trapped him in that dark place in the back of his subconscious. Anxiety settled just before he would go to bed knowing to expect this sort of thing. Therapy, drugs, not even the Force helped. He knew there had to be some cure, but no one else could give him the answer.

The dream would repeat itself each night. Creon told no one. He searched in books, divination, and even explored his innermost self through the meditative practices taught by the Jedi. He found that these emotions are rooted into the very fiber of one’s being. These roots cause us to experience the emotion in response to a sensory trigger. This trigger allows us to survive more circumstances, referencing possible fears and manifesting them in the imagination as a possibility. These manifestations are the branches from the roots of our emotions. To regard this as natural and to meditate before bed one can relieve themselves of the anxiety and nightmares.

Creon put this into practice by changing the way he rested. At first the nightmares returned consistently, but through diligence in facing them every night, he was able to transition his focus to make his dreams become more pleasurable. He would finally find rest.